Alexandre
Dumas

Short Stories

by

Alexandre Dumas

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Ten Volumes in One

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Introduction

Alexandre Dumas was born at Villers-Cotterets, Aisne, France, on July the 24th, 1802. His mother was Marie Labouret, the daughter of a tavern-keeper. His father, who died in Alexandre's childhood, was General of the Hercules Guards (Strong Men) of the Republican Army of Napoleon Bonaparte. The General's mother was a negress of San Domingo named Louise Dumas, who had married Count Alexandre Davy de la Pailleterie, a white.

The youth loved reading and books. He learned Italian and German and, inspired by ambition to become a famous writer, tramped to Paris, earning his way by shooting game.

With the aid of General Foy, he entered the household of the Duc d'Orleans as a clerk. His leisure time was spent in reading and writing. In 1827, after seeing a picture at the Salon of Christina of Sweden, he wrote a play Christine, meeting with success. In 1828 Henri III. of France, a drama, appeared. A powerful genius was demonstrated when we remember that this performance restored romance to the Parisian stage. The Committee of the Theatre Français gave their approval, which was usually reserved for much older or more experienced writers.

The Revolution of 1830, which overthrew the Bourbons, changed the dramatist into a fighter, and, remembering his father's gigantic exploits, Alexandre flung himself into the frenzied flow of blood,—marched to Soissons, single-handed and alone seized a store of gunpowder and brought it to the Revolutionary party. The mighty stories of Trigaud and Porthos bear a striking resemblance to Dumas himself and his father.

Alexandre's old master, the Duc d'Orleans, now became King Philippe, and his clerk was Librarian of the Household. However, old ties do not always endure in new dwellings, and, displeased with court functions and political disturbances, the romancer's quill became wet again. The interference revigorated the natural giant energy.

This Vulcan of fiction hammered out volumes as an ordinary author would write a chapter. He reminds us of the huge negro sledge-swingers who smile and sing in rhythm to their monster task, and as the hours increase the song grows louder and the blows re-bellow.

Although Dumas had many collaboraters, their name has been forgotten, yet some of them doubtless were men of talent.

He won high recognition from the French Government when they selected him from among all the writers in France to visit Algeria and describe it to the French people for furtherance of colonization.

In 1860 Alexandre's powerful nature and brave blood demanded action. Garibaldi welcomed him to his forces in Italy and then made him Superintendent of the Naples Museum and Excavations. The Memoirs of Garibaldi give the reader an idea how well Dumas knew the subjects of his writings.

Later he fell into disfavor with Victor Emanuel, due to articles which appeared

in a journal under his editorship, and he returned home to Paris.

The Neapolitan stories, such as Lady Hamilton and Admiral Nelson, Gaetano, the Gorger, and An Historic Banquo, are inflamed with the vengeful fire that Alexandre felt for the foul treatment of his father, the General, by the English and Italian court conspirators, which he had vowed some day he would expose to the world.

We may here remark the literary secret of Dumas. His characters of the Three Musketeers, D'Artagnan, Porthos, and Athos were real swordsmen whose exploits were recorded in a book of Memoirs. The magic hand of Dumas has made them walk out of the pages into real life again.

Unlike many authors, Dumas was not an idle desk romancer. Whatever town, district or country offered its citizens as romantic heroes, he journeyed there and lived for a long period, learning its private and public history, breathing its atmosphere and uniting himself to the people's faiths and fervors. This energy explains why every story seems to jump right out of the page and every suffering character is so furiously defended.

He united two qualities sometimes found in muscular men of poetic spirit. For example, he believed in the Revolution of France, but believed also in the glorious heroes of Royalty whom that Revolution considered as food only for the Guillotine.

His plan of writing is simple. The day or night is described in one word. One, two or three people are seen doing something — traveling, for instance. Their actions are always in some way out of the ordinary. They talk to each other. Their name and brief history is given (generally a person of an important historical era). The reader's imagination awakes at the first sentence. His human nature begins to stir in the next. His curiosity is aroused in the third, and in the fourth he is a prisoner at once of the delights of romantic fiction about real people.

Had Dumas written an Epic, Homer would have a French twin.

He read memoirs, histories, private papers, public documents, chronicles, and we marvel at the historical news of his stories. But he is not like many modern romancers. He has no swollen Dumas. He never stops the narrative to vaunt his vast knowledge, but keeps to the story.

He is huge. He covers the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. A king is as natural with him as a peasant. He overwhelms us with exploits and conquests. His beautiful women are real, yet his raptures are always poetic. He paints like Titian, but no unfleshly damsel beyond the touch or the eye. No two are alike. Diana de Castro has no similarity to Helen von Chandroz, Emma Hamilton to Mme. Dubarry. His description of Mary Stuart as a maiden is sublime and glorious (see The Tenth Muse).

A fighter himself, the duels and battles are full of real sword-thrusts, pistol shots and strategic manœuvres of real heroes upon historic battle grounds.

A lover of laughter, he is not witty or humourous in only single instances or small quantities. He is full of mirth and fun. To laugh at the beginning of a tale would be infantile. The comedy must increase and increase in joyful confusion to the end.

Patriot—his ardor for France will reach eloquence in a single short passage and never out of place in the story. We would be surprised if he omitted it. Moreover, his patriotism is astounding for its intelligent practical truth.

Man of hard struggles and common sense,—he despises equally those who mock heroes and those who rant their praises but never tell what they did.

Unearthly in aim and nerveless in zeal, he treads the region of the supernatural and the mystic with firm and sure feet. In *Terra Daemoniorum* he has found his own comrades and exults in their invisible and occult pastimes. Where Poe analyzed, Dumas adventured.

Lover of animals, a little dog is often the perfect completion of a great tragedy and appears at the corner of the scene as we behold in some of the great masters of painting.

Dumas was too big-minded to be small either in subjects, language, treatment, plots or number of works. His generosity or profluence of mysteries, exciting scenes and great personages make the reader wonder whether he is not receiving ten-fold the delights that should belong to one story.

In 1864 he built a mammoth theatre (just his nature) in Paris, the Theatre-Historique. Financially it was not a success. Friends and money are never bound by nature, and Alexandre Dumas had the habit of generosity not uncommon to chevaliers of the drama and stage.

A few years later at a fatal period of French history, overwork having outworn the restless, burning brain, Alexandre, the son (author of Camille), removed his father to an estate near Puys in Dieppe. Here on December the 5th, 1870, the pen left the mighty hand forever.

His works conservatively number one thousand volumes. The dramas have not endured but the heroes and heroines of his stories are as living to-day as they were in actual life. D'Artagnan is almost accepted as Napoleon.

That wonderful name demands pause. The stories of Napoleon in this volume (no matter what lives or accounts have been read before) will show you the Corsican Cæsar in action, not as he sometimes is in myth. You will see the business-like Believer of a Boundless Vision supported by a beautiful Faith. And you will know why that great Believer failed. Napoleon could have ended like Washington. The author explains the mystery.

Dumas has won his crown. To give him a royal title, he is another world conqueror in a different realm. He is another Alexander the Great.

G. W. B.

The Courtship of Josephine and Napoleon

When artillery has roared down public boulevards and blood has flowed in the streets of a capital city, society always suffers an upheaval for a long period before calm is restored.

The 14th Vendémiaire of the year 1795 in Paris removed both the traces and bodies of the terrible conflict in which the tottering Convention, namely, the Revolution and its leaders, had come out victorious and in complete control over their enemies the Sectionaries. But the people still agitated the struggle.

The Convention dismissed the officers of the National Guard, broke up the chasseurs and grenadiers, and placed Barras or in reality his young associate, Bonaparte, the active leader, at the head of the National Guard.

Stories of that bloody day which was to remain indelible upon the Parisian soul, never ended. The thrilling words of heroism from the mouth of the wounded or better from the wounds themselves were told over and over again.

They praised Barras for choosing his second with such unerring judgment at the first glance, and that second, who, unknown to them on the previous evening, had burst upon them like a god from the midst of thunder and lightning and led the Republican victory. Bonaparte remained general of the interior; and to be within reach of the staff, who had their headquarters on the Boulevard des Capucines, in what had formerly been the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he took two rooms in the Hôtel de la Concorde, Rue Neuve-des-Capucines.

A young man was introduced into the room which he used for a study, under the name of Eugene de Beauharnais.

Although he was already besieged by petitioners, Bonaparte had not yet reached the point of drawing a sharp line as to whom he would or would not receive. He therefore gave orders that the young man was to be admitted.

He was a handsome young man of sixteen or seventeen years of age. He had large eyes, thick black hair, red lips, white teeth, and aristocratic hands and feet—a mark of distinction which the general immediately noticed—and apart from the embarrassment inseparable from a first interview, he had that attractive modesty which is so becoming in youth, above all when its possessor appears as a supplicant.

From the time he entered the room Bonaparte watched him attentively, which did not tend to lessen Eugene's timidity.

But suddenly shaking the feeling off as if it were unworthy of him, he raised his head, and, drawing himself

up, said: "After all, I do not see why I should hesitate to proffer a request which is both pious and loyal."

"I am listening," said Bonaparte.

"I am the son of the Vicomte de Beauharnais."

"Of the citizen-general," corrected Bonaparte gently.

"Of the citizen-general, if you prefer," said the young man, "and if you insist upon Republican forms."

"I insist upon nothing," replied Bonaparte, "save that which is clear and concise."

"Well," resumed the young man, "I come to ask at your hands, citizen-general, the sword of my father, Alexandre de Beauharnais, who was a general like yourself. I am sixteen years old, and my military education is almost completed. It is for me to serve my country now. I hope some day to wear at my side the sword which my father wore. That is why I have come to ask you for it."

Bonaparte, who liked clear, precise replies, was much prepossessed by this firm, intelligent language.

"If I should ask you for more information concerning yourself and your family, citizen," asked Bonaparte, "would you attribute the request to curiosity or to the interest with which you have inspired me?"

"I should prefer to think that the report of our misfortunes had reached your ears," replied the young man, "and that it is to that I owe the kindness with which you have received me."

"Was not your mother, Josephine de Beauharnais, a prisoner also?" asked Bonaparte.

"Yes, and she was saved almost by a miracle. We owe her life to citizeness Tallien and to citizen Barras."

Bonaparte reflected a moment. "How does your father's sword happen to be in my hands?"

"I do not say that it is in your hands, but you can have it restored to me, though. The Convention ordered the disarming of the Section Le Peletier. We are living in our old house in the Rue Neuve-des-Mathurins, which the general had restored to us. Some men came to my mother and asked for all the weapons in the house. My mother gave orders that they should take a double-barrelled hunting gun of mine, a single-barrelled rifle which I bought at Strasbourg, and finally my father's sword. I regretted neither the double-barrelled gun nor the rifle, though I took pride in the memories which they recalled. But I regretted, and I confess still regret, that sword which fought so gloriously in America and France."

"If you were to see the weapons which formerly belonged to you," said Bonaparte, "you would probably recognize them."

"Beyond doubt," replied Eugene.

Bonaparte rang and a sub-officer entered.

"Accompany citizen Beauharnais to the rooms where they have put the arms belonging to the Sections," said Bonaparte. "You will allow him to take those which he will point out to you."

And he held out his hand to the young man, the hand which was to lift him so high. Ignorant of the future, Eugene darted toward it and kissed it gratefully.

"Ah, citizen!" said he, "my mother

and sister shall know how good you have been to me, and, believe me, they will appreciate it as much as I do."

Just then the door opened and Barras entered without being announced.

"Ah!" said he, "here I am on ground with which I am doubly familiar!"

"I have already told citizen Bonaparte how much we owe you," replied Eugene.

"Well," said Barras, "the bad days are over and the good ones have returned. What has brought you here, my young friend?"

Eugene told Barras the reason of his visit.

"Why did you not come to me," asked Barras, "instead of disturbing my colleague?"

"Because I wished to meet citizen-general Bonaparte," replied Eugene. "It seemed to me that it would be a good omen if he returned me my father's sword."

And, bowing to the two generals he went out with the officer, much less embarrassed than when he had come.

The two generals were left alone. Both had followed the young man with their eyes, each one inspired with different thoughts, until the door had closed upon him.

"That boy has a heart of gold," said Barras. "Just think, when he was only thirteen years and a half old—I did not know him then—he went to Strasbourg alone in the hope of finding some papers there which would justify his father before the revolutionary tribunal. But the revolutionary tribunal was in a hurry. It cut off the father's head while it was waiting for the papers the son was collecting. It was time anyway for Eugene to return, for had it not been for Saint-Just, whom he met there, I do not know what might have happened to Eugene. He attacked Tétrell, one of the leaders, who was twice as big as he, in the midst of a play at the theatre. If the people, who had seen him during the day when he was fighting against the Prussians, had not taken his part boldly, the poor boy would have been badly singed."

"I suppose," said Bonaparte, always precise, "that you did not put yourself out to come here for the purpose of discussing this young man, since you did not know that he had come to see me."

"No," said Barras, "I came to make you a present."

"Me?"

"Yes, you," said Barras. And going to the door of the antechamber, he opened it and made a sign. Two men entered. They were carrying an immense piece of rolled canvas on their shoulders as two carpenters would carry a beam.

"Goodness! what is that?" asked Bonaparte.

"You have often spoken to me of your desire to make a campaign in Italy, general."

"You mean," interrupted Bonaparte, "of the necessity which will some day arise for France to decide the Austrian question."

"Well, for some time Carnot, who is of your opinion, has been occupied in making the most complete map of Italy which exists in the world. I asked for it at the Ministry of War, and although they were inclined to refuse, they finally gave it to me, and I give it to you."

Bonaparte seized Barras's hand, and

said: "This is indeed a present, especially if it is given to me as the man who is to make use of it. Open it," he continued, addressing the men who were carrying it.

They knelt down and untied the cords, but when they tried to unroll it they found that the room was not half large enough to hold it.

"Good!" exclaimed Bonaparte; "here I am forced to build a house to hold your present."

"Oh!" replied Barras, "when the time comes for you to use it, you may be living in a house which is large enough for you to hang it between two windows. In the meantime look at the part which is unrolled. Not a hill, not a brook is wanting."

The porters opened the map as far as the space permitted. The portion which they uncovered extended across the Gulf of Genoa, from Ajaccio to Savona.

"By the way," said Bonaparte, "is that not where Schérer, Masséna, and Kellermann are—here at Cervoni?"

"Yes," replied Barras, "we received word to that effect only this evening. How could I have forgotten to tell you! Augereau has won a great victory at Loano. Masséna and Joubert, whom Kellermann kept in his army despite the order of their dismissal which the Committee of Public Safety forwarded him displayed magnificent courage."

"It is not there, it is not there," murmured Bonaparte. "What do blows aimed at the limbs amount to? Nothing! They should aim at the heart. Milan, Mantua, Verona, those are the places to strike. Ah! if ever—"

"What?" asked Barras.

"Nothing," replied Bonaparte. "Because battles are not won with a map, a pair of compasses, and red, blue or green-headed pins. It needs instinct, an unerring glance, genius. I should like to know if Hannibal had plans of the battles of Trebbia, of Lake Trassymene, and of Cannes sent him from Carthage. I snap my fingers at your plans! Do you know what you ought to do? You ought to give me the details which you have received concerning the battle of Loano; and, since this map is unrolled at that very place, I would be interested in following the movements of our troops and the Austrians."

Barras drew from his pocket a note written with the laconism of a telegraphic despatch and handed it to Bonaparte.

"Patience," said he; "you have the map, and the command will follow perhaps."

Bonaparte read the despatch eagerly.

"Good!" said he. "Loano is the key to Genoa, and Genoa is the magazine of Italy." Then, continuing to read the despatch, he said: "Masséna, Kellermann, Joubert, what men! and what could not a man do with them! He who could bring them together and make the most of their diverse qualities would be the veritable Olympian Jove with the thunderbolt in his hand!"

Then he murmured the names of Hoche, Kléber and Moreau, and, with a pair of compasses in his hand, he stretched himself out upon the great map, of which only one corner was uncovered. There he began to study the marches and counter-marches which had led up to the famous battle of Loano. When Barras took his de-

parture, Bonaparte scarcely noticed it, so absorbed was he in his strategic combinations.

"It cannot have been Schérer," he said, "who devised and executed this movement. Neither can it have been Carnot; there is too great an element of the unexpected about it. It was doubtless Masséna."

He had been lying upon this map, which was never to leave him, for about half an hour when the door opened and a voice announced: "The citizeness Beauharnais."

Bonaparte, in his abstraction, thought he heard the words, "The citizen Beauharnais," and, imagining that it was the young man whom he had already seen who had returned to thank him for the favor which he had just granted him, he exclaimed: "Let him come in, let him come in!"

As he spoke, there appeared at the door, not only the young man whom he had already seen, but also a charming woman of about twenty-seven or eight years of age. He half rose in his astonishment, and it was thus with one knee on the ground, that Bonaparte first saw Marie-Rose-Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, the widow of Beauharnais.

Bonaparte paused as if smitten with admiration. Madame de Beauharnais, about twenty-seven years of age, of indisputable beauty, with a charming grace of manner, exhaling from her whole person that subtle fascination which resembles the perfume which Venus gave to her chosen ones to inspire love.

Her hair and eyes were black, her nose was straight, her mouth a smiling curve; the oval outline of her face was irreproachable. Her neck was set gracefully upon her shoulders, her figure was flexible and undulating, her arm was perfectly shaped, and her hand beautiful beyond comparison.

Nothing could have been more attractive than her Creole accent, of which she had retained only sufficient trace to betray her tropical birth.

As her maiden name indicated, Madame de Beauharnais belonged to a noble family. Born at Martinique, her education, like that of all Creoles, was left entirely to herself; but rare qualities of mind and heart had made of Mademoiselle Tascher de la Pagerie one of the most cultivated women of any age. Her kind heart had taught her early in life that, although they had wool on their heads, the negroes were more to be pitied than other men, since, through the power and cupidity of the whites, they had been torn from their own country and transferred to a land where they suffered constantly, and not infrequently were killed by cruelty.

The thing that attracted her attention was the plight of these unhappy men. All their family ties were sundered, but brothers in toil they stood with bent backs, toiling beneath the rays of the sun, delving in a soil which their blood and their sweat fertilized, but not for themselves.

She asked herself in her youthful intelligence, why these men had been placed beyond the pale of the law? Why they should vegetate, naked, without shelter, without property, honor, liberty? and she herself found the answer—that all this was to enrich avaricious masters, who, from infancy, condemned this race to a life of hopeless and unending torture. And young

Josephine's pity had influenced her parents, at least, to make an earthly paradise for the slaves.

They were still white and black; but almost to the extent of being free, these blacks shared in all the advantages and some of the pleasures of life. And, while nowhere in the island were the negroes sure of marrying the women of their choice, marriages for love rewarded with affectionate and faithful service more surely their young mistress Josephine than was the case with any of the other slave owners.

She was about thirteen years old when a young officer of great merit and noble birth arrived at Martinique, and became acquainted with her at her Aunt Renaudin's house.

This was the Vicomte de Beauharnais.

The one possessed in his person everything calculated to please. She possessed in heart everything destined to inspire love. They loved each other therefore with all the ardor of two young people who have the delight of realizing their dreams of kindred souls.

"I have chosen you," said Alexandre, pressing her hand tenderly.

"And I have found you," replied Josephine, holding up her forehead to him to kiss.

Her Aunt Renaudin felt that it would be opposing the decrees of Providence to forbid the loves of the two young people. Their relatives were all in France. Their consent was necessary in order to consummate this marriage to which Aunt Renaudin saw no obstacle. Obstacles were raised, however, by Messieurs de Beauharnais, the father and uncle of the young man. In an access of fraternal affection they had once promised each other that their children should marry each other. He whom the young Creole already regarded as her husband was therefore the destined spouse of another, and that other his cousin.

Alexandre's father yielded first. When he saw the despair into which his refusal had plunged the young people, he himself agreed to go to his brother and tell him of the change which threatened to upset their plans. But the latter was less kindly in disposition, and informed his brother that while he might be willing to break his word, a thing unworthy of a gentleman, he, the brother, would not acquiesce in any such arrangement.

The vicomte's father came away in despair at having quarrelled with his brother, but he not only renewed his promise to consent, he actually did consent.

It was then that the young Josephine, who was later to give the world an example of such heroic self-sacrifice and absolute devotion, sounded the prelude as it were to the great divorce scene. She insisted that the vicomte should sacrifice his passion for her to the tranquillity and welfare of his family. This the noble vicomte refused to do.

And the count, with tears in his eyes, took the hands of the two young people and said:

"Never were you more worthy of one another than when you renounced your hopes of mutual happiness. You ask my final decision. It is that you shall marry, and it is my earnest wish that you may be happy."

A week later Mademoiselle de la

Pagerie became the Vicomtesse de Beauharnais.

Nothing happened to disturb the happiness of the young people until the Revolution began. The Vicomte de Beauharnais ranged himself among those who favored its adoption; only he made the mistake of thinking that the avalanche could be directed as it rushed on, carrying all before it. He was swept in its wake to the scaffold.

On the evening preceding the day on which he was to die, the Vicomte de Beauharnais wrote his wife the following letter. It was his final farewell:

"Night of the 6th and 7th Thermidor.
"At the Conciergerie."

"Yet a few moments to give to love, to tears, and to regrets, and then every thought shall be devoted to the glory of my destiny and to the great dreams of immortality. When you receive this letter, oh, my Josephine, your husband, in the words of this world, will long have ceased to exist; but already in the bosom of his God, he will have tasted of the joys of real life. You see therefore that you must not weep for him. The wicked men, the senseless ones who survive him, should have all your tears, for they do evil and cannot repair it.

"But do not let us blacken with their guilty image these last moments. I would, on the contrary, brighten them by thinking that, beloved by an adorable wife, the short day of our wedded life has passed without the slightest cloud. Yes, our union has lasted but a day, and that reflection draws a sigh from me. But how serene and pure was that day which has vanished like a dream; and how grateful ought I to be to that Providence which must have you in its keeping! To-day that same Providence is taking me away before my time, and that is another of its favors. Can a good man live without grief, and almost remorse, when he sees the whole universe in the clutches of the wicked? I should therefore be glad to be taken away from them, were it not for the feeling that I am leaving to their tender mercies lives which are so precious and dear to me. If, however, the thoughts of the dying are trustworthy presentiments, I feel in my heart that these butcheries are soon to cease, and that the executioners will follow their victims to the scaffold. . . .

"I resume these incoherent, almost illegible lines after being interrupted by my keepers. I have just undergone a cruel formality which, under other circumstances, I would rather have died than endure. But why cavil at necessity? Reason teaches us to make the best of it.

"After they had cut off my hair, I bethought me of buying back a part of it, in order to leave my dear wife and children unequivocal proofs and tokens of my dying remembrance. . . . I feel my heart breaking at this thought, and my paper is wet with tears.

"Farewell, all that I love. Love me, speak of me, and never forget that the glory of dying a victim of tyrants, and a martyr to the cause of liberty, makes the scaffold illustrious!"

Arrested in turn, the vicomtesse wrote to her children, just before she was to die, in the same strain. She ended a long letter, which we have before us, with these words:

"For my part, my children, as I am about to die, as did your father before me, a victim to the mad excesses which he always opposed, and which finally devoured him, I leave this life with no feeling of hatred for his executioners and for my own whom I despise.

"Honor my memory even as you share my sentiments. I leave you for an inheritance the glory of your father and your mother's name, which some poor wretches have blessed—our love, our blessings, and our regrets."

Madame de Beauharnais was finishing this letter when she heard shouts of "Death to Robespierre! Long live Liberty!" in the courtyard. It was the morning of the 10th Thermidor.

Three days later Madame de Beauharnais, thanks to the friendship of Madame Tallien, was free; and a month later, through the influence of Barras, such of her property as had not been sold was restored to her. The house in the Rue Neuve-des-Mathurins, No. 11, was a part of this property.

When her son, who had not told her of his intention, returned with his father's sword in his hand, and told her of the circumstances attendant upon its return, in the first burst of enthusiasm she left her house, and, having only the boulevard to cross, hastened to thank the young general, who was much astonished at her appearance.

Bonaparte held out his hand to the beautiful widow, more beautiful than ever in the mourning robes which she had worn ever since her husband's death. Then he made a sign to her to step over the map and take a seat in that part of the room which was not encumbered by it.

Josephine replied that she had come on foot and that she did not dare to put her dainty little shoe upon the map for fear of soiling it.

But Bonaparte insisted, and with the assistance of his hand, she sprang over the Gulf of Genoa, the toe of her shoe making a mark where it touched the little town of Voltri.

An arm-chair was standing on the other side. Josephine seated herself in it, and Bonaparte, who had remained standing near her, partly from respect and partly from admiration, put his knee on another chair and leaned with his arms on the back.

Bonaparte was at first embarrassed. He was not accustomed to society, and had rarely talked with women; but he knew that there are three things to which their hearts are always alive—country, youth, and love. He therefore talked to Madame de Beauharnais of Martinique, of her relatives, and of her husband. An hour slipped by, which, clever mathematician that he was, seemed no longer than a few minutes to him.

They spoke little of the present state of affairs, but Bonaparte noticed that Madame de Beauharnais seemed to stand in close relations with all those who were in power, or who seemed likely to attain to it, her husband having been a prominent exponent of the reactionary opinions which were then in high favor.

For her part, Madame de Beauharnais was too clear-sighted a woman not to detect, for all his innate eccentricity, the powerful intellect of the victor of the 13th Vendémiaire.

This complete and rapid success had made of Bonaparte the hero of the

day. He had often been mentioned in Madame de Beauharnais's presence; and curiosity and enthusiasm had prompted her, as we have said, to pay him this visit. She found that Barras's protégé was intellectually far beyond what Barras had claimed for him, so that when her servant came to tell her that Madame Tallien was waiting for her at her house, to go, she knew where, as they had planned, she exclaimed: "But our appointment was for five o'clock."

"And it is now six," said the lackey, bowing.

"Heavens!" said she in surprise; "what shall I say to her?"

"Tell her, madame," said Bonaparte, "that your conversation charmed me so greatly that I prevailed upon you with my entreaties to give me another quarter of an hour."

"That is bad advice," said Josephine; "for in that case I should have to say what is not true in order to excuse myself."

"Let me see," said Bonaparte, anxious that she should prolong her visit for a few moments, "was Madame Tallien contemplating another 9th Thermidor? I thought the days of Robespierre were gone forever."

"If I were not ashamed to make the confession, I would tell you where we are going."

"Tell me, madame. I shall be delighted to share a secret with you, especially one which you are ashamed to confess."

"Are you superstitious?" asked Madame de Beauharnais.

"I am a Corsican, madame."

"Then you will not make fun of me. Yesterday we visited Madame Gohier, and she told us that when she was passing through Lyons ten years or more ago, she had had her fortune told by a young woman named Lenormand. Among other predictions which this fortune-teller made her, she said that she would love a man whom she could not marry, and would marry a man whom she did not love, but after this marriage she would become very much attached to the man she had married. That has been precisely what has happened. Now she has heard that this sibyl, named Lenormand, is living in Paris in the Rue Tournon, No. 7. Madame Tallien and I were curious to see her; and she agreed to come to my house, where we are to disguise ourselves as grisettes. The appointment was, as I have said, for half-past five; it is now a quarter-past six. I must go and make my excuses to Madame Tallien, change my dress, and, if she still wishes it, go with her to Mademoiselle Lenormand's. I confess that we flatter ourselves, thanks to our disguise, that we shall be able to mislead the prophetess completely."

"You have no use for a companion, a locksmith, a blacksmith, or a gunsmith, I suppose?" said Bonaparte.

"No, citizen," said Madame de Beauharnais, "I regret to say we have not. I have already been indiscreet in telling you of our plan. It would be far more so to permit you to accompany us."

"Your will be done, madame, on earth as it is in heaven," said Bonaparte.

And giving her his hand to lead her to the door, this time he avoided letting her step upon the beautiful map, upon which her foot, light as it was, had left its trace.

As she had told the young general, Madame de Beauharnais found Madame Tallien waiting for her.

Madame Tallien (Thérèse Cabarus) was, as everybody knows, the daughter of a Spanish banker. She was married to M. Davis de Fontenay, a councillor of the parliament of Bordeaux, but was soon divorced from him. This was at the beginning of '94, when the Terror was at its height.

Thérèse Cabarus wished to rejoin her father, who was in Spain, in order to escape the evils of which proscription was the least. Arrested at the gates of the city, she was brought before Tallien, who fell passionately in love with her at first sight. She made use of this passion to save a great number of victims. At this time love was the most powerful opponent of its rival, death.

Tallien was recalled, and Thérèse Cabarus followed him to Paris, where she was arrested; from the depths of her prison she brought about the 9th Thermidor, after which she was free.

Her first care had been to secure the liberty of her companion in prison, Josephine de Beauharnais.

From that time the two women had been inseparable. One woman only in Paris disputed the palm of beauty with them; and that woman was Madame Récamier.

This evening, as we know, they had decided to go to the fashionable sibyl, Mademoiselle Lenormand, disguised as maids, and under assumed names. In a twinkling the two great ladies were transformed into two charming grisettes.

Their lace caps fell over their eyes, and the hood of a little silk mantle hid the head; clad in short dresses of India muslin, and bravely shod with shoes with paste buckles and stockings embroidered with pink and green, which their skirts did not hide, they jumped into a hired carriage, which they had ordered to stop at the great gate of the house No. 11, Rue Neuve-des-Mathurins. Then, in a trembling voice, like that of all women who are doing something out of the ordinary, Madame de Beauharnais said to the driver: "Rue du Tournon, No. 7."

The carriage stopped at the place indicated, the driver got down from his seat, opened the door, received his fare, and knocked at the house-door, which was opened at once.

The two women hesitated an instant, as if their hearts failed them at the critical moment. But Madame Tallien urged her friend on. Josephine, light as a bird, alighted upon the pavement without touching the step; Madame Tallien followed her. They crossed the formidable threshold, and the door closed behind them.

They found themselves under a sort of porte-cochère, the arch of which extended into the court. At the further end, by the light of a reflector, they saw these words written on an outside shutter: "Mademoiselle Lenormand, book-seller."

They advanced toward this light, which revealed a short flight of four steps. They went up the four steps and came to a porter's lodge.

"Citizeness Lenormand?" inquired Madame Tallien, who, although the younger of the two, seemed on this occasion to take the initiative.

"Ground floor, left-hand door," replied the porter.

Madame Tallien went up the steps first, holding up her already short skirt, which discovered a leg that might vie with a Greek statue in shape, which had, nevertheless, condescended this evening to the grisette's garter tied below the knee. Madame de Beauharnais followed, admiring her friend's free and easy manner, but unable to emulate it. She was still only half-way up the steps when Madame Tallien rang the bell. An old servant opened the door.

The new arrivals, whose faces were more of a recommendation than their attire, were examined with the most scrupulous minuteness by the lackey, who bade them sit down in a corner of the first room. The second, which was a salon, and through which the lackey had to pass to reach his mistress, was occupied by two or three women whose rank it would have been difficult to determine, all ranks at that time being practically merged into that of the bourgeois. But to their great astonishment, the door of the second salon opened after a few moments, and Mademoiselle Lenormand herself came and spoke to them, saying:

"Ladies, be good enough to enter the salon."

The two pretended grisettes looked at each other in astonishment. Mademoiselle Lenormand was supposed to make her predictions in a state of somnambulism. Was this true, and had she, by reason of her second-sight, recognized, even without seeing them, the two ladies of rank in the supposed grisettes whom the lackey had announced?

At the same time, Mademoiselle Lenormand signed to the ladies in the first salon to pass into the second room, where she told fortunes.

Madame Tallien and Madame de Beauharnais began to examine the room in which they had been left. Its principal ornaments were two portraits, one of Louis XVI. and the other of Marie-Antoinette. Notwithstanding the terrible days that had passed, and the fact that the heads of the originals had fallen upon the scaffold, the portraits had not left their places, and had not for an instant ceased to be treated with the respect which Mademoiselle Lenormand entertained for the originals.

After the portraits, the most remarkable thing in the room was a long table covered with a cloth, upon which sparkled necklaces, rings, and pieces of silverware elegantly wrought; most of the last dating from the eighteenth century. All of these trinkets had been given to the sibyl by persons to whom she had doubtless made agreeable predictions which had been fulfilled.

The door of the cabinet opened shortly, and the last person who had arrived before the two ladies was called. The friends remained alone.

A quarter of an hour passed, during which they conversed in subdued tones, then the door opened again, and Mademoiselle Lenormand came out.

"Which of you ladies wishes to come in first?" she asked.

"Can we not go in together?" asked Madame de Beauharnais quickly.

"Impossible, madame," replied the sibyl; "I have sworn never to read the cards for one person in the presence of another."

"May we know why?" asked Madame Tallien, with her customary vi-

vacity, and we may almost say her usual indiscretion.

"Because in a portrait which I had the misfortune to draw too near to life one of two ladies whom I was receiving recognized her husband."

"Go in, Thérèse; go in," said Madame de Beauharnais, urging her friend.

"So I am always to be the one to sacrifice myself," said the latter. And then, smiling at her friend, she said: "Well, so be it; I will risk it." And she entered.

Mademoiselle Lenormand was at that time a woman of from twenty-four to twenty-nine years of age, short and stout in figure, and vainly endeavoring to disguise the fact that one shoulder was higher than the other; she wore a turban adorned with a bird of paradise. Her hair fell in long curls around her face. She wore two skirts, one over the other; one was short, scarcely falling to the knees, and pearl-gray in color; the other was longer, falling in a short train behind her, and was cherry-red.

Beside her on a cushion lay her favorite greyhound, named Aza.

The table upon which she made her calculations was nothing but a common round table covered with a green baize cloth, with drawers in front, in which the sibyl stowed her various apparatus. The cabinet was as long as the salon, but narrower. An oak bookcase ran along the wall on each side of the door, filled with books. Facing her seat was an arm-chair for the person who was consulting her.

Between her and the subject lay a steel rod, which was called the divining-rod. The end, pointing toward the client, was tipped with a little coiled steel serpent; the other end resembled a riding-whip.

This was what Madame de Beauharnais saw during the brief moment that the door was open to admit her friend.

Josephine took up a book, drew near to the lamp, and tried to read; but her attention was soon diverted by the sound of a bell and the entrance of another person. It was a young man dressed in the fashion adopted by the incroyables (Beaus of the Revolution). Between his hair, which fell to a level with his eyebrows, his dog's-ears falling over his shoulders, and his neckcloth, which reached to his cheekbones, one could scarcely distinguish a straight nose, a firm and resolute mouth, and eyes as brilliant as black diamonds.

He bowed without speaking, twirled his gnarled stick three or four times around his head, hummed three false notes, as if he were just finishing a tune, and sat down in a corner.

But although this griffin's eye, as Dante would have said, was hardly visible in the corner, Madame de Beauharnais was beginning to feel uncomfortable under its stare, although the incroyable was seated at one end of the salon and she at the other. But just then Madame Tallien came out.

"Ah! my dear," she said, going straight to her friend, without seeing the incroyable, who sat in the shadow—"ah! my dear, go in quickly. Mademoiselle Lenormand is charming; just guess what she has predicted for me?"

"Why my dear," replied Madame Beauharnais, "that you will be loved, that you will be beautiful until you are fifty years of age, and that you will have love-affairs all your life—"

And as Madame Tallien made a

movement as if to say, "No, not that," she continued: "And that you will have a tall footman, a fine house, beautiful carriages, and white or bay horses."

"I shall have all that, my dear; and, furthermore, if our sibyl is to be believed, I shall be a princess."

"I congratulate you sincerely, my beautiful princess," said Josephine; "but as I do not see that there is anything left for me to ask for, and as I shall probably never be a princess, and my pride already suffers at being less beautiful than you, I will not give it further cause for envy, which might make us quarrel."

"Are you in earnest, dear Josephine?"

"No; but I will not expose myself to the inferiority which threatens me on all sides. I leave you your principality; let us run away."

She made a movement as if to go away, and to take Madame Tallien with her; but just then a hand was placed lightly on her arm, and a voice said: "Remain, madame, and perhaps when you have heard me, you will find that you have nothing to envy your friend."

Josephine greatly desired to know what was in store for her that would exalt her so that she would have no need to envy a princess. She therefore yielded, and entered Mademoiselle Lenormand's cabinet in her turn.

Mademoiselle Lenormand motioned to Josephine to seat herself in the chair which Madame Tallien had just vacated, and then she drew a fresh pack of cards from a drawer—probably that the destinies of one should not influence the other. Then she looked fixedly at Madame de Beauharnais.

"You sought to deceive me," she said, "by coming to consult me in vulgar attire. I am a clairvoyant, and I saw you leave a house in the centre of Paris; I saw you finally in the anteroom when your place was in the salon, and I came to look for you. Do not seek to deceive me; answer my questions frankly, and since you have come in search of truth, tell the truth."

Madame de Beauharnais bowed.

"If you care to question me I am ready to reply."

"What animal do you like best?"

"The dog."

"What flower do you prefer?"

"The rose."

"What perfume pleases you the best?"

"That of the violet."

The sibyl placed before Madame de Beauharnais a pack of cards almost double the size of ordinary ones. These had not been invented more than a month, and were called the "great oracle."

"Let us see first where you are placed," said the sibyl.

And, turning over the pack, she separated the cards with the wand and found the consulting client; that is to say, a brunette in a white dress with a broad, embroidered flounce, and a cloak of red velvet with a long flowing train. She was placed between the eight of hearts and the ten of clubs.

"Chance has placed you well, as you see, madame. The eight of hearts has three different meanings in as many different rows. The first, which is the eight of hearts itself, represents the conjunction of the stars under which you were born. The second, an eagle carrying away a toad from a pond, over which he is hovering. The third, a female near a tomb. This is what I

see, madame, in the first card. You were born under the influence of Venus and the moon. You have recently had a very satisfactory experience, almost in the nature of a triumph. Finally, this woman dressed in black near a tomb indicates that you are a widow. On the other hand, the ten of clubs promises success in an undertaking which has just begun, and of which you are scarcely cognizant. It would be impossible to find a more fortunate throw of cards."

Then, taking up the pack and shuffling them, Mademoiselle Lenormand asked Madame de Beauharnais to cut them with her left hand, and to draw fourteen cards, which she was to place in any order she chose beside the brunette, from right to left, as Orientals write.

Madame de Beauharnais obeyed, and cut and arranged the cards as requested.

Mademoiselle Lenormand followed them with her eyes, more attentively than Madame de Beauharnais, as the latter turned them.

"In truth, madame, you are fortunate," said she; "and I am convinced that you did well not be frightened by the prediction which I made to your friend, brilliant though it was. Your first card is the five of diamonds; beside it I find the beautiful constellation of the Southern Cross, which is invisible to us here in Europe. The main subject of the card, a Greek or Mohammedan traveller, indicates that you were born either in the East or the colonies. The parrot, or the orange tree, which forms the third subject, makes me incline to the colonies. The flower, which is a veratrum, very common in Martinique, would almost justify me in saying that you were born in that island."

"You are not mistaken, madame."

"Your third card, the nine of diamonds, makes me think that you left the island when still very young. The convolvulus, which figures on the lower part of the card, and which is the symbol of a woman seeking for something to cling to, would indicate that you left the island to be married."

"That is also true, madame," said Josephine.

"Your fourth card, which is the ten of spades, indicates the loss of your hopes; but the fruits and flowers of the saxifrage which are on the same card suggest that the disappointment was but momentary, and that a happy conclusion — probably a marriage — succeeded fears which amounted even to loss of hope."

"If you had read in the book of my own life, madame, you could not have seen more clearly."

"That encourages me," said the sibyl; "for I see such strange things in your cards that I should stop short if your denial were added to my own doubts."

"Here is the eight of spades. Achilles is dragging Hector, chained to the car, around the walls of Troy; lower down a woman is kneeling before a tomb. Your husband, like the Trojan hero, must have died a violent death, probably upon the scaffold. But here is a singular thing, on the same card: opposite the weeping woman the bones of Pelops are crossed above the talisman of the moon, which means, 'Happy fatality.' To a great misfortune will succeed good fortune which is even greater."

Josephine smiled.

"That belongs to the future and therefore I cannot answer for it."

"You have two children?" asked the sibyl.

"Yes, madame."

"A son and a daughter?"

"Yes."

"See here on the same card, the ten of diamonds, your son takes a resolution without consulting you, which is of the greatest importance, not in itself, but in its results.

"On the bottom of this card is one of the talking oaks of the forest of Dodona, as you see; Jason is lying in its shade and listening. What does he hear? The voice of the future which your son heard when he decided upon that step which he has just taken.

"The card which follows, the knave of diamonds, shows you Achilles disguised as a woman at the court of Lycomanes. The glitter of a sword will make a man of him. Is there something about a sword that has occurred between your son and some other person?"

"Yes, madame."

"Well, here at the bottom of the card is Juno, crying: 'Courage, young man, help will not be wanting!' I am not sure, but in this card, which is nothing less than that of a king of diamonds—but I think I see your son addressing a powerful soldier, and obtaining of him what he wants.

"The four of diamonds shows you yourself, madame, at the moment when your son is telling you of the fortunate result of his attempt. The flowers growing at the bottom of this card admonish you not to let yourself be overcome by difficulties, and that you will thereby reach the goal of your desires. And finally, madame, here is the eight of clubs, which positively indicates a marriage; placed as it is, next to the eight of hearts, which is the eagle soaring aloft with the toad in his talons, it indicates that this marriage will exalt you above the most eminent ranks of society.

"Then, if we still doubt, here is the six of hearts, which unfortunately is so rarely seen with the eight. Here is the eight and upon it the alchemist watching the transformation of the stone into gold; that is to say the ordinary life changing into one of nobility, honors, and a lofty position. See among these flowers a convolvulus, twining itself around a lily shorn of its blossoms; that means, madame, that you will succeed; that you, who are simply seeking a support, will succeed—how shall I tell you?—to everything that is grandest and most powerful in France, in short to the lily shorn of its blossoms; and, as indicated by the ten of clubs, that you will succeed to all this by passing across battlefields, where, as you see, Ulysses and Diomedes are carrying off the white horse of Rheseus, placed under the care of the talisman of Mars.

"There, madame, you will enjoy the respect and affection of the whole world. You will be the wife of this Hercules stifling the lion of the Nemean forest; that is to say the useful and courageous man who exposes himself to every danger for the good of his country. The flowers with which you are crowned are the lilac, the arum, and the immortelle, for you will represent true merit and perfect goodness."

Then, rising enthusiastically and seizing Madame de Beauharnais's hand as

she fell at her feet, she said: "Madame, I know neither your name nor your rank, but I can read your future. Madame, remember me when you are—empress!"

"Empress? I? You are mad, my dear woman."

"What, madame, do you not see that your last card, the one to which the other fourteen lead, is the king of hearts, the great Charlemagne, who holds his sword in one hand and the globe in the other? Do you not see upon the same card the man of genius, who, with a book in his hand and a sphere at his feet, meditates upon the destinies of the world? And, last of all, do you not see on the two desks, placed opposite each other, the Book of Wisdom and the laws of Solon, which proves that your husband will be a legislator as well as a conqueror."

Improbable as was the prediction, the blood rushed to Josephine's head. Her eyes grew dim, her forehead was bathed with perspiration, and a shiver ran through her whole body.

"Impossible! impossible! impossible!" she murmured, and she sank back in her chair.

Then suddenly remembering that this consultation had lasted nearly an hour, and that Madame Tallien was waiting for her, she rose, tossed her purse to Mademoiselle Lenormand without looking to see how much it contained, and darted into the salon. She seized Madame Tallien by the waist and drew her away, scarcely replying to the bow which the incroyable made to the two ladies as they passed before him.

"Well?" asked Madame Tallien, stopping Josephine on the flight of steps which led down to the courtyard.

"Well," replied Madame de Beauharnais, "that woman is crazy."

"What did she predict for you?"

"It is your turn first."

"I warn you, my dear, that I have already become accustomed to her prediction," said Madame Tallien; "she said that I would be a princess."

"Well," said Josephine, "I am not yet accustomed to mine. She said that I would be an empress."

And the two false grisettes got into their carriage.

As we have said, the two ladies, excited over their predictions, had scarcely paid any attention to the young man who was waiting his turn.

During the long session that Madame de Beauharnais had with the sibyl, Madame Tallien had tried more than once to discover to what class of incroyable the young man in question belonged. But he, evidently little inclined to respond to her attempts at conversation, had drawn his hair over his eyes, his cravat over his chin, and his dog's-ears over his cheeks, and had settled down in his chair with a sort of grunt, like a man who would not be sorry to shorten the time of waiting by a short nap.

Madame de Beauharnais's long sitting had passed thus: Madame Tallien pretending to read, and the incroyable pretending to sleep.

But as soon as the ladies had gone out, and he had followed them with his eyes until they had disappeared, he presented himself in turn at the door of Mademoiselle Lenormand's cabinet. The appearance of this new client was so grotesque that it brought a smile to her lips.

"Mademoiselle," he said, affecting the

ridiculous speech of the young dandies of the day, "will you have the goodness to tell me the fortunate or unfortunate vicissitudes which destiny has reserved for the person of your humble servant. Nor will he conceal from you that that person is so dear to him that he will learn with gratitude whatever agreeable presages you may impart to him. He must add, however, that owing to his great self-control, he will listen with equanimity to whatever catastrophes with which you may be pleased to threaten him."

Mademoiselle Lenormand looked at him anxiously for a moment. Did his indifference amount to madness, or was she dealing with one of those young men of the day who took pleasure in mocking the holiest things, and who would, therefore, have no scruple about insulting the sibyl of the Rue Tournon, firmly established though she was in the good opinion of the inhabitants of the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

"Do you wish me to cast your horoscope?" she asked.

"Yes, my horoscope—a horoscope like that which was cast at the birtl of Alexander, son of Philip of Macedon. Without expecting to attain to the renown of the conqueror of Porus, and the founder of Alexandria, I intend some day to make a stir in the world. Have the goodness therefore to prepare whatever may be necessary, and to predict the best of good fortune for me."

"Citizen," said Mademoiselle Lenormand, "I employ different methods."

"Let us hear what they are," said the incroyable, thrusting his stomach forward, and slipping his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat and letting his cane dangle from the cord around his wrist.

"For example, I prophesy by the whites of eggs, the analysis of coffee grounds, spotted or algebraic cards, and I sometimes read the future by means of a cock."

"The last would suit me very well," said the young man. "But we should need a living cock, and a glassful of wheat; have you got them?"

"I have them," replied Mademoiselle Lenormand. "I also use catoptromancy at times."

"I am looking for a Venetian mirror; for, as nearly as I can remember," said the young man, "catoptromancy is performed with a Venetian mirror and a drop of water spilled upon it."

"Exactly, citizen. You seem to be well informed concerning my art."

"Bah!" said the young man. "Yes, yes; I take an occasional turn at the occult science."

"There is also chiromancy," observed Mademoiselle Lenormand.

"Ah! that is what I want. All the other practices are more or less diabolical. As much cannot be said for hydromancy, you will concede, citizeness, which has to do with a ring thrown into water; nor of pyromancy, which consists of placing the victim in the midst of a fire; of geomancy, which is performed by tracing cabalistic signs upon the ground; of capnomancy, where poppy seeds are thrown on burning coals; of coscinomancy, in which the hatchet, the sieve and the tongs are employed; nor, finally, of anthropomancy, in which human victims are sacrificed."

Mademoiselle watched her interlocu-

tor with a certain uneasiness. Was he speaking seriously? Was he making fun of her? Or did he conceal beneath his assumed indifference a desire to remain unrecognized?

"Then you prefer chiromancy?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the incroyable; "for with chiromancy, were you the devil himself, or his wife Proserpine," and he bowed gallantly to Mademoiselle Lenormand, "I should not fear for the safety of my soul, since the patriarch Job has said (verse 7, chapter xxxvii.), 'God hath drawn lines in the hands of men in order that each may know his destiny.' And Solomon, the pre-eminently wise king, added: 'Length of life is marked in the right hand, and the lines of the left hand betoken wisdom and glory.' Finally we read in the prophet Isaiah, 'Your hand denotes that you will live a long time.' Here is mine, what does it say?"

As he spoke, the young incroyable took off his glove and extended a hand that was delicate and well-shaped, although thin and tanned by the sun. Its proportions were perfect, the fingers long and smooth; and he wore no rings.

Mademoiselle Lenormand took it and examined it carefully. Then her eyes turned from the young man's hand to his face.

"Sir," said she, "it must have cost your natural dignity much to clothe yourself as you have, and in so doing, you must have yielded, either to a great curiosity, or to the first expression of an unconquerable feeling. You are wearing a disguise and not your accustomed attire. Your hand is that of a soldier accustomed to wield the sword rather than to twirl the cane of an incroyable, or the switch of a dandy. Neither is this language you now affect natural to you. You know all of these sciences which you have mentioned, but you have learned them while studying others which you deemed more important. You have a taste for occult researches, but your future is not that of a Nicolas Flamel or a Cagliostro. You have asked in jest for a horoscope similar to the one which was cast at the birth of Alexander, son of Philip of Macedon. It is too late to cast the horoscope of your birth, but I can tell you what has happened to you since your birth, and what the future holds in store for you."

"Faith, you are right," said the young man in his natural voice, "and I confess that I am ill at ease in this disguise; neither, as you have said, am I accustomed to this language which I have just now used. Had you been deceived by my language and my attire, I should have said nothing, and would have left you with a shrug of the shoulders. The discovery which you have made in spite of my efforts to deceive you, proves to me that there is something in your art. I well know that it is tempting God," he added gloomily, "to seek to wrest from him the secrets of the future; but where is the man who feels within himself the power to achieve great things, who would not wish to aid, by a knowledge of the future, the events which life holds in store for him? You say that you will tell me of my past life. I ask but a few words on that score, being anxious rather to know the future. I repeat, here is my hand."

Mademoiselle Lenormand's eyes rested for a moment on the palm of

his hand, then, raising her head, she said:

"You were born on an island, of a family which, though noble, has neither wealth nor renown. You left your country to be educated in France, you entered the service in a special branch, the artillery. You have gained a great victory, which was of immense use to your country, but for which you were poorly recompensed. For a time you thought of leaving France. Fortunately obstacles multiplied and you remained. You have just forced yourself into notoriety by a brilliant stroke which has assured you the support of the future Directory. This very day—and mark well the date—though it has been signalled by the most ordinary events alone, will become one of the most important landmarks of your life. Do you believe in my art now, and shall I continue?"

"Certainly," replied the pretended incroyable, "and that you may have every facility in your work, I will begin by showing you my real features."

At these words he took off his hat, threw aside his wig, untied his cravat, and revealed that head of bronze, of which it has been said that it seemed to have been modelled from an antique medal. He frowned slightly, brushed his hair from his temples with his hand, and his eye grew stern, resolute, almost haughty, as did his voice; and he said, no longer with the lisp of the incroyable, or the gentleness of a man addressing a woman, but with the firmness of a command, as he presented his hand to the sibyl for the third time: "Look!"

Mademoiselle Lenormand took the hand which her client held out to her, with a feeling almost akin to veneration.

"Will you have the whole truth?" she asked, "or shall I tell you only the good and conceal the evil, as I would to one of those effeminate creatures, to whose nervous irritability you are sometimes subject?"

"Tell me all," said the young man briefly.

"See that you remember the order which you have given me," she said, emphasizing the word "order." "Your hand, which is the most perfect of any that I have ever seen, presents all the virtuous sentiments, and all the human weaknesses; it reveals at once the most heroic and the most hesitating of characters. Most of the lines of your palm dazzle by their brilliancy, while others seem to point to the darkest and most painful hours. I am about to reveal to you an enigma more difficult to read than the Theban Sphinx; for even as you will be greater than Œdipus, so will you be more unhappy. Shall I go on, or shall I stop?"

"Go on," he said.

"I obey you," and again she emphasized the word "obey."

"We will begin with the most powerful of the seven planets; all seven are impressed upon your hand, and are placed in their recognized order.

"Jupiter is at the extremity of your index finger. Let us begin with him. Perhaps some confusion will result from this method of procedure, but we will bring forth order out of chaos.

"Jupiter then in your hand is placed at the extremity of your index finger, which means that you will be the friend and the enemy of the great men of this world, and among the fortunate of

this age. Notice this sign in the shape of a fan on the fourth joint of this finger; it indicates that you will forcibly levy tribute upon people and kings. See this sort of grafting on the second joint, broken at its seventh branch; that means that you will occupy in succession six positions of dignity, and that you will stop at the seventh."

"Do you know what these positions are?"

"No. All that I can tell you about them is that the last is that of Emperor of the West, which is to-day in the house of Austria.

"See that star under the grating; it betokens that you have a good genius who will watch over you until your eighth lustre, or until you are forty years old. At that time you will probably forget that Providence chose a companion for you, for you will abandon that companion, as a result of a false calculation of human prosperity. The two signs directly beneath that star, which resemble, the one a horseshoe, and the other a chessboard, indicate that after long prosperity you will inevitably fall, and from the greatest height to which man has ever attained. You will fall rather through the influence of women than the strength of men. Four lustres will be the term of your triumph and power.

"This other sign, at the foot of Jupiter accompanied by these three other stars, indicate that during the last three years of your greatness and prosperity, your enemies will be trying to undermine you, and that three months will suffice to hurl you from your exalted position, and that the crash of your fall will resound throughout the East and the West. Shall I go on?"

"Go on!" said the young man.

"These two stars at the extremity of the middle finger, which is the finger of Saturn, indicate positively that you will be crowned in the same metropolis which has witnessed the coronations of the kings of France, your predecessors. But the sign of Saturn, placed immediately below these two stars, and governing them, is of the gloomiest import for you.

"On the second joint of this middle finger there are two signs, which are peculiar in that they seem to contradict each other. The triangle denotes a curious, suspicious man, not at all lavish of his means except to his soldiers, and who during his life will receive three wounds: the first on the thigh, the second on the heel, and the third on the little finger. The second of these signs, a star, denotes a magnanimous sovereign, a lover of the beautiful, forming gigantic projects, which are not only impossible of realization, but which none but he would be capable of conceiving.

"This line, which resembles an S, winding over the middle joint, forebodes, beside various other perils, several attempts at assassination, among which there is a prearranged explosion.

"The straight line, the letters C and X, which extend almost to the root of the finger of Saturn, betoken a second alliance, more illustrious than the first."

"But," interrupted the young man, impatiently, "this is the second or third time that you have spoken of this first alliance which is to protect the first eight lustres of my life. How am I to recognize the lady when I see her?"

"She is dark," replied the sibyl; "the

widow of a fair-haired man who wore a sword and perished by the axe. She has two children, whom you will adopt for your own. In examining her face you will recognize her by two things: one is that she has a noticeable mark on one of her eyebrows, and the second that in talking she frequently raises her right hand, being accustomed to holding a handkerchief, which she carries, to her mouth whenever she laughs."

"Very well," he returned, "now let us come back to my horoscope."

"See at the base of the finger of Saturn these two signs, one of which resembles a gridiron without a handle, and the other the six of diamonds.

"They predict that your second wife will destroy your happiness, and that she, unlike your first wife, will be fair and born of a race of kings.

"The figure representing the image of the sun at the end of the third joint of the ring finger, which is the finger of Apollo, proves that you will become an extraordinary personage, rising by your own merit, but especially favored by Jupiter and Mars.

"These four straight lines, placed like a palisade below this image of the sun, betoken that you will struggle in vain against a power which unaided, will stop you in your career.

"Beneath these four straight lines we find again that serpentine line, in the form of the letter S, which has already twice predicted misfortune for you on the finger of Saturn; if the star, which is below that line, were above it instead, it would indicate that you would continue in the zenith of your power for seven lustres.

"The fourth finger of the left hand bears the sign of Mercury at the end of the third joint. This means that few men will possess such sagacity, knowledge, finesse, exactness of reasoning power and keenness of mind as you. You will bend several nations to your vast projects; you will undertake expeditions which will occasion great wonderment; you will cross deep rivers, ascend steep mountains, and traverse immense deserts. But this sign of Mercury also denotes that you will have a very abrupt and capricious temper; that this temper will create powerful enemies against you; and that in the spirit of a true cosmopolitan, tormented by lust of conquest, you will not be contented anywhere, and that sometimes you will even feel that Europe is too confined a sphere for you.

"As for this ladder which is drawn between the first and third joints of the finger of Mercury, it denotes that in the days of your power, you will carry out immense works for the embellishment of your capital as well as the other cities of your kingdom.

"And now we pass to the thumb, which is the finger of Venus.

"As you see, here is her all-powerful sign on the second joint. It announces that you will adopt children which are not your own, and that your first union will be childless, although you have had, and will have again, natural children. But as compensation, here are the three stars which are dominated by it; this is a sign that, in spite of the efforts of the enemy, surrounded by great men who supplement your genius, you will be crowned between your sixth and seventh lustre, and that the Pope himself, to gain your favor for the Church of Rome, will come from Rome to place the crown of Louis XIV. and

Saint Louis upon your head and that of your wife.

"Beneath the three stars, do you see the sign of Venus and that of Jupiter? Beside them, and on the same line, do you see those numbers which are so lucky when in conjunction—9, 19, and 99? They are the proof that the East and West will clasp hands, and that the Cæsars of the house of Hapsburg will consent to ally their name with yours.

"Below those numbers we find the same sun which we have already seen on the tip of the finger of Apollo, and which indicates that, contrary to the celestial luminary, which goes from east to west, your course will be from west to east.

"Now let us go up from the first joint of this thumb to the O which crosses a bar diagonally. Well, that sign indicates disordered vision, political blindness. As for the three stars on the first joint and the sign which surmounts them, they are only a confirmation of the prediction that women will have a great influence upon your life, and they indicate that even as happiness will come to you through a woman, so will it take flight through a woman.

"As for the four signs scattered about the palm of the hand in the form of an iron rake, one in the field of Mars, another adhering to the line of life, and the remaining two adjoining the base of the mountain of The Moon, they indicate prodigal expenditure of the blood of soldiers, but only upon the battlefield.

"The top of this forked line, divided toward the mount of Jupiter, number 8, denotes extended journeys in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Some of these journeys will be forced ones, as the X at the top of the line of life denotes, overlooking the mount of Venus. Finally, as its branches cross beneath the line of Mars, it is a sure sign of great renown, due to glorious feats of arms. In speaking to you, men will exhaust the whole vocabulary of humility and eulogy; you will be the glorious man, the man of prodigies and miracles. You will be Alexander, you will be Cæsar, you will be even greater than they; you will be Atlas bearing the world. After seeing the whole universe lighted up with your glory, you will see it black as night on the day of your death; and men, seeing that the world is out of joint will ask, not whether a man has just died, but whether the sun has set."

The young man had listened to this prophecy with an air of gloom rather than joy; he had seemed to follow the sibyl to these heights where she had paused, fatigued, to take breath; then with her he had descended into the abyss, where, as she said, his fortune would be sunk.

He remained silent a moment after she had ceased.

"You have prophesied Cæsar's fortune for me," he said, after a pause.

"It is greater than Cæsar's," she said; "for Cæsar did not attain his end, and you will yours. Cæsar put his foot only upon the first step of the throne, and you will take your seat upon it. But do not forget the dark woman who has a mark above her right eyebrow, and who carries her handkerchief to her mouth when she smiles."

"And when shall I meet her?" asked the young man.

"You have met her to-day," replied the sibyl, "and she marked with her foot the spot where your long line of victories will begin."

It was so manifestly impossible that the sibyl could have prepared beforehand this series of undoubted truths which had taken place in the past, and the succession of incredible facts which were still buried in the future, that for the first time the young officer believed thoroughly in what she had told him. He put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a purse containing some gold-pieces; but the sibyl laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"If I have prophesied lies," she said, "the price is too great. If, on the contrary, I have told you the truth, we can settle our account only at the Tuileries. At the Tuileries, then, when you are Emperor of the French."

"So be it," replied the young man, "at the Tuileries! And if you have told me the truth you will lose nothing by waiting."

On the 9th of the following March, 1796, about eleven o'clock in the morning, two carriages stopped before the door of the mayoralty of the second district of Paris.

A young man about twenty-six, wearing the uniform of a general officer, descended from the first. He was followed by two witnesses.

A young woman about twenty-eight or thirty descended from the other. She was followed by her two witnesses.

The six presented themselves before citizen Charles-Théodore François, civil magistrate of the second district, who asked them the questions usually propounded to matrimonial aspirants, to which they made the customary replies. Then he ordered the following document read to them, which they afterward signed:

"The 19th Ventôse, in the Year of the Republic.

"Contract of marriage between Napolione Bonaparte, general-in-chief of the army of the interior, aged *twenty-eight* years, born at Ajaccio, in the department of Corsica, residing in Paris, Rue d' Antin, son of Charles Bonaparte, gentleman, and Lætitia Ramolini:

"And Marie-Rose-Josephine Tascher, aged twenty-eight years, born in the island of Martinique, in the Windward Islands, residing in Paris, Rue Chantereine, daughter of Gaspard-Joseph de Tascher, captain of dragoons, and his wife Rose-Claire Desvergers de Sanois.

"I, Charles-Théodore François, civil magistrate of the second district of the canton of Paris, after having in the presence of these parties and their witnesses, read:

"1. The certificate of birth of Napolione Bonaparte, which states that he was born on the *5th of February,* 1768, of the lawful marriage of Charles Bonaparte and Lætitia Ramolini;

"2nd. The certificate of birth of Marie-Rose-Josephine Tascher, which states that she was born on the 23d of June, 1765, of the lawful marriage of Joseph-Gaspard de Tascher and of Rose-Claire Desvergers de Sanois;

"The certificate of death of Alexandre-François-Marie de Beauharnais, being taken into consideration, which states that he died on the 7th Thermi-

dor, in the year II., married to Marie-Rose-Josephine de Tascher;

"Also that the certificate of publication of said marriage was duly posted without opposition during the time prescribed by law;

"And also that Napolione Bonaparte and Marie-Rose-Josephine Tascher had declared aloud that they took each other for husband and wife—I did pronounce Napolione Bonaparte and Marie-Rose-Josephine Tascher to be husband and wife.

"And this in the presence of the adult witnesses hereafter named, to wit: Paul Barras, member of the executive Directory, living at the Luxembourg; Captain Jean Lemarrois, aide-de-camp, living in the Rue des Capucines; Jean Lambert Tallien, member of the Corps-Legislatif, living at Chaillot, and Etienne-Jacques-Jerôme Calmelets, lawyer, living in the Rue de la Place Vendôme, No. 207, all of whom have signed with the principals, as I have done, after this reading."

The Drowner

An onlooker, watching the strange procession as it approached from the far side of Moutiers and slowly ascended the hill, would have found it difficult to make out the meaning of the strange jumble of men on foot and on horseback: Whites in the Vendéan costume made sacred by Charette, Cathelineau and Cadoudal, Blues in the Republican uniform, accompanied by women, children and peasants, and rolling along in the midst of this human tide, restless as the waves of the ocean, an unknown machine—unless the spectator had seen one of the placards.

But these placards were for the time being considered merely as one of those gasconades which the parties permitted themselves at this period; and many persons had come from afar, not to see the promised execution—that would have been too much to expect—but to learn the explanation of the promise which had been made them.

Moutiers was the appointed meeting place, and all the peasants in the neighborhood had been waiting in the public square of that town since eight o'clock in the morning.

Suddenly they were told that the procession, which was growing with every step, was approaching the town. Every one at once hastened to the spot indicated; and there they could see the Vendéan chiefs, who formed the advance-guard, half-way up the hill. In their hands they were carrying green branches, as in the old days of expiation.

The crowd which had gathered at Moutiers streamed along the road; and, like two rivers meeting, the two human floods surged against each other and mingled their waters.

There was a moment of confusion and tumult. Every one fought to get near the cart which carried the scaffold and the carriage which contained

Goulin, the executioner and his assistant. But as they were all animated by the same desire, and as enthusiasm was perhaps greater than curiosity, those who had caught a glimpse thought it only right to fall back and give the others a chance to have an equal opportunity.

As they advanced, Goulin grew paler and paler; for he realized that they were making straight for a goal which they would surely reach. Moreover, he had seen, on the bill which had been thrust into his hands, that Moutiers was to be the scene of his execution; and he knew only too well that the town they were approaching at every step was Moutiers. He rolled his eyes around the crowd, unable to fathom this mingling of Chouans and Republicans, who on the previous evening were waging such furious warfare and yet in the morning united in such friendly fashion to form his escort. From time to time he closed his eyes, doubtless in the vain hope of persuading himself that it was all a dream. But then the tempestuous roaring of the crowd and the swaying of the carriage must have carried with it the suggestion of a tempest at sea. Then he raised his arms, which he had succeeded in freeing from their shroud-like wrappings, beat the air like a crazy man, stood up, tried to cry out, and perhaps did cry out; but his voice was lost in the tumult, and he fell back again on the seat between his two gloomy companions. At last they reached the plateau of Moutiers, and then there came a cry of "Halt!"

They had reached their destination.

More than ten thousand persons were assembled on this plateau. The nearest houses in the village were crowded with spectators and the trees along the roadside were loaded with human freight.

When the procession had halted, and each person had placed himself as he or she wished to be placed during the execution, Cadoudal raised his hand in token that he wished to speak.

Every voice was hushed, and even the breath seemed to expire upon pale lips. A mournful silence ensued, and Goulin's eyes were fastened upon Cadoudal, of whose name and importance he was ignorant. He had none the less distinguished him from the others as perhaps the man whom he had come from afar to seek—the man who at their first meeting was to change rôles with him, to make of himself the judge and executioner, and of the judge and executioner proper the victim—if an assassin can be described as a victim, no matter what manner of death was reserved for him. Cadoudal, as we have said, had signified that he wished to speak.

"Citizens," said he, addressing the Republicans, "as you see, I give you the title which you give yourselves—my brothers," he continued, addressing the Chouans—"and I give you the name with which God receives you in his bosom—your meeting here at Moutiers to-day, and its object, prove that each of you is convinced of the guilt of this man, who is deserving of the death which he is about to suffer. And yet, Republicans, whom I hope some day to call brothers, you do not know this man as we do.

"One day, in 1793, my father and I were carrying some flour to Nantes. There was a famine in the town. It

was scarcely light. Carrier, the infamous Carrier, had not yet arrived at Nantes. Therefore we must render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto Goulin the things which are Goulin's. It was Goulin who invented the drownings.

"My father and I were going along the Quai de la Loire. We saw a boat on which they were loading priests. A man was driving them into it two by two, and counting them as they went aboard. He counted ninety-seven of these priests, who were bound in couples. As they entered the boat they disappeared, for they were thrown into the hold. The boat left the shore and floated out into the middle of the Loire. This man stood in front with an oar.

"My father stopped his horse and said to me: 'Wait and watch, something infamous is about to happen here.'

"And in fact the boat had a plug. When the boat reached the middle of the stream, the unfortunates in the hold were thrown into the water. As they came up to the surface, this man and his wretched companions struck at these heads, which already wore the halo of martyrdom, and bruised them with their oars. It was that man there who urged them on to the terrible work. Two of the condemned men, however, were too far away to be struck; they made their way toward the bank, for they had found a sandbar which afforded them a foothold.

"'Quick,' said my father, 'let us save those two.'

"We sprang from our horses and slipped down the bank of the Loire with our knives in our hands. They, thinking that we also were murderers, tried to escape from us. But we cried out to them: 'Come to us, men of God! these knives are to cut your bonds, not to strike you.'

"They came to us, and in an instant their hands were free, and we were on horseback, with them behind us, galloping away. They were the worthy Abbés Briançon and Lacombe.

"They both took refuge with us in the forest of the Morbihan. One of them died of cold, hunger and fatigue, as so many of us have died. That was the Abbé Briançon.

"The other," said Cadoudal, pointing to a priest who tried to conceal himself among the crowd, "recovered, and today serves God with his prayers, as we serve him with our arms. That other is the Abbé Lacombe. There he is!

"From that time," he continued, pointing to Goulin, "this man, and always the same, presided at the drownings. In all the slaughter which took place at Nantes, he was Carrier's right arm. When Carrier was tried and condemned, François Goulin was tried at the same time; but he posed before the tribunal as an instrument who had been unable to refuse to obey the orders that were given him. I possess a letter written entirely by his hand."

Here Cadoudal drew a paper from his pocket.

"I wanted to send it to the tribunal to enlighten its conscience. This letter, written to his worthy colleague, Perdraux, was his condemnation, since in it he described his mode of procedure. Listen, you men of hard-fought battles, and tell me if ever a war-bulletin made you shudder like this."

And amid solemn silence, Cadoudal read aloud the following letter:

"Citizen—In the exaltation of your patriotism, you ask me how I make my Republican marriages.

"When I get ready for the baths, I strip the men and women, and go through their clothing to see if they have any money or jewelry. I put the clothing in a great hamper, then I tie the men and women together, face to face, by the wrists. I bring them to the banks of the Loire; they go aboard my boat, two by two, and two men push them from behind and throw them into the water, head first; then when they try to save themselves we have great clubs with which we beat them back.

"That is what we call the civil marriage.

"Francois Goulin."

"Do you know," continued Cadoudal, "what prevented me from sending that letter? It was the intercession of the good Abbé Lacombe. He said to me: 'If God has given this man a chance to escape, it is that he may have an opportunity to repent.'

"Now, has he repented? You see him. After having drowned more than fifteen hundred persons, he seizes the moment when the terror has been revived to ask the favor of returning to this same region where he was executioner, in order to make fresh executions. If he had repented, I also would have pardoned him; but since, like the dog in the Bible, he returns to his own vomit, since God has permitted him to fall into my hands after escaping those of the revolutionary tribunal, it is because God wishes him to die."

A moment of silence followed Cadoudal's words. Then the condemned man rose in his carriage, and cried in a stifled voice: "Mercy! mercy!"

"Well," said Cadoudal, rising in his stirrups, "so be it. Since you are standing there, look around you. There are ten thousand men who have come to see you die. If, among them, a single one asks for mercy, you shall have it."

"Mercy!" cried Lacombe, stretching out his arms.

Cadoudal rose again in his stirrups.

"You alone, father, of us all, have no right to ask for mercy for this man. You extended mercy to him on the day when you prevented me from sending his letter to the revolutionary tribunal. You may help him to die, but that is all that I can grant you."

Then in a voice which made itself heard by all the spectators, he asked for the second time: "Is there one among you who asks for mercy for this man?"

Not a voice replied.

"You have five minutes in which to make your peace with God," said Cadoudal to François Goulin; "and, unless it be a miracle from heaven, nothing can save you. Father," said he, addressing Lacombe, "you may give this man your arm, and accompany him to the scaffold." Then, to the executioner, he said, "Do your duty!"

The executioner, who now saw that his only part in the performance would be the execution of his ordinary functions, rose and put his hand on Goulin's shoulder in token that he belonged to him.

The Abbé Lacombe approached the condemned man, but the latter pushed him back.

Then ensued a frightful struggle between the man who would neither pray nor die and his two executioners. In spite of his cries, his bites and his blasphemies, the executioner picked him up in his arms as if he had been a child; and, while the assistant prepared the knife, he carried him from his carriage to the platform of the guillotine.

The Abbé Lacombe went up first, with a ray of hope, and waited for the culprit; but his efforts were vain, for Goulin would not even put his lips to the crucifix.

Then on this awful stage there occurred a scene which is beyond description. The executioner and his assistant succeeded in stretching the condemned upon the fatal plank. It rocked. Then a flash as of lightning. It was the knife which fell. Then a dull thud. It was the head which had fallen. A deep silence followed, and in its midst Cadoudal's voice could be heard saying "God's justice is done!"

The Blood Union

THE map-space now occupied by Austria, outside the actual dukedom, its kernel, consists of Bohemia, Hungary, Illyria, the Tyrol, Moravia, Silesia, the Slavonian district of Croatia, the Vaivody of Servia, the Banat, Transylvania, Galicia, Dalmatia, and Styria.

We do not count four to five millions of Roumanians scattered throughout Hungary, and on the banks of the Danube. Every one of the above districts has its own character, its own customs, language, costume, frontier. Especially the dwellers in Styria, composed of Norica and the ancient Pannonia, have retained their own language, costume, and primitive customs. Before it became included in Austria, Styria had its own separate history and nobility, dating from the time when it was known as the march of Styria, about 1030. And from that epoch Karl von Freyberg dated his ancestry, remaining a great noble at a time when great nobles are becoming rare.

He was a handsome young man of about twenty-seven, tall, straight, slight, flexible as a cane, and equally tough. His fine black hair was cut close, and he had beneath black eyebrows and eyelashes, those dark grey eyes which Homer attributes to Minerva and which shine like emeralds. His complexion was sunburnt, for he had hunted since childhood. He had small hands and feet, unwearied limbs, and prodigious strength.

Alas! War ravages manhood. The Prussian-Austrian battles of 1866 left living wrecks; and woe lay heaviest on the citizens of Frankfort.

A party from the battle-fields were going down the river by boat to Port Offenbach and the city of Frankfort could be seen in the distance silhouetted against the sky. A group on board were carrying a wounded soldier. The boat finally reached the landing place where waited a carriage and close to it a litter. The party left the boat,

carrying the wounded man. They put him in the litter and drew the curtains, one a girl, the bodice of her dress stained with blood, wrapped herself in a large shawl and walked beside the litter. People watched her with astonishment and questioned the litter-bearer. When he said it was a fiancée who was following the body of her lover, they recognized Fraulein Helen von Chandroz and stopped back, bowing respectfully as the body of Count Karl von Freyburg went by.

Helen von Chandoz belonged to a Frankfort family of French descent, her ancestors having been expatriated by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The family now had left only her elder sister Emma, and her aged grandmother (the mother having succumbed to illness recently), called Madame von Beling.

Helen was nearing twenty years of age.

She was worthy of her name. Her hair was of that exquisite blonde tint which can only be compared to the colour of ripe corn. Her complexion faintly tinted with rose had the freshness and delicacy of the camellia. And the effect was almost astonishing when under these fair locks, and upon that countenance of almost transparent pallor, she raised large dark eyes, eloquent of passion, overarched with dark eyebrows and fringed with lashes which gave to their sparkling orbs deep reflections like those of the black diamonds of Tripoli.

One could divine in Helen all the tempestuous future which the united passions of two races held in store.

Helen was a sister of those delightful creations that are to be found on every page of Germany's popular poetry. We attribute great merit to those poetic dreamers who perceive Loreleis in the mist of the Rhine and Mignons in the foliage of thickets, and do not remind ourselves that there is, after all, no such great merit in finding these charming images, because they are not the visions of genius, but actual copies, whose originals the misty nature of England and of Germany sets before them as models weeping or smiling, but always poetical. Observe, too, that on the shores of the Rhine, the Main, or the Danube, it is not necessary to seek these types—in the ranks of the aristocracy, but they may be seen at the citizen's window or the peasant's doorway, where Schiller found his Louisa.

Thus Helen accomplished a deed that seems to us the height of devotion with the most entire simplicity, and never knew that she deserved a glance of approval from man, or even from God.

On the nights when Helen sat up, beside the wounded count, Benedict Turpin, a comrade of war, who relieved in the watching, rested in a room, throwing himself fully dressed upon the bed, so as to be ready at the first call to run to Helen's assistance or to go for the surgeon. His dog Frisk often watched beside him. A carriage ready harnessed was always at the door, and, oddly enough, the further recovery progressed, the more the doctor, who had been called in, insisted that this precaution should not be neglected.

One evening after having watched by Karl, Benedict had yielded his post to Helen, had returned to his room and flung himself upon the bed, when, all at once he thought he heard himself

loudly called. Almost at the same moment his door opened, and Helen, pale, dishevelled, and covered with blood, appeared in the doorway making inarticulate sounds that seemed to stand for "Help!"

Benedict guessed what had happened. The doctor, less reserved towards him than towards the young girl, had told him what possibilities he feared, and evidently one of these possibilities had come to pass.

He rushed to Karl's room; the ligature of an artery had burst and blood was flowing in waves and in jets. Karl had fainted.

Benedict did not lose an instant; twisting his handkerchief into a rope he tied it round Karl's upper arm, broke the bar of a chair with a kick, slipped the bar into the knot of the handkerchief, and turning the stick upon its axis, made what is known in medical language as a *tourniquet*. The blood stopped instantly.

Helen flung herself distractedly upon the bed, she seemed to have gone mad. She did not hear Benedict calling to her: "The doctor! the doctor!"

With his free hand—the other was pressing upon Karl's arm—Benedict pulled the bell so violently that the servant, guessing something unusual to be the matter, arrived quite scared.

"Take the carriage and fetch the doctor," cried Benedict. In one glance the servant had seen all. He flung himself downstairs and into the carriage, calling out in his turn: "To the doctors'!"

As it was scarcely six o'clock in the morning, the doctor was at home, and within ten minutes walked into the room.

Seeing the blood streaming over the floor, Helen, half fainting, and, above all, Benedict compressing the wounded man's arm, he understood what had happened, the rather that he had dreaded this.

"Ah, I foresaw this!" he exclaimed, "a secondary hemorrhage; the artery has given way."

At his voice Helen sprang up and flung her arms about him.

"He will not die! he will not die!" she cried, "you will not let him die, will you?"

The doctor disengaged himself from her grasp, and approached the bed. Karl had not lost nearly so much blood as last time, but to judge from the pool that was spreading across the room he must have lost over twenty-eight ounces, which in his present state of weakness was exorbitant.

However, the doctor did not lose courage; the arm was still bare; he made a fresh incision and sought with his forceps for the artery, which, fortunately, having been compressed by Benedict, had moved only a few centimetres. In a second the artery was tied, but the wounded man was completely unconscious. Helen, who had watched the first operation with anxiety, followed this one with terror. She had then seen Karl lying mute, motionless, and cold, with all the appearance of death, but she had not seen him pass, as he had just done, from life to death. His lips were white, his eyes closed, his cheeks waxen; clearly Karl had gone nearer to the grave than even on the former occasion. Helen wrung her hands.

"Sir," she said to the doctor, "will he not reopen his eyes? Will he not speak again before he dies? I do not

ask for his life—only a miracle could grant that. But, make him open his eyes, doctor. Doctor! make him speak to me! Let a priest join our hands! Let us be united in this world, so that we may not be separated in the next."

The doctor, despite his usual calm, could not remain cold in the presence of such sorrow; though he had done all that was in the power of his art and felt that he could do no more, he tried to reassure Helen with those commonplaces that physicians keep in reserve for the last extremities.

But Benedict, going up to him, and taking him by the hand, said:

"Doctor, you hear what she asks; she does not ask for her lover's life, she asks for a few moments' revival, long enough for the priest to utter a few words and place a ring upon her finger."

"Yes, yes!" cried Helen, "only that! Senseless that I was not to have yielded when he asked and sent at once for the priest. Let him open his eyes, let him say 'Yes,' so that his wish may be accomplished and I may keep my promise to him."

"Doctor," said Benedict, pressing the hand which he had retained in his, "how, if we asked from science the miracle that Heaven seems to deny? How if we were to try transfusion of blood?"

"What is that?" asked Helen.

The doctor considered for a second and looked at the patient: then he said:

"There is no hope; we risk nothing."

"I asked you," said Helen, "what is transfusion of blood?"

"It consists," replied the doctor, "in passing into the exhausted veins of a sick man enough warm, living blood to give him back, if only for a moment, life, speech, and consciousness. I have never performed the operation, but have seen it once or twice in hospitals."

"So have I," said Benedict, "I have always been interested in strange things, so I attended Majendie's lectures, and I have always seen the experiment succeed when the blood infused belong to an animal of the same species."

"Well," said the doctor, "I will go and try to find a man willing to sell us some twenty or thirty ounces of his blood."

"Doctor," said Benedict, throwing off his coat, "I do not sell my blood to my friends, but I give it. Your man is here."

At these words Helen uttered a cry, flung herself violently between Benedict and the doctor, and proudly holding out her bare arm to the surgeon, said to Benedict:

"You have done enough for him already. If human blood is to pass from another into the veins of my beloved Karl it shall be mine; it is my right."

Benedict fell on his knees before her and kissed the hem of her skirt. The less impressionable doctor merely said:

"Very well! We will try. Give the patient a spoonful of some cordial. I will go home and get the instruments."

The doctor rushed from the room as rapidly as his professional dignity would allow.

During his absence Helen slipped a spoonful of a cordial between Karl's lips while Benedict rang the bell. Hans appeared.

"Go and fetch a priest," said Helen.

"Is it for extreme unction?" Hans ventured to ask.

"For a marriage," answered Helen.

Five minutes later the doctor re-

turned with his apparatus, and asked Benedict to ring for a servant.

A maid came.

"Some warm water in a deep vessel," said the doctor, "and a thermometer if there is one in the house."

She came back with the required articles.

The doctor took a bandage from his pocket and rolled it round the wounded man's left arm, the right arm being injured. After a few moments the vein swelled, proving thereby that the blood was not all exhausted, and that circulation still continued, although feebly. The doctor then turned to Helen.

"Are you ready?" he enquired.

"Yes," said Helen, "but make haste. Oh, God, if he should die!"

The doctor compressed her arm with a bandage, placed the apparatus upon the bed so as to bring it close to the patient, and put it into water heated to 35 degrees centigrade, so that the blood should not have time to cool in passing from one arm to the other. He placed one end of the syringe against Karl's arm and almost simultaneously pricked Helen's so that her blood spurted into the vessel. When he judged that there were some 120 to 130 grammes he signed to Benedict to staunch Helen's bleeding with his thumb, and making a longitudinal cut in the vein of Karl's arm he slipped in the point of the syringe, taking great care that no air-bubble should get in with the blood. While the operation, which lasted about ten minutes, was going on, a slight sound was heard at the door. It was the priest coming in, accompanied by Emma, Helen's sister, Madame von Beling, her grandmother, and all the servants. Helen turned, saw them at the door, and signed to them to come in. At the same moment Benedict pressed her arm; Karl had just quivered, a sort of shudder ran through his whole body.

"Ah!" sighed Helen, folding her hands, "thank God! It is my blood reaching his heart!"

Benedict had ready a piece of court-plaster, which he pressed upon the open vein and held it closed.

The priest approached; he was a Roman Catholic who had been Helen's director from her childhood up.

"You sent for me, my child?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Helen; "I desire, if my grandmother and elder sister will allow, to marry this gentleman, who, with God's help, will soon open his eyes and recover his senses. Only, there is no time to lose, for the swoon may return."

And, as though Karl had but waited this moment to revive, he opened his eyes, looked tenderly at Helen and said, in a weak, but intelligible voice:

"In the depth of my swoon, I heard everything; you are an angel, Helen, and I join with you in asking permission of your mother and sister that I may leave you my name."

Benedict and the doctor looked at each other amazed at the over-excitement which for the moment restored sight to the dying man's eyes and speech to his lips. The priest drew near to him.

"Louis Karl von Freyberg, do you declare, acknowledge, and swear, before God and in the face of the holy Church, that you now take as your wife and lawful spouse, Helen de Chandroz, here present?"

"Yes."

"You promise and vow to be true to

her in all things as a faithful husband should to his wife according to the commandments of God?"

Karl smiled sadly at this admonition of the Church meant for people who expect to live long and to have time for breaking their solemn vow.

"Yes," said he, "and in witness of it, here is my mother's wedding-ring, which, sacred already, will become the more sacred by passing through your hands."

"And you, Helen de Chandroz, do you consent, acknowledge, and swear, before God and the holy Church, that you take for your husband and lawful spouse, Louis Karl von Freyberg, here present?"

"Oh, yes, yes, father," exclaimed the girl.

In place of Karl, who was too weak to speak, the priest added:

"Take this token of the marriage vows exchanged between you."

As he spoke he placed upon Helen's finger the ring given him by Karl.

"I give you this ring as a sign of the marriage that you have contracted."

The priest made the sign of the cross upon the bride's hand, saying in a low voice:

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!"

Stretching out his right hand towards the pair, he added, aloud:

"May the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob join you together and bestow His blessing upon you. I unite you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!"

"Father," said Karl to the priest, "if you will now add to the prayers that you have just uttered for the husband the absolution for the dying, I shall have nothing more to ask of you."

The priest, raising his hand, pronounced the consecrated words, as if Karl's soul had delayed until this solemn moment to depart from the body. Helen, who had raised him in her arms, felt herself drawn to him by an irresistible power. Her lips clung to those of her lover, and between them escaped the words:

"Farewell, my darling wife; your blood is my blood. Farewell."

His body fell back upon the pillow. Karl had breathed his last breath upon Helen's mouth. One sob only was heard from the poor girl, and the complete prostration with which she fell back upon his body showed everybody that he was dead.

Lady Hamilton and Admiral Nelson

The Court of Naples in the time of Queen Caroline was noted, as is often the case, not only for royal plots and intrigues, but for brilliant festivals attended by illustrious men and dazzling women.

Only those who were present at these intimate and intoxicating evenings of the Queen of Naples held at Caserta, evenings of which Emma Hamilton, wife of the English Ambassador, was both the great charm and principal ornament, have been able to relate to their contemporaries to what a point

of enthusiasm and delirium the modern Armida brought her hearers and spectators. If her magical poses, if her voluptuous pantomime had had influence on cold Northern temperaments, how far more they were likely to electrify those violent Southern imaginations passionately fond of singing, music, and poetry, and knowing by heart Cimarosa and Metastasio!

We ourselves have known and questioned old men who were present at these magnetic evenings, and we have marked their expressions as, after the flight of fifty years, they spoke of their ardent remembrances.

Emma Hamilton was lovely, involuntarily. Let us try to grasp what she was upon this evening when she desired to be beautiful, both for the Queen and for Nelson, in the midst of all these elegant costumes of the end of the XVIIIth century which the Courts of Austria and of the Two Sicilies persisted in wearing as a protest against the French revolution. Instead of the powder still covering those ridiculously high coiffures erected on the top of the head, instead of those scanty dresses which would have stifled the grace of Terpsichore herself, instead of that violent rouge which turned women into bacchantes; Emma Hamilton, faithful to her traditions of liberty and art, was wearing a long tunic of pale blue cashmere, falling round her in folds to make an antique statue envious; her hair, waving in long curls on to her shoulders, displayed two rubies which shone like the fabulous carbuncles of the ancients; her girdle, a gift from the Queen, was a chain of valuable diamonds, which, knotted like a Franciscan Nun's, fell to her knees; her arms were bare from the rise of the shoulder to her finger tips, and one of her arms was clasped at shoulder and wrist by two diamond serpents with ruby eyes. The hand of the arm without ornament was laden with rings, while the other, on the contrary, shone only by the brilliant fineness of the skin and tapering nails, transparently pink like rose leaves, while her feet, in flesh-coloured stockings, seemed bare as her hands in their blue sandals laced with gold.

This dazzling beauty, further increased by this strange costume, had something almost supernatural, and therefore terrible and dreadful in it; women turned aside from this resurrection of Greek paganism, from jealousy, men with fear. Possession or suicide were the only alternatives for whomsoever should have the misfortune to become enamoured of that Venus Astarté.

Under the stimulus of wealth, wine, and music, conversation became general; lips no longer let fall but let fly words; laughter displayed white teeth; men and women mingled; each to his taste sought wit or beauty; and in the midst of this gentle murmur, which seemed like the warbling of birds, one felt the atmosphere become warm and impregnated with youth, invisible, unseizable, intoxicating, composed of love, desires, and voluptuousness.

In this kind of gathering Caroline used to forget that she was Queen; her eyes glowed, her nostrils dilated, her bosom swelled. She came to Emma, and placing her hand on her shoulder, said: "Well, fair lady, have you forgotten that you do not belong to yourself this evening? You have promised

us miracles, and we are in a hurry to applaud you."

Emma seemed as if in a languorous swoon; her head drooped now on this shoulder, now on that; her half-closed eyes were hidden beneath her long eyelashes; her black curls strikingly contrasted with the dead white of her bosom. She felt rather than saw the Queen's hand on her shoulder; and quivered from head to foot.

"What do you wish of me, dear Queen?" said she, with a supremely graceful motion of the head. "I am ready to obey you. Would you like the balcony scene? But there should be two for that, and I have no Romeo."

"No, no," said the Queen laughing, "no love scene; you would make them mad. No, something to terrify them. Juliet's monologue, that is all I permit you this evening."

"So be it; give me a large white shawl, my Queen, and clear a space for me."

The Queen took from a sofa a large shawl of white China, crape, which no doubt she had thrown down there purposely, gave it to Emma, and with a gesture in which she became Queen again, ordered everyone to stand aside.

In a moment Emma found herself alone in the midst of the room.

"Madame, I must ask you to be so kind as to explain the circumstances. That will distract attention from me for a moment, besides, and I need this little trick to produce my effect."

"You are all familiar with the play of Romeo and Juliet, are you not?" said the Queen. "It is desired to marry Juliet to Count Paris, whom she does not love, loving as she does poor banished Romeo. Friar Laurence, who has wedded her to her lover, has given her a sleeping draught to make her appear as if dead; she is to be laid in the tomb of the Capulets, and there Laurence will come to find her and to take her to Mantua, where Romeo is awaiting her. Her mother and her nurse have just left her room, leaving her alone, after having announced that at daybreak next day she will marry Count Paris."

Scarcely had the Queen finished this narrative, which had drawn all eyes to her, than a cry of pain made them turn again to Emma Hamilton. She had needed but a moment or two so to drape herself in the immense shawl as to leave nothing showing of her own dress; her head was hidden in her hands, which she let glide slowly down, gradually disclosing her pale face stamped with profound grief, and in which it was impossible to discover a trace of that sweet languor we have tried to depict; it displayed, on the contrary, a paroxysm of anguish; terror reaching its zenith.

She turned slowly about her as if to follow with her gaze her mother and her nurse, even out of sight, and in a voice whose every vibration pierced the hearts of the hearers, her arm extended as if to bid the world an eternal adieu:

"Farewell!" said she.

"God knows when we shall meet again.

"I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

"That almost freezes up the heat of life:

"I'll call them again to comfort me;—

"Nurse!—What should she do here?

"My dismal scene I needs must act alone."——

And so continued to the end of the scene, when, carrying the phial containing the drug to her lips, she cried:

"Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee." And, making a gesture of swallowing it, she sank down and fell stretched on the carpet, where she remained lifeless and motionless.

One of the guests was the English Admiral Nelson who had defeated the French Republican fleet which with the Italian Republicans had warred against the Queen of Naples.

So great was the illusion of the actress that forgetting it was merely dramatic representation, Nelson, the rough sailor, more acquainted with ocean storms than with the deceits of art, uttered a cry, sprang towards Emma, and with his only arm raised her from the ground as if she had been a child.

He had his reward: on opening her eyes, Emma's first smile was for him. Only then did he comprehend his mistake and withdraw in confusion to a corner of the room.

To him succeeded the Queen, and everyone flocked round the sham Juliet.

Never did the magic of art, even if urged to this point, go beyond it. Although expressed in a foreign tongue, not a feeling agitating the heart of Juliet had escaped the spectators; she had rendered each with such magic and such truth that she had made them pass into the souls of the listeners for whom, thanks to her, fiction had become reality.

The emotions raised by this scene of which the noble company, completely a stranger to the mysteries of the poetry of the North, had not even any idea, were some time in calming down. To the silence of stupefaction succeeded enthusiastic applause; then the praise and charming flatteries so gently caressing to the artist's self-love.

Emma, born to shine on the scene of letters, but urged by her irresistible fortune into the scene of politics, on each occasion became once again the ardent and passionate actress.

But at this moment, when all eyes were on Emma, the Queen felt a hand grasp her wrist; she turned; it was Acton, Prime Minister.

"Come," said he, "I have important matters to discuss."

"Ladies," said she, "in my absence, for I am obliged to absent myself for some minutes; in my absence, Emma is Queen; I leave you, in place of power, genius and beauty."

Then, in Nelson's ear:

"Tell her to dance for you the shawl dance that she dances for me. She will do it." And she followed Acton, leaving Emma intoxicated with pride, and Nelson madly in love.

. . . . . .

When the Queen returned to the drawing-room, Emma Hamilton, wrapped in purple cashmere with gold fringes, amid the frenzied applause of the spectators, was falling back on a sofa with all the abandon of a professional dancer who has just obtained her greatest success; and truly, never did a ballet dancer of San Carlo throw her public into such intoxication, so that the moment had come when, by an imperceptible attraction, the circle round her had contracted till she had scarcely room to breathe; but at sight of the Queen the crowd opened out to let her

reach Emma; and the applause redoubled. It was well known that to praise her favourite's grace, talent and magic was the surest way to pay court to Caroline.

"From what I see and hear," said the latter, "it appears to me that Emma has kept her word to you. She must now rest; besides it is one o'clock in the morning, and Caserta from Naples —my thanks that you have forgotten it—is distant several miles."

All understood this as a dismissal in due form; the Queen gave her hand to kiss to three or four of the more favoured, detained Nelson and two friends.

The Queen was then alone with Acton, Emma, two officers and Nelson.

"My dear lord," said she to the latter, "I have reason to think that tomorrow or the following day the King will receive from Vienna Court news relative to the war confirming your opinion; for you continue to hold, do you not, that never too soon one begins a campaign against the French and Italian Republicans.

"Not only do I think so, madame, but if this advice is taken, I am ready to lend you the support of the English fleet."

"We shall profit by it, milord; but it is not that which I have to ask of you for the instant."

"Whatever the Queen commands, I am ready to obey."

"I know, milord, how greatly the King confides in you; to-morrow, even though the reply from Vienna be favourable to war, he will still hesitate; a letter from your lordship, in the same sense as that of the Emperor of Austria would remove all his irresolution."

"Should it be addressed to the King, madame?"

"No. My august consort has an invincible repugnance to follow advice given directly; I should therefore prefer it to come in a confidential letter written to Lady Hamilton. Write collectively to her and Sir William; to her as my best friend, to Sir William as the King's; coming by double rebound, the advice will influence him more."

"As Your Majesty is aware," said Nelson, "I am neither diplomat nor politician; my letter will be that of a sailor who says frankly, roughly even, what he thinks, and not anything else."

"It is all I ask of you, milord. Besides, you are going away with the Captain-General, you will talk on the way; as no doubt something important will be decided in the morning, come and dine at the palace.

Nelson bowed.

"We shall be by ourselves," continued the Queen. "Emma and Sir William will be with us. We must urge and press the King; I should return to Naples myself this evening if my poor Emma were not so fatigued. You know, however," added the Queen, lowering her voice, "that it is for you and for you only, my dear admiral, that she has said and done all the exquisite things you have seen and heard." Then still lower: "She obstinately declined, but I told her I was sure she would enrapture you; all her obstinacy gave way in that hope."

"Oh, madame, I entreat you! said Emma.

"There, don't blush, and give your beautiful hand to our hero; I would

give him mine willingly, but I am sure he will prefer yours; mine will be therefore for these gentlemen." And, in fact, she held out her hands to the officers, who each kissed one, while Nelson, grasping Emma's with more passion perhaps than royal etiquette permitted, carried it to his lips.

"Is it true," he asked in a low voice, "that it was for me you consented to recite, sing and go through that dance which made me madly jealous?"

Emma gazed at him as she was accustomed when she wished to deprive her admirers of the little reason left to them; then with a tone still more intoxicating than her look: "Ungrateful being," said she; "he asks!"

No words were needed to reveal their future thoughts. An epoch not honorable in history was initiated.

The Honor of von Bulow

General Sturm, head of the Prussian Brigade stationed at Frankfort, was a biggish, strongly made man of about two and fifty. He had a small head, with a high brow. His round face was red and when he was angry, which was often, it became crimson. His large eyes were almost always injected with blood, and he glared with fixed pupils when, as invariably was the case, he wished to be obeyed. All this, with his big mouth, thin lips, yellow teeth, menacing eyebrows, aquiline nose, and thick, short red neck, made him a formidable looking man. His voice was loud and penetrating, his gestures commanding, his movements brusque and rapid. He walked with long strides, he despised danger, but nevertheless seldom encountered any unless it was worth his while.

He had a passion for plumes, red, waving colours, the smell of powder, of gaming; he was as brusque in his words as in his movements; violent and full of pride he brooked contradictions ill and readily flew into a passion. Then his face grew a crimson-violet, his grey eyes became golden and seemed to emit sparks. At such times, he completely forgot all the decencies of life, he swore, he insulted, he struck. Nevertheless he had some common sense, for knowing that he must from time to time have duels to fight, he spent his spare time in sword exercise and pistol shooting with the *maître-d'armes* of the regiment. And it must be allowed that he was a first-rate performer with both weapons; and, not only so, he had what was called "an unfortunate hand," and where another would have wounded slightly he wounded badly, and frequently he killed his adversary. This had happened ten or twelve times. His real name was *Ruhig,* which means *peaceful,* so inappropriate to its owner that he received the surname of *Sturm,* meaning storm or tempest. By this name he was always known. He had made a reputation for ferocity in the war against the Bavarians in 1848–49.

Upon this occasion he had summoned his chief of staff, Frederick von Bulow.

When Frederic presented himself he was relatively calm. Sitting in a great

chair, and it was rare for him to be seated, he almost smiled.

"Ah, it is you," he said. "I was asking for you. General Roeder was here. Where have you been?"

"Excuse me, general," Frederic answered. "I had gone to my mother-in-law for news of one of my friends, who was seriously wounded in the battle."

"Oh! yes," said the general, "I heard about him—an Austrian. It is too good of you to enquire about such imperial vermin. I should like to see twenty-five thousand of them lying on the battlefield, where I would let them rot from the first man to the last."

"But, your Excellency, he was a friend——"

"Oh, very well—the matter is not in question. I am satisfied with you, baron," said General Sturm, in the same voice in which another man would have said "I loathe you!" "and I wish to do something for you."

"I have a little service to ask."

Frederic bowed.

"It is about General Manteuffel's subsidy of twenty-five millions of florins. You know about it, don't you?"

"Yes," said Frederic, "and it is a heavy impost for a poor city with some 40,000 inhabitants."

"You mean 72,000," said Sturm.

"No, there are only about 40,000 Frankfortians, the remainder of the 72,000 counted as natives are strangers."

"What does that matter?" said Sturm, becoming impatient. "The statistics say 72,000 and General Manteuffel has made his calculation accordingly."

"But if he has made an error, it seems to me that those who are charged with the execution of his order should point it out."

"That is not our affair. We are told 72,000 inhabitants, and 72,000 there therefore are. We are told 25 million florins, and 25 million florins there are also. That is all! Justy fancy! the senators have declared that we can burn the town, but they will not pay the subsidy."

"I was present," said Frederic quietly, "and the sitting was admirably conducted, with much dignity, calm, and sorrow."

"Ta ta ta ta," said Sturm. "General Manteuffel before leaving gave General Roeder the order to get in these millions. Roeder has ordered the town to pay them. The Senate has chosen to deliberate; that is its own affair. Roeder came round to me about it, it is true; but I told him that it was nothing to worry about. I said: 'The chief of my staff married in Frankfort; he knows the town like his own land, everyone's fortune even to shillings and half-pence. He will indicate five and twenty millionaires.' There are twenty-five of them here, are there not?"

"More than that," answered Frederic.

"Good; we will commence with them, and if there is a balance the others shall supply it."

"And have you reckoned on me to give you the names?"

"Certainly. All I require is twenty-five names and five and twenty addresses. Sit down there, my dear fellow, and write them out."

Frederic sat down, took a pen and wrote:

"Honour obliging me to decline to denounce my fellow citizens, I beg the illustrious Generals von Roeder and

Sturm to obtain the desired information elsewhere than from myself.

"Frankfort, July 22nd, 1866.

"Frederic Baron von Bulow."

Then, rising and bowing low, he put the paper in the general's hands.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Read it, general," said Frederic.

The general read it, and gave his chief of the staff a side glance.

"Ah! ah!" he said, "I see how I am answered when I ask a favour; let me see how I am answered when I command. Sit there and write——"

"Order me to charge a battery, and I will do it, but do not order me to become a tax collector."

"I have promised General Roeder to get him the names and addresses and have told him that you will supply them. He will send for the list directly. What am I to say to him?"

"You will tell him that I have refused to give it."

Sturm crossed his arms and approached Frederic.

"And do you think that I will allow a man under my orders to refuse me anything?"

"I think you will reflect that you gave me not only an unjust but a dishonouring order and you will appreciate the reason of my refusal. Let me go, general, and call a police officer: he will not refuse you, for it will be all in his work."

"Baron," replied Sturm, "I cannot reward a man of whom I have to complain." The general's face grew purple, livid marks appeared upon it, his eyes flamed.

"I will write to the king," he cried furiously, "and he will learn how his officers serve him."

Write your account, sir, and I will write mine," answered Frederic, and he will see how his generals dishonour him."

Sturm rushed and seized his horsewhip.

"You have said dishonoured, sir! You will not repeat the word, I trust?"

"Dishonoured," said Frederic coldly.

Sturm gave a cry of rage and raised his whip to strike his young officer, but observing Frederic's complete calm he let it fall.

"Who threatens strikes, sir," Frederic answered, "and it is as if you had struck me."

He turned to the table and wrote a few lines. Then he opened the door of the ante-room and calling the officers who were there:

"Gentlemen," he said, "I confide this paper to your loyalty. Read what it says aloud."

"I tender my resignation as chief of General Sturm's staff and officer in the Prussian army.

"Dated at noon July 22nd, 1866.

"Frederic von Bulow."

"Which means?" asked Sturm.

"Which means that I am no longer in His Majesty's service nor in yours, and that you have insulted me. Gentlemen, this man raised his horsewhip over me. And having insulted me, you owe me reparation. Keep my resignation, gentlemen, and bear witness that I am free from all military duty at the moment I tell this man that he is no longer my chief, and consequently that I am not his inferior. Sir, you have injured me mortally, and I will kill you, or you will kill me."

Sturm burst out laughing.

"You give your resignation," he said, "well, I do not accept it. Place yourself in confinement. Sir," said he, stamping his foot and walking towards Frederic, "to prison for fifteen days with you."

"You have no longer the right to give me an order," said Frederic, detaching his epaulettes.

Sturm, exasperated, livid, foaming at the mouth, again raised his whip upon the chief of his staff, but this time he slashed his cheek and shoulder with it. Frederic, who until now had held himself in, uttered a cry of rage, made a bound aside and drew his sword.

"Imbecile," shouted Sturm, with a burst of laughter, "you will be shot after a court martial."

At this Frederic lost his head completely and threw himself upon the general, but he found four officers in his path. One whispered to him: "Save yourself; we will calm him."

"And I," said Frederic, "I who have been struck; who will calm me?"

"We give you our word of honour that we have not seen the blow," said the officers.

"But *I* have *felt* it. And as I have given my word of honour that one of us must die, I must act accordingly. Adieu, gentlemen."

Two of the officers trying to follow him:

"Thunders and tempests! gentlemen," called the general after them. "Come back; no one leaves this room except this madman who will be arrested by the provost marshal."

The officers came back hanging their heads. Frederic burst out of the room. The first person he met on the stairs was the Baroness.

"Gracious heavens! what are you doing with a drawn sword?" she asked.

He put the sword in its scabbard. Then he ran to his wife and embraced her and the baby.

* * * * * *

Ten minutes later an explosion was heard in Frederic's room. The door was opened by his guard.

Frederic was lying on the floor dead, his forehead shattered by a bullet. He had left this note on the table:

"Struck in the face by General Sturm, who has refused to give me satisfaction, I could not live dishonoured. My last wish is that my wife in her widow's dress should leave this evening for Berlin, and there beg from Her Majesty the Queen the remission of the subsidy of twenty-five million florins, which the town as I testify is unable to pay.

"Frederic, Baron von Bulow."

Gaetano the Gorger

When the French Republic was warring upon Naples, one of the most savage Italian leaders was Gaetano Mammone, the executioner (beccaio) of King Ferdinand.

At a certain period he was staying at Capistrella, between Lake Fucina and the Liri, when he received what was to him joyful news.

He was told that an officer in French uniform, escorted by a guide, could be seen in the distance descending the source of the Liri.

"Bring them both to me," said Mammone.

Five minutes later they were before him. Instead of leading the officer to General Lemoine to whom he was charged to transmit an order from General Championnet, the guide had treacherously brought him to Gaetano Mammone. He was an aide-de-camp of the Commander-in-Chief, named Claie.

"You arrive opportunely," said Mammone to him. "I am thirsty." One knows with what kind of liquid Mammone used to quench his thirst.

He had the aide-de-camp stripped of his coat, waist-coat, cravat and shirt, and ordered that his hands should be bound and that he should be tied to a tree. Then he put his finger on the carotid artery to make sure of its position, and feeling it throb, plunged in his dagger. The aide-de-camp had neither spoken, pleaded nor uttered a groan; he knew into the hands of what cannibal he had fallen, and, like the gladiator of old, had thought of one thing only, to die well. Mortally wounded, he uttered no cry, and let no sigh escape. The blood spurted from the wound in jets, as it bursts from an artery.

Mammone set his lips to the aide-de-camp's neck, and gorged himself voluptuously.

After this, as spies informed him that a small party of republicans, numbering twenty or thirty, was advancing by the Tagliacozza road, he ordered that arms should be concealed, flowers and olive branches plucked; that women should take the former, boys and men the latter, and that they should go to meet the detachment, and invite the officer in command to come with his men and take part in a feast that the village of Capistrella, composed of patriots, was giving as a sign of rejoicing at their happy advent.

The messengers set out singing. Every house in the village opened its doors; a large table was set up on the square in front of the mayor's office; and wine, bread, meat, hams and cheese were brought out. Another table was arranged for the officers' in the mayor's parlour, the windows of which looked out on the square.

At a league's distance from the town, the messengers met the little detachment, commanded by Captain Tremeau. A guide, interpreter, and a traitor as usual, who was leading the detachment, explained to the republican captain what these men, children and women, coming with flowers and olive branches to meet him, wanted.

Full of courage and loyalty, the captain had not even an idea of treason. He kissed the pretty girls who were offering their flowers, he ordered the sutler to empty her barrel of brandy; all drank to the health of General Championnet, to the spread of the French republic, and made their way arm in arm towards the village singing the *Marseillaise*.

Gaetano Mammone, with all the rest of the inhabitants, was awaiting the French detachment at the gate into the village; it was welcomed by an immense ovation. Everyone fraternised once more, and amid cries of joy, proceeded to the mayor's.

There, as we have said, a table was set up; a plate was put for each soldier. The few officers dined, or rather were to have dined, with the magistrate, deputies and municipal body represented by Gaetano Mammone and the chief brigands enrolled under his orders. The soldiers, delighted with their reception, stacked their rifles at ten paces from the table prepared for them; the women took away their swords with which the children amused themselves playing at soldiers; then they sat down, bottles were uncorked and glasses filled.

Captain Tremeau, a lieutenant and two sergeants, at the same time sat down in the lower hall.

Mammone's men glided between the table and the rifles that the captain had had loaded for greater precaution, on setting out; the officers were separated at the table within in such a way as to have three or four brigands between each of them.

The signal for the massacre was to be given by Mammone; he would raise Claie's skull full of wine at one of the windows and drink to the health of King Ferdinand. Everything happened as arranged. Mammone went to the window unobserved, filled with wine the still bleeding skull of the unhappy officer, took it by the hair as one lifts a goblet by its stem, and, appearing at the middle window, raised it to the toast agreed upon.

The whole population immediately responded with the cry: "Death to the French!"

The brigands threw themselves upon the stacked rifles; those who, pretending to serve them had surrounded the French, stepped back; firing burst out point blank, and the republicans fell under shots from their own weapons. Those who had escaped or who were only wounded had their throats cut by the women and children who had seized their swords.

As to the officers inside the hall, wishing to rush to the aid of their men, they were each held in their places by five or six men.

Mammone, triumphant, approached them, his bleeding cup in his hand, and offered them their lives if they would drink to the health of King Ferdinand in their compatriot's skull.

All four refused in horror.

Then he had a hammer and nails brought, made the officers spread their hands on the table and nailed them to it. Then fagots and bundles of straw were thrown into the room, and, when they had been set alight, the doors and windows were shut.

However, the torture of the republi-

cans was shorter and less cruel than their tormentor had hoped. One of the sergeants was courageous enough to tear his hands free of the nails, and with Captain Tremeau's sword he performed for his companions the terrible service of stabbing them, and he stabbed himself afterwards.

The four heroes died crying: "Long live the Republic!"

The Provisional Government

In the Hôtel de Ville, closely closeted, sat the Provisional Government of France. Over that stern old citadel, over the dismantled Palace of the Tuileries, from the tall summit of the Column of Vendôme, over the Hotêl des Invalides and in the Place de la Bastille is seen a blood-red banner, streaming out like a meteor on the keen northwestern blast. Eighty thousand armed men invest the Hôtel de Ville, and wave on wave, wave on wave, the living and stormy tide eddies and welters and dashes around that dark old pile. All its avenues are held; its courts are thronged; ordnance frowns from its black portals and against its gates; drums roll —banners stream—bayonets glitter; and from those tens of thousands of hoarse and stormy voices goes up but one shout of menace and command:

"Vive la République! Vive la République! No kings! No Bourbons! Down—down forever with the kings!"

And upward to that dark old pile of despotism, as to the temple of Liberty herself, are turned those tens of thousands of swarthy faces, dark with the smoke of battle, yet livid with excitement and exhaustion—and as they realize that within those walls the question of their fate and that of their country is then being settled—that from that night's counsels in that vast and ancient edifice are to flow peace and prosperity, and freedom and plenty, or else all the untold terrors of anarchy, civil war, bloodshed, violence and strife —what wonder that the sitting of the council seemed endless and their own impatience became intolerable—that all imaginable doubts and fears and absurd apprehensions took possession of their inflamed imaginations?—that at one time the rumor should fly, and win credence as it flew, that the Provisional Government were consulting with the friends of Henry V.—or again, that they were considering the question of a Regency—and that under such influences they should roar and yell, and thunder for admission at the gates, and burden the air with their shouts?

"No Bourbons! No kings! No Regency! Death—death to all kings! La République! La République! La République!"

At times, in terrific concert, would the thousands of uplifted throats roar forth the chorus of that startling canticle of '92:

"Vive la république! Vive la république!
Debout, peuple Français! debout, peuple héroïque!
Debout, peuple Français! Vive la république!"

Then the song would change and the mournful notes of the "Death Hymn of the Girondins,"—"Mourir Pour la Patrie"—would swell in wild yet solemn cadence on the wintry blast:

DEATH HYMN OF THE GIRONDINS.

By the voice of the signal cannon,
France calls her sons their aid to lend;
"Let us go," the soldier cries, "to battle!
'Tis our mother we defend!"
To die on Freedom's Altar—to die on Freedom's Altar!
'Tis the noblest of fates; who to meet it would falter!

We who fall afar from the battle,
Lone and unknown obscurely die,
But give at least our parting blessings
Unto France and Freedom high.
To die on Freedom's Altar—to die on Freedom's Altar!
'Tis the noblest of fates; who to meet it would falter!

And thus all that terrible night, even until the morning's dawn, thronged those men of the barricades around the Hôtel de Ville, and all the night, even until the morning's dawn, calmly continued those men of the Provisional Government of the French Republic, amid menace and mandate, uproar and confusion, in their noble, yet arduous work. At midnight a proclamation of the Provisional Government was read by torchlight to the excited masses by Louis Blanc, from the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, declaring for a government of the people by itself, with liberty, equality and fraternity for its principles, while order was devised and maintained by the people—which served somewhat to allay their apprehensions and distrust. This proclamation appeared in all the morning journals, and was placarded all over the city the next day.

That day was Friday, the 25th of February. But still the Provisional Government remained in session, and still the armed masses of the barricades, in congregated thousands, rolled in tumultuous billows around the Hôtel de Ville. At length the populace, exasperated by impatience, hunger and sleeplessness, with brandished bayonets rushed into the very chamber of council, with furious cries, and with threats which were well nigh accomplished. Again and again, at the entreaty of his colleagues, did the brave, the eloquent, the wise Lamartine present himself upon the steps of the Hôtel de Ville to assuage and quiet the rising tempest. Again and again, throughout that fearful day, did he come forth, single handed, to wrestle with violence, turbulence, anarchy and strife; and again and again, beneath the magic of his eloquent tongue, the storm lulled, the tempest ceased. Again and again, throughout all that fearful day, were the acts of that noble Government matured and sent forth. Proclamation followed proclamation, and no branch of society seemed forgotten.

The names of the members of the Provisional Government were again published. Caussidiere and Sobrier were confirmed in the police department, and Etienne Arago in that of the post-office. Merchants of provisions were recommended to supply all who

were in need; and the people were recommended to still retain their arms. The Chamber of Deputies was dissolved, the Peers were forbidden to meet, and the convocation of a National Assembly was promised. To all laborers labor was guaranteed and compensation for labor. At noon the garrison of the fort of Vincennes was announced to have acknowledged the Republic, just as the people were about to march upon it. To insure order and tranquillity, the Municipal Guard was disbanded, and the National Guard entrusted with the protection of Paris under M. Courtais, the commandant, who was ordered immediately to recruit twenty-four battalions for active service. All articles pledged at the Mont-de-Piété, from February 4th, not exceeding in value ten francs, were ordered to be returned, and the Tuileries was decreed the future asylum of invalid workmen. An attack on the machinery of the printing offices was checked by a proclamation.

General Bedeau was appointed Minister of War, General Cavaignac Governor of Algeria, and Admiral Baudin to the command of the Toulon fleet. On the part of the army Marshal Bugeaud and on the part of the clergy the venerable Archbishop of Paris gave in their adhesion to the Republic, while the entire press, Bourgeoise and the Provinces hesitated not an instant. Indeed, from all quarters came in adhesions to the Republic. The Bonapartes were among the first. Barrot and Thiers also came, but too late to save themselves from contempt. Mr. Rush, the American Minister, the first of foreign ambassadors acknowledged the Republic. The son of Mehemet Ali was next. The Papal Nuncio succeeded, together with the Ministers of the Argentine Republic and Uruguay. Next came the ambassador of England; but those of Austria, Prussia, Russia and Holland awaited instructions from home—little dreaming of the news they were about to receive! The city of Rouen sent three hundred of its citizens as a deputation, with abundant supplies of arms, by the morning cars of the railway.

At about noon, the Pont Louis Philippe was destroyed by fire. Henceforth it is to be "Le Pont de la Réforme." And so with all other names. Royal is to give place to République, and "Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité" is to be again inscribed on all public monuments.

The children of citizens killed in the Revolution were declared adopted by the country. The civil, judicial and administrative functionaries of the Royal Government were announced released from their oaths of office, the colonels of the twelve legions of National Guards were dismissed, and all political prisoners set free. Every citizen was declared an elector, and absolute freedom of thought, the liberty of the press, and the right of political and industrial associations secured to all were proclaimed.

A warrant for the arrest of the late Ministers was issued by the new Procureur-General, M. Portalis, based on an act of accusation presented to the Court of Appeals. But all of them had fled. Guizot is said to have escaped from the Foreign Office in a servant's livery. When the people broke into his hotel, they found only his daughter, and retired. The other members of the Ministry are said to have leaped from

a low window of the Tuileries, and to have escaped at the moment of the King's abdication. M. de Cormenin was appointed Conseilleur d'Etat and M. Achille Marrast Procureur-General to the Court of Appeals in Paris, in place of the refugees.

Such were some of the acts of the seven men constituting the Provisional Government of the French Republic, during their first extraordinary session of sixty-four hours—from the hour of four o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday after the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies to the hour of four o'clock in the morning of Sunday, the 27th of February, when the people of Paris consented to retire to their homes. But during all of this period, night and day without intermission, every moment was the Hôtel de Ville surrounded by tumultuous masses infuriated by suspicion, apprehension and distrust. For two whole days and two whole nights armed men incessantly inundated the square, the courts and halls of the Hôtel de Ville. They insisted on giving to the Republic the character, the attitude and the emblems of the first Revolution—they insisted on a Republican violent, sweeping, dictatorial and terrorist, in language, in gesture and in color, in place of that determined on, moderate, pacific, legal, unanimous and constitutional. At the peril of their lives the Provisional Government resisted this demand. Twenty times during those sixty-four hours was Lamartine taken up, dragged, carried to the door and windows or to the head of the grand staircase, into the courts and the square, to hurl down with his eloquence those emblems of terrorism, with which it was attempted to dishonor the Republic. But the vast and infuriated mass refused to listen, and drowned his voice in clamor and vociferation. At length, when well-nigh exhausted in defense of the emblem of a moderate Republic, he exclaimed: "The red flag has been nowhere except around the Champ-de-Mars, trailed in the blood of the people, while the tri-color has been around the world with our navy, our glory and our liberties!"

The furious and hitherto obdurate and blood-thirsty populace became softened —tears were shed, arms were lowered— flags were thrown away, and peaceably they departed to their homes. Never— never was there a more glorious triumph of eloquence—of patriotism!

It was on the morning of Sunday, the 27th day of February, that the Provisional Government deemed it prudent and proper for them to bring to a close their initiative labors, and once more, for the last time, Lamartine descended the steps of the great staircase of the Hôtel de Ville, and, presenting himself in front of the edifice surrounded by his colleagues, announced to the vast assembly the result of their protracted toil:

Royalty abolished——

A Republic proclaimed——

The people restored to their political rights——

National workshops opened——

The army and National Guard reorganized——

The abolition of death for political offences.

With louder and more prolonged acclamations than any other decree was this last received. And, instantly, in accordance with this proclamation, the director of criminal affairs, on the order

of M. Crémieux, Minister of Justice, dispatched on the wings of the wind, all over France, the warrant to suspend all capital executions which were to have taken place, in virtue of Royal decrees, until the will of the National Assembly, at once to be convened, should be promulgated on the subject of the penalty of death. The effects of this decree, as it sped on the lightning's wings, like a saving angel, all over France, may be imagined perhaps, but portrayal is impossible! Who can imagine even the joy, the rapture it brought to many a dungeon-prisoner, who was counting the hours that yet remained to him of life and preceded his awful doom, or to those who sorrowed over his untimely—perchance his unjust fate!

Leaning on the arm of Louis Blanc, the youngest member of the Government, the venerable Dupont de l'Eure, the eldest, accompanied by the other members, now appeared on the balcony of the room formerly called the Chamber of the Throne, but now the Chamber of the Republic! Lamartine then advanced a step before his colleagues, and in a brief and eloquent address proclaimed to that immense throng the existence of the Republic.

The announcement was received with acclamations of joy, and shouts of "Vive le Gouvernement!"—"Vive Lamartine!"—"Vive Louis Blanc!" mingled with those of "Vive la République!" loudly rose.

From the Hôtel de Ville, the Provisional Government proceeded in a body, despite the rain which fell in torrents, accompanied by the people, to the Place de la Bastille, there officially to inaugurate the Republic, agreeably to announcement.

At the appointed hour, the Place de la Bastille was thronged. The National Guard, consisting of two battalions from each of the twelve legions of Paris, together with the Thirteenth Legion of cavalry and two battalions of the Banlieu, were drawn up from the Church of the Madeleine to the Column of July. And, there, at the base of that column erected in commemoration of the Revolution which had made Louis Philippe King of the French, his downfall was commemorated, and on the ruins of the throne then established was now inaugurated a Republic.

During the ceremony of the inauguration, the "Marseillaise" was sung by the National Guard and the people, and, at its conclusion, about the hour of three, the troops filed off before the Column of July to the thrilling strains of "Marseillaise" and the "Mourir Pour la Patrie" of the Girondins. The members of the Provisional Government preceded by a detachment of the National Guard and accompanied by the pupils of the Polytechnic School and the Military School of St. Cyr, then descended the boulevards, followed by the whole of the military and civic array, who chanted the national songs. The effect was stupendous. Hour after hour the immense procession moved on like a huge serpent through the streets of Paris; and, at length, when its head was at the Hôtel de Ville, its extremity had hardly left the Column of July.

It was night, on Sunday, the 27th of February, when members of the Provisional Government, for the first time during four days, returned to their homes. But their work was accomplished. A Republic was gained, proclaimed and inaugurated!

Cannibals

The French army, unmoved as time, followed its triple road through the Abruzzi, the Terra di Lavoro, and part of the Campagna in its war against Naples.

All the movements of the Republicans being known at Naples, it had not escaped attention that the chief body, that commanded by Championnet in person, was advancing upon Capua by Nignano and Calvi.

The Prince of Maliterno and the Duke of Rocca Romana, each at the head of a regiment of volunteers recruited among the noble or wealthy youth of Naples and its neighbourhood, had come to take leave of the Queen, and had set out on their march to meet the Republicans. The nearer the danger approached, the more the King's party and the Queen's party separted into two camps.

The King's party was composed of all those who, clinging to the honour of the Neapolitan name, desired resistance at all price and the defence of Naples pushed to the last extremity.

The Queen's party, composed of the English Ambassador, Sir William, and Lady Hamilton, Nelson, General Acton, desired the abandonment of Naples, and a prompt flight.

Then, amid all this, the Queen was extremely agitated with the fear of the Minister Ferrari's return at any moment. He had been sent to the Court of Austria to seek help to hold Naples. The King, seeing himself insolently deceived knowing in short whom to blame for all the disasters overwhelming the kingdom, might, as weak natures do, have a moment's energy and escape for ever from the pressure put upon him for twenty years by a minister he had never liked and a spouse he no longer loved.

On the evening of the crisis there was a Council of State: the King announced himself openly and firmly for defense. The Council broke up at midnight. From midnight to one o'clock the Queen stayed in the dark room, and sent for Pasquale di Simone, who received secret instruction from Acton who was waiting for him there. Day commenced with one of those tempests which always last for three days at Naples, and which have given rise to this proverb: "*Nasce, pasce, mori*"—it is born, has its will, and dies.

In spite of the alternatives of rain falling in sheets, and of wind blowing in squalls, the people, who, full of emotion, had a vague feeling of a great catastrophe, were blocking up the streets, squares and cross-roads.

But what pointed to some extraordinary circumstance was that the people were not crowding the old parts of the town; and by the people we mean that multitude of sailors, fishers and lazzaroni who form the population at Naples. On the contrary, one noticed that the most animated groups, while surrounding the royal palace, seemed to be watching Toledo Street and the Strada del Piliero. Finally, three men, already conspicuous in the previous riots, were speaking loudly and agitating heatedly amid these groups. These three men were Pasquale di Simone,

Mammone, the public executioner and a compatriot.

The whole crowd, without knowing what it was waiting for, seemed to expect something or someone; and the King, who knew no more, but whom the concourse made uneasy, hidden behind the Venetian blind of a window on the ground floor, while mechanically petting Jupiter, was watching it as from time to time, like the rumbling of thunder or the roar of a waterfall, it emitted the double cry of "Long live the King!" and "Death to the Jacobins!"

The Queen, who had ascertained where the King was, kept within the room with Acton, ready to act according to circumstances, whilst Emma in the Queen's apartment with the Countess San Marco was packing up her royal friend's most secret papers and most precious jewels.

Towards eleven o'clock, a young man, exchanging signs with Pasquale di Simone and the butcher, galloped up on an English horse to the great gate in the palace courtyard, leaped down, threw the bridle to a groom, and as if he had known beforehand where to find the Queen, entered the room where she was waiting with Acton.

"Well?" they asked together.

"He is following me," said he.

"How soon will he be here?"

"In half-an-hour."

"Are those expecting him warned?"

"Yes."

"Well, go to my room and tell Lady Hamilton to inform Nelson."

While these orders were being received with respect, a courier arrived at the bridge of the Madeleine, and taking the route of the first, reached the Strada del Piliero.

There he began to find the crowd denser, and in spite of his dress, in which it was easy to recognise a special courier of the King's, he found a difficulty in continuing his way at the same pace. Besides, as if they had done it purposely, people got in the way of his horse, and, displeased at their hurts, began to abuse him. Ferrari, for he it was, accustomed to see his livery respected, at first responded with some strokes of his whip sturdily dealt to left and right. The lazzaroni scattered and kept quiet from habit. But, as he reached the corner of the Saint Charles theatre, a man wanted to get in front of the horse, and passed so clumsily that he was knocked down.

"Friends," cried as he fell, "this is not a King's courier as you might think from his dress. This is a Jacobin in disguise who is escaping! Death to the Jacobin! Death!"

Cries of "The Jacobin! The Jacobin! Death to the Jacobin!" were then heard in the crowd.

Pasquale di Simone flung his knife at the horse; it entered to the hilt. The butcher rushed to the beast's head, and, accustomed to bleed lambs and sheep, opened the artery in the neck. The horse reared, neighed with pain, beat the air with its fore feet, whilst a jet of blood spurted on the bystanders.

The sight of blood has a magical effect on southern peoples. No sooner did the lazzaroni feel themselves watered by the red and warm fluid, no sooner did they scent its acrid odour, than they rushed upon the man and the horse with ferocious cries.

Ferrari felt that if his horse fell he

was lost. He kept him up as well as he could with the bridle and with his legs, but the unfortunate animal was mortally wounded. He stumbled to left and right, then crossed his fore legs, rose through a desperate effort on his master's part, and made a bound forward. Ferrari felt the beast giving under him. He was at fifty paces only from the palace guard; he called for help; but the sound of his voice was lost in cries repeated a hundred-fold. "Death to the Jacobin!" He seized a pistol from his holsters, hoping that the report would be better heard than his cries. At that moment his horse fell. The shock made the pistol go off at random, and the bullet hit a boy of from eight to ten years old.

"He assassinates children!" a voice cried.

At that cry, another butcher rushed among the crowd, which he drove apart with elbows pointed and hard as oaken wedges. He reached the centre of the disturbance just as, fallen with his horse, the unhappy Ferrari was trying to get on his feet. Before he could succeed, the man's club came down on his head; he fell like an ox struck with a mallet!

But this was not what was wanted; it was under the King's own eyes that Ferrari had to die. The five or six police in the secret of the drama surrounded the body and defended it, whilst the butcher, dragging it by the feet, cried: "Room for the Jacobin!" They left the horse's corpse where it was, after having stripped it and followed the butcher. Twenty steps further on they were in front of the King's window. Anxious to know the cause of this frightful uproar, the King opened the blind. At the sight of him the cries changed. Hearing these yells, the King really thought that justice was being meted out to some Jacobin. He did not dislike this method of ridding him of his enemies. He saluted the people, a smile on his lips; the people, feeling encouraged, desired to show their King that they were worthy of him. They raised the unhappy Ferrari, bleeding, torn, multilated, but still alive, in their arms; the corpse had just recovered consciousness: he opened his eyes, recognised the King, and stretched out his arms toward him.

"Rescue! help! Sire, it is I! I, your Ferrari!"

At this unexpected, terrible, inexplicable sight the King sprang backwards, and going to the back of the room, fell half fainting into a chair—whilst, on the contrary, Jupiter, who, being neither man nor King, had no reason for ingratitude, uttered a howl of distress, and, with bloodshot eyes and foam at the mouth, leaping from the window, sprang to his friend's help.

At that moment the door opened: the Queen came in, seized the King's hand, forced him to rise, dragged him to the window, and showing him this cannibal people dividing up the remains of Ferrari:

"Sire," said she, "you see the men on whom you are relying for the defence of Naples and for ours; to-day they cut your servants' throats; to-morrow they will cut the throats of your children; the day after to-morrow they will cut our throats. Do you still persist in your wish to remain?"

"Have everything got ready!" cried the King; "this evening I set out . . ."

And, thinking he still saw the

slaughter of the unhappy Ferrari, still heard his dying voice appealing for help, he buried his head in his hands, closing his eyes, shutting his ears, and took refuge in the room in his apartments furthest from the street.

When he emerged, two hours later, the first sight he saw was Jupiter, the faithful dog, lying down all bleeding on a scrap of cloth, which seemed from the remains of fur and bits of braid to have belonged to the unfortunate courier.

The King knelt down by Jupiter, made sure that his favourite had no serious wound, and, wanting to ascertain on what the faithful and courageous animal was lying, he drew from under him, in spite of his howls, a part of Ferrari's jacket which the dog had wrested from his murderers.

By a providential chance, this piece was that in which was the leather pocket made for the despatches; the King unbuttoned it and found intact the imperial contents which the courier was bringing in answer to his letter.

The King restored to Jupiter the scrap of clothing, on which he lay down again, uttering a lugubrious howl: then he went back to his room, shut himself in, unsealed the imperial letter, and read:—

"To My Dear Brother and Beloved Cousin, Uncle, Father-in-Law, Ally and Confederate.

"I never wrote letter you sent me by your courier Ferrari, it is forged from one end to the other.

"The letter which I had the honour of writing was entirely in my own hand, and, instead of urging you to open a campaign, invited you to attempt nothing before the month of April next, the time when I myself count on the arrival of our good and faithful allies the Russians.

"If the guilty are those whom Your Majesty's justice can reach, I do not conceal that I should like to see them punished as they deserve.

"I have the honour to be, with respect, Your Majesty's very dear brother, beloved cousin, nephew, son-in-law, ally and confederate.

Francois of Austria, Emperor.

Queen Caroline and her Minister had been responsible for a useless crime.

Confession of the District Attorney

The sick-room of the ex-district attorney of Paris held one occupant. Monsieur de Villefort himself was alone.

With his head between his hands, he sat in his easy-chair. When the door opened he rose in his chair, and looking expectantly at the two physicians who entered, he said:

"Well, is the district attorney coming?"

"He will be here soon," replied d'Avigny, elder of the two, to quiet the old man.

"But I have no more time," exclaimed Villefort, passionately.

"Monsieur de Villefort," said the physician earnestly, "you know that the

district attorney can only be informed in cases of the utmost importance, and——"

"And is it not an important case when a man who has himself filled the office of district attorney for years wishes to speak to his successor before he dies?" said Villefort, sharply. "What is the name of the new district attorney?"

"Monsieur de Flambois."

"Oh, my former assistant," muttered the sick man, with a bitter smile. "Doctor, it is a question of rehabilitation. Tell Monsieur de Flambois to hurry up."

"I will do so," said Fritz, after an interchange of looks with his father, and he immediately left the room.

The old physician also went away, and immediately afterward Morrel, merchant of Marseilles, conducted Valentine Villefort, daughter of the sick man, into the private office of the doctor.

Monsieur d'Avigny with deep emotion drew the young girl, who was attired in deep mourning, to his bosom, while the tears fell on Valentine's cheeks.

"My dearly beloved child," he said, with tenderness. "Thank God that my old eyes are permitted to see you once more."

"And my father?" asked Valentine, sobbing.

"You will see him, Valentine. Remain patient for a little while longer; he wants to see the district attorney, and, as far as I understand, it is about some former injustice which he wishes to repair. Confide in me, I shall call you when the time comes. In the meantime take some refreshments, as you must be weak from the journey."

Valentine and Julie withdrew to an apartment which had been prepared for them, and d'Avigny and Morrel remained alone.

"If I could only understand," said the old man meditatively, "how Monsieur de Villefort ever could have such a daughter."

"Perhaps Valentine's mother, Mademoiselle de St. Meran, had a noble nature."

"I hardly think so. Of course I did not know Monsieur de Villefort's first wife, but, from what I have heard of her, she was very miserly, and a fit companion for her husband. Old Madame de St. Meran, too, was not exactly a tender-hearted woman."

"But she loved Valentine dearly," Morrel remarked.

"I admit that; although this love did not prevent her from trying to force Valentine into an obnoxious marriage. Monsieur d'Epinay was of an old aristocratic family, and that was why the old lady thought he would be a good match for her granddaughter. No, they were all selfish, and Valentine can congratulate herself for not being like them."

The entrance of the servant who announced the arrival of Monsieur de Flambois and Monsieur d'Avigny, put an end to the conversation. The old physician immediately conducted Monsieur de Flambois to the bedside of his patient, whose eyes lit up when he recognized the district attorney.

"Monsieur de Villefort," began the district attorney, bowing low, "you desired to speak to me to tell me something important. Do you wish our interview to be private?"

"No," said Villefort, solemnly. "I desire Monsieur d'Avigny to remain and act as a witness."

The physician seated himself on the bed, while Monsieur de Flambois took up a position at the writing desk.

"Monsieur de Villefort, we are ready."

"Gentlemen," said the sick man, in a clear, firm voice, "thanks to me and thanks to my wife, Heloise de Villefort, my family name has become infamous, and I am not surprised my father no longer wishes to bear it."

"But, Monsieur de Villefort," interrupted the official.

"Let me speak. What would you think of a man who, to save himself, condemns another in cold blood to imprisonment for life."

"I would call him a criminal," said Flambois solemnly.

"Well, I am such a criminal. In the year 1814, I condemned a young man to life imprisonment and the heavens did not fall; I rose step by step and for twenty-five years was looked upon as an honorable official whose reputation was above suspicion, although in my own heart I knew I was a rogue. But the man I thought had rotted away in jail, was alive and revenged himself upon me. The first wife who bore my name was my accomplice, the second was a poisoner. She murdered every one who stood in her way; my son and Valentine became her victims; my other son sprung from a criminal attachment. I tried to kill him by burying him alive; as a punishment for me, he was rescued to die on the gallows."

"No, Monsieur de Villefort, Benedetto's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment," said Monsieur de Flambois.

"That is worse than the gallows," stammered the sick man. "My first and my second wife, Benedetto and myself deserved to have our names looked upon with loathing, but Valentine, my poor innocent Valentine, did not deserve this shame, and on her account I speak to-day."

"I do not understand you," said the district attorney. "Your daughter Valentine——"

"Ah, what fools!" exclaimed Villefort. "How could you imagine that Valentine was my daughter? No, gentlemen, Valentine is not a Villefort! How could an angel be a member of such a sinful race!"

"I thought as much," muttered d'Avigny to himself, while Flambois looked at his former chief as if the latter were talking Sanscrit.

"When I married Renee de St. Meran," continued Monsieur de Villefort, after a short pause, "I was a young and ambitious official. My wife was also ambitious, and we were fitted in that respect for one another. Unfortunately for us both, there was a clause in the marriage contract, by which Monsieur and Madame de St. Meran pledged themselves to give our first child on its baptism a present of three hundred thousand francs. As soon as I was in possession of such a fortune, I could go to Paris, and once in the capital, I was sure to make my way. Renee was of the same mind as myself, she yearned to come to court and play a part in the world of society; Marseilles was too small for her. When Renee became *enceinte* we were both overjoyed. The birth of a child would

smooth our path, and we only thought of the first smile of the little being, to arrange our plans. The event so anxiously awaited by us was to take place at the beginning of May, 1816. To have you understand what followed, I must go back to April, 1815. I was sitting at work on the evening of the 4th of April, when loud screams attracted my attention. I opened the window, it was ten o'clock, and in the moonlight, I observed that the street in front of our house was filled with a noisy and turbulent crowd of people. Collecting my thoughts, I blew out my lamp. I saw a man running rapidly along the street, followed by a great crowd shouting. 'Down with the Englishman.' The man ran so quickly that he distanced all his pursuers, and I already thought that he was saved, when I saw him stagger and fall. In a moment his pursuers were upon him, a loud cry was heard, and the next moment the unfortunate man was thrown into the river. Not long after all was still again. I lit my lamp again and was about to continue my work, when I heard a slight tap at the window. I became frightened. Who could want me at this hour? Grasping a pistol, I walked cautiously into the garden, from whence proceeded cries for help. I listened, and could now hear a soft voice with a foreign accent whisper:

"'Help, my lord. For pity's sake help me.'

"I immediately thought of the cry, 'Down with the Englishman,' which I had heard before. This must be the man who had been thrown in the water. I grasped the man, who was shivering with cold and dripping with water, and led him into my library. By the light of the lamp I saw he was about thirty years old.

"'You have rescued me, sir,' he said in a soft voice, with a peculiar accent, 'but you will not find me ungrateful.'

"'Who are you, and what am I to do for you?' I asked him.

"'I was thought to be an English spy in the service of the royalists,' he said, laughing sorrowfully, 'and the excited crowd threw me into the river. Fortunately, I did not lose my senses; I dived under, swam a short distance and then gained the bank.'

"'Then you are not an Englishman?' I asked.

"'I, an Englishman?' he repeated, with his eyes sparkling with rage, 'what are you thinking of?'

"'But who then are you?' I exclaimed.

"He looked searchingly at me.

"'You are young,' he then said, 'you do not know what betrayal is; I will confide in you! Besides, you are a Frenchman, and hate the English as I do. Tell me where is the Emperor Napoleon at present?'

"'In Paris.'

"'Are you sure?'

"'Positive.'

"'You love the emperor?'

"'I am his faithful servant.'

"'Thank Heaven. Would you assist me to reach Paris?'

"'Paris?' I repeated in astonishment.

"'Yes, I must reach the capital as soon as possible. I must rescue the emperor.'

"'The roads are not safe,' I hesitatingly replied, 'and if you have no passport——'

"'You are an official,' he interrupted me, 'perhaps a judge?'

"'I am what is called in England attorney for the crown.'

"'Ah, in England there are no judges,' he violently said. 'In England are only hangmen! Thank God I am in France; and my ancestors were French.'

"'And your home?'

"'Is the Orient, the land of the sun,' he said with emotion, as his eyes filled with tears. 'I am an Indian prince.'

"'That is the reason you hate England!' I suddenly exclaimed, as a light dawned on me.

"'Hate it! I curse it!' he said, in a choking voice. 'It is the home of traitors and murderers.'

"'But did you not tell me a little while ago, that you were of French descent?'

"'Yes, have you forgotten the names of those Frenchmen who fought so gloriously for India's independence? Dupleix, Labourdonnaye, and Lally came with an army to India; my father belonged to Lally's detachment, and fell on the 27th of October, 1803, in the battle of Laswari. During his stay in India, he married a Mahratta at Scindia's court. Two children resulted therefrom, a boy and a girl, and the son is the one you have rescued to-day.'

"'Then you are really a Frenchman?'

"'No; I call myself Mahratta; the blood of my mother betrays itself in my veins, for she was the daughter of a prince.'

"'And her name?'

"'I have almost forgotten it myself, as I was not permitted to pronounce it for such a long time. About five years ago Scindia began anew the struggle against English tyranny. We were defeated in the battle of Gwalior, and I and my sister Naya, a beautiful girl of fifteen, were taken prisoners by the English. For five years we suffered martyrdom; we were brought to England, and finally separated. About two months ago I managed to escape—I reached the coast, was taken on board a Spanish ship, and finally set foot on French ground. Paris is the place I desire to go to. Napoleon has promised us help if we assist him against the English. The whole of India will rise up and crush England, and Napoleon's throne will be secured forever.'

"The handsome youth stood before me like a prophet, and I enthusiastically exclaimed:

"'Whatever I can do to assist your plans shall be done. Tell me your name, and I will fill out your passport.'

"'I am the Rajah Siwadji Daola,' he said.

"'And your sister?' I asked; 'is she free, too?'

"'No; but she will soon be so. A prince of the Mahratta's followed Naya to England; he loves her, and will soon bring her to France.'

"'To France? Have they a place to go to here?' I eagerly asked.

"'Let my sister and her husband find protection in your house,' he simply said, 'and the gods will reward you.'

"I hesitated for a moment, and then I cordially answered:

"'Let it be as you say—my house shall be open to your sister!'

"'A thousand thanks,' he joyfully cried. 'And so that you know my sister, look here.'

"He took out of his silk belt the half

of a peculiarly formed bracelet, and handed it to me with the words:

"'Look at this bracelet! Whoever brings you the other half, receive in your house as a favor to me. I cannot leave the bracelet with you, but if you have a piece of wax I can make an impression which will answer the same purpose.'

"Wax was soon found, the broad gold plate, with its numerous hieroglyphics, was pressed in it, and after the impression had been secured, the rajah hid the bracelet in his belt.

"'When can I get the pass?' he asked.

"'To-morrow morning; what name shall I put in?'

"'The name of my father—Jean d'Arras.'

"The rajah, upon my solicitation, threw himself on my bed and slept a few hours. As soon as the day dawned he left the house with me, enveloped in a wide mantle, and as we had no difficulty in getting the necessary passports from the prefecture, he was already that same morning on his way to Paris."

"Monsieur de Villefort," said d'Avigny, anxiously, "you are exerting yourself too much; postpone the continuation until to-morrow."

"No, no," replied Villefort, "I must speak to-day; to-morrow would be too late.

"Three months later Renee de St. Meran became my wife, the battle of Waterloo followed, and Napoleon was deposed forever. On the 6th of May, 1816, my wife gave birth to a child—a daughter. It was very sickly, though, and my mother-in-law feared it would not live until the next day. On the night following the birth of the child I was sitting reading at my wife's wing side, when I heard my name being softly called from the direction of the garden. At first I thought I was mistaken, but the cry was repeated, and I quietly slipped out. Near the garden hedge lay a white form; the moon was shining brightly, and I saw a woman's face of extraordinary beauty. Giving vent to a low murmur of astonishment, I drew near to the figure; when I perceived the glistening eyes and the satiny dark curls, I no longer doubted but what the woman who lay before me was Naya, the sister of the Rajah Siwadji.

"'You are Monsieur de Villefort?' she said, in a gentle voice.

"'Yes, and you are Naya,' I said, to make sure.

"'I am. My husband, the Rajah Duttjah, is dead. Save my child!'

"At these words the woman opened the white mantle which covered her, and I saw a new-born babe, which was wrapped up in a silk cloth. The poor mother looked anxiously at me. I took the child in my arms, and a happy smile passed over the pale face.

"'Now I can die peacefully,' she whispered; 'my husband died as we were about to leave England—I felt myself a mother—I had to live. Night and day I have wandered. Barely two hours ago my child was born; I dragged myself up to the house, but my strength failed me—here—is—the—bracelet——'

"She paused suddenly—I bent over her—she was dead. From her cold hand I took the half of the gold bracelet, and ran into the house. My wife was fast asleep. I laid the child in the cradle near my little daughter, and

just thinking whether I should call the nurse who slept in the next room, when I perceived that I had laid the living child next to a dead one. Our little daughter had breathed her last!

"I stood as if struck by lightning. All the proud hopes we had built on the child's birth were gone. Suddenly the strange child began to cry, and my plan was quickly made. With trembling hands I dressed the strange child —it was a girl, too—in the clothes of my own daughter, and gathering the silk cloth about the latter, I carried her to the garden and placed her in Naya's arms.

"One hour later my wife awoke, and when she asked for our child, I gave her Naya's daughter."

"Did not Madame de Villefort ever hear of the change which had been made?" asked the district attorney.

"Oh, yes; my wife had placed a small chain with a golden cross, around our child's neck, just after it was born; in my hurry I had forgotten to put this talisman on the strange child; I first denied, then confessed everything. Instead of heaping reproaches on me, she acquiesced in the fraud. The next day my father-in-law came; Naya's daughter was baptized under the name of Valentine de Villefort, and on the bed of the child, my happy parents-in-law laid my appointment as district attorney in Paris, and bonds to the value of three hundred thousand francs. Naya, with the dead child in her arms, was found the next day at our door. They were both buried in the potter's field. The papers Naya carried were written in the Indian language; they were given to me as a high official, and since then they, together with the wax impression and the half of the bracelet, have lain in my private portfolio which always stands near my bed."

Upon a word from Villefort, Monsieur de Flambois opened the portfolio designated; everything was found there as he had said.

"Did you never hear again from Daola?" said d'Avigny after a pause.

"Yes; three years later the rajah wrote me from India. He had fought at Waterloo, was again a captive of the English, and only had an opportunity at the end of a year to escape. Together with the Rajah Scindia, who later went over to England, he had again begun the struggle for independence; he is now living in the interior of Hindoostan, waiting for a better opportunity. He asked me for news from Naya; I wrote him I knew nothing of her, and that ended our correspondence.

"This is my confession. Now use justice and erase from the headstone under which Naya's daughter rests the name of Valentine de Villefort."

"Suppose Valentine de Villefort is still alive?" asked d'Avigny solemnly.

Both Villefort and Monsieur de Flambois uttered a cry of astonishment, and while the latter stammered forth an "Impossible," the sick man whispered:

"To-day miracles do not occur any more!"

"Gentlemen," said the physician quietly, "you know I am a sensible man; why should I try to tell you a fable?"

"But I was at the funeral," stammered Flambois.

"I also, and yet I tell you the dead woman lives," persisted d'Avigny, "or

if we want to call it by its proper name, Valentine de Villefort is dead and the daughter of Naya and the Rajah Duttjah lives."

"Then Valentine must have been buried alive," muttered Villefort, fixing his eyes upon the physician.

"And if that were the case?" said d'Avigny solemnly.

"Then I would say God has done a miracle to save the innocent," said Villefort, the tears starting in his eyes.

"Monsieur de Villefort," said the physician, earnestly, "do you know how Valentine died?"

"Too well—she was poisoned by my wife."

"What for?"

"Madame de Villefort wished to have Valentine's fortune go to her son."

"That is dastardly," said the district attorney.

"Do you remember, Monsieur de Villefort," continued d'Avigny, "to have seen a mysterious man in your house some time prior to Valentine's death, whose mission it appears is to reward the good and punish the guilty?"

"Yes, I remember; you mean the Count of Monte-Cristo," said Villefort, with emotion.

"The Count of Monte-Cristo," repeated the district attorney, contemptuously, "the adventurer?"

"Sir, do not blaspheme!" exclaimed Villefort, passionately, "if Valentine is saved she owes it to that God in the form of man—the Count of Monte-Cristo! He alone has the power to change the dead into the living; if Valentine lives, I will believe God has pardoned a portion of my sins."

"Gentlemen," said the district attorney, doubtingly, "I only believe what I see; if Valentine de Villefort lives, let her show herself."

"Maximilian," called d'Avigny, opening the door, "tell Valentine to come in."

"Whom did you just call?" asked Villefort, when d'Avigny had closed the door again.

"Maximilian Morrel, Valentine's betrothed, the son of the shipping merchant Morrel, of Marseilles."

"Morrel — Marseilles — Edmond Dantès," murmured Villefort. "Ah, there is justice in Heaven!"

The door was now opened, and Valentine entered. She strode to Villefort's bed and sank on her knees beside it.

"Oh, father," she sobbed, embracing him tenderly. "Thank God, I see you again!"

Villefort gazed at Valentine as if she were a specter; but tears fell on the young girl's cheeks, and his lean hands were crossed as if in prayer.

"Father, dearly beloved father!" stammered Valentine, weepingly, "why do you not speak? Have you no word of welcome for your Valentine?"

"Monsieur de Flambois, do you still doubt?" asked d'Avigny, softly.

"Yes, not your statement, but my reason," said the district attorney, wiping the tears from his eyes.

"Valentine," whispered Villefort, in a broken voice, "kiss me. Now I can die easy."

"Oh, father, father, you must not die!" she weepingly cried.

"I must, darling, but I die happy since I know you will be well taken care of. Monsieur Morrel," he said, turning to the young man, "you know

what unhappiness I once caused your father?"

"No, Monsieur de Villefort, I have forgotten everything, and only know that you are Valentine's father," said Maximilian, cordially. "Give us your blessing."

"No, no!" said Villefort, anxiously; "I dare not—I am not worthy of it! But one thing I can do; I can tell Valentine who she is, and Monsieur de Flambois and Monsieur d'Avigny will corroborate my words. Valentine, you, whom I have so often called daughter, look at me and listen to my words: you are the daughter of the Rajah Duttjah and his wife Naya. The marriage of your parents was celebrated at Epping Forest by a Brahmin, who was also a prisoner there; in the folio there you will find the paper relating to the marriage. Do not look at me so fearfully, my poor darling, I am speaking the truth, and these gentlemen will tell you later on all the details. Your parents are both dead. There is a letter in the portfolio from your mother's brother, the Rajah Siwadji Daola. It was written in 1818. If Daola still lives, he will find out that I deceived him; that I saw his sister die, and that Naya's child still lives."

"But, father," said Valentine, passionately, "if my parents are both dead, and you brought me up, I am nevertheless your daughter."

"Thanks, Valentine. But before my strength gives way, I must perform another duty. Doctor, a glass of wine, I have one more favor to ask of Valentine."

D'Avigny poured out a glass of red wine for Monsieur de Villefort, and Valentine put her arm around the dying man's neck, and rested his head against her bosom.

"I want you to look after my son, Valentine," whispered Villefort. "Oh, what would I not give if I could wear the chains instead of him—what is death to the life led by a galley-slave? If it is in your power to do anything for Benedetto, do not fail to do it. He is a scoundrel, but I was the cause of his downfall. Have mercy on him, and I die peacefully!"

"Father," said Valentine, solemnly, "your wish shall be sacred to me. I shall go in search of Benedetto, and bring him your last wishes."

"You are—an—angel," stammered Villefort. "Farewell, Ah — this — is death!"

A shiver ran through Villefort's bones —a deep groan—a long breath—he was dead.

Vindication

In the same year were successively produced at the Théâtre-Historique the *Queen Margot, Intrigue et Amour, Les Girondins,* and *Monte-Cristo* in two nights' performances. The reader will recall, no doubt, the famous song of the Girondists—*Mourir pour la patrie;* the day it was rehearsed for the first time, I observed to the leader of the orchestra—

"And to think, my dear Varney, that the next Revolution will be made to that tune!"

As a matter of fact the Revolution

of 1848 *was* made to the air I had foretold.

While rejoiced to see the principles I have upheld all my life triumphing, while taking a personal part in the Revolution of 1848 almost as active as I had in that of 1830, I was yet sore and grieved at heart.

The political cataclysm, while bringing in new men who were my friends, yet removed others who likewise held a place in my affections. I had a brief and momentary hope that a Regency might be thrown as a connecting bridge between the Monarchy and the Republic. But the revolutionary avalanche was precipitated with irresistible violence; it swept away with it, not only the old King, not only the four Princes, his stay and support, but even the mourning mother and the weakly child, who knew neither what this tempestuous blast was, nor whence it came, nor whither it was carrying him.

There came a moment in the history of France when nothing stood where once it had, when the place where for seven centuries had risen the throne of the Capets, the Valois, the Bourbons, was mowed as smooth as in September is the plain where a week before the harvest was still waving.

Then France gave a great cry, half of amazement, half of distress; she knew no longer where she was, searching vainly with startled eyes for what she was used to see. She called to her help the most intelligent of her sons, and told them: "See what my people have done in a fit of passion; perhaps they have gone too far, but at any rate what is done is done. In this empty place, which terrifies me by its emptiness, build me up something on which may rest the foundations of society, public wealth, morality, and religion."

I had been one of the first to hear this appeal of my Country, and I held I had a right to count myself in the number of the men of intelligence she was summoning to her aid.

It only remained to decide to what Department I should go and offer myself for election.

It seemed simple enough to address myself to my native Department, that of the Aisne. But I had ceased to reside in it in 1823. I had scarcely ever returned there since, while one of the few occasions I had done so was to carry out that famous expedition of Soissons which the reader knows of, if he has ever read my Memoirs, in which I came very near being shot.

But, although it was for the same cause I was fighting, whether in 1830 or in 1848, I feared I might be looked upon as too ardent a Republican for the Republic such as the majority of the electors wished to see it, and I gave up all thoughts of standing for the Department of the Aisne.

Then right before my eyes was the Department of the Seine-et-Oise, where I had been living for the last four or five years. I had even held in it the eminent position of Chief of Battalion of the National Guard of Saint-Germain. But, inasmuch as, during the three days of the Revolution of 1848, I had had the drums beaten and an appeal made to the seven hundred and thirty men of my command to follow me to Paris and intervene forcibly in the struggle, the wives, children, fathers, and mothers of my seven hundred and thirty National Guards, making a grand total of perhaps three thousand

individuals, had all protested with one voice against the recklessness with which I was for endangering the lives of my men. So at the mere suspicion that I might possibly offer myself for election in their town, the good folk of Saint-Germain had uttered a universal cry of alarm and indignation. More than that, they had assembled in general committee and resolved that I should be invited to give in my resignation as Commander of the National Guard for having compromised myself so unjustifiably during the three days of revolutionary disturbance.

You see they understood the question of national representation and the oath of fidelity to the Republic in pretty much the same sense in the Department of the Seine-et-Oise as in that of the Aisne.

Things were in this state when a young man, to whose family I had rendered some services and who had connections, he told me, in Lower Burgundy, assured me that, were I to offer myself in the Department of the Yonne, I could not fail to be elected. Now I am bursting with a genial simplicity which ill-natured people call self-conceit. Call it simplicity or self-conceit, whichever you please, the result was the same. I imagined myself well enough known even in the Department of the Yonne to out-distance any competitors that might be set up against me. Poor simpleton that I was! I quite forgot the fact that every Department makes a point of having *local* men to represent it, and, alas! my *locality* was the Department of the Aisne. Accordingly, hardly had I set foot in the Department of the Yonne before the journals of all the *localities* rose up in arms against me. What business had I in the Department of the Yonne? Was I a Burgundian? Was I in the wine trade? Had I any vineyards? Had I ever studied the question of vine-growing? Was I a member of the *Société Œnophile*? So I had no Department, it seemed, of my own; I was a sort of political bastard. Or rather no, I was none of these things; I was an agent of the Orléanists, and was offering myself, simultaneously with M. Gaillardet, my collaborator on the *Tour de Nesle*, as a candidate of the Regency party.

Needless to say, the men who had invented and disseminated this fine story did not believe one single word of it themselves.

True, I had been injudicious enough, it must be owned, to give some excuse for these statements on the occasion of the Orléans Princes leaving the country. Instead of abusing, insulting, and black-guarding them like the men who, a week before, were dancing attendance in their anterooms, *I*, on March 4, 1848,—that is to say, seven days after the revolution of February, in the midst of the popular excitement which filled the streets of Paris with noise and clamour,—I had written the following letter in the columns of *La Presse*, one of the most generally read newspapers of that day:—

"To Monseigneur le Duc de Montpensier

"Prince,—If I knew where to find your Highness, it would be with my own lips, it would be face to face, that I should offer you the expression of my sorrow at the catastrophe that overwhelms you as well as others.

"I can never forget how, for three

years, in defiance of all political ties, and contrary to the King's wishes, who was aware of the opinions I held, you were pleased to receive me and treat me almost as a personal friend.

"This title of *friend*, Monseigneur, when you lived at the Tuileries, I was proud of; to-day, when you have left the country, I claim it still.

"However, Monseigneur, your Highness, I am convinced, had no need of this letter of mine to be assured that my heart was of those that are his for all time.

"God forbid I should fail to preserve in all its purity the religion of the tomb and the worship and respect of fallen greatness.

"I have the honour to be, with deep respect, your Royal Highness's most obedient and most humble servant,

"Alex. Dumas."

Nor was this all; indeed, I must surely have been bitten by that devil of contradiction which lives in me, and is even more powerful than that other devil of pride. The celebrated Colonel Desmoulins, Commandant of the Louvre, having deemed it proper to throw down the equestrian statue of the Duc d'Orléans which stood in the courtyard of the Louvre, I returned home in a furious passion, and wrote to M. de Girardin the letter given below. The individual for whom it was really intended was plain enough, and it could hardly fail—at least, so I firmly believed—to procure me the pleasure of cutting throats with the Colonel first thing next morning. It ran as follows:—

"My dear Girardin,—Yesterday, as I crossed the courtyard of the Louvre, I saw with astonishment that the statue of the Duc d'Orléans was no longer on its pedestal.

"I asked if it was the people of Paris that had thrown it down; I was informed it was the Governor of the Louvre who had ordered its removal.

"Why is this? Whence this proscription that violates the tombs of the dead?

"When the Duke was alive, whatever constituted in France the advanced section of the Nation had based its hopes on him.

"And it was but justice; for, as every one knows, the Duc d'Orléans was in constant opposition to the King, and he was the victim of a veritable disgrace in consequence of his pronouncement in open council: 'Sire, I had rather be slain on the banks of the Rhine than in a gutter of the Rue Saint-Denis!'

"The people, the French people, that is always just and intelligent, knew and understood this as well as we. Go to the Tuileries and see for yourself which are the only apartments respected by the people: they are those once occupied by the Duc d'Orléans. Why, then, be more severe than the people have been towards this poor Prince, who has the good fortune to belong henceforth only to History?

"The future—the future is the block of marble that events may hew at their pleasure and caprice; the past is the statue of bronze cast into the mould of eternity.

"You cannot annihilate the past. You cannot abolish the fact that the Duc d'Orléans, at the head of the French columns, carried the Col de Mouzaïa. You cannot abolish the fact that for

ten years he has given the third part of his civil list to the poor. You cannot abolish the fact that he has repeatedly asked mercy for men condemned to death, and by dint of urgent prayers has won their pardon in several instances. If we can to-day clasp the hand of Barbès, to whom do we owe that bliss? To the Duc d'Orléans!

"Ask the artists who followed his coffin to the grave; summon the chiefest among them—Ingres, Delacroix, Scheffer, Gudin, Barye, Marochetti, Calamatta, Boulanger.

"Call to witness the poets and historians: Hugo, Thierry, Lamartine, de Vigny, Michelet, myself, any others you please—ask them, ask us, if we deem it well his statue should be replaced where once it stood. And with one voice we shall tell you: 'Yes; for it was raised at once to a Prince, a soldier, an artist, to the great and enlightened soul that has gone to the skies, to the noble and kindly heart that has been laid in the earth.'

"The Republic of 1848 is strong enough, believe me, to consecrate this sublime anomaly of a Prince left standing on his pedestal, in face of a Royalty falling from his throne.

"Alex. Dumas."

The journals which accused me of being a *Regentist* candidate may well have done so in all good faith, for I had indeed done all I could to make the exiled family, now that it was in power no longer, believe I was a *Regentist,* as I had done, when it was in power, whatever I could to persuade its members I was a Republican.

Let me try to explain the contradiction to any who will waste their time in reading what I write.

Compounded of two elements, aristocratic and popular,—the former on my father's side, the latter on my mother's, —no one unites to a higher degree than myself in a single heart at once a respectful admiration of all that is great and noble and a tender and profound sympathy with all that is unfortunate. I have never spoken so much of the Napoleon family as under the younger branch of the Royal Family; I have never spoken so much of the Prince of the younger branch as under the Republic and the Empire. I am a faithful worshipper of those whom I have known and loved in adversity, and I only forget them if they become powerful and prosperous. So no fallen greatness passes before me but I salute it, no merit stretches forth its hand to me but I clasp it. It is when all the rest of the world seems to have forgotten those who are no more, in place and power that, like an obstinate echo of the past, I proclaim their name aloud. Why? I cannot say. It is the voice of my heart that awakes suddenly and impulsively, apart altogether from my mind and will. I have written a thousand volumes, composed sixty plays. Open them at random,—at the first page, in the middle, at the end,— you will see I have always advocated clemency, whether peoples were the slaves of kings or whether kings were the prisoners of peoples.

Thus, it is a noble and lowly family I have gathered round me, such as no one has but myself. The moment a man falls, I go to him, I hold out my hand to him, let him be called the Comte de Chambord or the Prince de Joinville, Louis Napoléon or Louis Blanc. Through whom did I learn the death of the Duc d'Orléans? Through

Prince Jérôme Napoléon. Instead of paying my court at the Tuileries to those in power, I was at Florence offering my sympathy to the exile. True, I instantly left the exile to seek the dead, and started on a journey of five hundred leagues, to meet, in spite of my very sincere tears of mourning, a Royal rebuff at Dreux—fit pendant to that which awaited me at Claremont, when, after having followed out of affection the funeral of the son, I thought propriety demanded I should attend the father to the grave.

On the eve of July 13 I was the declared enemy of M. Ledru-Rollin, whom I was in the habit of attacking daily in my journal *Le Mois*; on July 14 M. Ledru-Rollin sent me word to have no further anxiety—that he was in safety.

This is why I am more often a visitor to prisons than to palaces; this is why I have been thrice to Ham, once only to the Elysée, never to the Tuileries.

Naturally, I had not vouchsafed all these explanations to the electors of the Yonne; so, when I entered the great hall of the Club, where three thousand persons awaited me, I was received with sounds that betokened anything but friendliness.

At that critical moment a coarse insult was launched at me. Unluckily for the individual who took this liberty, he was within reach of my hand. The gesture with which I answered him was striking enough to leave no one present in doubt as to its nature. Groans changed to yells, and it was amid a perfect hurricane of protest I mounted the tribune to speak.

The first question asked me was a demand for explanations of my *fanatical* attitude with regard to the Duc d'Orléans. This was taking the bull by the horns indeed. But for once the bull proved the stronger. I made them all feel shame—some for their forgetfulness, the rest for their ingratitude. I reminded them of the cry of universal sorrow that rose, on July 13, 1842, from the heart of thirty million Frenchmen, and brought me, five hundred leagues away, the fatal news. I pictured the poor Prince, young, handsome, gallant, graceful, artistic, a Frenchman to the finger-tips, a patriot if ever there was one. I spoke of Antwerp, the Col de Mouzaïa, the Portes-de-Fer, the respite of Bruyant the huzzar, granted at my instance, the pardon of Barbès, accorded to Victor Hugo's prayers. I repeated some of his sayings, so full of wit they might have fallen from the lips of Henri IV; others so replete with genial kindliness they could only have come from his own heart. The end was that in a quarter of an hour half my audience were in tears—and I with them; in twenty minutes, the whole room was clapping hands; and from that evening forth I possessed not merely three thousand votes but three thousand friends.

What has become of these three thousand friends whose names I never knew? God knows! They are scattered, each carrying away in his heart the precious bit of gold we call a kindly memory. Two or three only have survived from this great shipwreck of time, which will end by engulfing these likewise, and me with them; but these not only have remained friends, but have become brothers—brothers in friendship, brothers in St. Hubert's mysteries.

Madame Dubarry

In the suite of rooms at Versailles which Madame Adelaide, daughter of Louis XV., had once occupied, his majesty had installed his mistress, the Countess Dubarry, not without keenly studying beforehand the effect which this piece of policy would produce on his court. The favourite, with her merry whims and her careless, joyous humour, had transformed that wing of the palace, formerly so quiet, into a scene of perpetual merriment and tumult; and every hour she issued thence her commands for a banquet or a party of pleasure.

But what happened still more unusual on these magnificent staircases was the never-ceasing stream of visitors ascending them, and crowding an antechamber filled with curiosities from all parts of the globe,—certainly containing nothing so curious as the idol worshipped by this crowd.

At her accustomed hour, nine in the morning, Jeanne de Vaubernier, dressed in a muslin embroidered robe which disclosed through its gauzy texture her rounded limbs and alabaster arms,—Jeanne de Vaubernier, afterwards Mademoiselle Lange and then Countess Dubarry by the grace of Jean Dubarry, her former protector, rose from her bed, we will not say like to Venus, but surely more beautiful than Venus to the eyes of a man who prefers the real to the ideal.

Her blond hair, artistically dressed, a skin of white satin with blue veins, eyes in turn languishing and spiritual, a small mouth pencilled with purest carmine, and which when opened disclosed to view a double row of pearls, dimpled cheeks, chin and fingers and a throat like that of the Venus de Milo, the suppleness of an adder, and perfectly developed breasts,—thus behold Madame Dubarry about to disclose these charms to the chosen one at her little levee.

Thus behold what his Majesty Louis XV., the chosen one for the night longed for. For some time the favourite had been awake. At eight o'clock she had allowed the sunlight, her first courtier, to enter the chamber little by little.

There was no sign of drowsiness in the eyes, bright as carbuncles, which laughingly questioned a small hand-glass with a gold rim studded with pearls.

The supple body which we have tried to describe glided from the bed where it had reposed, lulled by sweet dreams, to the ermine rug, where feet of which Cinderella would not have been ashamed touched hands holding two slippers, one of which would have made a woodman in Jeanne's native forest rich for life.

As the seductive form arose, becoming more and more alive, an attendant threw over it a superb wrap of Malines lace, while upon the rounded feet, taken from the slippers for a moment, were placed silk stockings of a texture so fine that it would have been hard to distinguish it from the skin they covered. Her day was a day of calm waiting. The king's was one of vexatious killing of time.

Louis XV. had left the palace and sought something to please the eye. He

seated himself on a mossy bank, from which the view before him was charming.

There lay the little lake, with its velvet slopes of turf; beyond it a village nestled between two hills; further off, the towers of Saint Germain, with their wooded terraces, and further still the blue declivities of Saunois and Cormeilles; whilst, above all this, the grey and rose-tinged sky hung like a magnificent cupola. The weather had been stormy, and the foliage of the trees looked dark and heavy against the pale green of the meadows; the waters of the lake, glassy and immovable as a vast surface of oil, were disturbed from time to time by some silvery flashing fish springing up to seize the unwary fly, and chequering it with widespreading circles of alternate black and white. At the margin might be perceived the enormous snouts of a number of fish, which, fearless of hook or net, sucked the leaves of pendent plants, and with their huge fixed eyes, which semed incapable of sight, stared at the grey lizards and green frogs sporting among the bulrushes.

When the king, like a man profoundly skilled in the art of killing time, had looked at the landscape on all sides, when he had counted the houses in the village and the villages in the distance, he took a plate with the loaf, placed it beside him, and began to cut off large pieces of the bread.

The carp heard the sound of the knife in the crust, and accustomed to that noise, which announced their dinner hour, they immediately flocked as close as possible to the bank, to show themselves to his Majesty and solicit their daily meal. They would have done the same for any footman in his service, but the king naturally thought that all this trouble was for him alone.

He threw in one after another the pieces of bread, which first disappearing for an instant, and then returning to the surface, were contended for some time, then, gradually crumbling away by the action of the water, were seized and seen no more. It was indeed a curious and amusing enough sight to see all these crusts pushed thither by the invisible snouts, and tossed on the surface of the water, until the moment when they were swallowed.

At the end of about half an hour, his Majesty, having in that time patiently cut one hundred bits of crust, had the satisfaction of seeing that not one remained floating. He began now, however, to feel rather tired of the sport, and he remembered that Monsieur Boucher might amuse him a little; he would not certainly be as good a resource as the carp, but in the country we must take what we can get.

Louis, therefore, turned towards the summer-house. Boucher had heard that he was at Luciennes, and though he went on painting, or seeming to paint, he followed the king with his eyes, saw him turn in the direction of the summer-house, and radiant with joy, he adjusted his ruffles and mounted on his ladder; for he had been warned not to appear to know that the king was there. He heard a step on the floor of the room, and began to daub a fat Cupid stealing a rose from a shepherdess in a blue satin gown and straw hat. His hand trembled, his heart beat. The king stopped on the threshold.

"Ah, Boucher," cried he; "how you smell of turpentine!" and he walked on

Poor Boucher, although he knew the king had no taste for the fine arts, did expect some other kind of compliment, and was nearly falling from his ladder. He came down and went away with the tears in his eyes, without scraping his pallet or washing his brushes, which, in general, he was so careful to do.

His Majesty pulled out his watch; it was seven o'clock.

Louis returned to the house, teased the monkey, made the parrot speak, pulled out all the drawers of the cabinets, one after the other, and ransacked their contents.

Evening drew on. The king was not fond of darkness, and the apartments were lighted up. But he did not like solitude either.

"My horses in a quarter of an hour!" said he. "*Ma foi!*" added he, "I shall just give her one quarter of an hour; not a minute longer."

As he said this, he stretched himself on a sofa opposite the fireplace, to watch the course of the fifteen minutes, that is, of nine hundred seconds. At the four hundredth beat of the timepiece, which represented a blue elephant carrying a pink sultana, he was asleep.

As may be supposed, the footman who came to announce his Majesty's carriage took care not to awake him. The result of this attention to his august slumber was that when he awoke of his own accord, he found himself face to face with the Countess Dubarry, who was looking at him with her eyes wide open. Zamore, the little negro slave, stood in a corner waiting for orders.

"Ah! you are here at last, countess," said the king, sitting up on the sofa.

"Yes, sire, here I am," said the countess; "and here I have been a pretty long time."

"Oh! a pretty long time?"

"An hour and a half at least. But how your Majesty does sleep!"

"Faith, countess, you were not here, and I was getting shockingly tired; and then I sleep so badly at night. Do you know, I was on the point of going away!"

"Yes, I saw your Majesty's carriage at the door."

The king looked at his watch.

"Half-past ten; then I have slept nearly three hours!"

"After that, sire, say that you cannot sleep well at Luciennes!"

"Oh, faith, very well; but what the devil do I see there?" said he, looking at Zamore.

"You see the governor of Luciennes, sire."

"Not yet, not yet," said the king, laughing. "The little wretch has put on his uniform before having been appointed; he reckons on my word, then!"

"Sire, your word is sacred, and he is right in reckoning on it. But Zamore has something more than your word, or rather something less,—he has his commission; the vice-chancellor sent it to me. The oath is now the only formality which is wanting; make him swear quickly, and then betake himself to his post."

"Approach, governor," said the king.

Zamore came forward. He was dressed in a uniform, with an embroidered collar and a captain's epaulets, with short breeches, silk stockings, and a sword like a spit. He walked with a stiff, measured step, an enormous three-cornered hat under his arm.

"Can he swear?" asked the king.

"Oh, yes, sire; try him."

"Advance," cried he, looking curiously at the black puppet.

"On your knees!" said the countess.

"Swear!" said the king.

The child placed one hand on his heart, the other in the king's hand, and said, "I swear fealty and homage to my master and mistress; I swear to defend to the death the castle in my keeping, and to eat the last pot of sweetmeats rather than surrender, should I be attacked."

The king laughed as much at the form of the oath as at the gravity with which Zamore pronounced it.

"In return for this oath," he replied, with suitable gravity, "I confer on you the sovereign rights of justice on high and low, on all inhabiting air, earth, fire, and water, in this castle."

"Thank you, master," said Zamore, rising.

"And now," said the king, "go and show off your fine clothes in the kitchens, and leave us alone; go!"

As Zamore went out at one door, Chon, sister of Mme. Dubarry, entered by another.

"Ah, and you there, too, my little Chon! Come, I shall hear the truth from you."

"Take care, sire, that you are not disappointed in your expectations!" said Chon; "the truth is, it would be for the first time in my life. If you wish to learn the truth, apply to my sister; she is incapable of speaking falsely."

"Is that true, countess?"

"Sire, Chon has too flattering an opinion of me. Bad example has ruined me; and from this evening forth I am determined to lie like a real countess, if the truth will not serve me."

"Oh, ho!" said the king; "I suspect Chon has something to conceal from me. I must get from the police a report of what has occurred to-day."

"From which police, sire,—Sartines' or mine?"

"Oh, from Sartines', the Minister."

"What will you pay him for it?"

"If he tell me anything worth hearing, I shall not be niggardly."

"Well, then, give my police the preference, and take my report. I shall serve you—royally."

"You will even sell your own secrets?"

"Why not, if I am well paid?"

"Come, then, let me hear the report,—but no fibs, remember!"

"Sire, you insult me."

"I mean, no equivocations."

"Well, sire, get your funds ready; I am about to begin my report."

"They are ready," said the king, jingling some money in his pocket.

"In the first place, the Countess Dubarry was seen in Paris, in the Rue de Valois, about two o'clock in the afternoon."

"Well, I know that; go on!"

"About six o'clock Zamore proceeded to join her there."

"Very possibly; but what did Madame Dubarry go to Paris for?"

"Sire, to meet the lady who is to present her."

"Pooh!" said the king, with a grimace which he could not altogether conceal; "she is very well as she is, without being presented."

"You know the proverb, sire: 'Nothing is so dear to us as that which we have not.'"

"So she is absolutely determined to find this lady to present her?"

"We have found her, sire."

The king started, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I like that movement, sire; it shows that your Majesty would be annoyed at the defeat of the Grammonts, the Guéménées, and all the hypocrites of the court," said the countess.

"I beg your pardon; did you speak?"

"Yes, I am sure you are in league with those persons."

"In league? Countess, learn one thing, that the king only leagues with kings."

"True, but all your kings are friends of the Duke de Choiseul."

"Let us return to your chaperon, countess."

"With all my heart, sire."

"You have succeeded in manufacturing a lady, then?"

"I found one ready made, and very well made,—a Countess de Béarn; a family who have numbered princes in their ranks. She will not dishonour the relative of the relatives of the Stuarts, I hope!"

"The Countess de Béarn!" exclaimed the king, with surprise. "I know only of one, who lives somewhere near Verdun."

"It is the very same; she has come to Paris on purpose to present me."

"Ha! and when is the affair to take place?"

"To-morrow, at eleven o'clock in the morning, I am to give her a private audience, and at the same time, if it be not too presumptuous, she will request the king to name a day; and you will name the earliest, will you not, dear France?"

The king burst into a forced laugh.

"Certainly, certainly," said he, kissing the countess's hand. Then, all at once, "To-morrow, at eleven?" added he.

"Yes, at breakfast."

"Impossible, my dear countess."

"Impossible!—why?"

"I shall not breakfast here; I must return this evening."

"What!" said the countess, who felt an icy pang shoot through her heart at these words; "you are going to leave us, sire?"

"I am forced to do so, dear countess; I have to meet Sartines on very important business."

"As you please, sire; but you will at least sup here, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, I shall sup, I think; yes, I am rather hungry,—I shall sup."

"Order supper, Chon," said the countess, making at the same time a private signal to her, which no doubt referred to some previous arrangements. Chon left the room. The king had seen the signal in a mirror, and although he could not comprehend its meaning, he suspected some snare.

"Ah!" said he, "on second thoughts I think it will be impossible to stay even for supper. I must not lose a moment; I have some papers to sign,—to-day is Saturday."

"As you please, sire; shall I order the horses?"

"Yes, fairest."

"Chon!"

Chon re-appeared.

"His Majesty's horses!" said the countess.

"Very well," said Chon with a smile, and she left the room again.

A moment afterwards her voice was heard in the ante-room, ordering the king's carriage.

The king, delighted at this exercise of his authority, which punished the countess for leaving him alone so long, at the same time that it freed him from the trouble of settling the affair of her presentation, walked towards the door of the salon.

Chon, sister of Mme. Dubarry, entered.

"Well, are my attendants there?"

"No, sire, there is not one of them in the ante-room."

The king advanced into the ante-room himself. "My attendants!" cried he. No one answered; there seemed not to be even an echo in the silent château.

"Who the devil would believe," said the king, returning to the salon, "that I am the grandson of the man who once said, 'I was very near having to wait'?" and he went to a window, opened it, and looked out.

The space in front of the château was as deserted as the ante-rooms; no horses, no attendants, no guards. Night alone displayed to the eyes and to the soul all its calmness and all its majesty. The lovely moon shone brightly on the woods of Chatou, whose lofty summits rustled gently like the waves of the sea rippled by a breeze. The Seine, on whose bosom glittered a long line of light, looked like a gigantic serpent trailing its slow slength along, its windings being visible from Bougival to Maisons, that is, for four or five leagues; and then, in the midst of this heavenly scene, a nightingale burst forth with such a sweet and varied song as she only gives in the month of May, as if she felt that nature was worthy of her music in the early days of spring alone, —days which are scarcely come ere they are gone.

All this beauty and harmony were lost on Louis XV.,—a king not much of a dreamer, a poet, or an artist, but, on the contrary, a good deal of a sensualist.

"Come, countess!" said he, considerably annoyed, "give the necessary orders, I entreat; what the deuce!—this jest must have an end."

"Sire," replied the countess, with that charming pouting air which became her so well, "I do not command here."

"Nor do I," replied the king, "for you see how I am obeyed."

"It is neither you nor I who command."

"Who is it, then? Is it you, Chon?"

"I?" said the young lady, who was seated on a couch on the other side of the apartment exactly opposite the countess, who occupied a similar one on the near side; "I find the task of obeying so difficult that I have no inclination for that of commanding."

"But who is the master, then?"

"The governor, sire, certainly."

"Monsieur Zamore?"

"Yes."

"Ah, very true! Well, let some one ring for him."

The countess stretched out her arm with a most graceful air of nonchalance to a silken cord ending in a tassel of beads. A footman, who had no doubt received his lesson beforehand, was ready in the ante-room and appeared.

"The governor," said the king.

"The governor," replied the valet, respectfully, "is on guard, watching over his Majesty's precious life."

"Where is he?"

"Going his rounds, sire."

"Going his rounds?" repeated the king.

"Yes, with four officers, sire."

The king could not help smiling.

"That is droll enough," said he; "but it need not prevent my horses from being harnessed immediately."

"Sire, the governor ordered the stables to be closed, lest some marauder might enter them."

"And where are my grooms?"

"Gone to bed, sire."

"Gone to bed!—by whose orders?"

"The governor's, sire."

"And the gates of the castle?"

"Are locked, sire."

"Very well; then you must get the keys."

"The governor has them at his belt, sire."

"A well-guarded castle indeed! *Peste!* what order is kept!"

The footman, seeing that the king ceased to question him, retired. The countess reclining gracefully on a couch, continued to bite off the leaves of a beautiful rose, beside which her lips seemed like coral. "Come, sire," said she at length, with a fascinating smile, "I must take compassion on your Majesty; give me your arm and let us set out in search of some one to help you. Chon, light the way."

Chon went before, ready to apprise them of any dangers which they might encounter. At the very first turn in the corridor the king's nose was saluted by an odour quite sufficient to awaken the appetite of the most fastidious epicure.

"Ah, ha! what is that, countess?" said he, stopping.

"Oh, only supper, sire! I thought your Majesty intended doing me the honour of supping at Luciennes, and I made arrangements accordingly."

The king inhaled the gastronomic perfume two or three times, whilst he called to mind that his stomach had already given him certain tokens of its existence; then he thought what a fuss there must be before his grooms could be awakened; that would take half an hour at least; a quarter more to harness the horses; ten minutes to reach Marly, and when at Marly, where he was not expected, he should only get a put-off of a supper. All these things passed through his mind as he stood at the dining-room door, inhaling the seductive steam of the viands. Two covers were placed on the table, which was splendidly lighted and sumptuously laid out.

"*Peste!*" said Louis, "you have a good cook, countess."

"Oh, sire, this is merely his first effort; the poor devil has been doing wonders to deserve your Majesty's approbation. Indeed, he is so sensitive that he might, perhaps, in his disappointment, cut his throat, as poor Vatel did."

"Really, do you think so?"

"There was to be an omelet of pheasants' eggs, on which he especially prided himself."

"An omelet of pheasants' eggs? I adore omelets of pheasants' eggs."

"What a pity you must go!"

"Well countess, we must not vex your cook," said the king, laughing; "and perhaps, whilst we are supping, Master Zamore may return from his rounds."

"Ah! sire, a capital idea," said the countess, unable to conceal her delight

at having gained this first step. "Come, sire, come!"

"But who will wait on us?" said the king, looking round in vain for an attendant.

"Ah! sire," said Madame Dubarry, "is your coffee less grateful when presented to you by me?"

"No, countess; and still more when you make it for me."

"Well, come then, sire."

"Two covers only! Has Chon supped, then?"

"Sire, I did not venture, without your Majesty's express command—"

"Come, come," said the king, taking a plate and cover from a sideboard himself, "come, my little Chon; sit there opposite us."

"Oh, sire!" said Chon.

"Yes, yes! play the very humble and very obedient subject, you little hypocrite. Sit here, countess, near me—beside me. What a beautiful profile you have!"

"Is this the first time you have observed it, dear France?"

"How should I observe it, when I am so happy in looking at your full countenance? Decidedly, countess, your cook is first-rate. What soup!"

"Then I was right in sending away the other?"

"Quite right, quite right."

"Sire, follow my example; you see it will be to your advantage."

"I do not understand you."

"I have turned off my Choiseul; turn off yours."

"Countess, no politics. Give me some madeira."

The king held out his glass: the countess took up a decanter to help him, and as she raised it up, her white fingers and rosy nails were seen to advantage.

"Pour gently and slowly," said the king.

"Not to shake the wine, sire?"

"No, to give me more time to admire your hand."

"Assuredly, sire," said the countess, laughing; "your Majesty is in the vein of making discoveries!"

"Faith, yes," said the king, now in perfect good-humour again, "and think I am in the fair way of discovering—"

"A new world?"

"No, I am not so ambitious; besides, I find a kingdom as much as I can manage. No, only an isle,—a little nook, an enchanted mountain, a palace of which a certain fair lady will be the Armida, and the entrance to which will be defended by all kinds of monsters."

"Sire," said the countess, presenting the king with a glass of iced champagne, a luxury quite new at that period, "here is some water just drawn from the river Lethe."

"The river Lethe, countess? Are you sure?"

"Yes, sire; it was poor Jean who brought it from the shades below, from which you know he has just narrowly escaped."

"Countess, I drink to his happy resurrection. But no politics, I beg."

"Then I don't know what to talk about, sire. If you would relate something,—you, who have such a happy gift of telling a story."

"No, but I shall repeat you some verses."

"Verses?"

"Yes, verses. Is there anything surprising in that word?"

"I thought your Majesty detested them."

"*Parbleu!* out of each hundred thousand manufactured, ninety thousand are against myself!"

"And those which your Majesty is going to give me belong to the ten thousand which cannot even make you look favourably on the ninety thousand."

"No, countess; these are addressed to you."

"To me? By whom?"

"By Monsieur de Voltaire."

"He charged your Majesty to deliver them?"

"Not at all; he sent them direct to your Highness."

"How?—without a cover?"

"No, enclosed in a charming letter."

"Ah, I understand; your majesty has been at work this morning with the postmaster. But read the verses, sire; read Monsieur de Voltaire's verses."

Louis XV. opened the paper and read:—

Goddess of pleasure, soft queen of the graces,
Why blend, with the fêtes which make Paphos to ring,
Foul threat'ning suspicions and hideous disgraces—
The fate of a hero, oh! why should'st thou bring?
Still dear our Ulysses his country shall hold,
The State's mighty bulwark, the monarch's delight;
None wiser in council, in battle more bold,
And Ilion can tell how resistless his might!
Fair Venus, thy throne all the gods shall surround,
Thy beauty celestial all tongues shall declare,
The roses of joy in thy path shall abound;
Then calm the rough waters and smile on our prayer,
Ah, why should thy anger burn fiercely and high
'Gainst the hero whom foremen still tremble to meet;
For how can he draw from such beauty a sigh,
Save in breathing his vows as he kneels at her feet?

"Decidedly, sire," said the countess, more piqued than gratified by this poetical offering, "Monsieur de Voltaire wishes to recommend himself to your favour."

"He loses his pains, then," said the king. "He is a fire-brand who would burn Paris if he returned to it. Let him stay with his friend, my cousin Frederick II.; we can do very well with Monsieur Rousseau. But take the verses, countess, and study them."

She took the paper, made a match of it, and laid it beside her plate.

"Some tokay, sire," said Chon.

"From the vaults which supply his Majesty the Emperor of Austria," said the countess.

"From the emperor's vaults?" said the king. "*Pardieu!* no one is supplied from them but myself."

"Very true, sire," said the countess; "so I had it from your butler."

"Ah!" said the king, "and you have seduced—"

"No, sire, I have *ordered*."

"Well answered, countess! I was a fool."

"Will the king take coffee?" asked Chon.

"Oh, certainly."

"And will his Majesty burn it as usual?" asked the countess.

"If the lady of the castle permit." The countess rose. "But what are you doing?"

"I am going to wait on you myself."

"Well," said the king, leaning back in his chair like a man who had made an excellent supper, and whose humours were, therefore, in a happy state of equilibrium. "Well, I see that my best plan is to let you do as you like, countess."

The countess brought a silver stand, with a little coffee-pot containing the boiling mocha; she then placed before the king a plate on which was a silver cup and a carafe of Bohemian glass, and beside the plate she laid the taper which she had just folded.

The king, with that profound attention which he always bestowed on this operation, calculated his sugar, measured his coffee, and, having gently poured on it the brandy, so that it swam on the surface, he took the little roll of paper, lighted it at a candle, and communicated the flame to the liquor. Five minutes afterward he enjoyed his coffee with all the delight of a finished epicure.

The countess looked on till he had finished the last drop; then she exclaimed, "Oh, sire, you have burned your coffee with M. de Voltaire's verses. That is a bad omen for the Choiseuls!"

"I was wrong," said he, laughing; "you are not a fairy, you are a demon."

The countess rose.

"Does your Majesty wish to know whether the governor has returned?"

"Zamore? Bah! for what purpose?"

"To allow you to go to Marly, sire."

"True," said the king, making a great effort to rouse himself from that state of comfort in which he found himself. "Well, countess, let us see; let us see."

The countess made a sign to Chon, who vanished.

The king began his search for Zamore again; but, it must be confessed, with very different feelings from those which had before influenced him. Philosophers say that we behold things either dark or bright, according to the state of our stomachs, and, as kings have stomachs like other men,—in general, indeed, not so good as other men, but still communicating the sensation of comfort or discomfort to the rest of the body in the same manner,— our king appeared in the most charming humour which it was possible for a king to be in. Just inside the corridor a new perfume greeted the king's nostrils. A door leading into a delightful chamber, hung in blue satin, embroidered with natural flowers, opened, disclosing, illumined by a mysterious light, the recess toward which for the past two hours the steps of the enchantress had been pointed. "Sire," said she, "it seems that Zamore has not returned, and we are still confined, unless we leave the chateau through the windows."

"By the aid of the bedclothes?" asked the king.

"Sire," said the countess, with a charming smile, "let us use, not abuse."

The king, laughing, opened his arms, and the countess let fall the pretty rose, which scattered its petals on the carpet.

Storming the Bastile

THIS inner yard of the Bastile in Paris was the prisoners' exercise ground. Eight giant towers guarded it: no window opened into it. The sun never penetrated its well-like circuit where the pavement was damp, almost muddy.

Here, a clock, the face upheld by chained captives in carving, dropped the seconds like water oozing through a ceiling on the dungeon slabs. At the bottom of this pit, the prisoner, lost in the stony gulf, would glance up at the inexorable nakedness and sue to be led back into his cell.

Governor Launay, Commander, was about fifty years of age: he wore a grey linseywoolsey suit this day; it was crossed by a red sash of the Order of St. Louis, and he carried a swordcane. He was a bad man: Linguet's Memoirs had just shown him up in a sad light and he was hated almost as much as the jail. His father had been governor before him.

The officers here were on the purchase system, so that the officials tried to make all the money they could squeeze out of the prisoners and their friends. The governor, chief warder, doubled his 60,000 francs appointments by extortion.

In the way of meanness Launay outdid his foregoers: he may have had to pay more highly for the post than his father and so had to put on the screw to retrieve his outlay. He fed his household out of the prisoners' rations; he reduced the firing allowance and doubled the hire of furniture. Maybe he foresaw that he was not to enjoy the berth long.

He had the right to pass a hundred casks of wine into Paris free of duty. He sold it to a wine-shopkeeper who got in the best vintage and supplied him for the prisoners with vinegar.

The latter had one relief, one pleasure—a little garden made on a bastion where they got a whiff of sweet air and saw flowers and grass and sunshine. He let this out to a truck-gardener, robbing the prisoners for fifty livres a-year.

On the other hand he was yielding to rich captives: he let one furnish his room in his own style and have any visitors he liked.

For all this Launay was brave.

He might be pale, but he was calm, although the storm had raged against him from the previous evening. He felt aware of the riot becoming a revolt for the waves broke at the foot of his castle wall.

It is true that he had four cannon and a garrison of old soldiers and Swiss —with only one unarmed man now confronting him. That unarmed man was Billet, farmer and leader of revolutionists. When entering the stronghold he understood that a weapon might get him into trouble beyond the barrier.

With a glance he remarked everything; the governor's calm and menacing attitude; the Swiss ranked in the guard-houses; the Veterans on the platforms, and the silent bustle of the artillerists loading up their caissons with ammunition.

The sentinels had their muskets on their shoulders and their officers carried drawn swords.

As the commander stood still, Billet was obliged to go to him. The grating closed behind the people's parliamentarian with an ugly grinding of metal on metal which made him shudder to the marrow, brave though he was.

"What do you want?" challenged Launay.

"I come on behalf of the people," rejoined the visitor proudly.

"That is all very well," sneered Launay, smiling; "but you must have shown some other warrant, for otherwise you would not have passed the first dead-line of sentries."

"True, I have a pass from your friend Flesselles, Lord Provost."

"Flesselles? why do you dub him my friend?" exclaimed the prison warden, looking at the speaker to read to the bottom of his mind. "How do you conclude that he is a friend of mine?"

"I supposed as much."

"Is that all? never mind. Let us see your safe-conduct."

Billet presented the paper which Launay read more than once in order to catch a hidden meaning or concealed lines; he even held it up to the light to see if there was secret writing.

"Is that all? are you perfectly sure? nothing by word of mouth in addition?"

"Not a bit."

"Strange!" said Launay, plunging his glance by a loophole on Bastile Square. "Then tell me your want and be quick."

"The people want you to give up the Bastile.

"What do you say?" cried Launay, turning quickly as if he must be mistaken in his hearing.

"I summon you in the people's name to give up the Bastile."

"Queer animals the people," sneered Launay, snapping his fingers. "What do they want with the Bastile?"

"To demolish it."

"Why, what the mischief is the Bastile to the people? is any common man ever shut up herein? why, the people ought to bless every stone of the Bastile. Who are locked up here? philosophers, learned men, aristocrats, statesmen, princes—all the enemies of the dregs."

"This only proves that the people are not selfish and want to do good to others."

"It is plain that you are not a soldier, my friend," said the other with a kind of pity.

"It is true and come fresh from the country."

"For you do not know what the Bastile is: come with me and I will show you."

"He is going to pull the spring of some trap which will open beneath my feet," thought the adventurer, "and then good-bye, Old Billet!"

But he was intrepid and did not wince as he prepared to accede to the invitation.

"In the first place," continued Launay, "it is well to know that I have enough powder in the store to blow up the castle and lay half the suburbs in ashes."

"I knew that," was the tranquil reply.

"Do you see these cannon? They rake this gallery, which is defended by a guardhouse, and by two ditches only to be crossed by draw-bridges; lastly, there is a portcullis."

"Oh, I am not saying that the Bastile will be badly defended, but that it will be well attacked."

"To proceed: here is a postern open-

ing on the moats: observe the thickness of the walls. Forty feet here and fifteen above. You see that though the people have nails they will break against such walls."

"I am not saying that the people will demolish the Bastile to master it but that, having mastered it, they will demolish it," said the leader of the revolutionists.

"Let us go upstairs," said the governor, leading up thirty steps, where he paused to say: "This embrasure opens on the passage by which you would be bound to come. It is defended by one rampart gun, but it enjoys a fair reputation. You know the song:

"'Oh, my sweet-voiced Sackbut, I love your dear song?'"

"Certainly, I have heard it, but I do not think this a time to sing it, or anything else."

"Stay; Marshal Saxe called this gun his Sackbut, because it sang the only music he cared anything for. This is a historical fact. But let us go on."

"Oh," said Billet when upon the tower top, "you have not dismounted the cannon, but merely drawn them in. I shall have to tell the people so."

"The cannon were mounted here by the King's command and by that alone can they be dismounted."

"Governor Launay," returned Billet, feeling himself rise to the level of the emergency, "the true sovereign is yonder and I counsel you to obey it."

He pointed to the grey-looking masses, spotted with blood from the battling, and reflecting the dying sunlight on their weapons up to the very moats.

"Friend, a man cannot know two masters," replied the royalist, holding his head up haughtily: "I, the Governor of the Bastile, know but one: the Sixteenth Louis, who put his sign-manual at the foot of the patent which made me the commander over men and material here."

"Are you not a French citizen?" demanded Billet warmly."

"I am a French nobleman," said the Count of Launay.

"True, you are a soldier, and speak like one."

"You are right," said the gentleman bowing. "I am a soldier and carry out my orders."

"Well, I am a citizen," went on Billet, "and as my duty as such is opposed to yours as the King's soldier, one of us must die. He who fulfills his orders or his duties."

"That is likely, sir."

"So you are determined to fire on the people?"

"Not unless I am fired at. I pledged myself to that effect to Lord Provost Flesselles' deputation. You see the guns have been retired, but at the first shot, I will roll one—say this one—forward out of the embrasure with my own hands, train it and point it, and fire with the slow-match you see there."

"If I believed that," said Billet, "before you could commit such a crime——"

"I have told you that I am a soldier and know nothing outside my orders."

"Then, look!" said Billet, drawing Launay to the gap in the battlements and pointing alternately in two different directions—the main street from the town and the street through the

suburbs, "behold those who will henceforth give you orders."

Launay saw two black, dense, roaring bodies, undulating like snakes, with head and bodies in sight but the rearmost coils still waving onwards till lost in the hollows of the ground. All the bodies of these immense reptiles glittered with the scales. These were the two armies to which Billet had given the Bastile as the meeting-place, Marat's men and Gonchon's Paris beggars. As they surged forward they brandished their weapons and yelled blood-curdling cries.

At the sight Launay lost color and said as he raised his cane.

"To your guns!" Then, threatening Billet, he added: "You scoundrel, to come here and gain time under pretence of a parley, do you know that you deserve death?"

Billet saw the attempt to draw the sword from the cane and pierce him; he seized the speaker by the collar and waistband as swift as lightning, and raising him clear off the ground, he replied:

"And you deserve to be hurled down to the bottom of the ditch to be smashed in the mud. But, never mind, thank God I can fight you in another manner."

At this instant, an immense howl, a universal one, rose in the air like a whirlwind, as Major Losme, Commander of Military, appeared on the platform.

"Oh, sir, for mercy's sake," he said to Billet: "Show yourself for the people there believe something has happened you and they call for you."

Indeed, the name of Billet, set afloat by Pitou, leader of the peasants, ascended on the clamor.

The farmer let go Launay who replaced the blade in the stick. The three men hesitated for a moment while the innumerable cries of vengeance and menace arose.

"Show yourself, sir," said Launay, "not because the noise frightens me but to prove that I have acted fairly."

The farmer thrust his head out of the porthole, waving his hand.

At this sight the populace burst with cheering: it was in a measure Revolution standing up in Billet's stead as this man of the lowest ranks trod the Bastile turret like a master.

"That is well, sir," went on Launay. "Now all is ended between us; you have no further business here. They ask for you below; go down."

Billet appreciated this moderation on the part of a man who had him in his power: he went down by the same stairs, the governor following. The major remained up there as the governor had whispered some orders to him.

It was evident that Count Launay had but one wish, that the bearer of the flag of truce should be his active enemy as soon as possible.

Without speaking a word the envoy crossed the yard, where he saw the cannoniers were at their pieces and the lintstocks were lighted and smoking. He stopped before them.

"Friends," he cried, "remember that I came to your commander to stay the shedding of blood, but that he refused me."

"In the King's name, be off from here!" said Launay, stamping his foot.

"Have a care," retorted the farmer:

"I am ordered out in the King's name but I shall return in that of the People. Speak out," he added, turning to the Swiss, "who are you for?"

The foreign soldiers were silent. Launay pointed to the iron door. But Billet attempted a final effort.

"Governor, in the name of the nation, in the name of your brothers!"

"Brothers? is that what you call them who are bellowing 'Down the Bastile,' and 'Death to the Governor?' they may be brothers of yours, but surely they are none of mine."

"In humanity's, then!"

"Humanity—which urges you to come a hundred thousand strong against one hundred hapless soldiers immured in these walls and cut their throats?"

"But by giving up the Bastile you save their lives."

"And I lose my honor."

Billet was hushed, for the soldierly argument crushed him; but again he addressed the soldiers, saying:

"Surrender, friends, while it is yet time; in another ten minutes it will be too late."

"I will have you shot unless you are out of this instantly," thundered Launay, "as true as I am noble."

Billet stopped an instant, folded his arms in token of defiance and, crossing glances for the last time with the exasperated governor, walked forth.

Under the burning July sun the crowds awaited, shuddering with fever. Gonchon's men had joined in with Marat's, the suburbs hailing each other as brothers. Gonchon was at the head of his patriots but Marat had disappeared.

The scene on the open place was terrifying.

On seeing Billet the cheering was tremendous.

"He is a brave man," said Billet to Gonchon, "or rather I should say he is stubborn. He will not surrender the Bastile but will sustain the siege."

"Do you think he will hold out long?"

"To death."

"All right, he shall have that."

"But how many men will be killed by us?" said the farmer, no doubt fearing that he had not the right usurped by generals, kings, and emperors, those who take out licenses to kill and maim.

"Rubbish," said Gonchon; "there are too many, since we have not enough for half the population. Is not that about the size of it, boys?" he asked of the bystanders.

"Yes, yes," was the reply in sublime abnegation.

"But the moat?" queried Billet.

"It need be filled up in only one place," responded the beggar's leader: "and I calculate that we could choke it up altogether, eh, lads?"

The friends answered unanimously in the affirmative.

"Have it so," said Billet, overpowered.

At this moment, Launay appeared on a terrace, followed by Major Losme and two or three other officers.

"Commence," shouted Gonchon.

The governor turned his back on him.

Gonchon might have put up with a threat but he would not bear contempt: he lifted his gun and fired at him. A man near him fell. Instantly a hundred, nay, a thousand gunshots sounded, as if it were awaited as a signal, and the grey towers were striped with white.

A few seconds' silence succeeded this discharge, as if the assailants were frightened at what they had done.

Then a gush of flame lost in a cloud of smoke crowned the crest of one tower. A detonation thundered. Shrieks of pain were heard in the throngs closely pressed. The first cannonshot had been fired by the royalists, the first blood shed.

The battle between people and Bastile was begun.

An instant previously menacing, the multitudes felt something like terror. By defending itself with so little of its weapons the Bastile seemed impregnable. In this period of concession the majority had no doubt supposed that they would always have their way.

That was a mistake: this cannonshot fired into them gave the measure of the Titanic work they had undertaken.

A firing of muskets, well aimed, from the platform, immediately followed.

The fresh silence was broken by renewed screams, groans and a few complaints. But nobody thought to flee, and had the thought struck any one, he must have been ashamed seeing the numbers.

Indeed all the thoroughfares were streams of human beings: the square an immense sea, with each billow a human head: the eyes flamed and the mouths hurled curses.

In a trice all the windows on the square were filled with sharpshooters who fired, though out of range. If a soldier appeared at a loophole or an embrasure, a hundred barrels were leveled at him, and the hail of bullets chipped away the edge of the stone angle shielding him.

But soon they were tired of firing at insensible stone: they wanted the flesh to aim at, and to see the blood spurt.

Everybody shouted ideas of an assault. Billet, weary of listening, caught up an ax from a carpenter's hand, and rushed forward, in the midst of a shower of missiles, striking down the men around him like a scythe lays the grain, till he reached a small guardhouse before the first drawbridge. While the grapeshot was hurling and whistling about him, he hacked at the chains till down came the bridge.

During the quarter of an hour that this insane enterprise went on, the lookers-on held their breath. At each volley they expected to see their champion laid low. Forgetting their own danger, they thought solely of that the audacious worker ran. When the drop came down, they uttered a loud whoop and dashed into the first yard.

The rush was so unexpected, rapid and impetuous that no resistance was made.

The frenziedly joyful cheers announced the first advantage to Launay. Nobody noticed that a man had been mangled under the bridge.

Then, as if at the depth of a cavern, the four guns, pointed out to Billet by the governor, were shot off with a dreadful crash and all the outer yard was swept clear. The iron hurricane cleft a long swath of blood through the mass; on the path lay ten or twelve dead and double as many wounded.

Billet had stood on the guardhouse roof to reach the chain well up; he slid down where he found Pitou, who had reached the spot he knew not how. The young man had a quick eye, a poacher's habit. He had seen the gun-

ners step up to the touchhole with the lighted matches, and seizing his patron by the coat, he had pulled him back behind a corner of the wall which sheltered both from the cannonade.

From this period on, the war was real. The tumult was alarming; the onslaught murderous; ten thousand gunshots poured upon the fort at risk of slaying the assaulters with the garrison. To cap all, a field-piece brought up by the French Guardsmen, added its boom to the cracking of small arms.

The frightful uproar intoxicated the amateur fighters and began to daunt the besieged who felt that they could never raise a commotion equal to this deafening them. The officers saw that their soldiers were weakening: they had to snatch their muskets from them and fire themselves.

At this juncture, amid the roar of great guns and smaller ones, and the shouting, as the mob were rushing forward to carry away the injured and dead on litters, a little body of citizens appeared calm and unarmed at the yard entrance. It was a deputation of electors from the City Hall. They were sacrificing life under protection merely of the white flag before and after them to indicate they came to parley.

Wishing to stop the effusion of blood, after hearing that the attack had commenced, they forced Flesselles to renew negotiations with the governor. In the name of the city, they summoned the governor of the citadel to cease firing, and to receive in the place a hundred of the town guards to guarantee his safety, the garrison's and the inhabitants.

The deputies called this out as they marched along. Frightened by the magnitude of the task they had set themselves, the people were ready to accept the proposal, seeing, too, the dead and wounded carried by. If Launay accepted the partial defeat they would be content with a half-victory.

At sight of them, the inner-yard firing ceased; they were beckoned to approach and they scrambled over the corpses, slipped in gore and held their hands out to the maimed. Under their shelter the others grouped. The injured and lifeless were borne out, streaking the marble flags with broad purple stains.

Firing ceasing on the fort side, Billet went out to get his party to refrain. At the doors he met Gonchon, without arms, exposing his naked breast like a man inspired, calm as though invulnerable.

"What has become of the deputation?" he inquired.

"It has got in," replied Billet. "Cease firing."

"It is useless; he will not give in," said the beggar leader, with the same certainty as if he had been gifted with reading the future.

"No matter; respect the usages of war, since we have become soldiers."

"I do not mind," said Gonchon; "Elie, Hullin, go," he said to two men who seemed to rule the crowd together with him: "Do not let a shot be fired till I say so."

At the voice the two darted away, cleaving the throng, and soon the sound of the musketry dying away, stopped entirely.

During the short rest the wounded were attended to; they were upwards of forty. Two o'clock struck: they had been hammering away two hours,

from noon. Billet had returned to the front where Gonchon found him. His impatience was visible as he watched the iron grating.

"What is wrong?" asked the farmer.

"All is lost if the Bastile is not taken in two hours," was the beggar's reply.

"How so?"

"Because the royal court will learn what we are at. It will send us Bezenval's Switzers and Lambesq's heavies, who will help catch us between three fires."

Billet was forced to confess the truth in the prospect. At length the deputies appeared: by their woe-begone aspect it was clear their errand had failed.

"What did I tell you?" cried the popular orator, gladly; "What was foretold by Balsamo and Cagliostro will come to pass. The accursed fortress is doomed. To arms, boys, to arms," he yelled without waiting for the deputies to relate their doings, "the commandant refuses."

In fact, scarcely had the governor read Flesselles' letter introducing the party than he brightened up in the face and exclaimed, instead of yielding to the proposition:

"You Parisian gentlemen wanted the fight and it is too late to draw back."

The citizens had protested and persisted in picturing the horrors which the defense would entail. But he would heed nothing and finishing by saying to them what he had told Billet a couple of hours anteriorly:

"Begone or I will have you shot."

The citizens were glad to get out of it.

Launay took the offensive this time. He was wild with impatience. Before the deputation crossed the threshold, the Sackbut of Marshal Saxe played its tune: three men fell—one dead and two wounded, the latter being a French guardsman and the other one of the flag-of-truce bearers. At sight of this victim, whose errand made him sacred, carried away smothered in blood, the fury of the numbers was exalted once more.

Gonchon's aide-de-camps had returned to take their places by his side; but each had run home to change his dress. Elie had been the Marquis Conflans' running-footman and his livery resembled a Hungarian officer's uniform. Elie put on the uniform he had worn when an officer of the Queen's own Regiment, and this gave more confidence to the masses with the thought that the army was on their side.

The firing recommenced more fiercely than before.

At this Major Losme approached his superior. He was a brave and honorable soldier, but he had some manhood left him and he saw with pain what had happened and foresaw with more pain what would occur.

"You know we have no food," he said.

"I know that," answered Launay.

"And we have no order to hold out."

"I ask your pardon, Military Governor of the Bastile, but I am the governor of it in all respects; my order is to shut the doors and I hold the keys."

"My lord, keys are to open locks as well as fasten them. Have a care that you do not get the garrison massacred without saving the castle. That will be two triumphs for the revolters in

one day. Look at the men we kill—they spring up again from the pavement. This morning only three thousand were there: three hours ago, there were six. Now they are over sixty thousand and to-morrow they will number a hundred thousand. When our cannon are silenced, and that will be the upshot, they will be strong enough to pull down the Bastile with their bare hands."

"You do not speak like the military governor of the Bastile, Major Losme."

"I speak like a Frenchman, my lord. I say that his Majesty having given us no special order—and the Provost of the Traders having made us a very acceptable proposition, to introduce a hundred Civil Guards into the castle—you might avoid the misery I foresee by acceding to Provost Flesselles' proposition."

"In your opinion, the City of Paris is a power we ought to obey?"

"Yes, in the absence of special royal order."

"Then, read, Major Losme," said the prison chief, leading his lieutenant aside into a corner.

On the small sheet of paper which he let him read, was written:

"Hold out firmly: I will amuse the Parisians with Cockades and promises. Before day is done, Bezenval will send you reinforcements.

"Flesselles."

"How did this advice reach you?" inquired the major.

"In the letter the deputies carried. They thought they were bearing a desire for the Bastile to be surrendered, and it was the order to defend it that they handed me."

The major bent his head.

"Go to your post and do not quit it till I command you, sir," continued Launay. Losme obeying, he coldly folded up the paper, replaced it in his pocket, and went over to the cannoniers to advise them to aim true and fire low. They obeyed like the major.

But the fortalice's fate was settled No human power could delay the accomplishment.

To every cannon shot the reply was: "We mean to have the Bastile!"

While the voices claimed it, arms were not idle.

Pitou's and Billet's arms and voices peasant's and farmers were among those asking most energetically and working most efficaciously.

Each worked according to his character. Courageous and confident as the bulldog, Billet, the farmer, had run at the enemy, heedless of shot and steel. Pitou, the peasant, prudent and circumspect as the fox, endowed to the highest degree with self-preservation, utilized all his faculties to watch danger and anticipate it. His sight knew the most deadly embrasures, and distinguished the least move of the bronze tube to enter it. He could guess the exact moment when the rampart-gun was about to fire through the portcullis. His eyes having done their office, he made his limbs work for their owner.

Down went his shoulders and in went his chest, so that his frame offered no more surface than a board seen edgewise.

In these moments, of the filling-out Pitou, thin only in the legs, nothing

remained but the geometrical expression of a straight line.

He chose a spot where the masonry shaped out cavities and projections so that his head was shielded by a stone, his heart by another and his knees by still another slab. Nowhere could a mortal wound be got in on him.

He fired a shot now and then, to relieve his feelings and because Billet told him to "blaze away." But he had nothing but wood and stone before him.

For his part he kept begging his friend not to expose himself to the firing. "There goes the Sackbut," or "I hear a hammer coming down."

Despite these injunctions the farmer executed prodigies of daring and energy, all in pure waste, till the idea struck him to go along the woodwork of the bridge and chop the chains of the second one, as he had done with the first.

Ange howled for him to stay and seeing that howls were useless, he followed him, from cover saying:

"Dear Master Billet, your wife will be a widow if you get killed."

The Swiss thrust their guns through the loopholes by which the Sackbut was fired to try to pick off the daring fellow who was making the chips fly off their bridge.

Billet called on his single gun to answer the Sackbut, but when the latter fired, the other artillerists retreated and the farmer was left alone to serve the cannon. This again drew Pitou out of his refuge.

"Master," he sued, "in the name of Catherine! think if you are done for, that Catherine will be an orphan."

Billet yielded to his plea, and because he had a new idea.

He ran out on the square, holloaing.

"A cart!"

"Two carts," added Pitou, thinking you cannot have too much of a good thing."

Ten carts were immediately trundled through the multitude.

"Dry hay and straw!" shouted Billet.

"Straw and hay," repeated Pitou.

Like a flash, two hundred men brought each a truss of straw or half a bale of hay. Others brought dry fodder on litters. They were obliged to call out that they had ten times more than was wanted. In an hour they would have smothered the Bastile.

Billet put himself in the rails of a cart, laden with hay, and pushed it before him instead of dragging it.

Pitou did the same with another, without knowing why, but thinking the farmer's example was worthy of imitation.

Elie and Hullin guessed what the farmer proposed; they supplied themselves with carts and pushed them into the prison yard.

Scarcely did they enter than small shot and canister received them but the hay and straw deadened the bullets and slugs and only a few rattled on the wheels and shafts. None of the assailants were touched.

As soon as this discharge was fired, two or three hundred musketmen dashed on behind the cart-pushers and lodged under the sloping shed of the bridge itself, under cover of the moving breastwork.

There Billet pulled out a scrap of

paper, and flint and steel; he wrapped up a pinch of gunpowder in the paper, struck a light and ignited it and shoved the flaring piece into the heap of hay. Others took lighted wisps and scattered the flames. It caught the pentroof and the four blazing carts set fire to beams high up and sneaked along the bridge supports.

To put out the fire the garrison would have to come out and to show oneself was to court death.

The glad cheer, started in the yard, was caught up on the square where the smoke was seen above the towers. Something fatal to the besieged was surmised to be going on.

Indeed the redhot chains drew out and snapped from the ringbolts. The half-broken bridge fell, smoking and sending up sparks.

The firemen came up with their engines, but the governor ordered them to be fired upon though the prison might be thus burned over the garrison's heads.

The old French soldiers refused. The Swiss were willing, but as they were not artillerists they could not work the carriage-guns. These had to be abandoned.

On the other side, seeing that the cannonade ceased, the French Guards resumed their field piece work and with the third ball sent the portcullis flying.

The governor had gone upon the tower to see if the promised succor was arriving when he suddenly found himself enwrapped in smoke. He ran downstairs and ordered the gunners to keep up the firing. The refusal of the French Veterans exasperated him.

On hearing the portcullis smashed in, he recognized that all was lost.

He was fully aware that he was hated. He guessed that there was no safety for him. During the whole of the action, he had cherished the thought of burying himself under the ruins of his castle.

As soon as he acknowledged that all resistance was useless, he snatched a lintstock from an artillerist and precipitated himself towards the powder magazine.

"The powder, the powder!" shrieked twenty terrified voices.

On seeing the governor with the burning match they divined his intention. Two soldiers crossed their bayonets before his breast at the very instant when he opened the ammunition-storeroom door.

"You may kill me," he said, "but you cannot do that so quickly that I shall not have had time to toss this brand into one of the open kegs. Then, all of us, besieged and besiegers, go up!"

The soldiers stopped with the steel at his breast, but he was still their commander and commanded, for he held the lives of all in his hands. His movement riveted everybody to their place.

The assailants perceived that something extraordinary was going on. They peered into the yard and saw the governor threatening and being threatened.

"Hark to me," said he, "as true as I have death in my grasp for all of you, I will fire the powder if one of you dare step within this yard."

The hearers might fancy the earth quaked beneath their feet.

"What do you want?" several voices gasped with the accent of a panic.

"An honorable capitulation."

As the assailants could not fully comprehend the extent of Launay's despair and did not believe his speech, they began to enter, Billet at the head. It little mattered to the farmer whether the Bastile was torn down or blown up.

"Stop," shouted Billet, "for the sake of the prisoners!"

Elie and Hullin, and their men, who had not shrank from death on their own behalf, recoiled, white and trembling like he had.

"What do you want?" they demanded of the governor, renewing the question his garrison had put to him.

"Everybody must retire," replied Count Launay. "I will listen to no proposition while there is an intruder inside the Bastile walls."

"But you will take advantage of our withdrawal to repair damages," remonstrated Billet.

"If the capitulation be refused, you will find things in the same condition; you there, I at this door, on the faith of a nobleman!"

Some shook their heads.

"Is there any here who doubt a nobleman?" questioned the count.

"No, no, nobody," rejoined five hundred voices.

"Bring me pen, ink and paper," continued the governor. "That is well, he went on as his orders were executed. "Now, retire!" he said to the assaulters.

Billet, Elie and Hullin set the example, and all followed them.

Launay laid the match by his side and began to write the terms of surrender on his knee. The French Veterans and the Swiss, aware that their safety was at stake, silently looked at him in superstitious terror. When he turned, before writing the document out fair, all the yards were clear.

In a twinkling all the concourse outside had learnt what was proceeding. As Losme had said, it was the population which issued from beneath the flagstones and pavement. Not only workmen and beggars, the homeless and the imperfectly clad, but citizens of the better classes. Not only men but women and children. Each had a weapon and uttered a war-cry.

From spot to spot, amid groups, was seen a woman, disheveled, wringing her hands and waving her arms, howling curses at the giant of stone: it was a mother, a wife or a sweetheart whose dearest one had been incarcerated in its flanks.

But since a short space the giant had ceased to vomit flame and scowl in the smoke; the fire was extinct and the whole mute as a tomb. On the blackened walls the bullet grazes stood out white and were above count; everybody had wanted to leave his mark on the granite brow of his personification of tyranny.

They could hardly believe that the Bastile was about to be turned over to them; that its governor would surrender.

In the midst of this general doubt, as none ventured to congratulate another, and all waited in silence, a letter stuck on a spearpoint was seen thrust through a loophole.

Between the despatch and the besiegers was the great moat deep and wide and full of water.

Billet called for a plank, but three were too short, and the fourth, while long enough, was ill adjusted. Still he balanced himself as well as he could and unhesitatingly risked himself on the bending bridge.

All in dumbness fixed their eyes on the man who seemed suspended over the stagnant water, while Pitou, quivering, sat on the brink and hid his face.

All of a sudden, when Billet was two-thirds over, the plank shifted, and throwing up his arms he fell in the moat, where he sank out of sight.

Pitou uttered a roar and dived after his master like a Newfoundland dog.

A man went right out on the plank, without hesitation, choosing the same road as Billet: it was Stanislas Maillard, the prison clerk. On reaching the point beneath which he saw two men struggling, he looked, but seeing that they could swim ashore, he continued his way.

In half a minute he was across and took the letter off the pike.

With the same tranquil nerve and steadiness of gait, he passed back over the plank.

But at the very second when all crowded round him to read the message, a hail of bullets rained down from the battlements at the same time as a tremendous report was heard.

From all breasts a cry arose, one announcing that the people meant to have revenge.

"Trust the tyrants again," said Gonchon.

Nobody cared any more about capitulations, the powder, the prisoners or himself—nothing was wanted but retaliation and the besiegers strewed into the yards not by hundreds but by thousands. The only thing preventing them entering still faster was not the muskets but the narrowness of the doorways.

On hearing the firing, the two soldiers who had not gone away from their commander, jumped at him and a third set his foot on the slowmatch, and crushed it out. Launay drew the sword hidden in his cane and tried to stab with it but it was wrenched off from him and broken, while in his grip.

He was convinced that he could do no more, and he waited for his doom.

The mobs rushing in met the soldiers, holding out their hands to them —and so the Bastile was not taken under a surrender but by assault.

This came from the royal castle having ceased to enclose inert matter; latterly the King had shut up human brain there and the spirit had burst the vessel.

The people entered at the breach.

As for the treacherous volley fired in the midst of silence during the suspension of hostilities, and unforseen, impolitic and deadly aggression, it will never be known who gave the order, inspired it and accomplished it.

There are moments when the future of a nation is exactly poised in the scales of Fate. One of the plates bears up the other, even while each party thinks his side will make the other kick the beam. An invisible hand has flung into the dish a dagger or a pistol and all changes. The only cry heard is:

"Woe to the vanquished!"

While the multitude poured, roaring with delight and anger same time, into the yards of the prison, two men were floundering in the ditch: Billet and Pitou. The latter was keeping up the other whom no bullet or blow had struck, but the fall had a trifle stunned him. Ropes were thrown to them and poles thrust down.

In five minutes they were rescued, and were hugged and carried in triumph, muddy though they were.

One gave Billet a drink of brandy, another crammed the younger peasant with bread and sausage. A third dried them off and led them into the sunshine.

Suddenly an idea or rather a memory crossed the good farmer's mind: he tore himself from the friendly arms and ran towards the fort.

"The prisoners, help the prisoners!" he shouted.

"Yes, the prisoners," repeated Pitou, darting into the tower after his leader.

Only thinking of the jailers, the mob now shuddered on remembering the captives. The cries were reiterated. A fresh flood of assailants burst any remaining barriers and seemed to enlarge the flanks of the prison to expand it with liberty.

A frightful scene was presented to Billet and his friend. The mob had crowded into the court, enraged, drunken and furious. The first soldier falling under hand was torn to pieces.

Gonchon looked on quietly, no doubt thinking that popular wrath is like a great river, doing more mischief if one tries to dam it than if letting it make its course. On the contrary, Elie and Hullin leaped in between defenders and attackers; they prayed and supplicated, vociferating the holy lie that the soldiers were promised their lives.

Billet and Pitou's arrival was reinforcement to them.

Billet, whom they were revenging, was alive; not even hurt; the plank had swerved underfoot and he was clear with a mud bath, that was all.

The Swiss were most detested: but they were not to be found. They had time to put on overalls and smock-frocks of dull linen, and they passed off as servants.

With sledges the invaders broke the captive images on the clock face. They raced up to the turret tops to kick the cannon which had belched death on them. They laid hands on the stones and endeavored to dislodge them.

When the first of the conquerors were seen on the battlements, all without, below, a hundred thousand or so, cast up an immense clamor.

It spread over Paris, and flew over France like a swift-winged eagle:

"The Bastile is taken!"

At this news, hearts melted, eyes were moist with tears of gladness, and hands clasped; no longer were there opposition parties or inimical castes, for all Parisians understood that they were brothers and all men that they were free.

Millions of men mutually embraced.

Aurora

In all truth, Henrietta de Hautfort was exceedingly lovely. She was of rosy complexion and ruddy hair, well-earning the title of Aurora, as Lady Fargis, maid of honor to the queen, Anne of Austria, had said. Vaultier, agent of King Louis XIII., had discovered her in a trip of his into Perigord, and, having conceived the possibility of corrupting the girl, he had the idea of making the phantom of a king seriously enamored.

He had arranged everything beforehand, making sure that no relation, no lover or even friend was there to oppose the devotion; but, upon Marie de Medici's hint, mother of Louis XIII., he had delayed until the return of Lady Fargis, under the impression that she was the only person who could hopefully present the wormwood to her majesty with a honeyed air.

When the fair young creature threw herself at her majesty's feet, held out her hands and cried:

"Oh, all, all for you, my queen!" she saw clearly that so unblemished a beauty, with a voice so fresh, could not lie, and she lifted her up with pleasure.

That same evening, all was arranged. Henrietta was to endeavor to charm the king, and, as soon as she should have enchained him fast, she should lead him over to the queen, and make him dismiss Richelieu, the minister, her enemy.

The only puzzle was to make the temptress appear in the most favorable position before the monarch.

The queen gave out that, as the king was only at Fontainebleau, they would go and spend the Easter with him. On Palm Sunday eve they arrived.

On the next day, the king went to hear mass in the castle chapel, where everybody of the court was summoned. Only a few feet from the sovereign, in the light of a sunbeam variegated by streaming through the gold and purple stained glass, was a girl kneeling on the pavement.

She had nothing intervening between her dress and the marble.

The king knelt on a golden-tasselled cushion.

He felt ashamed of having a carpet under him while so lovely a girl had none. He called a page and bade him take his cushion to her.

But Henrietta, as if not deeming herself worthy of using the royal cushion, she arose, curtseyed to the offerer and respectfully placed the boon on a chair, with virginal freedom and boldness.

Such gracefulness attracted the king.

He had hardly returned to the castle before he began to inquire who was the ravishing enchantress whom he had seen at church. He learnt that she was the grand-daughter of one Mistress Flotte, who had only the evening before entered the services of Queen Marie de Medici as governess of her maids of honor.

From that day forward, to the high astonishment of everybody and the great satisfaction of those interested, there was a complete change in the king's habits.

Instead of locking himself up in the

darkest room as he was wont to do at the Louvre and had done for a week at Fontainbleau.

In fact, the king was completely enthralled.

But the designs of the Queen and Fargis were frustrated by the appearance of the Count of Moret, Antoine de Bourbon, son of Henry of Navarre. He had been sent by Richelieu to convey important despatches to the king. The instant Aurora's glance fell on the Count's handsome face, she exclaimed: "I cannot fulfil my pledge to the queen!"

The Count of Moret's appearance at Court awakened feelings of love in Anne of Austria's breast such as she had never experienced since her interview with the splendid Buckingham. Aurora was no less impressed by his noble appearance.

It chanced that Fargis had so managed Aurora that the latter agreed to meet the King in secret. The queen meanwhile dispatched an invitation to the Count of Moret for the same evening. Neither of the messages contained names. The waiting-maids had passed the notes to the pages of the Count and the King. But a slight mistake took place in the delivery.

As time wore on the hopes of the antecardinalistic party rose. For once the minister seemed to have had a mind but for one thing. Busy with the army, Richelieu, while despatching the usual couriers to inquire of the king's health, no longer entreated the sovereign to the battle-fields.

* * * * * *

It was about five o'clock one morning that a great rattle of wheels and a great clatter of hoofs resounded on the main road from the south, and there appeared, coming straight to the chateau, a coach surrounded by a number of guards, who wore the cardinal's uniform.

The guards on duty and the servants who were up so early hastened to collect at the foot of the grand staircase, and shout:

"Long live the cardinal!"

From the coach, Richelieu himself alighted!

"Long live the cardinal!" thought to have been so far away.

From end to end, from foundation to roof the cry echoed and re-echoed. All were aroused. They had heard Richelieu had accomplished a truce with the Spanish forces.

In one chamber, a sleeping-apartment, the gorgeous form of Anne of Austria started up from the embrace of one, at view of whom in the dawning light she uttered an exclamation, in the height of surprise:

"Louis, my king!"

The king lifted his head languidly.

But the memories of the joys of night, of the pleasures, of the caresses which Anne had treasured up to pour upon the not-come Count of Moret, inspirited the monarch, and as the queen was about to cover her bosom with the lace, he tore it away and kissed her again and again. And, exhausted herself by a vigor which she had never expected to find in him, she sank back on the pillow and returned his fondlings.

In a room not far from this, the exclamation over the cardinal's arrival, awakened another slumberer.

Aurora de Hautfort opened her eyes

to see—not the sullen, dark face of the monarch next her own, but the healthful brown and ruddy countenance of the Count of Moret.

He pretended to be asleep, but he kept his arms clasped, and, as no man could have unloosed his grip, little could she do towards undoing the embrace.

And bursting into tears, she wound her slender arms around his neck and nestling her head down on his breast amid her dishevelled tresses and his curly beard, she lay panting as if about to die till he pretended to wake up and began to quiet her child-like vexation at the deception so advantageous to her.

Branded

CRONE was the most delighted of Chiefs of Police known in the history of Paris.

The fruit of a criminal magistrate is the conviction as the blossom is the arrest. Arrest after arrest succeeded that of the Prince of Rohan.

Finally the apprehensions led to Lady Lamotte, last of the Valois.

She was to be branded, whipped, and kept in a Magdalen Asylum forever.

First his men captured Reteau, who led to the apprehension of Lady Lamotte.

In the Justice Court, a scaffold was erected eight feet high in full sight of the three thousand sightseers. On it stood a post, having iron rings set in it, with a placard on the top which was not legible.

The way up to the platform was by a ladder in the lack of steps. The bayonets of the archers formed a railing with spikes around it.

The door in the wall opened and out came the doomed countess, while shouts of "down with the thief, the forger!" sounded.

Jeanne was at the end of her forces, for she had been fighting with the executioners, but not of her rage. She ceased to shriek because the clamor of the mob overcame her: but she called out some shrill metallic words which hushed the murmurs as by enchantment.

"Do you know whom I am? I come of the blood of your kings. In me is struck, not a culprit, but a rival. More than that, an accomplice."

She was interrupted by the police hirelings.

"Yes, an accomplice who knews the secrets of——"

"Look out!" whispered the turnkey.

She looked up—the executioner was flourishing a scourge!

At this she forgot all and screamed for mercy.

Hooting drowned her yell, while she giddily clung to the flagellator's knees and tried to seize the whip which he used but feebly. At the first lash she sprang up and began to struggle for the weapon.

Suddenly she relaxed her violence, for his aid was holding up a redhot iron for him. The heat it sent forth made her bound back with a savage howl.

"Branded? brand me?" she screamed.

"Yes, yes," roared a thousand voices.

"Help, help," said Jeanne, bewildered, trying to get the rope off from round her hands.

As the executioner could not open her dress, he tore it off her shoulder; but Jeanne rushed upon him and made him retreat so that he dared not touch her: the mob hooted him for his clumsiness and piqued him in his conceit. The crowd admired the courage of the little, frail woman holding the burly headsman at bay: impatience rose: the jailer had got off the platform: the soldiers looked on in disorder.

"Have done!" called out an imperious voice which the executioner no doubt recognized, for he pushed Jeanne down with a vigorous repulse and held her head with his left hand. But she rose, hotter than the iron threatening her, and yelled in a voice superior to the uproar:

"Cowards, will you see me tortured? will you not defend me?"

"Be quiet," said the judge's clerk.

"Yes, what good will that do me? the more fool I, for if I spoke all that I know about the Queen, I might be slain but not dishonored!"

She said no more, for the King's Commissioner rushed upon the scaffold with help, and they held the woman while the executioner impressed her shoulder with the royal brand. She uttered a howl, with no equivalent in human cries.

Shame and pain vanquished her. The executioner carried her, bent double, down the ladder of ignominy.

She did not work out the rest of her sentence; by some means she made her escape from France and, going to London, the Last of the Valois lost her life by jumping out of a window to avoid arrest for debt. Beginning life as a beggar, thus she perished in poverty.

The hushed crowd broke up and went away. Two of the spectators accosted each other.

"Do you think, Maximilian, that it is really Countess Lamotte whom the fellow branded?"

"They say so," replied the taller of the two young men.

"Like the rest, you will go away believing this was not some trick. They have paid some wretch who was to be branded anyway to play the fine lady's part. The only person really branded was the Queen."

The hearer laughed loudly and clapped hands for the jest, and looking round him, said:

"Good-bye, Robespierre!"

"Good-bye, Marat," and they parted.

The Tragedy of Nantes

At the time of which we write there had been a serious revolution against the regent of France, Philippe le Debonnaire. Gaston de Chanlay had been pardoned, though the real leader, because Helene, the regent's beautiful daughter, had fallen in love with his noble character and fearless sway.

Gaston was soon posting along the road to Nantes, seat of judgment, leaving behind all postilions in his mad haste, whose place then as now was

to hold the horses instead of urging them on.

He had already passed Sevres and Versailles, and on arriving at Rambouillet just at daybreak, he saw the innkeeper and some postilions gathered round a horse which had just been bled. The horse was lying stretched on its side, in the middle of the street, breathing with difficulty.

Gaston at first paid no attention to all this; but as he was mounting himself, he heard one of the bystanders say, "If he goes at that pace he will kill more than one between this and Nantes."

Gaston was on the point of starting, but struck by a sudden and terrible idea, he stopped and signed to the innkeeper to come to him.

The innkeeper approached.

"Who has passed by here?" asked Gaston, "going at such a pace as to have put that poor animal in such a state?"

"A courier of the minister's," answered the innkeeper.

"A courier of the minister's!" exclaimed Gaston, "and coming from Paris?"

"From Paris."

"How long has he passed, more or less?"

"About two hours."

Gaston uttered a low cry which was like a groan. He knew Dubois, the wily minister—Dubois, who had tricked him under a disguise. The good will of the minister recurred to his mind and frightened him. Why this courier despatched post haste just two hours before himself?

"Oh! I was too happy," thought the young man, "and Helene was right when she told me she had a presentiment of some great misfortune. Oh, I will overtake this courier, and learn the message that he bears, or perish in the attempt." And he shot off like an arrow.

But with all these doubts and interrogations he had lost ten minutes more, so that on arriving at the first post station he was still two hours behind. This time the courier's horse had held out, and it was Gaston's which was ready to drop. The innkeeper tried to make some remarks, but Gaston dropped two or three louis and set off again at a gallop.

At the next posting-house he had gained a few minutes, and that was all. The courier who was before him had not slackened his pace. Gaston increased his own; but this frightful rapidity redoubled the young man's fever and mistrust.

"Oh!" said he, "I *will* arrive at the same time that he does, if I am unable to precede him." And he doubled his speed, and spurred on his horse, which, at every station, stopped dripping with blood and sweat, or tumbled down exhausted. At every station he learnt that the courier had passed almost as swiftly as himself, but he always gained some few minutes, and that sustained his strength.

Those whom he passed upon the way, leaving them far behind, pitied, in spite of themselves, the beautiful young man, pale-faced and haggard, who flew on thus, and took neither rest, nor food, dripping with sweat, despite the bitter cold, and whose parched lips could only frame the words:—"A horse! a horse! quick, there, a horse!"

And, in fact, exhausted, with no strength but that supplied him by his heart, and maddened more and more by the rapidity of his course and the feeling of danger, Gaston felt his head turn, his temples throb, and the perspiration of his limbs was tinged with blood.

Choked by the thirst and dryness of his throat, at Ancenis he drank a glass of water: it was the first moment he had lost during sixteen hours, and yet the accursed courier was still an hour and a half in advance. In eighty leagues Gaston had only gained some forty or fifty minutes.

The night was drawing in rapidly, and Gaston, ever expecting to see some object appear on the horizon, tried to pierce the obscurity with his bloodshot glances; on he went, as in a dream, thinking he heard the ringing of bells, the roar of cannon, and the roll of drums. His brain was full of mourning strains and inauspicious sounds; he lived no longer as a man, but his fever kept him up, he flew as it were in the air.

On, and still on. About eight o'clock at night he perceived Nantes at length upon the horizon, like a dark mass from out the midst of which some scattered lights were shining starlike in the gloom.

He tried to breathe, and, thinking his cravat was choking him, he tore it off and threw it on the road.

Thus, mounted on his black horse, wrapped in his black cloak, and long ago bareheaded (his hat had fallen off), Gaston was like some fiendish cavalier bound to the witches' Sabbath.

On reaching the gates of Nantes his horse stumbled, but Gaston did not lose his stirrups, pulled him up sharply, and driving the spurs into his sides, he made him recover himself.

The night was dark, no one appeared upon the ramparts, the very sentinels were hidden in the gloom; it seemed like a deserted city. But as he passed the gate a sentinel said something which Gaston did not even hear. He held on his way. At the Rue du Château his horse stumbled and fell, this time to rise no more. What mattered it to Gaston now?—he had arrived. On he went on foot; his limbs were strained and deadened, yet he felt no fatigue, he held the paper crumbled in his hand.

One thing, however, astonished him, and that was meeting no one in so populous a quarter.

As he advanced, however, he heard a sullen murmur coming from the Place de Bouffay, as he passed before a long street which led into that Place.

There was a sea of heads, lit up by flaring lights; but Gaston passed on—his business was at the castle—and the sight disappeared.

At last he saw the castle—he saw the door gaping wide before him. The sentinel on guard upon the drawbridge tried to stop him; but Gaston, his order in his hand, pushed him roughly aside and entered the inner door.

Men were talking, and one of them was wiping his tears off as he talked.

Gaston understood it all.

"A reprieve!" he cried, "A re—"

The word died upon his lips; but the men had done better than hear, they had seen his despairing gesture.

"Go, go!" they cried, showing him the way, "go and perhaps you may yet arrive in time."

And they themselves dispersed in all directions. Gaston pursued his way; he traversed a corridor, then some empty rooms, then the great chamber, and then another corridor.

Far off, through the bars, by the torchlight, he perceived the great crowd of which he had caught a glimpse before.

He had passed right through the castle, and issued on a terrace; thence he perceived the esplanade, a scaffold, men, and all around the crowd.

Gaston tried to cry, but no one heard him, he waved his handkerchief, but no one saw him; another man mounts on the scaffold, and Gaston uttered a cry and threw himself down below.

He had leaped from the top of the rampart to the bottom. A sentinel tried to stop him, but he threw him down, and descended a sort of staircase which led down to the square, and at the bottom was a sort of barricade of wagons. Gaston bent down and glided between the wheels.

Beyond the barricade were all St. Simon's grenadiers,—a living hedge; Gaston, with a desperate effort, broke through the line, and found himself inside the ring.

The soldiers, seeing a man, pale and breathless, with a paper in his hand, allowed him to pass.

All of a sudden he stopped, as if struck by lightning. Talhouet!—he saw him!—Talhouet kneeling on the scaffold!

"Stop! stop!" cried Gaston, with all the energy of despair.

But even as he spoke the sword of the executioner flashed like lightning, a dull and heavy blow followed, and a terrible shudder ran through all the crowd.

The young man's shriek was lost in the general cry arising from twenty thousand palpitating breasts at once.

He had arrived a moment too late,—Talhouet was dead: and, as he lifted his eyes, he saw in the hand of the headsman the bleeding head of his friend,—and then, in the nobility of his heart, he felt that, one being dead, they all should die; that not one of them would accept a pardon which arrived a head too late. He looked around him; Du Couëdic mounted in his turn, clothed with his black mantle, bare-headed and bare-necked.

Gaston remembered that he also had a black mantle, and that his head and neck were bare, and he laughed convulsively.

He saw what remained for him to do, as one sees some wild landscape by the lightning's livid gleam,—'tis awful, but grand.

Du Couëdic bends down; but, as he bends, he cries: "See how they recompense the services of faithful soldiers! —see how you keep your promises, oh ye cowards of Bretagne!"

Two assistants force him on his knees; the sword of the executioner whirls round and gleams again, and Du Couëdic lies beside Talhouet.

The executioner takes up the head; shows it to the people; and then places it at one corner of the scaffold, opposite that of Talhouet.

"Who next?" asks the headsman.

"It matters little," answers a voice, "provided that Monsieur de Pontcalec be the last, according to his sentence."

"I, then," says Montlouis, "I." And he springs upon the scaffold. But there

he stops, his hair bristling; at a window before him he has seen his wife and his children.

"Montlouis! Montlouis!" cried his wife, with the despairing accent of a breaking heart, "Montlouis! look at us!"

At the same moment all eyes were turned towards that window. Soldiers, citizens, priests, and executioners look the same way. Gaston profits by the deathlike silence which reigns around him, springs to the scaffold, and grasps the staircase and mounts the first steps.

"My wife! my children!" cried Montlouis, wringing his hands in despair; "oh! go, have pity upon me!"

"Montlouis!" cries his wife, holding up afar the youngest of his sons, "Montlouis, bless your children, and one day, perhaps, one of them will avenge you."

"Adieu! my children, my blessing on you!" cries Montlouis, stretching his hands towards the window.

These mournful adieus pierce the night, and reverberate like a terrible echo in the hearts of the spectators.

"Enough," says the executioner, "enough." Then, turning to his assistants,—

"Be quick!" says he, "or the people will not allow us to finish."

"Be easy," says Montlouis; "if the people should rescue me, I would not survive them."

And he pointed with his finger to the heads of his companions.

"Ah, I had estimated them rightly, then," cried Gaston, who heard these words. "Montlouis, martyr, pray for me."

Montlouis turned round, he seemed to have heard a well-known voice; but at the very moment the executioner seized him, and almost instantly a loud cry told Gaston that Montlouis was like the others, and that *his* turn was come.

He leapt up; in a moment he was on the top of the ladder, and he in his turn looked down from the abominable platform upon all that crowd. At three corners of the scaffold were the heads of Talhouet, Du Couëdic, and Montlouis.

But there arose then a strange emotion in the people. The execution of Montlouis, attended by the circumstances we have narrated, had upset the crowd. All the square, heaving and uttering murmurs and imprecations, seemed to Gaston some vast sea with life in every wave. At this moment the idea flashed across him that he might be recognised, and that his name uttered by a single mouth might prevent his carrying out his intention. He fell on his knees, and laid his head himself upon the block.

"Adieu!" he murmured, "adieu my friends, my tender, dear Helene; thy nuptial kiss has cost me my life indeed, but not mine honour. Alas! those fifteen minutes wasted in thine arms will have struck down five heads. Adieu! Helene, adieu!"

The sword of the executioner gleamed.

"And you, my friends, pardon me," added the young man.

The steel fell; the head rolled one way, and the body fell the other.

Then the executioner raised the head and showed it to the people.

But then a mighty murmur rose from the crowd; no one had recognised Pontcalec.

The executioner mistook the mean-

ing of this murmur; he placed Gaston's head at the empty corner, and with his foot pushing the body into the tumbril where those of his three companions awaited, he leant upon his sword, and cried aloud,—

"Justice is done."

"And I, then," cried a voice of thunder, "am I to be forgotten?"

And Pontcalec, in his turn, leapt upon the scaffold.

"You!" cried he, recoiling as if he had seen a ghost. "You! who are you?"

"I," said Pontcalec; "come, I am ready."

"But," said the executioner, trembling, and looking one after the other at the four corners of the scaffold—"but there are four heads already."

"I am the Baron de Pontcalec, do you hear? I am to die the last,—and here I am."

"Count," said he, as pale as the baron, pointing with his sword to the four corners.

"Four heads!" exclaimed Pontcalec; "impossible." At this moment he recognised in one of the heads the pale and noble face of Gaston, which seemed to smile upon him even in death.

And he in his turn started back in terror.

"Oh, kill me then quickly!" he cried, groaning with impatience; "would you make me die a thousand times?"

During this interval, one of the commissioners had mounted the ladder, called by the chief executioner. He cast a glance upon Pontcalec.

"It is indeed the Baron de Pontcalec," said the commissioner; "perform your office."

"But," cried the executioner, "there are four heads there already."

"Well, then, his will make five; better too many than too few."

And the commissioner descended the steps, signing to the drums to beat.

The headsman reeled upon the boards of his scaffold. The tumult increased. The horror was more than the crowd could bear. A long murmur ran along the square; the lights were put out; the soldiers, driven back, cried, "To arms!" there was a moment of noise and confusion, and several voices exclaimed,—

"Death to the commissioners! death to the executioners!" Then the guns of the fort, loaded with grape, were pointed towards the people.

"What shall I do?" asked he.

"Strike," answered the same voice which had always spoken.

Pontcalec threw himself on his knees; the assistants placed his head upon the block. Then the priests fled in horror, the soldiers trembled in the gloom, and the headsman, as he struck, turned away his head lest he should see his victim. Ten minutes afterwards the square was empty,—the windows closed and dark. The artillery and the fusiliers encamped around the demolished scaffold looked in silence on the spots of blood that incarnadined the pavement.

The priests to whom the bodies were delivered recognised that there were indeed, as had been said, five bodies instead of four. One of the corpses still held a crumpled paper in his hand.

This paper was the pardon of the other four. Then only was all explained,—and the devotion of Gaston,

which he had confided to no one, was divined.

The priests wished to perform a mass, but the president, Châteauneuf, fearing some disturbance at Nantes, ordered it to be performed without pomp or ceremony.

The bodies were buried on the Wednesday before Easter. The people were not permitted to enter the chapel where the mutilated bodies reposed, the greater part of which, report says, the quicklime refused to destroy.

Not long after this tragedy a queer carriage went out from Paris and proceeded along the road to Nantes. A young woman, pale and almost dying, was seated in it by the side of an Augustine nun, who uttered a sigh and wiped away a tear every time she looked at her companion.

A man on horseback of royal mien was watching for the carriage a little beyond Rambouillet. He was wrapped in a large cloak which left nothing visible but his eyes.

Near him was another man also enveloped in a cloak.

When the carriage passed, he heaved a deep sigh, and two silent tears fell from his eyes.

"Adieu!" he murmured, "adieu all my joy, adieu my happiness! adieu Helene, my child, adieu!"

"Monseigneur," said the man beside him, "you must pay for being a great prince; and he who would govern others must first conquer himself. Be strong to the end, monseigneur, and posterity will say that you were great."

"Oh, I shall never forgive you," said the regent, Philippe d'Orleans, with a sigh so deep it sounded like a groan; "for you have killed my happiness."

"Ah, yes!—work for kings," said the companion of this sorrowful man, shrugging his shoulders. "'Noli fidere principibus terræ nec filiis eorum.'"

The two men remained there till the carriage had disappeared, and then returned to Paris.

Eight days afterwards the carriage entered the porch of the Augustines at Clisson. On its arrival, all the convent pressed round the suffering traveller,—poor floweret! broken by the rough winds of the world.

"Come, my child; come and live with us again," said the superior.

"Not live, my mother," said the young girl, "but die."

"Think only of the Lord, my child," said the good abbess.

"Yes, my mother! Our Lord, who died for the sins of men."

Helene returned to her little cell, from which she had been absent scarcely a month. Everything was still in its place, and exactly as she had left it. She went to the window: the lake was sleeping tranquil and sad, but the ice which had covered it had disappeared beneath the rain, and with it the snow, where, before departing, the young girl had seen the impression of Gaston's footsteps.

Spring came, and everything but Helene began to live once more. The trees around the little lake grew green, the large leaves of the water-lilies floated once more upon the surface, the reeds raised up their heads, and all the families of warbling birds came back to people them again. Even the barred gate opened to let the sturdy gardener in.

Helene survived the summer, but in September she faded with the waning of the year, and died.

The very morning of her death, the superior received a letter from Paris by a courier. She carried it to the dying girl. It contained only these words:—

"My mother, obtain from your daughter her pardon for the regent."

Helene, implored by the superior, grew paler at that name, but she answered,—

"Yes, my mother, I forgive him. But it is because I go to rejoin him whom he killed."

At four o'clock in the afternoon she breathed her last.

She asked to be buried at the spot where Gaston, her lover, used to untie the boat with which he came to visit her; and her last wishes were complied with.

And there she sleeps beneath the sod, pure as the flowers that blossom over her grave; and, like them, broken by the cruel gusts that sweep the delicate blossoms so mercilessly down, and wither them with a breath.

Cripple and Giant

General Travot was sent to La Vendée to quell the peasant uprising. We all know the result of his operations; the Vendéan army defeated, Jolly killed, Couëtu enticed into an ambush and taken by a traitor whose name has never been known, Charette made prisoner in the woods of La Chabotière and shot in the market-place of Nantes.

The guard-house, which had been occupied for the last few days by a detachment of troops of the line, was a vast building, with a front toward the courtyard, while its rear looked out upon the country road that leads from Saint-Colombin to Saint-Philbert-de-Grand-Lieu, about a kilometre from the first of these two villages and a stone's throw from the high-road between Nantes and the Sables-d'Olonne.

This building, constructed on the ruins and with the fragments of an old feudal fortress, occupied an eminence that commanded the whole neighborhood. It answered the purpose of a block-house, where expeditionary columns could find, on occasion, a resting-place or a refuge, and at the same time it might be made a sort of station for prisoners, where they could be collected until a sufficiently imposing force was mustered to escort them to Nantes, without danger of rescue.

The accommodations of the guard-house consisted solely of a somewhat vast hall and a barn. The hall served as the guard-room. It was reached by a flight of steps, made with the old stones of the fortress, placed parallel with the wall.

The barn was used as barracks for the men; they slept there on straw. The post was guarded with all military precautions. A sentry stood before the gate of the courtyard which opened to the road, and a lookout was stationed in an ivy-covered tower, the sole re-

mains left standing of the old feudal castle.

Now, about six o'clock one evening, the soldiers who formed the little garrison were seated on some heavy rollers which had been left at the foot of the outside wall of the house. It was a favorite spot for their siesta; there they enjoyed the gentle warmth of the setting sun and a splendid view of the lake of Grand-Lieu in the distance, the surface of which, tinted by the beams of the star of day, resembled at that hour an immense sheet of scarlet tin. At their feet ran the road to Nantes, like a broad ribbon through the midst of the verdure which at that season covered the plain; and we must admit that our heroes in red trousers were more interested in what happened on that road than in all the beauties which Nature spread before them.

On the evening of which we write, the laborers leaving the fields, the flocks returning to their stables made the road a somewhat lively and varied panorama. Each heavy hay-cart, each group returning from the Nantes market, and, above all, every peasant-woman in her short skirt was a text for remark and jocularity, which, it must be owned, were not restrained.

"Goodness!" cried one of the men, suddenly, "what's that I see down there?"

"A fellow with bagpipes," said another.

"Bagpipes, indeed! Do you think you are still in Britany? Down here they don't groan bagpipes they only whine complaints."

"What has he got on his back, then, if it isn't his instrument?"

"That's an instrument, sure enough," said a fourth soldier; "it must be an organ."

"Queer organ!" said a fifth. "I tell you that's a sack; the man's a Beggar. You can tell him by his clothes."

"Then his sack has eyes and a nose, like the rest of us. Why, look at him, Limousin!"

"Limousin's arm is long, but his sight is short," said another; "you can't have everything."

"Pooh!" said the corporal; "I see what it is. It is one man carrying another on his shoulders."

"The corporal is right!" chorused the soldiers.

"I am always right," said he of the woollen stripes, "first as your corporal, next as your superior; and if there are any of you who doubt after I have once said a thing, he is going to be convinced now, for here come the men straight toward us."

And coming indeed was a personage whom, with a very slight stretch of fancy, one might have taken for some uncanny or impish being. This personage advanced slowly, looking cautiously about him,—a matter which seemed to be the more easy because, at first sight, he appeared to have two heads, with which to keep a double watch over his safety.

He was clothed in the sordid rags of an old jacket and the semblance of a pair of breeches, the original cloth of which had completely disappeared beneath the multifarious patches of many colors with which its decay had been remedied; and he appeared, as we have said, to belong to the class of bicephalous monsters who occupy a distinguished place among the choice ex-

ceptions which Nature delights to create in her fantastic moments.

The two heads were entirely distinct the one from the other, and though they apparently came from the same trunk there was no family resemblance between them. Beside a broad and brick-dust colored face, seamed with small-pox and covered with unkempt beard, appeared a second face, less repulsive, very astute, and rather malign in its ugliness, whereas the other countenance expressed only a sort of idiocy which might at times amount to ferocity.

These two distinct countenances did, in truth, belong to two men, namely, to Aubin Courte-Joie Short-Joy, a cripple and tavern keeper, and—if the reader will pardon an almost too expressive name, but one we think we have no right to change—to Trigaud the Vermin, the beggar, whose herculean strength played a noted part in a riot at Montaigu by lifting the general's leg from the stirrup and throwing him out of his saddle.

By a judicious arrangement, Aubin Courte-Joie had supplemented, or recompleted, his own personality by the help of this species of beast of burden whom he had, by good luck, encountered on his path through life. In exchange for the two legs he had lost, the truncated cripple had obtained a pair of steel limbs, which resisted all fatigue, feared no task, and served him as his own original legs never did and never could have done,—legs, in short, which did his will with passive obedience, and had reached, after a certain period of association, such adaptability that they instinctively guessed the very thoughts of Aubin Courte-Joie, if conveyed by a mere word, a single sign, or even a slight touch of a hand on the shoulder or a knee on the flank.

The strangest part of this affair was that the least satisfied partner in the firm was not Trigaud-Vermin; quite the contrary. His thick brain knew that Aubin Courte-Joie was a real leader of Chouans and was directing his physical strength in the direction of his sympathies. The words "White" and "Blue," which dropped into his large ears, always pricked up and listening, proved to him that he supported, in his quality of locomotive to the tavern-keeper, a cause whose worship was the one glimmer of light which had survived the collapse of his brain. He made it his glory. His confidence in Aubin Courte-Joie was boundless; he was proud of being linked body and soul to a mind whose superiority he recognized, and he was now attached to the man who might indeed be called his master, with the self-abnegation that characterizes all attachments which instinct governs.

"As we are all here together they come and beg," said a soldier.

"I'll be shot if I give 'em a penny," said the soldier who had spoken first.

"See here!" said another, picking up a stone; "I'll put something into his hat."

"I forbid you," said the corporal.

"Why so?"

"Because he hasn't any hat."

The soldiers burst out laughing at the joke, which was recognized at once as very choice.

"Let's have a look," said a soldier, "at what the fellow is really carrying; don't discourage him. For my part, I don't find such delight in this beggarly

guard-house that I despise any sort of fun that comes along."

"Fun?"

"Yes, any kind,—music perhaps. Every tramp in this region is a sort of troubadour. We'll make him sing what he knows, and a good deal he doesn't know; it will help pass the evening."

By this time the mendicant, now no longer an enigma to the soldiers, was close beside them, holding out his hand.

"You were right, corporal; he has got another man perched on his shoulders."

"I was wrong," responded the corporal.

"How so?"

"That isn't a man,—only a section of humanity."

The soldiers laughed at the second joke as heartily as they laughed at the first.

"He can't spend much on trousers," said one.

"And less for boots," added the facetious corporal.

"Aren't they hideous?" said the Limousin. "Upon my word, you might think 'em a monkey mounted on a bear."

While these poor waggeries were flying about and reaching Trigaud's ear, he stood immovable, holding out his hand and giving a most pitiable expression to his face, while Aubin Courte-Joie, in his capacity as orator of the association, repeated, in his nasal voice, the unvarying formula:—

"Charity, if you please, my good gentlemen!—charity for a poor cartman with both legs taken off by his cart, coming down the hill at Ancenis."

"What ignorant savages they must be to expect alms of soldiers in garrison. Scamps! I'll bet if we searched their pockets we'd find double what we have got in our own."

Hearing which suggestion, Aubin Courte-Joie modified the formula, and came down to a precise request:—

"A bit of bread, just a bit of bread, if you please, my good gentlemen," he said. "If you haven't any money you have surely a bit of bread."

"Bread!" said the corporal. "Yes, you shall have bread, my good man; and with the bread, soup, and with the soup a bit of meat. We'll do that for you; but I should like to know what you'll do for us."

"My good gentlemen, I'll pray God for you," replied Courte-Joie, in his nasal whine, which formed the treble to his partner's bass.

"That will do no harm," said the corporal,—"no, certainly, there's no harm in that; but it isn't enough. Come, haven't you anything funny in your sack?"

"How do you mean?" asked Courte-Joie, assuming ignorance.

"I mean, villainous old black-birds that you are, you must be able to whistle an air or two; in which case, let's have the music first. That will pay for the soup and the bread and the meat."

"Ah, yes, yes; I understand. Well, we don't refuse. On the contrary, officer," said Aubin, flattering the corporal, "it is fair enough that if you give us the charity of the good God we should try to amuse you and your company as best we can."

"Good; the more the better. You can't go too far, for we are dying of dullness in your devilish land."

"All right," said Courte-Joie; "we'll

begin by showing you something you never saw before."

Although the promise was nothing more than the usual exordium of clowns at a circus, it roused the curiosity of the soldiers, who clustered round the mendicants in silence, with an eagerness that was almost respectful. Courte-Joie, who until then had kept his seat on Trigaud's shoulders, made a movement of his body, indicating that he wished to be deposited on the ground, and Trigaud, with that passive obedience which he practised to the will of his master, seated him on a fragment of the old battlement half-buried in nettles, which lay near the rollers on which the men were seated.

"Hey! how neatly that was done!" cried the corporal. "I'd like to recruit that fellow and turn him over to the fat major, who can't find a cob fit to carry him."

During this time Courte-Joie had picked up a stone, which he gave to Trigaud. The latter, without further directions, closed and then opened his hand, showing the stone reduced to fragments.

"Good Lord! he's a Hercules! You must tackle him, Pinguet," said the corporal, addressing the soldier we have hitherto called the Limousin.

"All right," said the latter, jumping up; "we'll see about it."

Trigaud, taking no notice of the words or actions of Pinguet, continued his exercises. He seized two soldiers by the straps of their knapsacks, gently raised and held them aloft at arm's-length for a few seconds, and then as gently put them down, with perfect ease.

The soldiers cheered him loudly.

"Pinguet! Pinguet!" they cried, "where are you? Here's some one who can knock you into a cocked-hat."

Trigaud continued his performances as if these experiments on his strength were a pre-arranged matter. He invited two other soldiers to seat themselves astride of the shoulders of the first two, and he carried all four with almost as much ease as if there were but two. As he put them down, Pinguet arrived with a gun on each shoulder.

"Bravo, Limousin! bravo!" cried the soldiers.

Encouraged by the acclamations of his comrades, Pinguet cried out:—

"All that is mountebank business. Here, you braggart, let me see you do what I am going to do."

Putting a finger of each hand into the muzzle of a gun, he held the weapons out before him, at arm's-length.

"Pooh!" said Courte-Joie, while Trigaud looked on with a movement of the lips that might pass for a smile at Pinguet's feat,—"pooh! bring two more guns."

When the guns were brought Trigaud put all four muzzles on the fingers of one hand and raised them to the level of his eye, without any contraction of the muscles that betrayed an effort. Pinguet was distanced forever in the struggle.

Then rummaging in his pocket, Trigaud brought out a horse-shoe, which he folded in two as easily as an ordinary man would fold a leather strap. After each of his experiments he turned his eyes to Courte-Joie, asking for a smile; then Courte-Joie would signify by a nod that he was satisfied.

"Come," said Aubin, "you've only

earned our suppers so far; now you must get us a night's lodging. Isn't that so, my good gentlemen? If my comrade does something more wonderful still, won't you give us a little hay and a corner in the stable to lie on?"

"As for that, it is impossible," said the sergeant of the company, who, being attracted by the shouts and plaudits of the soldiers, had come to share the sight; "the orders are strict."

This answer seemed to discourage Courte-Joie greatly; his weasel-face grew serious.

"Never mind," said one of the men; "we'll club together, and get you ten sous, which will pay for a bed at the nearest tavern, and that will be softer than buckwheat hay."

"If the ox you ride has legs as solid as his arms," said another, "a mile or two farther won't trouble you."

"First, let's see the performance!" cried the soldiers. "Show us his best thing."

There was no repelling this enthusiasm, and Courte-Joie yielded with an alacrity which showed his confidence in his comrade's biceps.

"Have you a grindstone here, or anything that weighs about twelve or fifteen hundred pounds?" he asked.

"There's the block of stone you are sitting on," said a soldier.

Courte-Joie shrugged his shoulders.

"If that stone had a handle Trigaud would pick it up for you with one hand."

"There's that millstone we tipped up before the grating of the dungeon," said a soldier.

"Why not tell him to lift the whole building at once?" said the corporal. "It took six of you men to put it where it is, and with levers, too. I was furious that my rank forbade me from lending a hand to what I called a pack of idlers."

"Besides, you must not touch that millstone," interposed the sergeant; "that's also against orders. There's a prisoner in the cellar."

Courte-Joie gave Trigaud a glance, and the latter, paying no attention to the sergeant's remark, went straight to the millstone.

"Don't you hear me?" said the sergeant, raising his voice, and catching Trigaud by the arm; "you are not to touch it."

"Why not?" said Courte-Joie. "If he moves it he'll replace it; don't be afraid."

"Besides," said a soldier, "if you look at the mouse they have got in the trap you'll see it would never run away if it could,—a poor little monsieur who might be taken for a woman in disguise. I thought at first he was the Duchesse de Berry herself."

"Yes, and he's too busy crying to think of escape," said the corporal, who was evidently burning with the desire to see the feat. "When we took him his food, Pinguet and I,—that is, I and Pinguet,—he burst into tears; I declare if his eyes weren't two faucets!"

"Well, well," said the sergeant, who was no less curious than the rest to see how the tramp would accomplish his Titanic task, "I will take the responsibility of allowing it."

Trigaud profited by the permission. He seized the millstone between his arms at its base, leaned his shoulder on its centre, and with a powerful effort tried to raise it. But the weight of this enormous mass of stone had sunk

it into the ground on which it rested to the depth of some four or five inches, and the adherence of this earth socket, thus hollowed, neutralized Trigaud's efforts.

Courte-Joie, who had entered the circle of soldiers by creeping on his hands and knees, like a huge scarabœus, called attention to the nature of the difficulty; then with a large flat stone which he picked up, and partly also with his hands, he grubbed out the earth which hindered the success of Trigaud's feat. The giant then applied himself once more to the work. Soon he raised the huge block and held it up for a few seconds, resting against his shoulder and also against the wall, about a foot from the ground.

The enthusiasm of the soldiers knew no bounds. They pressed around Trigaud and overwhelmed him with congratulations to which he seemed perfectly insensible; they shouted in frantic admiration, which was shared by the corporal, and then, through the natural hierarchy of rank, by the sergeant himself. They talked of carrying Trigaud in triumph to the sutler's, where the reward of his vigor awaited him, swearing by every oath known to the sons of Mars that Trigaud deserved not only the bread and soup and meat promised by the corporal, but the rations of a general, or indeed of the king of France, which would be none too much to maintain the strength required for such prowess.

As we have said, Trigaud seemed in no way puffed-up by his triumph; his countenance remained as impassible as that of an ox allowed to breathe after some powerful exertion. His eyes, however, sought those of Aubin Courte-Joie, as if to ask "Master, are you satisfied?"

Courte-Joie, on the other hand, looked radiant, possibly because of the impression made upon the spectators by a strength he considered his own, though it far exceeded that which Nature had originally bestowed upon him. Perhaps, however, his satisfaction was really caused by the success of a little manœuvre he had cleverly performed while the attention of all was concentrated on his companion,—a manœuvre which consisted in slipping under the millstone the large flat stone he held in his hand, placing it in such a way that the enormous mass which closed the grating of the cellar was so poised upon its smooth surface that the strength of a child would suffice to displace it.

The two beggars were taken to the sutler's, and there Trigaud furnished still another text of admiration to the soldiers. After he had swallowed an enormous canful of soup, four rations of beef and two loaves of bread were placed before him. Trigaud ate the first loaf with the first two rations; then, as if by changing his method of deglutition he changed and improved the taste of the objects swallowed, he took his second loaf, split it in two, scooped out and ate, by way of pastime, the crumb within it, placed the meat in the cavity, put the two halves of the crust together, and proceeded to bite through the whole with a coolness and force of jaw which brought down thunders of applause from the delighted audience.

After about five minutes of this exercise nothing remained of either bread or meat but a few crumbs of the loaf,

which Trigaud, apparently ready to begin all over again, carefully collected. His admirers hastened to bring him a third loaf, which, though stale and dry, Trigaud treated like the first two.

The soldiers were not yet satisfied; they would have liked to push their investigations still further, but the sergeant thought it more prudent to bring their scientific curiosity to an end. Courte-Joie had now become thoughtful, and his expression was noticed by the soldiers.

"Ah, *ça!*" said the corporal; "here you are, eating and drinking on the earnings of your comrade. That's not fair; it seems to me you might give us a song, if only to pay your scot."

"Unquestionably," said the sergeant.

"Yes, yes, a song!" cried the soldiers, "and then the affair will be complete."

"Hum!" muttered Courte-Joie. "I know some songs, of course I do."

"All right then, sing away!"

"But my songs mayn't be to your liking."

"Never mind,—so long as it isn't a fugue for the devil's funeral, anything will be fun to us; we are not hard to please at Saint-Colombin."

"Yes," said Courte-Joie, "I can see that; you are horribly bored."

"Monstrously," said the sergeant.

"We don't expect you to sing like Monsieur Nourrit," observed a Parisian.

"Make it a bit quizzical," said another man, "and the more the better."

"As I have eaten your bread and drunk your wine," said Courte-Joie, "I have no right to refuse you anything; but, I repeat it, my songs will probably not be to your taste."

And thereupon, he trolled out the following stanza:—

"Look! look my *gars,* down there!
down there!
Don't you see the infernal band?
Spread out, spread out, surprise them
there,
Behind the gorse, across the land.
Spread out! I say, my *gars!* my
gars!
Await the Blues with steady hand."

Courte-Joie got no farther. After a moment of surprised silence at his first words a roar of indignation arose; ten soldiers sprang upon him and the sergeant, seizing him by the collar, threw him on the ground.

"Villain!" he cried, "I'll teach you to come here in our midst and sing praises to your brigands."

But before the words were well out of his mouth (words to which he added a variety of adverbs that were customary with him) Trigaud, his eyes flashing with anger, made his way through to Courte-Joie, pushed back the sergeant and stood before his comrade in so threatening an attitude that the soldiers remained for some moments silent and uncertain.

But soon, mortified at being held at bay by an unarmed man, they drew their sabres, and rushed upon the beggars.

"Kill them! kill them!" they cried; "they are Chouans!"

"You asked me for a song; I warned you that the songs I knew were not to your taste," cried Courte-Joie, in a voice that rose high above the tumult. "You ought not to have insisted. Why do you complain?"

"If you only knew such songs as you have just sung you are a rebel, and I arrest you peremptorily."

"I know such songs as please the people of the towns and villages whose alms are my living. A poor cripple like me and an idiot like my comrade can't be dangerous. Arrest us if you choose; but such captures won't do you any honor."

"That may be," replied the sergeant, "but meantime you'll sleep in the lock-up. You were puzzled where to go for a night's lodging, my fine fellow; well, I'll give you one. Come, men, seize and search them, and let us lock them up incontinently."

But, as Trigaud still maintained a threatening attitude, no one hastened to execute the sergeant's order.

"If you don't go with a good grace," said the latter, "I'll send for some loaded muskets, and we'll see if your skin is bullet-proof."

"Come, Trigaud, my lad," said Courte-Joie, "if we must resign ourselves, we must; besides, it can't matter, they won't detain us long. Their fine prisons are not built for poor devils like us."

"That's right," said the sergeant, much pleased at the pacific turn the affair was taking. "You will be searched, and if nothing suspicious is found upon you, and you behave properly during the night, we'll see about letting you out to-morrow morning."

The two beggars were searched, but nothing was found upon them except a few copper coins; which confirmed the sergeant in his ideas of clemency.

"After all," he said, pointing to Trigaud, "that great ox is not guilty; I see no reason why I should lock him up."

"If you do," said the Limousin, "he might take it into his head, like his forefather Samson, to shake the walls and bring them down about our ears."

"You are right, Pinguet," said the sergeant, "because that's my opinion, too. We should only embarrass ourselves by holding the pair. Come, off with you, friend, and quick too!"

"Oh! my good monsieur, don't separate us," cried Courte-Joie, in a tearful voice. "We can't do without each other; he walks for me, and I think for him."

"Upon my word," said a soldier, "they are worse than lovers."

"No," said the sergeant to Courte-Joie. "I shall make you pass the night in the dungeon to punish you, and to-morrow the officer of the day will decide what is to be done with your carcass. Come, to the cellar!"

Two soldiers approached Courte-Joie; but he with an agility not to be expected in so helpless a body, sprang upon Trigaud's shoulders, and the giant walked peacefully along toward the door of the dungeon, under escort of the soldiers.

On the way Aubin put his lips close to the ear of his comrade and said some words in a low voice concerning the flat stone under the millstone. Trigaud deposited his master at the cellar-door, through which the sergeant thrust the cripple, who made his entrance by rolling forward like an enormous ball.

The soldiers then took Trigaud outside the courtyard gate, which they closed behind him. The giant stood for a few moments motionless and

bewildered, as if he did not know what course to decide upon. He tried at first to sit down on the rollers, where, as we have seen, the soldiers took their siesta. But the sentry made him understand that that was impossible, and the beggar departed in the direction of the village of Saint-Colombin.

About two hours after Aubin Courte-Joie's incarceration the sentry of the post heard a cart coming up the road which led past the guard-house. "Qui vive?" he cried; and when the cart was only a short distance from him he ordered it to halt. The cart, or rather the cartman, obeyed.

The corporal and four soldiers came out of the guard-room to inspect both man and vehicle. The cart was a harmless one, loaded with hay, and was like all the others that were plodding along the road to and from Nantes during the evening. Only one man was with it; he explained that he was going to Saint-Philbert with hay for his landlord,—adding that he went by night to economize time, which was precious at this season of the year. The corporal gave orders to let him pass.

But this permission was wasted on the poor fellow. His cart, drawn by a single horse, had stopped at the steepest part of the rising ground about the guard-house, and in spite of the efforts made by horse and cartman it was impossible to start the heavy vehicle again.

"There isn't any sense," said the corporal, "in overburdening a beast like that! Don't you see that your horse has double the load he can draw?"

"What a pity," remarked one of the soldiers, "that the sergeant let that big ox of a fellow we had here go. We might have harnessed him to the horse and I'll warrant he'd have pulled to the collar."

"That's supposing he would have let himself be harnessed."

If the man who spoke last had looked behind the cart, he would have seen good reason why Trigaud should not allow himself to be harnessed to the front of the cart to pull it forward; he would also have understood the difficulty the horse found in starting the cart. For this difficulty was chiefly owing to Trigaud himself. The giant, completely hidden in the darkness and behind the hay, was dragging at the rear bar of the cart and opposing his strength to that of the horse, with as much success as he had won when exhibiting his prowess in the evening.

"Shall we lend you a hand?" said the corporal.

"Wait till I try again," said the driver, who had turned his cart obliquely, to lessen the sharpness of the acclivity, and now, grasping the horse by the bridle, prepared for a final effort to disprove the blame the corporal laid upon him.

He whipped his beast vigorously, exciting him by voice and pulling on the bridle, while the soldiers joined their cries to his. The horse stiffened all four legs for the effort, making the sparks fly from his heels among the stones of the road; then, he suddenly fell down, and at the same moment, as if the wheels had encountered some obstacle which disturbed their equilibrium, the cart swayed over to left and upset against the building.

The soldiers ran forward and helped to release the horse from the harness and get him on his legs. The result of their friendly eagerness was that

none of them saw Trigaud, who, satisfied no doubt with a result to which he had powerfully contributed by slipping under the cart and hoisting it on his Herculean shoulders, until it lost its centre of gravity, now retired composedly behind a hedge to await events.

"Shall we help you to set your cart back on its pin?" said the corporal to the driver. "If so, you must get an additional horse."

"Faith, no!" cried the cartman. "To-morrow I'll see about it. It is evident the good God doesn't mean me to keep on,—mustn't go against His will."

So saying, the peasant threw the reins on the crupper of his horse, pushed up the collar, mounted the animal, and departed, after wishing good-night to the soldiers, and saying he should be back in the morning to remove the hay. Two hundred yards from the guard-house Trigaud joined him.

"Well," said the peasant, "was that done to your liking? Are you satisfied?"

"Yes," replied Trigaud, "that was just as *gars* Aubin Courte-Joie ordered."

"Good luck to you, then! As for me, I'll put the horse back where I found it. But when the cartman wakes up to-morrow and looks for his cart and his hay he'll be rather surprised to find it up there."

"Well, tell him it is for the good of the cause, and he won't mind," replied Trigaud.

The two men parted.

Trigaud, however, did not leave the place; he roamed about its neighborhood till he heard the stroke of twelve from the steeple of Saint-Colombin. Then he returned to the guard-house, *sabots* in hand, and without making the slightest noise, or rousing the attention of the sentry, who was pacing up and down, he crept to the grating of the dungeon. Once there he softly drew the hay into a thick heap beside the millstone, which he then, as softly, turned over upon it. Then he leaned behind it to the grating, wrenched off the boards that closed it, drew out Courte-Joie, after which, putting him on his shoulders, Trigaud, still barefooted, walked rapidly away from the neighborhood of the guard-house, making, in spite of his immense size and the weight he carried, no more noise than a cat on a carpet.

They traveled thus for a long time and finally rested to suit Aubin at the Bouaimé moor.

The Bouaimé moor lies about three miles from the village of Saint- Hilaire; the river Maine must be crossed to reach it. It extends on the north as far as Rémouillé and Montbert; the lay of the land is very uneven, and it is strewn with granite rocks, some evidently placed there by the hand of man. Druidic stones and dolmens lift their brown heads crowned with moss amid tufts of heather and the yellow flowers of the gorse and broom. It was to one of the most remarkable of these stones that they went. This stone was flat, and rested on four enormous corner-stones of granite. Ten or a dozen persons could easily have lain in its shadow.

Trigaud was stationed as sentinel on the dolmen; aboriginal statue on an aboriginal pedestal, he called to mind by his mighty outline the giants of two thousand years ago, who raised that

altar. Courte-Joie, unstrapped, lay down to sleep.

For about two hours Trigaud's eyes had roved over the broad expanse of the savanna before and around him. Not a sound had reached his ear, attentively listening, except the monotonous hum of bees and wasps pilfering sweetness from the broom and the wild thyme. The mists which the sun was drawing from the earth began to assume to Trigaud's eyes a variety of rainbow tints, the shimmerings of which, added to the rays of the sun, which were now falling plumb on his tufts of red hair, benumbed his brain; various somniferous combinations were about to plunge him into a siesta, not induced, unfortunately for him, by any meal, when the sudden report of a firearm roused him from his torpor.

He looked in the direction of Saint-Hilaire and saw the white vapor produced by the shot. With one bound Trigaud was off his pedestal, and immediately waked up Courte-Joie.

Trigaud took the cripple in his arms and hoisted him above his head till he was fully ten feet off the ground, saying but two words, which, however, needed no commentary:—

"The enemy."

Whenever intelligence was needed instead of senses, Courte-Joie no longer trusted to Trigaud. He had himself hoisted to the top of the dolmen, although, small as his truncated body was, he thought best not to display it too openly on that pedestal. He therefore lay down flat on his stomach with his face turned in the direction of the hill.

Soon he saw a soldier, then another, then a third; he counted them up to twenty. The hill ended in a sharp point of rocks, at the foot of which was a bog. It was on that spot that Courte-Joie's attention was now fixed.

"Hum!" said Trigaud, suddenly.

"What is it?" asked Courte-Joie.

"Red-breeches," replied the other, pointing to the bog.

Courte-Joie followed the direction of Trigaud's finger and saw the barrel of a gun in the midst of the reeds; then a form. It was that of a soldier, and he, like the one first seen on the heath, was followed by twenty others. Courte-Joie saw them crouching among the reeds like sportsmen on the watch.

Courte-Joie glanced about him, apparently studying each point of the horizon; he wet a finger and lifted it to discover the direction of the wind, and felt the heather anxiously, to be sure that the sun, which was hot, and the wind, which was keen, had dried it thoroughly.

"What are you doing?" asked Trigaud.

"What am I doing,—or rather what am I going to do?" replied the cripple. "I am going to make a glorious bonfire; and you can boast to-night, if the fire saves us, as I hope it will, that you never saw the like before."

So saying, he gave Trigaud several lighted bits of tinder, which the latter stuck into bundles of dried herbage, which he placed at intervals of ten feet among the heather, blowing each of them into a flame with his powerful lungs.

In fact ten minutes had not expired before ten columns of smoke were blended into one and formed a dense sheet stretching to right and left five

hundred feet, while the flames roared sullenly behind them.

"We have no other guide than the smoke," said Courte-Joie. "Let us follow that boldly and it will take us where we want to go.

They walked for fifteen minutes without getting out of the smoke with their conflagration, spreading with amazing rapidity under the force of the wind, rolled up about them.

Suddenly Trigaud, guided by Courte-Joie, and utterly indifferent to where he went, stepped back abruptly. He had set his feet in water, which the smoke had prevented him from seeing, and he was now knee-deep in it. Aubin uttered a cry of joy.

"We've done it!" he said; "the smoke has led us as straight as the best-broken hound ever led a sportsman."

"Yes. Now for the island."

Trigaud took Courte-Joie in his arms and entered the pond. He walked thus till the water was up to his middle. It stopped, however, at the level of the giant's breast. He crossed the pond to a sort of island about twelve feet square, which seemed in the midst of that stagnant water to be nothing more than a vast duck's-nest. It was covered with a forest of reeds.

The flames were rolling onward with terrifying rapidity; they ran along the flowery tops of the broom and heather like gold and purple birds swept forward by the wind, as if they preferred to play among the twigs and branches before they seized upon the stems. Their mutterings, like the roar of ocean, increased in all directions round the fugitives, and the smoke grew denser and more suffocating.

But the steel muscles possessed by Trigaud were a match for the flames, and they were soon safe from all danger of fire. They turned obliquely to the left, and soon reached a dip in the valley which was almost free of the smoke which so far had been their main protection,—serving to hide the direction of their flight, and Trigaud deposited Courte-Joie to rest the latter.

Trigaud bent down as though he were going on all fours, and it was lucky for him he did so, for no sooner had he stooped than a ball, which he would otherwise have received in his breast, whizzed harmlessly through the air.

They now saw a file of soldiers posted at a hundred paces from each other, all the way from the dolmen to a distance of a mile and a half, evidently waiting, like huntsmen, till the quarry should reappear.

The comrades had scarcely advanced ten steps before six or eight successive discharges were heard; and one of the balls splintered the club which Trigaud was carrying in his hand. Happily for the fugitives, the soldiers hurrying on all sides to the help of their wounded companions, and coming up out of breath, had fired unsteadily.

Trigaud was fortunate; and save for a ball which grazed his shoulder and added more rags to those he wore, he and his partner Courte-Joie got safely across the line.

"All right!" said the cripple; "and in twenty minutes, if we don't have a limb lopped off by those rascally Blues, we'll be in the fields; and once we are behind a hedge the devil himself can't touch us.

"No; and you, Trigaud? I thought I felt a sort of shudder on your hide."

The giant showed the gash the ball had made in his club; evidently, this misfortune, which destroyed the symmetry of the work at which he had fondly labored all the morning, troubled him far more than the damage done to his clothing or to his deltoid, which was slightly injured by the passage of the ball.

"Oh, be joyful!" cried Courte-Joie; "here are the fields."

In truth, not a thousand steps away from the fugitives at the bottom of a slope which was so gentle as to be almost imperceptible, fields of wheat were visible, their ears already yellowing and swaying to the breeze in their dull-green sheaths.

"Suppose we stop to breathe a minute," said Courte-Joie, who seemed to feel the fatigue that Trigaud felt.

The latter, to relieve his lungs, gave vent to a sort of bellow which a lusty Poitevin bull might have envied him, and then with a single stride he jumped an enormous stone which lay on his way.

The giant had just concluded this feat when the horsemen appeared at the top of the slope and dashed down in pursuit of the Chouans at full gallop.

Nevertheless, all hope was not lost. Trigaud and Courte-Joie were scarcely fifty steps from a hedge beyond which they would be safe from horsemen; and as for the foot-soldiers, they appeared to have relinquished their pursuit.

But a subaltern officer admirably mounted pressed them so hard that Courte-Joie felt the hot breath of the animal on his legs. The rider, determined to end the matter, rose in his stirrups and aimed such a blow with his sabre at the cripple's head that he would certainly have split it in two; but the horse, which he did not have well in hand, swerved to the left, while Trigaud instinctively flung himself to the right. The weapon therefore missed its mark and merely made a flesh wound on the cripple's arm.

"Face about!" cried Courte-Joie to Trigaud, as though he were commanding a company. The latter pivoted round, absolutely as though his body were riveted to the ground with an iron screw.

The horse, passing beside him, struck him in the breast, but did not shake him. At the same instant Courte-Joie, firing one barrel of his little gun, knocked over the subaltern, who was dragged to some distance by the impetus of his horse.

"One!" counted Trigaud, in whom the imminence of danger seemed to develop a loquacity which was not habitual with him.

During the moment that this affair lasted the other horsemen were rapidly approaching; a few horse's-lengths alone separated them from the two Vendéans, who could hear, above the tramp of their galloping steeds, the sharp cocking of their pistols and musketoons. But that moment had sufficed Courte-Joie to judge of the resources offered him by the place in which he found himself.

They were now at the farther end of the moor of Bouaimé, a few steps from a crossway whence several roads diverged. Like all such open spaces in Brittany and La Vendée, this crossway had its crucifix; and the cross, which was of stone, and dilapidated on one side, offered a temporary refuge

which might soon become untenable. To right were the first hedges of the fields; but there was no chance whatever of reaching them, for three or four horsemen, forestalling their intention, had obliquely advanced to thwart it. Opposite to them and flowing to their left was the river Maine, which made a bend at this place; but Courte-Joie knew it was useless to even think of putting the river between himself and the soldiers, for the opposite bank was a face of rock rising from the water; and in following the current to find a spot to land, the two Chouans would have been simply a target for the enemy.

It was, therefore, the refuge of the cross on which Courte-Joie decided, and in that direction Trigaud, under his master's orders, proceeded. But just as he reached the column of stone and turned it to put its bulk between the soldiers and themselves, a ball struck an arm of the cross, ricochetted, and wounded Courte-Joie in the cheek, —not, however, preventing the cripple from replying to it in turn.

Unfortunately, the blood which poured from the wound fell on Trigaud's hands. He saw that blood, gave a roar of fury,—as though he felt nought but that which injured his companion,—and charged madly on the soldiers like a wild-boar on its hunters.

In an instant Courte-Joie and Trigaud were surrounded; a dozen sabres whirled above their heads, a dozen pistol muzzles threatened their bodies, and one gendarme seized Courte-Joie. But Trigaud's club descended; it fell upon the leg of the gendarme and crushed it; the hapless rider uttered a terrible cry and fell from his horse, which fled across the moor.

At the same instant a dozen shots were fired; Trigaud had a ball in the breast, and Courte-Joie's right arm, broken in two places, hung helpless at his side. The giant seemed insensible to pain; with his trunk of a tree he made a moulinet, which broke two or three sabres and warded others.

"To the cross! to the cross!" cried Courte-Joie. "It is well to die there."

"Yes," muttered Trigaud; hearing his master speak of dying he brought down his club convulsively on the head of a horseman, who fell like a log. Then, executing the order he had received, he walked backward to the cross—to cover as much as possible of his friend with his own body.

"A thousand thunders!" shouted a corporal; "we are wasting time and lives and powder on those beggars."

So saying, he spurred his horse and forced it with one bound upon the two Vendéans. The horse's head struck Trigaud full in the chest, and the shock was so violent that it brought the giant to his knees. The soldier profited by the chance to strike Courte-Joie a blow which entered his skull.

"Throw me at the foot of the cross and escape if you can," said Courte-Joie, in a failing voice. "It is all over with me." Then he began the prayer: "Receive my soul, O God!"

But the colossus no longer obeyed him; maddened with blood and fury, he uttered hoarse, inarticulate cries, like those of a lion at bay; his eyes, usually dull and lifeless, cast out flames; his lips drew up, exposing the clenched and savage teeth ready to render craunch for craunch with a tiger. The gallop

of the horse had carried the soldier who wounded Courte-Joie to some distance. Trigaud could not reach him; but he measured the space with his eye, and whirling the club above his head, he flung it hissing through the air as if from a catapult.

The rider forced his horse to rear, and avoided the blow; but the horse received it on his head. The creature beat the air with his forefeet as he fell over backward, and rolled with his rider on the ground.

Trigaud uttered a cry of joy more terrible and horrible than a cry of pain; the rider's leg was caught beneath the animal. He flung himself upon him, parried with his arm, which was deeply gashed, a sabre-cut; seized the soldier by the leg; dragged him from the body of the horse; and then, twirling him in the air, as a child does a sling, he dashed out his brains upon an arm of the cross.

The byzantine stone shook to its base, and remained bent over to one side, and covered with blood. A cry of horror and of vengeance burst from the troops, but this specimen of the giant's strength deterred the soldiers from approaching him; they stopped where they were, to reload their guns.

During this time Courte-Joie breathed his last, saying, in a loud voice:—

"Amen!"

Then Trigaud, feeling his beloved master dead, and utterly ignoring the preparations the chasseurs were making to kill him,—Trigaud sat down at the foot of the cross, unfastened the body of the Courte-Joie from his shoulders and laid it on his knees, as a mother might handle the body of her child; he gazed on the livid face, wiping with his sleeve the blood that blurred it, while a torrent of tears—the first that being, indifferent to all the miseries of life, had ever shed—flowed thick and fast from his eyes, mingling with the blood he was piously and absorbedly removing.

A violent explosion, two new wounds, and the dull thud produced by three or four balls striking the body which Trigaud was holding in his arms and pressing to his breast, roused him from his grief and his insensibility. He rose to his full height; and this movement, which made the soldiers think he meant to spring upon them, caused them to gather up the reins of their horses, while a visible shudder ran through their ranks.

But Trigaud never looked at them; he thought of them no longer; he was seeking a means of not being parted from his friend by death; was he searching for a spot which promised him a union throughout eternity?

He walked toward the river. In spite of his wounds, in spite of the blood which flowed down his body from the holes of several pistol-balls and left a rivulet of blood behind him, Trigaud walked firm and erect. He reached the river-bank before a single soldier thought of preventing him; there he stopped at a point overlooking a black pool of water, the stillness of which proclaimed its depth. Clasping the body of the cripple still tighter to his breast, and gathering up his last remaining strength, he sprang forward into its depths without uttering a word.

The water dashed noisily above the mighty mass it now engulfed, boiling

and foaming long over the place where Trigaud and his friend had disappeared; then it subsided into rings, which widened ever till they died upon the shore.

The soldiers had ridden up. They thought the beggar had thrown himself into the water to reach the other bank, and pistol in hand they held themselves ready to fire the moment he came to the surface of the stream.

But Trigaud never reappeared; his soul had gone to join the soul of the only being he had loved in this world, and their bodies lay softly together on a bed of reeds in a pool of the river Maine.

Louis XIII

Louis XIII., who was born Thursday, September 27th, 1601, had a long, sad face, with black mustachios, and brown complexion. Not a feature of his recalled Henry IV., no more than did any trait of his character. Nothing French was about him, no gaiety, not even in youth.

With some probability, the Spaniard says he was offspring of Virginio Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, Marie de Medicis' cousin. In fact, on leaving home for France, Marie, twenty-seven then, received from her uncle Ferdinand (who had poisoned his brother Francisco and his sister-in-law Bianca Capello to rise to the Tuscan throne) the following advice:

"My beloved niece, you are going to wed a monarch who repudiated his first wife because she had no children, You have a month to make the journey in, and three handsome blades in your train: Virginio Orsini, your cicisbeo's one, t'other's Paolo Orisini and Concini is the last. Just arrange matters so that you need not fear being rejected after you get in France."

The Spaniard goes on to say that Marie had punctually carried out her uncle's counsel. She spent ten days in passing from Genoa to Marseilles only. Henry IV., though not impatient to see "his fat money-changer," as he styled her, fancied the journey a bit too long; but Malherbe the poet had looked for a reason for the delay and found one good or bad. He asserted that the hindrance came from the passion Neptune had conceived for the betrothed of the crown of France.

> Two weeks he has enjoyed
> The pleasure of regarding her,
> And greedy still to gaze
> Continues in retarding her.

Maybe the excuse was not very logical, but Queen Mag of Navarre had taught her husband not to be hard in overlooking conjugal shortcomings.

[You can see the lazy ship surrounded by Nereides in Reuben's fine picture at the Louvre.]

In nine month's time, Grand-duke Ferdinand was set at ease. He heard of the birth of the Dauphin Louis, immediately dubbed "the Just," because born under the sign of the balance.

From childhood Louis evinced the sadness inborn in the Orsini's, at the time he had all the tastes of an Italian

of the Decline. In fact, a muscian and a passable composer even, a mediocre painter, he was, handy at many a little work, though he never knew king-craft, notwithstanding his prodigious worship of royalty. Weak constitutionally, he had been outrageously physiced in his youth and, on coming of age, he was so sickly a creature that three or four times already he had been on the very verge of expiring.

A journal, kept for eight-and-twenty years, by his physician Herouard, day by day records all he eats, and hour by hour all he does.

From his first days up, he had little kindness, was dry and harsh, sometimes cruel. Henry Fourth twice flogged him with his own hands; first time because he had manifested so much aversion to a gentleman that, to pacify him, they had had to fire an unloaded pistol at the man, and make the dauphin believe he had been shot, the second because he had crushed a tame bird's head with a hammer.

Only once had he a kind thought, and that once only did not act it. The day of his coronation, as the sceptre, very heavy, made of gold and silver and weighty with precious stones, was held out to him, his hand trembled under it. Prince Condé, near him by reason of his station, was going to support his arm and thus aid him to uphold the wand.

But he turned sharply and frowned and said:

"No! I'll bear it alone, and want no sharer!"

His greatest childish sport was to turn bits of ivory, tint engravings, make cages, build card houses, and make magpies and a yellow parrot chase little birds around his room. In all his actions, says Etoile, "for a child, most childish."

But his most deeply-rooted and ever-moving loves were for music and hunting. In Herouard's journal, nearly, if not quite unknown to historians, we must gather these and other still more curious details.

"At noon (saith the leech) he goes to play in the galerie with Patelot and Gresette his dogs. At one, he comes back to his room, sits in his nurse's chair, calls Ingret his lute-player and makes music, a-singing himself, for he's fond of music to great excess."

Oftimes, to distract himself, he rhymed on trifles, on popular sayings, maxims and all that, and when he had the whim seize him, would have others versify with him. Once he asked Herouard to "put this prose into rhyme: 'I want those who love me to love me long, or if they love me little, to leave me tomorrow.' "

The good doctor, better courtier than poet instantly hammered out this distich:

"Love me no little but love me long,
Or you I'll renounce like an old song."

Like all melancholy characters, Louis wonderfully dissimulated and at the very moment when he dug the pitfall for another it was that he showed his teeth in his sweetest smile.

Year of our Lord, 1613, a Friday, March the second, at the age of twelve, for the first time making use of the phrase frequent with Francis the First, he swore: "by my gentleman's faith!"

It was this time that Luynes was brought to him by the marshal d'Ancre. Until this, the only feeder and keeper of his birds had been a simple peasant,

"a flat-footed clod-hopper from Saint Germain, named Pierrot." says Etoile. Luynes was appointed head falconer and the previously all-powerful Pierrot was bade obey him. Next the falcons, gerfalcons, hawks, pies and parrots were styled "cabinet birds" in order that Luynes might always be near Louis. From that epoch dates such a friendship for him in the king that, not only would he not let his head falconer leave him from dawn to dewy eve, but even in a-bed he would dream out aloud of him, says Herouard, "calling out his name in slumber and fancying him away."

If Luynes could not amuse him (we shall see presently that the monarch never was delighted but twice in his life) he at least contrived to keep his mind busy, by developing his fondness for the chase as much as the little liberty allowed to royal children would permit.

We know that Louis set parrots upon birds in his rooms. Luynes taught him to course hares with little hounds in the moats of the Louvre and to hawk on Grenelle Plain. It was there, on New Year's Day (all dates being important in such a sovereign's life) that he brought down his first heron, and at Vaugirard, the eighteenth of the same year's April, he shot his quail number one. Lastly, at the head of the bridge near the Louvre, he had his first man-hunt and was the death of Concini.

Let us interleave a page from Herouard's diary, the page being curious to philosopher and historian, to show what Louis XIII, did this Monday (April 24th, 1617) when he hunted man instead of bird and beast.

Line for line, we copy.

"MONDAY, *April 24th,* 1617,—Up at half after seven; full, even pulse; slightly heated; gay and lively face, had his hair dressed and was clothed; prayed. At half after eight, breakfast, four plates, no drink save a little pure wine much diluted. *Ye marsshale d'Ancre kil'd on ye brydg of ye Lourvre betwixte tenne and eleven hours of ye morninge.* Dined at noon. Sported at half after seven. Sported again at half after nine. Drank bitters, was undressed and put a-bed. Pulse full, even; slightly heated; prayed. Asleep at 10 to sleep till seven."

Be easy about this poor royal child. You or I might have feared that the murder of his mother's lover, of his brother Gaston's father (more than likely), of a constable of France, the most mighty dignitary in the realm next to him, even before him, would have taken away his appetite and gaiety, and made him hesitate to pray with bloody hands.

Not he.

His dinner was an hour later, that's true, but he could not be regaling at eleven and also viewing through the ground floor window, Vitry slaying the Marshal d'Ancre. He sported at seven, and still again at nine a repetition whose single was not in his habits.

In the eight-and-twenty years that Doctor Herouard's watched him, only these two times did he DISPORT himself.

Moreover, into bed with an even pulse and only a little warm. Prayed at ten and slept till seven in the morning, a nine hour's slumber.

Poor boy!

The next day he awoke, a king. The long rest had endowed him with strength

and, after having acted a man's if not a manly part the eve before, he performed a kingly deed that day.

The queen-mother was not only disgraced but exiled to Blois. She was forbidden to see her daughters, her well-beloved son Gaston d'Orleans. Her ministers were dismissed and the bishop Lucon (the future great cardinal) was alone permitted to follow her into exile.

But, monarch though he was, Louis was not man as yet. Two years wedded to the Infanta of Spain, Anne of Austria, he was only her husband in name. Durand, provincial war contractor, fruitlessly invented ballets, in which the king represented the Demon of Flames and sang the most touching verses to the queen, but his gallantry went no further than:

"Beautiful orb! in whose rays,
I would linger all my days,
Behold where I'm led
Upon your luminous ways;
I will be all I've said!"

Louis wore a dress all fire, but at bed-time off went the flames with the coat.

As the Deliverance of Rinaldo Ballet had had no effect, another was tried under the title of Tancred's Adventures in the Enchanted Forest. Porchere's choreography a little pricked the monarch, and his curiosity rose into wanting to know what real man and wife did of a wedding-night. M. d'Elboeuf and Mlle de Vendome went through a rehearsal of the piece not yet played, but the king, after a couple of hours' sitting on their couch, coolly walked away into his bachelor's room.

At last, Luynes, tormented by the Spanish ambassador and the papal nuncio, saddled himself with this affair, not concealing from those who egged him on that he was "running the risk of losing his credit in that quarter."

The day was fixed for January 29th, 1619, for which we recur to Herouard again.

That day, the king, unaware of what the next twenty-four hours was to bring forth, rose in excellent health, rather light spirited relatively. He took breakfast at a quarter after nine; heard mass at the Tower Chapel; presided over the Council; dined at noon; paid a visit to the queen; went to the Tuileries by water; returned at half past four to the Council by the same way; went to Luynes' rooms; supped at eight; again visited the queen, leaving her at ten, returned to his own chamber and went to bed. But hardly had he lain down than Luynes came in and begged him to rise. The king stared at him as if he had been asked to go see the Man in the Moon. But Luynes insisted, saying that Europe was restless at the French throne having no heir, and that it would be a shame for his sister Christina who had just espoused Prince Amadeus of Savoy, to have offspring before the queen.

But, as none of the reasons, though approved with a nod, appeared sufficient to decide the king Luynes took him up and bore him away to the place of destination.

Now, if you should in the least doubt this, because no historian has noted it and a romancer does, only read the despatch, dated January 30th, 1619, at this conclusive paragraph:

"Luynes tooke him upp arounde ye bodie and bore him somewise *per forsse* to ye bedde of ye Queene."

Though Luynes did not lose his credit, on the contrary gaining the post of Lord High Constable, he lost his trouble at all events, or it was repaid very long after. The dauphin which ought to have outstripped the Duchess of Savoy's first-born only came to life, however ardently reclaimed, nineteen years after in 1638, and Luynes who was not fated to have the happiness of seeing that bear fruit which he had planted, died only two years after in a scarlet fever.

Death of Mirabeau

About the end of March, 1791, Dr. Gilbert was hurriedly called to his friend Mirabeau, by the latter's faithful servant Deutsch, who had been alarmed.

Mirabeau had spoken in the House on the question of Mines, the interests of owners and of the State not being very clearly defined. To celebrate his victory, he gave a supper to some friends and was prostrated by internal pains.

Gilbert was too skillful a physician not to see how grave the invalid was. He bled him and the black blood relieved the sufferer.

"You are a downright great man," said he.

"And you a great blockhead to risk a life so precious to your friends for a few hours of fictitious pleasure," retorted his deliverer.

The orator smiled almost ironically, in melancholy.

"I think you exaggerate and that my friends and France do not hold me so dear."

"Upon my honor," replied Gilbert laughing, "great men complain of ingratitude and they are really the ungrateful ones. If it were a most serious malady of yours, all Paris would flock under your window; were you to die, all France would come to your obsequies."

"What you say is very consoling, let me tell you," said the other, merrily.

"It is just because you can see one without risking the other that I say it, and indeed, you need a great public demonstration to restore your morale. Let me take you to Paris within a couple of hours, my dear count; let me tell the first man on the street corner that you are ailing and you will see the excitement."

"I would go if you put off the departure till this evening, and let me meet you at my house in Paris at eleven."

Gilbert looked at his patient and the latter saw that he was seen through.

"My dear count, I noticed flowers on the Dining-room table," said he; "it was not merely a supper to friends."

"You know that I cannot do without flowers; they are my craze."

"But they were not alone."

"If they are a necessity I must suffer from the consequences they entail."

"Count, the consequences will kill you."

"Confess, doctor, that it will be a delightful kind of suicide."

"I will not leave you this day."

"Doctor, I have pledged my word and you would not make me fail in that."

"I shall see you this night, though?"

"Yes, really I feel better."

"You mean you drive me away?"

"The idea of such a thing."

"I shall be in town; I am on duty at the palace."

"Then you will see the Queen," said Mirabeau, becoming gloomy once more.

"Probably; have you any message for her?"

Mirabeau smiled bitterly.

"I should not take such a liberty, doctor; do not even say that you have seen me: for she will ask if I have saved the monarchy, as I promised, and you will be obliged to answer No! It is true," he added with a nervous laugh, "that the fault is as much hers as mine."

"You do not want me to tell her your excess of exertions in the tribune is killing you."

"Nay, you may tell her that," he replied after brief meditation: "you may make me out as worse than I am, to test her feelings."

"I promise you that, and to repeat her own words."

"It is well: I thank you, doctor—adieu!"

"What are you prescribing?"

"Warm drinks, soothing, strict diet and—no nurse-woman less than fifty ——"

"Rather than infringe the regulation I would take two of twenty-five!"

At the door Gilbert met Deutsch, who was in tears.

"All this through a woman—just because she looks like the Queen," said the man; "how stupid of a genius, as they say he is."

He let out Gilbert who stepped into his carriage, muttering:

"What does he mean by a woman like the Queen?"

He thought of asking Deutsch, but it was the count's secret, and he ordered his coachman to drive to town.

On the way he met Camille Desmoulins, the living newspaper of the day, to whom he told the truth of the illness because it was the truth.

When he announced the news to the King, the latter inquired if the count had lost his appetite.

"Yes, Sire," was the doctor's reply.

"Then it is a bad case," sighed the monarch, shifting the subject.

When the same words were repeated to the daughter of Maria Theresa, her forehead darkened.

"Why was he not so stricken on the day of his panegyric on the tricolor flag?" she sneered. "Never mind," she went on, as if repenting the expression of her hatred before a Frenchman, "it would be very unfortunate for France if this malady makes progress. Doctor, I rely on your keeping me informed about it."

At the appointed hour, Gilbert called on his patient at his town house. His eyes caught sight of a lady's scarf on a chair.

"Glad to see you," said Mirabeau, quickly as though to divert his attention from it. "I have learnt that you kept half your promise. Deutsch has been busy answering friendly inquiries from our arrival. Are you true to the

second part? have you been to the palace and seen the King and Queen?"

"Yes; and told them you were unwell. The King sincerely condoled when he heard that you had lost your appetite. The Queen was sorry and bade me keep her informed."

"But I want the words she used."

"Well, she said that it was a pity you were not ill when you praised the new flag of the country."

He wished to judge of the Queen's influence over the orator.

He started on the easy chair as if receiving the discharge of a galvanic battery.

"Ingratitude of monarchs," he muttered. "That speech of mine blotted out remembrance of the rich Civil List and the dower I obtained for her. This Queen must be ignorant that I was compelled to regain the popularity I lost for her sake: but she no more remembers it than my proposing the adjournment of the annexation of Avignon to France in order to please the King's religious scruples. But these and other faults of mine I have dearly paid for," continued Mirabeau. "Not that these faults will ruin them, but there are times when ruin must come, whether faults help them forward or not. The Queen does not wish to be saved but to be revenged; hence she relishes no reasonable ideas.

"I have tried to save liberty and royalty at the same time; but I am not fighting against men, or tigers, but an element—it is submerging me like the sea: yesterday up to the knee, to-day up to the waist, to-morrow I shall be struggling with it up to my neck. I must be open with you, doctor; I felt chagrin first, then disgust. I dreamt of being the arbiter between the Revolution and monarchy. I believed I should have an ascendancy over the Queen as a man, and some day when she was going under the flood, I meant to leap in and rescue her. But, no! they would not honestly take me; they try to destroy my popularity, ruin me, annihilate me, and make me powerless to do either good or evil. So, now that I have done my best, I tell you, doctor, that the best thing I can do is die in the nick of time; fall artistically like the Dying Gladiator, and offer my throat to be cut with gracefulness; yield up the ghost with decency."

He sank back on the reclining chair and bit the pillow savagely. Gilbert knew what he sought, on what Mirabeau's life depended.

"What will you say if the King or the Queen should send to inquire after your health?" he asked.

"The Queen will not do it—she will not stoop so low."

"I do not believe, but I suppose, I presume——"

"I will wait till to-morrow night."

"And then?"

"If she sends a confidential man I will say you are right and I wrong. But if on the contrary none come, then it will be the other way."

"Keep tranquil till then. But this scarf?"

"I shall not see her, on my honor," he said, smiling.

"Good, try to get a good quiet night, and I will answer for you," said Gilbert, going out.

"Your master is better, my honest Deutsch," said he to the attendant at the door.

The old valet shook his head sadly.

"Do you doubt my word?"

"I doubt everything since this bad angel will be beside him."

He sighed as he left the doctor on the gloomy stairs. At the landing corner Gilbert saw a veiled shadow which seemed waiting: on perceiving him, it uttered a low scream and disappeared so quickly by a partly opened door that is resembled a flight.

"Who is that woman?" questioned the doctor.

"The one who looks like the Queen," responded Deutsch.

For the second time Gilbert was struck by the same idea on hearing this phrase: he took a couple of steps as though to chase the phantom, but he checked himself, saying

"It cannot be."

He continued his way, leaving the old domestic in despair that this learned man could not conjure away the demon whom he believed the agent of the Inferno.

Next day all Paris called to inquire after the invalid orator. The crowd in the street would not believe Deutsch's encouraging report but forced all vehicles to turn into the side streets so that their idol should not be disturbed by their noise.

Mirabeau got up and went to the window to wave a greeting to these worshippers, who shouted their wishes for his long life.

But he was thinking of the haughty woman who did not trouble her head about him, and his eyes wandered over the mob to see if any servants in the royal blue livery were not trying to make their way through the mass. By evening his impatience changed into gloomy bitterness.

Still he waited for the almost promised token of interest, and still it did not come.

At eleven, Gilbert came; he had written his best wishes during the day: he came in smiling, but he was daunted by the expression on Mirabeau's face, faithful mirror of his soul's perturbations.

"Nobody has come," said he. "Will you tell me what you have done this day?"

"Why, the same as usual——"

"No, doctor, and I saw what happened and will tell you the same as though present. You called on the Queen and told her how ill I was: she said she would send to ask the latest news, and you went away, happy and satisfied, relying on the royal word. She was left laughing, bitter and haughty, ignorant that a royal word must not be broken—mocking at your credulity."

"Truly, had you been there, you could not have seen and heard more clearly," said Gilbert.

"What numbskulls they are," exclaimed Mirabeau. "I told you they never did a thing at the right time. Men in the royal livery coming to my door would have wrung shouts of 'Long live the King!' from the multitude and given them popularity for a year."

He shook his head with grief.

"What is the matter, count?" asked Gilbert.

"Nothing."

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"Not since two o'clock."

"Then take a bath and have a meal."

"A capital idea!"

Mirabeau listened in the bath until he heard the street door close after the doctor.

Then he rang for his servant, not Deutsch but another, to have the table in his room decked with flowers and "Madam" invited to sup with him.

He closed all the doors of the supper-room except that to the rooms of the strange woman whom the old German called his bad angel.

At about four in the morning, Deutsch who sat up, heard a violent ring of the room bell. He and another servant rushed to the supper-room, but all the doors were fastened so that they had to go round by the strange lady's rooms There they found her in the arms of their master, who had tried to prevent her giving the alarm. She had rung the table-bell from inability to get at the bellpull.

She was screaming as much for her own relief as her lover's, as he was suffocating her in his convulsive embrace.

It seemed to be Death trying to drag her into the grave.

Jean, the servant, ran to rouse Dr. Gilbert while Deutsch got his master to a couch. In ten minutes the doctor drove up.

"What is it now?" he asked of Deutsch, in the hall.

"That woman again and the cursed flowers! Come and see."

At this moment something like a sob was heard; Gilbert ran up the stairs at the top step of which a door opened, and a woman in a white wrapper ran out suddenly and fell at the doctor's feet.

"Oh, Gilbert," she screamed, "save him!"

"Nicole Legay," cried the doctor; "was it you, wretch, who have killed him?" A dreadful thought overwhelmed him. "I saw her bully Beausire selling broadsides against Mirabeau, and she became his mistress. He is undoubtedly lost."

He turned back into his patient's room, fully aware that no time was to be lost. Indeed, he was too versed in secrets of his craft still to hope, far less to preserve any doubt. In the body before his eyes, it was impossible to see the living Mirabeau. From that time, his face assumed the solemn cast of great men dying.

Meanwhile the news had spread that there was a relapse and that the doom impended. Then could it be judged what a gigantic place one man may fill among his fellows. The entire city was stirred as on great calamities. The door was besieged by persons of all opinions as though everybody knew they had something to lose by his loss.

He caused the window to be opened that he might be soothed by the hum of the multitude beneath.

"Oh, good people," he murmured: "slandered, despised and insulted like me, it is right that those Royals should forget me and the Plebs bear me in mind."

Night drew near.

"My dear doctor," he said to him who would not leave him, "this is my dying day. At this point nothing is to be done but embalm my corpse and strew flowers roundabout."

Scarcely had Jean, to whom everybody rushed at the door for news, said he wanted flowers for his master, than all the windows opened, and flowers were offered from conservatories and

gardens of the rarest sorts. By nine in the morning the room was transformed into a bower of bloom.

"My dear doctor, I beg a quarter of an hour to say good-bye to a person who ought to quit the house before I go. I ask you to protect her in case they hoot her."

"I leave you alone," said Gilbert, understanding.

"Before going, kindly hand me the little casket in the secretary."

Gilbert did as requested; the money-box was heavy enough to be full of gold.

At the end of half an hour, spent by Gilbert in giving news to the inquirers, Jean ushered a veiled lady out to a hackney-carriage at the door

Gilbert ran to his patient.

"Put the casket back," said he in a faint voice "Odd, is it not?" he continued, seeing how astonished the doctor looked at its being as heavy as before, "but where the deuce will disinterestedness next have a nest?"

Near the bed, Gilbert picked up a lace handkerchief wet with tears.

"Ah, she would take nothing away—but she left something," remarked Mirabeau.

Feeling it was damp he pressed it to his forehead.

"Tears? is she the only one who has a heart?" he murmured.

He fell back on the bed, with closed eyes; he might have been believed dead or swooning but for the death-rattle in his breast.

How came it that this man of athletic, herculean build should die?

Was it not because he had held out his hand to stay the tumbling throne from toppling over? was it not because he had offered his arm to that woman of misfortune known as Marie Antoinette?

Gilbert was going to try upon him the elixir of life.

The patient had opened his eyes.

"Nay," said he, "a few drops will be vain. You must give me the whole phial. I had the stuff analyzed and found it was Indian hemp; I had some compounded for myself and I have been taking it copiously not to live but to dream."

"Unhappy man that I am," sighed Gilbert, "to be dealing out poison to my friend."

"A sweet poison, by which I have lengthened out the last moments of my life a hundredfold. In my dream I have enjoyed what has really escaped me, riches, power, and love. I do not know whether I ought to thank God for my life, but I thank you, doctor, for your drug. Fill up the glass and let me have it."

Gilbert presented the extract which the patient absorbed with gusto.

"Ah, doctor," he said after a short pause, as if the veil of the future were raised at the approach of eternity; "blessed are those who die in this year, 1791! for they will have seen the sunny side of the Revolution. Never has a great one cost so little bloodshed up to now, because it is the mind that was conquered: but on the morrow the war will be upon facts and in things. Perhaps you believe that the tenants of the Tuileries will mourn for me? Not at all. My death rids them of an engagement. With me, they had to rule in a certain way, I was less support than hindrance. *She* excused herself for leaning on me, to her brother: 'Mira-

beau believes that he is advising me—I am only amusing myself with him.' That is why I wished that woman, her likeness, to be my mistress, and not my Queen.

"What a fine part he shall play in History who undertook to sustain the young nation with one hand and the old monarchy in the other, forcing them to tread the same goal—the happiness of the governed and the respect of the governors. It might have been possible and might be but a dream; but I am convinced that I alone could have realized the dream. My sorrow is not in dying, but in dying with work unfinished. Who will glorify my idea left mangled, an abortion? What will be known of me will be the part that should be buried in oblivion—my wild, reckless, rakish life and my obscene writings.

"I shall be blamed for having made a bond with the court out of which comes gain for no man; I shall be judged, dying at forty-two, like one who lived man's full age. They will take me to task as if instead of trying to walk on the waters in a storm, I had trodden a broad way paved with laws, statutes, and regulations. To whom shall I league my memory to be cleansed and be an honor to my country?

"But I could do nothing without her, and she would not take my helping hand. I pledged myself like a fool, while she remained unfettered. Be it so—all is for the best; and if you will promise one thing, no regret will trouble my last breath."

"Good God, what would I not promise?"

"If my passing from life is tedious, make it easy? I ask the aid not only of the doctor but of the man and the philosopher—promise to aid me. I do not wish to die dead,—but living, and the last step will not be hard to take."

The doctor bent his head towards the speaker.

"I promised not to leave you, my friend; if heaven hath condemned you—though I hope we have not come to that point—leave to my affection at the supreme instant the care of accomplishing what I ought to do. If death comes, I shall be at hand also."

"Thanks," said the dying one as if this were all he awaited.

The abundant dose of cannabis indicus had restored speech to the doomed one: but this vitalism of the mind vanished and for three hours the cold hand remained in the doctor's without a throb. Suddenly he felt a start: the awakening had come.

"It will be a dreadful struggle," he thought.

Such was the agony in which the strong frame wrestled that Gilbert forgot that he had promised to second death, not to oppose it. But, reminded of his pledge, he seized the pen to write a prescription for an opiate. Scarcely had he written the last words than Mirabeau rose on the pillow and asked for the pen. With his hand clenched by death he scrawled:

"Flee, flee, flee!"

He tried to sign but could only trace four letters of his name.

"For her," he gasped, holding out his convulsed arm towards his companion.

He fell back without breath, movement or look—he was dead.

Gilbert turned to the spectators of this scene and said:

"Mirabeau is no more."

He rapidly departed from the death chamber.

Some seconds after the doctor's going, a great clamor arose in the street and was prolonged throughout Paris.

The grief was intense and wide. The Assembly voted a public funeral, and the Pantheon, formerly Church of St. Genevieve, was selected for the great man's resting-place. Three years subsequently the Convention sent the coffin to the Clamart Cemetery to be bundled among the corpses of the publicly executed.

It was claimed to have discovered a contra-revolutionary plot written in the hand of Mirabeau later, and Congress reversed its previous judgment and declared that genius could not condone corruption.

Anne of Austria

ANNE of Austria was pretty rather than handsome. She had small features, a meaningless nose, but the transparent, velvety skin of that fair Flemish dynasty from whence sprang the Charles Quints and Philip Seconds. A coquette towards all men without distinction, she never wanted to miss a point even on her brother-in-law, Gaston of Orleans.

As this evening he had an appointment with her, she reclining upon a luxurious couch adjusted several locks of hair disarranged, regulated the folds of the long silken wrapper which enveloped her, supported herself on her elbow to try in what attitude she looked best, returned the reflector to her maid of honor and motioned her, with a thankful smile, to go to her own rooms.

Isabelle the maid laid down the glass and the candlestick on the dressing-table, respectfully curtseyed and went away.

The apartment was now illumined by the double beams of the lamp and candle, so placed as to shed their rays upon the couch.

At length, at very nearly the same time two doors that the queen had seemed to question, opened. Through one entry walked in a youth of twenty, with ruddy, round face, black hair, and hard eye which looked false to its nature when a mild expression was given it. He was splendidly arrayed in white satin and a cloak of cherry-color embroidered with gold. The collar of the Order of the Holy Ghost was worn round his neck. In his hand he held his white felt hat adorned with twin plumes of the cloak color. This was Gaston of Orleans, generally designated as *the* "My Lord," and asserted by the scandal-lovers in the Louvre to be so loved by his mother only because he was the son of the handsome favorite Concino Concini. In support of this, whoever will compare (as we may in the Blois Museum) the portraits of Marshal d'Ancre and of Marie de Medicis' second son will understand that the extraordinary likeness existant between them might well throw credit upon the serious accusation.

By the other door, almost simultaneously, had entered a woman of fifty-five or six, royally appareled, wearing

a small gold crown on the top of her head, and a long mantle of purple and ermine falling from her shoulders on a white satin robe laced with gold.

She had been fresh-looking at one time, but had never been distinguished for her beauty; as an excessive *embonpoint* had imparted to her such a vulgar appearance as to call forth for her, from the mouth of Henry IV., the appellation of the *Grosse-banquiere*.

Inferior in genius to Catherine de Medicis, she far exceeded her in debauchery. If common report was to be believed, only one of the children said to be Henry IV.'s were his indeed. This was Henrietta. Gaston only she loved of all. She had taken the much desired death of her eldest son, King Louis XIII., for granted regarding it as inevitable and consoling herself beforehand. Her fixed idea was to behold Gaston on the throne, as the fixed idea of Catherine had been to see Henry III. thereon.

But a still graver accusation than these weighed upon her and caused Louis XIII. to scorn her as strongly as he hated her: she was said, if not to have put, to have left in the hands of Ravaillac, the attempted assassin of the king, the knife that she could have dashed aside.

Sworn testimony asserted that Ravaillac had named her and d'Epernon when on the rack. The Justice Hall had been fired to burn up all traces of those two names.

The night before mother and son had been told Anne had letters for them. Handing them the missives, she spoke a few words and dismissed them.

The queen-mother, Marie de Medici, took leave of her daughter-in-law and, being come to her own room, dressed for the night and gave leave to her tiring women.

On being alone, she pulled a bell-cord hidden in a curtain.

A few seconds after, a man of forty-five or fifty, with a yellow but strongly-marked visage, black hair, brows and moustache, entered in response to the summons by a passage under the tapestry.

This was the queen's musician, physician and astrologer.

Sad to say, he was the successor of Henry IV. and of Vittoria Orsino, of Concini. Vaultier, who, to better govern the body, had become a doctor, and to better soften the brain had become an astrologer. If Richelieu should fall, his place would be contested by Berulle, a fool, and Vaultier, a mountebank; and many who knew the latter's influence over the queen-dowager, averred that Vaultier had as much of a chance as his rival for the premiership.

Vaultier had come into this sort of ante-chamber preceding the bed-room.

"Quick, quick! run!" exclaimed she, "and give me, if you have compounded it, that liquor with power to render legible writings that are invisible."

"Yes, madame," replied Vaultier, drawing a phial from his pocket; "your Majesty's desire is too precious for me to ever forget it. Here it is. Your Majesty has then received a letter?"

"'Tis here," she said, producing the paper from her bosom, "a few lines merely, almost meaningless, from the Duke of Savoy; but it is clear that he would not have written so confidentially to me and sent it by one of my

husband's fondlings only to tell me such stuff."

She had held out the letter to Vaultier, who unfolded and perused it.

"In fact, there must be more in it," he remarked.

The apparent writing, truly by Charles Emanuel, of Piedmont, was at the top of the page, which with the standing orders for all missives to be experimented on for all not evident in the text, confirmed the queen in the idea of this being the time to call in the aid of the chemical preparation commanded to be made by Vaultier.

It seemed to be certain that if any unseen advice was innate on the Duke of Savoy's epistle it ought to come to life under the concluding line, on the blank, say three-quarters of the page.

Vaultier dipped a brush in the liquid and lightly washed the paper, from the last line downwards.

As the brush was drawn to moisten the spotless surface, up started letters here and there, hastier than their mates, next lines ran out their length, and lastly, after five minutes' soaking, the following could be read:

"Simulate a quarrel with your son Gaston, the cause for which might be his hot love for Maria of Gonzago; and if the Italian Campaign is settled spite your opposition, obtain for him, under pretence of sending him away to cure his foolish passion, the command of the army. The Cardinal Duke, whose whole ambition is to pass for the leading general of the age, will not put up with the affront and will hand in his resignation. The only fear is that the king would not accept it."

Marie and her councillor looked at one another.

"Have you anything better to propose?" she asked.

"Nay, madame," he answered. "I have noticed that the duke's advice was always good to follow."

"Let's obey it, then," said Marie with a sigh. "We cannot be in a worse position than the present. Have you consulted the stars, Vaultier?"

"This evening I spent all of an hour on top of Catherine de Medicis' observatory in studying the orbs."

"Well, what do they augur?"

"They foretell complete triumph over your Majesty's enemies."

"Amen!" rejoined Marie de Medicis, giving the star-gazer a hand, somewhat plump but not so unfair, which he kissed with ardour.

Business was completed for the evening.

On being alone in her couch, Anne of Austria had successively listened for the steps to die away of Gaston of Orleans and of her mother-in-law. When all sound had been completely extinguished, she quietly rose, ran her small Spanish feet into blue satin slippers studded with gold, and went to sit down at her dressing-table. From one of its drawers, she took out a little bag, containing (instead of her favorite perfume of Florence) some pulverized charcoal. With this dust, she powdered the second page, blank, of a letter from Don Gonzalez of Cordova and—in like manner as to result though diverse in method to the practices of the heated and the bathed scrolls—writing was revealed on the queen's epistle.

This was from King Philip IV., himself.

It was thus couched:

"Sister:—Our friend, Lady Fargis, tells me that in case of King Louis XIII.'s decease, you propose to wed Gaston, his brother and successor. But it will be much better if, at the period of that death, you should be with child.

"French queens have the advantage over their husbands of the dauphin coming only from them, with or without the consort.

"Study this incontestable truth, and, as you will not need my letter to study by, burn it. "Philip."

After the queen had read the royal letter a second time, in order to more deeply engrave it on her mind, she took it by one corner, put it in the candle light and there held it till the flame ran up to lick the rosy tips of her lovely hand. Then, and only then, she let go the fragment, which was ashes as the sparks fell to the floor. But at the same instant, she transcribed the whole letter from memory upon a paper, afterwards shut up in a secret drawer of a little writing-desk.

She returned slowly to her bed, let her satin wrapper fall from neck to waist, from waist to the carpet; so that she seemed to rise like Venus out of the silvery wave, lay slowly down and, sighing as her head pressed the pillow, murmured:

"Oh! Buckingham! Buckingham!"

Thenceforward all that troubled the stillness in the royal chamber were some smothered sobs.

A Black Pearl

In a domestic crisis once chance came to my assistance. Mind, I am not so conceited as to say *Providence*; I leave that to the crowned heads.

Chevet, to whom I owed a bill of 113 francs, having heard say I was starting for a voyage round the world, thought he would like to see the amount of his little account paid up before I left Saint-Germain.

He appeared, therefore, one morning in person, his bill in his hand. This settled, I asked if by any chance he knew of a good servant who would be willing to accompany me abroad.

"Why, sir," he exclaimed, "how aptly that falls out; I have a perfect pearl to offer you—a negro."

"A black pearl, it seems."

"Yes, sir, but a true pearl nevertheless."

"The deuce, Chevet! I have a negro already, a ten years' old one, who is, off his own bat, as lazy as two negroes of twenty—if they grow to twenty."

"That is just his age, sir."

"He will be as lazy as two negroes of forty then."

"Sir, he is not a true negro."

"What, he is dyed!"

"No, no, sir; he is an Arab."

"Ah, the deuce! but that is a find for any one going to Algeria—unless indeed he talks Arabic the same way Alexis talked Creole."

"I don't know, sir, how Alexis talked Creole; but I do know an officer of Spahis came to the house the other day,

and they jabbered away together, Paul and he."

"He is called Paul?"

"Yes, he is called Paul for us, that's his French name; but for his compatriots, he has another name, an Arab name that means *Benzoin-Water*."

"You would be answerable for him?"

"As I would for myself, sir."

"Very well, then, send me your Benzoin-Water."

"Ah, sir, you will soon see what a treasure you have got! A *valet de chambre* as elegant as a man could wish, of a fine olive tint, speaking four languages, not counting his own, a good walker and a good rider. He has only one fault; he invariably loses whatever you trust to his care. But then, you understand, one never trusts him with anything——"

"Good, Chevet, good; thank you, thank you!"

By the four o'clock train I duly saw Benzoin-Water arrive. Chevet had not deceived me; the man showed no sign whatever of the low brow, flat nose, and thick lips of the natives of the Congo or Mozambique.

He was an Abyssinian Arab, with all the elegant shape and limbs of his race. As Chevet had told me, his complexion was of the very tint to have delighted Delacroix. Being anxious to test his boasted linguistic talents, I spoke a few words to him in Italian, English, and Spanish. He answered me quite correctly, and as he also spoke French very fluently, I came to the same conclusion as Chevet, that he knew four languages besides his own.

Now how this drop of fragrance named Benzoin-Water had come into existence on the slopes of the Samen Mountains, between the shores of Lake Ambra and the sources of the Blue Nile, is a matter on which Benzoin-Water could never afford me any information, and so I cannot tell you. All that one could make out amid the obscurity of his earliest years was that an English gentleman, a globe-trotter, returning from India by way of the Gulf of Aden, had chosen to ascend the River to Naso and pass by Emfras and Gondar, had halted at the latter town, had there seen the little Benzoin-Water, a lad of five or six, and, taking a fancy to his looks, had bought him of his father in exchange for a bottle of rum.

The boy followed his new master, crying bitterly for three or four days after his lost parents. Then, under the influence, so powerful with all and especially with children, of change of scene and surroundings, he grew pretty nearly reconciled in the course of a week, by which time the caravan reached the sources of the river Rahad. The English traveller descended that river to the point where it discharges its waters into the Blue Nile; then he followed down the latter stream to where it joins the White Nile; he halted a fortnight at Khartoum, then resumed his journey, and two months later arrived at Grand Cairo.

For six years Benzoin-Water remained with his English master. During that time he went all over Italy, and learnt a little Italian; Spain, and learnt a little Spanish; England, and learnt a little English. Finally he settled down in France, and acquired a really sound knowledge of French.

The child from Lake Ambra took very kindly to this nomad life, which recalled that of his ancestors the Shep-

herd Kings—for Benzoin-Water had so proud a carriage, so aristocratic an air, that I have always maintained, and do so still, that he must have been descended from those conquerors of Egypt. If it had depended on him, he would never, despite the ancient saw of good King Dagobert, have left his English master; but, alas! his English master left him. He was a great traveller, this Englishman; he had seen everything—Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and even Oceania. He had seen all this world, and determined to visit the next. Every morning at seven o'clock he was in the habit of ringing for Benzoin-Water. One morning he did not ring. At eight o'clock Benzoin-Water went into his room, to find his master hanging from the ceiling, the bell-rope round his neck—which sufficiently explained why he had not rung.

The Englishman was generous; he had even taken the precaution, before hanging himself, to leave a rouleau of guineas to Benzoin-Water. But the poor lad was not of a saving disposition; like a true child of the tropics, he loved everything that glittered in the sun; provided it glittered, what matter to him whether it were copper or gold, green glass or emerald, tinsel or ruby, paste or diamond. So he spent his guineas in buying whatever glittered, purchasing now and again by way of variety sundry drinks of rum, for the fellow was very fond of rum—a fact, by the bye, which Chevet had omitted to tell me, no doubt because I was sure to find it out very soon for myself.

When Benzoin-Water had, I won't say eaten up—he was but a small eater, the poor lad—but scattered to the winds his last guinea, he realised the time was come to look out for another place.

As he was good-looking, pleasant, and obliging in all his ways, with a clear eye, an open smile, and flashing white teeth, he was not long in finding a new master. This was a French colonel, who took him with him to Algeria, where Paul found himself as it were *en famille*. It was his native language the Algerians spoke, or, to be strictly accurate, he spoke the mother-tongue of the Algerians with far more purity and elegance than they did themselves, for his Arabic is borrowed from the primitive source of that beautiful speech. He stayed five years in Algeria, in the course of which time, the grace of the Lord having touched him, he had himself baptized under the name of Pierre, doubtless to safeguard himself the right, like his patron saint, of thrice denying God.

Unfortunately he had forgotten, when he chose the name, that it was his master's too. The end was that the Colonel, not wishing to have a servant called the same as himself, unbaptized Benzoin-Water and changed his name from Peter to Paul, deeming it would not fail to please him to exchange the patronage of the Apostle who holds the keys for that of the one who holds the sword.

At the end of these five years Paul's Colonel was retired. He came back to France to appeal against the order, but to no purpose. So the Colonel being reduced to half-pay, had to inform Paul that to his great regret he was forced to part with him.

There was one disagreeable difference between the Colonel and the Englishman, to wit, that the former being still

alive and needing his money to end his days with, gave Paul just what was due to him for wages and no more. The amount came to thirty-three francs and a half, which promptly vanished between Paul's brown fingers.

However, in the Colonel's service, that officer being very fond of good living, Paul had made one very useful acquaintance, Chevet's namely. We have seen how the latter had recommended him to my notice, telling me he was a capital servant, with one great fault, however, that he always lost whatever was entrusted to his keeping.

I stated a little above, somewhere, that Chevet had omitted to warn me that Paul had another fault, a decided predilection for rum; I added that this was probably because Chevet felt sure I should soon find out this fact for myself.

Well, Chevet had formed too exalted an opinion of my powers of observation. True, I saw Paul from time to time getting to his feet as I went by to salute me, and rolling big eyes which had turned from white to yellow; I noticed that he held his little finger desperately to the seam of his trousers, a pleasing military posture he had learnt in the Colonel's establishment; I heard how he mixed up confusedly English, French, Spanish, and Italian. But, buried in my work, I paid small heed to these superficial changes, and continued to be very well satisfied with his behaviour. Only, in accordance with Chevet's advice, I never trusted anything to Paul's charge—except the key of the cellar, which, contrary to his general custom, he never lost.

Thus I remained in blissful ignorance of this fatal failing of Paul's until one day an unexpected incident revealed it to me. After starting for a shooting party, intending to remain away a week, I came back next day unexpectedly, and as I usually did on returning home, called for Paul.

But there was no answer. Then I called Michel; but Michel was in the garden. So I called Michel's wife, Augustine; but she was out marketing. I made up my mind to go upstairs without more ado to Paul's bedroom, fearing he might have hanged himself like his former master the Englishman.

A single glance reassured me on this head. For the moment Paul had entirely forsaken the vertical posture for the horizontal; fully dressed in complete livery, the fellow was lying on his bed, as stiff and still as if he were embalmed; I did not think he was this, but I own I thought he was pretty near gone to another world. I called him by name, but could get no answer. I shook him, but he never stirred; I lifted him by the shoulders, just as Pierrot lifts Harlequin; not a joint gave. I set him up on his legs, and seeing a point of support was absolutely necessary to enable him to stay there, I planted him against the wall.

During this latter operation Paul had at last vouchsafed some tokens of life. He had tried to speak, opened his eyes very wide, showing only the whites. At last his lips managed to articulate some almost unintelligible sounds, and he asked peevishly—

"Why are they disturbing me?"

At that moment I heard a noise at the bedroom door. It came from Michel, who had heard me calling from the bottom of the garden, and had come at last.

"Halloa!" I asked him, "is Paul mad?"

"No, sir," he answered me, "but Paul is drunk."

"What! Paul drunk?"

"Alas, yes, sir. The instant Monsieur's back is turned, Paul has a bottle neck between his teeth."

"Why, Michel, you mean to say you knew this, and you never told me!"

"I am here to be Monsieur's gardener, not to play the informer."

"True, Michel; you are in the right. Well, and now, what are we to do with the fellow? I cannot spend all the day holding him up against the wall."

"Oh, if Monsieur wants to sober Paul, it's easily done."

Michel possessed a recipe to meet all embarrassing circumstances whatsoever.

"What must we do to sober Paul, eh, Michel?"

"Heavens and earth, man! try to keep upright against the wall, do!" (this parenthetically to Paul).

"Monsieur has only to take a glass of water, drop into it eight or ten drops of alkali, and force Paul to drink it off. He'll give a great sneeze and be sober in an instant."

"Have you any alkali, Michel?"

"No; but I have a supply of ammonia."

"That comes to exactly the same thing. Put some ammonia into a glass —not too much—and bring it me here."

Five minutes later Michel came back with the required mixture. We unclenched Paul's teeth with a paper-knife; then we slipped in the edge of the glass and tilted it gently. The contents followed two main directions—down Paul's throat and down his necktie. Though the latter certainly got the lion's share, still the patient imbibed some, and as Michel had foretold, presently gave so terrific a sneeze that I fled, leaving him unsupported. He staggered for a moment, sneezed a second time, opened great staring eyes and looked about him, uttering only a single word the while, though that seemed to express his thoughts quite adequately—"Faugh!"

"Well, now, Paul," I said to him, "now that you are sober again, lie down, my fine fellow, and go to sleep, and directly you wake, bring me your account; I do not like drunkards."

But, whether it was that Paul was of exceptional nervous susceptibility, or that his brain was overstimulated by the ammonia, instead of dropping off to sleep as I advised him, or presenting me with his claim for wages, as he was entitled to, he fell to throwing his head back, writhing his arms and making the faces of a demoniac. Paul had a violent nervous seizure, and amidst, or rather in the intervals between, his wild contortions, he kept crying out—

"No, I don't want to go away; I am happy here, and I want to stay! I only left my first master because he hanged himself; I only left my second because he was put on half-pay. M. Dumas has neither been retired nor hanged himself—and I want to stay on with M. Dumas."

A Female Defender

A DREADFUL storm broke out in the Chamber of Deputies.

"Against whom?" you ask.

Against me—and nobody else.

The National Representatives, who had certainly never been intended for any such purpose, were so extremely kind as to busy their heads with poor me.

"About what?" will be your second question.

About a famous journey to Spain and Africa, the cost of which we shared together, the Government and myself, the former contributing ten thousand francs and I forty thousand, to popularize our Algerian colony.

Every day of the year men were sent on official missions, and every day war-vessels lent for their conveyance; but these were unknown, obscure individuals. So there was nothing to be said.

But for me—that was a very different matter! The fact is, at that date these parliamentary gentlemen were furiously angry with us,—and not without good reason, you must allow.

Eugène Sue was issuing the *Mystères de Paris,* Soulié the *Mémoires du Diable,* Balzac his *Cousin Pons,* I was bringing out *Monte-Cristo;* the result was that the public paid scant attention to prominent politicians, hardly any at all to the discussions in the Chamber, reserving all their interest for the current *feuilletons.*

The further result was that the worthies of the Chamber were bitterly jealous of the *feuilletonists,* and cried out in scandalised protest against the supposed immorality of these productions as loudly as they were accustomed to shout against breaches of order in the House—and Heaven knows that is loud enough!

So great was the danger to morals, according to them, that they ended by clapping a tax on the *feuilletons* which they had refused to put on dogs. This, by the bye, was a fortunate thing for me, seeing I had at that particular time only three or four *feuilletons* running at once on any one day, whereas, thanks to Pritchard's generous invitations, I had sometimes as many as thirteen or fourteen dogs to dinner.

Once the *feuilletons* were duly stamped, they had no more objections to raise; the tax had made them perfectly moral in a moment.

But still our excellent Representatives were furious at heart. The *feuilleton* still continued its triumphant course. It now carried a black or red ear-mark; it cost the newspaper in which it appeared two or three hundred francs more,—in other words, it brought in to the Government twice as much as it gave the author, which is a highly moral arrangement; but neither readers nor journals could dispense with *feuilletons.*

There were even certain papers whose readers took them in solely for the sake of the *feuilletons,* the result of which was that the said journals were even more furiously angry than the gentlemen of the Chamber.

This was the reason why, whenever I produced a drama or a comedy, I was

even more savagely cut up in those journals which I supplied with *feuilletons* than in those in which my stories did not appear. I may mention the *Siècle,* to which I contributed successively: the *Corricolo,* the *Chevalier d'Harmental,* the *Trois Mousquetaires, Vingt Ans Après,* and the *Vicomte de Bragelonne.*

Yet all the while the *Siècle* had found in the insertion of the books I have named no small compensation to make up for the obnoxious tax; for the two or three years my stories had run in this paper, it had been enabled to maintain the smaller size of sheet without loss of clientele.

I had a fine reward for all my trouble when *Bragelonne* was finished. The authorities of the *Siècle* put a blank agreement before my fellow-author Scribe. They thought they had done with me, and I was written out, and so they applied to some one else.

I had been so ambitious as to ask for my *feuilletons,* and the five years' copyright that was to follow, five thousand francs a volume, and they had thought this a very high price.

Scribe for his part modestly demanded seven thousand, and they held this was not enough seemingly; for they made him a present, to clench the bargain, of a silver-gilt inkstand and gold pen.

From this silver-gilt inkstand and this gold pen came *Piquillo Alliaga*!

I consoled myself by proceeding to contribute *Queen Margot,* the *Dame de Monsoreau,* and the *Chevalier de Maison-Rouge* to *La Presse, Le Constitutionnel,* and *La Dèmocratie Pacifique* respectively.

A strange fate that of the *Chevalier de Maison-Rouge,* which, originally contributed to a Republican paper, was to be so helpful to the Republic that, under the Republic, the Director of the Beaux Arts forbade its publication, for fear it might, after assisting to create the Republican Government, further help to keep it in existence!

However, to come back to the virtuous rage of the Chamber of Deputies. One morning the storm broke, and the lightning descended, not on a lightning-rod or an oak of the forest, but on me, a poor, feeble reed.

One fine day a vexatious attack was made on M. de Salvandy as to the ten thousand francs which he had added to my forty thousand, and a similar storm raised against the King about the twelve thousand francs' worth of coal he had burnt for me, and an accusation levelled against him of undue partiality for men of letters.

Poor Louis Philippe! he had been very often accused, and very unjustly, but never more unjustly than on this count!

Nor was this all. A Deputy, a very serious man—so serious, indeed, he could actually look at himself in the glass without laughing—declared solemnly that the French flag had been degraded by giving us the protection of its shadow.

Two other Deputies chimed in; and the whole opposition applauded.

The same evening the three orators received each of them a communication—

M. *, a letter signed by me;

M. * *, a letter signed by Maquet;

M. * * *, a letter signed by Desbarrolles.

Not trusting the post, and determined these letters should be duly delivered,

we sent each of them by the hands of two friends, with injunctions to hand them severally to the several recipients. My two friends were Frédéric Soulié and Guyet-Desfontaines.

I had chosen M. Guyet-Desfontaines for two reasons: because he was my country neighbour at Marly, and also because his seat was next to M. *'s at the Palais Bourbon. Thus I could be certain of M. * receiving my letter.

This epistle was in the simplest words; there was no possibility of misunderstanding it. It ran as follows:—

"Sir,—Parliament has its privileges, the Tribune its rights; but to every privilege and every right there are limits.

"These limits you have overstepped with regard to me.

"I have the honour to demand satisfaction.

"Alex. Dumas"

If I have made any minor error, M. * can set me right, as he is still living.

The other two letters were conceived in almost identical terms. The style of all these was laconic, but perfectly plain.

The three replies were equally plain, and even more laconic—

"We make our appeal to the inviolability of the Tribune."

There was no more to be said.

True, each of us had eight or ten friends on the Press, each armed with a pen, the point of which we could feel from time to time like the sting of a wasp. But not one of them stirred a finger.

But I had a friend of the opposite sex.

A piece of advice, dear readers; directly you put pen to paper to write anything more than your domestic accounts, have friends of the gentler sex, never of the sterner.

Yes, I had a friend,—a good friend indeed. Her name was Madame Emile de Girardin.

It is not so long the adorable being has been in the grave; you cannot have forgotten her yet. Oh no! all must remember that charming personality, that mind of almost masculine vigour, that intellect that covered the triple octave of grace and wit and power.

Well, woman as she was, she did what no man had dared, or rather, had chosen, to do.

Throughout all the parliamentary discussion, whereof I had been, if not the hero, at any rate the object, not once had my name been mentioned. I had been referred to, not even as M. *, M. * *, or M. * * *, as I have named the three Deputies who had more specially devoted their attention to me at that memorable sitting,—but *monsieur* shortly and simply, or sometimes, by way of variety, *le monsieur* or *ce monsieur*.

The moment the inviolability of the Tribune was called in force, they might call me what they pleased.

Well, Madame de Girardin took by the collar the most aggressive of my three assailants, and with her pretty hand, plump and white and rosy-nailed, she shook him,—how she shook him. . . . But there, why should I not give you the gratification of showing you how she did shake the poor wretch?

It is a woman's writing; but Madame de Girardin and Madame Sand have accustomed us to these miracles—

". . . But at the same time we

must be just, and we are bound to recognise that, for all his mistakes, M. Dumas has more than one good and adequate excuse. He has, to begin with, the fiery ardour of his imagination, the fever of his ancestral African blood; and, furthermore, he has an excuse everybody cannot plead—the intoxication of glory. Yes, we should greatly like to see you, you sober, reasonable people, involved in the whirlpool that carries him along; we should like to see what sort of a figure you would cut if they came to you suddenly to offer you three francs a line for your tiresome scrawls. Oh! how uplifted you would be! what magnificent airs you would assume! how your heads would be turned! how frantic would be your delight! So be more indulgent for errors of taste, for outpourings of proud conceit such as you know nothing of and are incapable of understanding!

"But if we can find excuses for Alexandre Dumas' hotheadedness, we can find none for the wanton attack made on him in the Chamber of Deputies by M. * * *. In this case neither the ardour of imagination, nor the fever of African blood, nor the intoxication of glory, can explain this strange forgetfulness of what is seemly and becoming in a man so well born, so well brought up, who belongs to the most distinguished section of Parisian society.

"*Contractor for feuilletons!* Yes, the vulgar herd may call him that, it is very possible; but then the vulgar herd thinks that necessarily the man who writes much writes ill; the vulgar herd, to which everything is difficult, has a horror of all talent that finds difficulties easy. It holds that, if an author's works are numerous, they must be trumpery; having no time to read all the new romances Alexandre Dumas finds time to publish, it supposes those it has read are the only meritorious and delightful ones, while all the rest are detestable, and explains his marvellous fecundity of output by an assumed mediocrity of talent. That the common herd should fail to comprehend the wondrous possibilities of genius is simple enough, is only what might be expected; but that a young Deputy, one who is reputed a man of wit and intelligence, should thoughtlessly take the side of the vulgar crowd and go out of his way to make an uncalled-for and useless attack on a man of incontestable ability, of European celebrity, without ever having weighed his merits, or examined the nature of his talents, or reflected whether he really and truly deserved the cruel description it pleased him, in his irony, to bestow on him, this is an instance of reckless injustice that amazes—or should we rather say, shocks and disgusts us.

"Since when has it been usual to reproach talent with the facility of its exercise as with a crime, if this facility in no way militates against the perfection of the result? What cultivator of the soil ever alleged its fertility as a fault against the rich land of Egypt? Who ever blamed its harvests for their precocious maturity, and refused to reap its superb crops under pretext that they had budded, germinated, grown, and ripened in an incredibly short space of time? Just as there are favoured soils, so there are specially privileged individuals. A man is not blameworthy because he is unduly endowed by nature; the crime is not in possessing these precious gifts, but in abusing them. More-

over, for true artists who consider Alexandre Dumas and who have studied his astonishing talent with the interest every skilled physiologist is bound to take in every exceptional phenomenon, this amazing facility of production ceases to be an inexplicable mystery.

"This rapidity of composition is like the speed of locomotion attained on railways. Both have the same principles, the same causes,—an extreme facility won by vanquishing immense difficulties. You travel sixty leagues in three hours; it seems nothing, and you laugh at having performed so swift a journey. But think, to what do you owe this rapidity of travel, this facility of transport? To years of formidable efforts, to millions spent like water, expended in profusion all along the levelled track, to thousands of arms employed during thousands of days in clearing a way for your passage. You fly past so swiftly as to be almost invisible; but to enable you to go so fast one day, how many men have worked and watched, plied pickaxe and spade! how many plans have been made and abandoned! how much arduous thought, how much wearing anxiety, expended on making the way easy which you traverse in a few short minutes without the smallest pains or trouble! . . . Well, so it is with the talent of Alexandre Dumas. Each volume he writes represents immense preliminary labours, endless studies, a world-wide knowledge. Dumas did not possess this facility twenty years ago, because he did not then know what he knows now. But since then he has learnt everything, forgotten nothing; his memory is appalling, his outlook infallible; he possesses, to guess right, instinct, experience, recollection; he sees true, compares swiftly, understands intuitively. He knows by heart all he has read, he has kept in his brain all the pictures his retina has reflected. The most grave matters of history, the most insignificant of the oldest memoirs, he remembers them all; he speaks familiarly of the manners and customs of all ages and all countries; he knows the names of all weapons, all dresses, all forms of furniture in use since the creation of the world, of all the dishes ever eaten, from the rude Spartan broth to the last dainties concocted by Carême. If he has to describe a hunt, he is acquainted with every word in the *Dictionnaire des Chasseurs* better than a Grand Huntsman; if a duel, he is better instructed than Grisier; if a carriage accident, he will tell you all the technical terms as well as Binder or Baptiste.

"When other authors write, they are stopped every other instant by a question to be resolved, a piece of information to be looked up, a doubt to be settled, something forgotten, some obstacle or other. But he is delayed by nothing; besides which, the habit of writing for the stage gives him the greatest agility of composition. He draws a scene as quickly as Scribe scribbles off a piece for the theatre. Add to all this a brilliant wit, a gaiety and verve that are inexhaustible, and you will perfectly understand how, with such resources, a man can attain in his work an almost incredible rapidity, without ever sacrificing the appropriateness of his diction, without even spoiling the quality and sterling merits of his production.

"And it is a man of this kind they

call *un monsieur*! Why! that implies some one unknown, a man who has never written a good book, who has never performed a good action or said a noble word, a man France knows nothing of, whose name Europe has never heard. No doubt, M. Dumas is much less a marquis than M. * * *; but M. * * * is much more *un monsieur* than Alexandre Dumas!"

There, did I not tell you, dear readers, that in literature it was far better to have friends of the gentler than of the sterner sex!

The Great Copt

On the 6th of May, 1770, at that hour when the waters of the great river are tinged with a pale rose colour—that is to say, when the inhabitants of the Rhingau see the setting sun sink behind the spire of Strasburg Cathedral, which divides it into two hemispheres of fire,—a man who came from Mayence, having passed through Alzey and Kircheim-Poland, appeared beyond the village of Danenfels. He followed the path so long as the path was visible; then, when all trace of it vanished, dismounting from his horse, he fastened its bridle to the first fir-tree of the pathless forest.

The animal neighed uneasily, and the woods seemed to start at a sound so unusual.

"Gently, gently, Djerid!—twelve leagues are enough for you; here you must wait my return."

The traveller tried to peer into the recesses of the forest, but in vain; he could only see masses of dark shadows relieved upon shadows yet darker. Turning then to his horse, whose Arab name declared his race and swiftness, he took his head between his hands, approached his lips to the smoking nostrils of the animal, and said, "Farewell, my good horse!—farewell, if it be fated that we meet not again."

As he said these words he looked quickly around, as if he feared they might have been overheard, or as if he desired it. The horse shook his silky mane, pawed and neighed, as he would in the desert on the approach of the lion. The traveller nodded with a smile which seemed to say, "Thou art not wrong, Djerid, there is danger here."

Then, having decided beforehand, no doubt, not to oppose force against this danger, the unknown adventurer drew from his saddlebow two richly mounted pistols, took out their balls, and sprinkled the powder on the ground. This done, he put them back in their place. Then he unbuckled a sword with a steel handle, wrapped the belt of it round it, and put all together under the saddle, so that the pommel of the sword was towards the horse's shoulder. After these formalities, the traveller shook off the dust from his boots, took off his gloves, felt in his pockets, and having found a pair of small scissors and a penknife with a tortoise-shell handle, he threw first the one and then the other over his shoulder, without looking where they fell. That done, he

again stroked Djerid, breathed deeply, as if to expand his chest, feeling that his strength was about to be taxed, and sought a pathway among the trees. He found none, and at last entered the forest at a venture.

He was a man apparently of thirty or two-and-thirty years of age, of middle height, but admirably made, and his every movement exhibited a fine combination of strength and flexibility of limb. He was dressed in a travelling coat of black velvet, with gold buttons, under which appeared an embroidered waistcoat; tight-fitting breeches of leather, and polished boots on limbs which might have served as a model for a sculptor, completed his costume. As to his face, whose rapid changes of expression bespoke him of a southern race, there were in it both tact and power of character. His eye, which could express every feeling, seemed to read the soul of any one on whom it rested. His complexion, naturally dark, had been rendered darker by exposure to a warmer sun than ours. His mouth, large but well formed, showed a fine set of teeth, the whiteness of which was heightened by contrast with the darkness of his skin. His foot was long, but finely formed, and his hand small, but sinewy.

Scarcely had he advanced ten steps among the dark fir-trees, when he heard the quick tramp of hoofs in the direction where he had left his horse. His first movement was to turn back, but he stopped himself; however, he could not resist the wish to know the fate of Djerid—he raised himself on tiptoe and glanced through an opening. Djerid had disappeared, guided by an invisible hand which had untied his bridle. A slight frown contracted the brow of the unknown, yet something like a smile curled his chiselled lips.

Then he went on his way towards the centre of the forest.

For a few steps further the twilight aided him, then it left him, and in darkness so thick, that seeing no longer where to place his foot, he stopped.

"I got on very well to Danenfels, for from Mayence to Danenfels there is a road," said he aloud; "and from Danenfels to the Dark Heath, because there is a path; and from the Dark Heath hither, though there is neither road nor path, because I could see where I was going; but now I must stop—I see nothing."

Scarcely had he pronounced these words, in a dialect half French, half Sicilian, when a light appeared about fifty paces from the traveller.

"Thanks," said he; "now as the light moves I shall follow."

The light moved steadily on, with a gliding motion, as we sometimes see a light move over the stage of a theatre.

The traveller might have gone about a hundred steps farther when he thought he felt a breathing at his ear. He started.

"Turn not," said a voice on the right, "or thou art dead!"

"Good!" replied the immovable traveller.

"Speak not," said a voice on the left, "or thou art dead!"

The traveller bowed without speaking.

"But if thou art afraid," said a third voice, which, like that of Hamlet's father, seemed to come from the bowels of the earth, "turn back; that will declare that thou abandonest thy

scheme, and thou shalt be permitted to go."

The traveller made a gesture of dissent with his hand, and went on.

The night was so dark and the forest so thick that he could not advance without occasionally stumbling, and his progress was slow. For nearly an hour the flame moved on, and he followed without a murmur, and without showing a symptom of fear.

All at once it disappeared.

The traveller was out of the forest. He raised his eyes, and in the dark blue sky saw some twinkling stars.

He continued to advance in the direction of the place where the light had disappeared, and soon saw arise before him a ruin, the spectre, as it were, of some ancient castle.

Next, his foot struck against some of its fragments. Then something cold passed his temples and sealed up his eyes, and he saw not even the shadows of outward objects.

A bandage of wet linen bound his head. This was only what he expected, no doubt, as he made no effort to remove it. He only silently stretched out his hand, like a blind man imploring a guide. His gesture was understood. A cold, dry, bony hand grasped the fingers of the traveller.

He knew that it was the hand of a skeleton, but if that hand had been endowed with sensation, it would have felt that his did not tremble.

Then the traveller felt himself rapidly drawn on for about a hundred paces. Suddenly the hand released its grasp, the bandage fell from his eyes, he stopped; he was on the summit of Mont Tonnerre.

In the midst of a glade formed by larches, bare with age, rose one of those feudal castles which the crusaders, on their return from the Holy Land, scattered over Europe. The gateways and arches had been finely sculptured, and in their niches were once statues; but these lay broken at the foot of the walls, and creeping plants and wild flowers now filled their places.

The traveller on opening his eyes found himself before the damp and mossy steps of the principal entrance; on the first of these steps stood the phantom by whose bony hand he had been led thither. A long shroud wrapped it from head to foot, and the eyeless sockets darted flames. Its fleshless hand pointed to the interior of the ruins as the termination of the traveller's journey. This interior was a hall, the lower part of which was but half seen, but from its vaults, heaped with ruins, flickered a dim and mysterious light.

The traveller bowed in assent. The phantom mounted slowly, step by step, to the hall and plunged into the ruins. The unknown followed calmly and slowly up the eleven steps which this spectre had trodden, and entered also. With the noise of a clashing wall of brass the great gate of the portal closed behind him.

At the entrance of a circular hall, lighted by three lamps, which cast a greenish light, the phantom stopped. The traveller, ten steps farther back, stopped in his turn.

"Open thine eyes!" said the phantom.

"I see!" replied the unknown.

The phantom then drew, with a proud gesture, a two-edged sword from beneath his shroud, and struck it against

a column of bronze. A hollow metallic groan responded to its blow.

Then all around the hall arose stone seats, and numerous phantoms, like the first appeared. Each was armed with a two-edged sword, and each took his place on a seat, and seen by the pale green light of the three lamps, they might have been taken, so cold and motionless were they, for statues on their pedestals. And these human statues came out in strange relief on the black tapestry of the walls.

Some seats were placed in advance of the others, on which sat six spectres who seemed like chiefs; one seat was vacant.

He who sat on the middle seat arose.

"Brethren, how many are present?" he asked, turning to the assembly.

"Three hundred," replied the phantoms, with one voice. It thundered through the hall, and died away among the funereal hangings on the walls.

"Three hundred," replied the president, "and each speaks for ten thousand companions! Three hundred swords which are equal to three millions of poniards!"

Then he turned to the traveller. "What dost thou wish?" he asked.

"To see the light," replied the other.

"The paths which lead to the mountain of fire are rugged and difficult. Fearest thou not?"

"I fear nothing."

"One step forward and you cannot return. Reflect!"

"I stop not till I reach the goal."

"Wilt thou swear?"

"Dictate the oath!"

The president raised his hand, and with a slow and solemn voice, pronounced these words: "In the name of the crucified Son, swear to break all bonds of nature which unite thee to father, mother, brother, sister, wife, relation, friend, mistress, king, benefactor, and to any being whatever to whom thou hast promised faith, obedience, gratitude, or service!"

The traveller, with a firm voice, repeated these words, and then the president dictated the second part of the oath.

"From this moment thou art free from the pretended oath thou hast taken to thy country and its laws; swear thou to reveal to the new head whom thou acknowledgest all thou hast seen or done, read or guessed, and henceforward to search out and penetrate into that which may not openly present itself to thine eyes."

The president stopped; the unknown repeated the words.

"Honour and respect the *aqua tofana*, as a prompt, sure, and necessary means of ridding the world by the death or idiocy of those who would degrade truth or tear it from us."

An echo could not have been more exact than the voice of the unknown in repeating the words of the president.

"Flee from Spain, flee from Naples, flee from every accursed land; flee from the temptation of revealing aught that thou shalt now see and hear! Lightning is not more quick to strike than will be the invisible and inevitable knife, wherever thou mayest be, shouldst thou fail in thy secrecy."

Spite of the threat conveyed in these last words, no trace of emotion was seen on the face of the unknown; he pronounced the end of the oath with a voice as calm as at the beginning.

"And now," continued the president,

"put on his forehead the sacred band!"

Two phantoms approached the unknown; he bowed his head. One of them bound round it a crimson ribbon covered with silver characters, placed alternately with the figure of Our Lady of Loretto; the other tied it behind, just at the nape of the neck. Then they left his side.

"What wouldest thou ask?" inquired the president.

"Three things."

"Name them!"

"The hand of iron, the sword of fire, the scales of adamant."

"Why the hand of iron?"

"To stifle tyranny."

"Why the sword of fire?'

"To banish the impure from the earth."

"And why the scales of adamant?"

"To weigh the destinies of humanity."

"Canst thou withstand the necessary trials?"

"Courage is prepared for all trials."

"The trials! the trials!" cried many voices.

"Turn!" said the president.

The unknown obeyed, and found himself face to face with a man pale as death, bound and gagged.

"What seest thou?" asked the president.

"A malefactor or a victim."

"A traitor! One who took the oath as thou hast done, and then revealed the secrets of our order."

"A criminal, then."

"Yes."

"What penalty has he incurred?"

"Death."

The three hundred phantoms repeated, "Death!" and in spite of all his efforts, the condemned was dragged into a darker part of the hall. The traveller saw him struggle with his executioners; he heard his choking voice. A dagger glimmered for an instant, a blow was struck, and a dead and heavy sound announced a body falling on the earthy floor.

"Justice is done!" said the unknown, turning to the ghastly assembly, who, from beneath their shrouds, had devoured the sight with greedy looks.

"Then," said the president, "thou dost approve what has been done?"

"Yes, if he who has fallen was really guilty."

"Thou wilt drink to the death of every man who, like him, would betray our secrets?"

"I will!"

"Whatever be the draught?"

"Whatever be the draught."

"Bring the cup," said the president.

One of the two executioners brought the unknown a red tepid liquor in a human skull. He took this frightful cup, and raised it above his head, saying, "I drink to the death of every man who shall betray the secrets of this holy society."

Then, bringing it to his lips, he drained it to the last drop, and returned it calmly to him who had presented it.

A murmur of surprise ran through the assembly, and the phantoms seemed to look at each other through their half-opened shrouds.

"Good," said the president. "The pistol!"

A phantom drew near the president, holding in one hand a pistol and in the other a ball and a charge of powder.

"Thou promisest passive obedience to our behests?"

"Yes."

"Even if this obedience be put to the proof against thyself?"

"He who enters here is no longer his own; he belongs to all."

"Then thou wilt obey whatever order be given thee?"

"I will obey."

"On the very instant?"

"On the very instant."

"Without hesitation?"

"Without hesitation."

"Take this pistol; load it!"

The unknown took the pistol and loaded it, all the dread assembly looking on the operation in a silence only broken by the sighs of the wind among the arches of the ruin.

"The pistol is loaded," said the unknown.

"Art thou sure?" asked the president.

A smile passed over the lips of the traveller as he tried the pistol, showing that it was loaded. The president bowed in token of being satisfied.

"Yes," said he, "it is loaded."

"What am I to do with it?"

"Cock it."

The unknown cocked the pistol, and its click was distinctly heard in the intervals of silence in the dialogue.

"Now put it to thy forehead," said the president.

He obeyed unhesitatingly. The silence seemed to deepen over the assembly, and the lamps to turn pale. These were real phantoms, for not a breath was then heard.

"Fire!" said the president.

The cock was heard to snap, the flint flashed, but the powder in the pan alone took fire, and no report accompanied its quick flame.

A shout of admiration burst from every breast, and the president involuntarily extended his hand to the unknown.

But two trials were not sufficient to satisfy all, and some voices shouted, "The dagger! the dagger!"

"You demand that, also?" said the president.

"Yes—the dagger! the dagger!" replied the voices.

"Bring the dagger," said the president.

"It is useless," said the unknown, making a disdainful movement with his head.

"Useless!" cried the assembly.

"Yes, useless!" he replied, with a voice which drowned every other; "useless! You lose time, and it is precious."

"What mean you?" asked the president.

"I tell you I know your secrets,—that these trials of yours are but child's play, unworthy of men. I tell you that I know the body which lies there is not dead; that I have not drunk blood; that, by a spring, the charge fell into the butt at the moment I cock the pistol. Such things may frighten cowards. Rise, pretended corpse, thou hast no terrors for the brave."

A shout made the vaults ring.

"Thou knowest our mysteries, then?" said the president. "Thou art one of the illuminated, or a traitor!"

"Who art thou?" demanded the three hundred voices; and on the instant twenty swords, in the hands of the nearest phantoms, were pointed, with a motion as precise as if directed by a military signal, at the bosom of the unknown.

He smiled, shook the thick curls of

his hair, which, unpowdered, were only retained by the ribbon which had been bound round his head, and said calmly, *"I am he who is."*

Then he turned his eyes slowly around the living wall which hemmed him in, and gradually sword after sword sank before him.

"Thou hast spoken rashly," said the president. "Doubtless thou knowest not the import of thy words."

The stranger shook his head and smiled.

"I have spoken the truth."

"Whence comest thou?"

"I come whence comes the light."

"But we have learned that thou comest from Sweden."

"I might come from Sweden, and yet from the East."

"Then we know thee not. Who art thou?"

"Who am I? Ay, ye shall know more. Ye pretend not to understand me; but first I will tell you who you are!"

The phantoms started, and the clang of their swords was heard as they grasped them in their right hands and raised them to the level of the stranger's breast.

"First," said he, "thou who questionest me, who believest thyself a god, and who art but the forerunner of one, thou who representest Sweden, I shall name thee, that the rest may know I can also name them. Swedenborg, how comes it thy familiars told thee not that he whom thou waitedst for was on the road?"

"They did declare it to me," replied the president, putting aside a fold of his shroud in order to see him better who spoke; and in doing so, contrary to all the habits of the association, he showed a white beard and the venerable face of a man of eighty.

"Good!" replied the stranger. "On thy left is the representative of England or of Old Caledonia. I salute you, monseigneur. If the blood of your grandfather flows in your veins, England's extinguished light may be rekindled."

The swords sank—anger gave place to astonishment.

"Ah, captain," said the unknown, addressing one on the left of the president, "in what port waits thy good ship? A noble frigate the 'Providence.' Its name augurs well for America."

Then, turning towards him on the right—

"Look, Prophet of Zurich, thou hast carried physiognomy almost to divination; read the lines on my face, and acknowledge my mission."

He to whom he spoke recoiled.

"Come," said he, turning to another, 'descendant of Pelago, we must drive the Moors a second time from Spain,—an easy task if the Castilians yet retain the sword of the Cid!"

The fifth chief remained so still, so motionless, that the voice of the unknown seemed to have turned him to stone.

"And to me," said the sixth; "hast thou naught to say to me?"

"Ay," replied the traveller, turning on him a look which read his heart, "ay, what Jesus said to Judas; but not yet."

The chief turned paler than his shroud, and a murmur running through the assembly seemed to demand the cause of this singular accusation.

"Thou forgettest the representative of France," said the president.

"He is not here," replied the stranger, haughtily; "and that thou knowest well, since his seat is vacant. Learn, then, that snares make him smile who sees in darkness, who acts in spite of the elements, and who lives in spite of death."

"Thou art young," replied the president, "and thou speakest as if from divine authority. Reflect! boldness overcomes only the weak or the ignorant."

A disdainful smile played over the lips of the stranger.

"You are all weak since you have no power over me! you are all ignorant, since ye know not whom I am! I on the other hand know you. Boldness, then, alone might overcome you; but why should one all-powerful so overcome?"

"Give us the proof of your boasted power?" said the president.

"Who convoked you?" asked the unknown, becoming the interrogator instead of the interrogated.

"The Grand Assembly."

"And not without a cause hast thou," pointing to the president, "come from Sweden; thou,' and he turned from one to another of the five chiefs as he spoke, "thou from London; thou from New York; thou from Zurich; thou from Madrid; thou from Warsaw; and you all," looking round the assembly, "from the four winds of heaven, to meet in the sanctuary of the dreaded faith."

"No," replied the president, "not without cause, for we come to meet him who has founded in the East a mysterious faith, joining two worlds in one belief, entwining mankind with the bonds of brotherhood."

"Is there any sign by which you shall know him?"

"Yes," said the president; "and an angel has revealed it to me."

"You alone know it?"

"I alone."

"You have revealed it to none?"

"To none."

"Name it."

The president hesitated.

"Name it! the hour is come."

"He will bear on his breast a diamond star, and on it three letters, the signification of which is only known to himself."

"Declare the letters."

"L.P.D."

The stranger rapidly threw open his coat and vest, and on his fine Holland shirt shone like a flaming star the diamond, and the three letters formed of rubies.

"It is HE!" cried the president.

"He whom we await?" asked the chiefs.

"The Great Copt?" murmured the three hundred voices.

"Now," cried the stranger triumphantly, "do you believe me when I say, I am he that is?"

"Yes," said the phantoms, prostrating themselves before him.

"Speak, master," said the president, "speak; we shall obey!"

There was silence for some moments, during which the unknown seemed to collect his thoughts. Then he began:

"Messieurs, ye but weary your arms with your swords; lay them aside, and lend an attentive ear, for you shall learn much from the few words which I am about to utter."

All were profoundly attentive.

"The sources of great rivers are sa-

cred, therefore unknown. Like the Nile, the Ganges, the Amazon, I know to what I tend, not whence I come. All that I can reveal is that, when the eyes of my spirit first opened to comprehend external things, I was in Medina, the holy city, playing in the gardens of the Mufti Salaaym. He was a venerable man, kind as a father to me, yet not my father; for though he looked on me with love, he spoke to me with respect. Thrice a day he left me, and then came another old man, whose name I may pronounce with gratitude, yet with fear. He was called Althotas, and him the seven great spirits had taught all that the angels know in order to comprehend God. He was my tutor, my master, my friend,—a friend to be venerated indeed, for his age was double that of most among you."

His solemn tone, his majestic deportment, deeply impressed the assembly; they seemed trembling with anxiety to hear more.

He continued:—

"When I reached my fifteenth year I was initiated into the mysteries of nature. I knew botany, not as one of your learned men, who has acquired only the knowledge of the plants of his own corner of the world—to me were known the sixty thousand families of plants of the whole earth. My master, pressing his hands on my forehead, made a ray of celestial light descend on my soul; then could I perceive beneath the seas the wondrous vegetations which are tossed by the waves, in the giant branches of which are cradled monsters unknown to the eye of man.

"All tongues, living and dead, I knew. I could speak every language spoken from the Dardanelles to the Straits of Magellan. I could read the dark hieroglyphics on those granite books, the pyramids. From Sanchoniathon to Socrates, from Moses to Jerome, from Zoroaster to Agrippa, all human knowledge was mine.

"Medicine I studied, not only in Hippocrates, in Galen, and in Averrhoes, but in that great teacher, Nature. I penetrated the secrets of the Copts and the Druses. I gathered up the seeds of destruction and of scarcity. When the simoon or the hurricane swept over my head, I threw to it one of those seeds, which its breath bore on, carrying death or life to whomsoever I had condemned or blessed.

"In the midst of these studies I reached my twentieth year. Then my master sought me one day in a grove, to which I had retired from the heat of the day. His face was at the same moment grave and smiling. He held a little vial in his hand. 'Acharat,' said he, 'I have told thee that nothing is born, nothing dies in the world,—that the cradle and the coffin are twins; that man wants only to see into past existences to be equal to the gods, and that when that power shall be acquired by him he will be as immortal as they. Behold! I have found the beverage which will dispel darkness, but I have not found that which destroys death. Acharat, I drank of it yesterday,—see, the vial is not full; drink thou the rest to-day.'

"I had entire confidence in my venerable master, yet my hand trembled as it touched the vial which he offered me, as Adam's might have done when Eve presented him with the apple.

"'Drink!' said he, smiling.

"I drank.

"Then he placed his hands on my head, as he always did when he would make light penetrate to my soul.

"'Sleep!' said he.

"Immediately I slept, and I dreamed that I was lying on a pile of sandalwood and aloes. An angel, passing by on the behests of the Highest from the east to the west, touched the pile with the tip of his wing, and it kindled into flame. Yet I, far from being afraid, far from dreading the fire, lay voluptuously in the midst of it, like the phœnix, drawing in new life from the source of all life.

"Then my material frame vanished away; my soul only remained. It preserved the form of my body, but transparent, impalpable; it was lighter than the atmosphere in which we live, and it rose above it. Then, like Pythagoras, who remembered that in a former state he had been at the siege of Troy, I remembered the past. I had experienced thirty-two existences, and I recalled them all. I saw ages pass before me like a train of aged men in procession. I beheld myself under the different names which I had borne from the day of my first birth to that of my last death. You know, brethren—and it is an essential article of our faith—that souls, those countless emanations of the Deity, fill the air, and are formed into numerous hierarchies, descending from the sublime to the base; and the man who, at the moment of his birth, inhales one of those pre-existing souls, gives it up at his death, that it may enter on a new course of transformations."

He said this in a tone so expressive of conviction, and his look had something so sublime, that the assembly interrupted him by a murmur of admiration.

"When I awoke," continued the illuminated; "I felt that I was more than man—that I was almost divine. Then I resolved to dedicate not only my present existence, but all my future ones, to the happiness of man.

"The next day, as if he had guessed my thoughts, Althotas said to me, 'My son, twenty years ago thy mother expired in giving birth to thee. Since that time, invincible obstacles have prevented thy illustrious father revealing himself to thee. We shall travel, we shall meet thy father; he will embrace thee, but thou wilt not know him.'

"Thus, in me, as in one of the elect, all was mysterious,—past, present, future.

"I bade adieu to the Mufti Salaaym, who blessed me and loaded me with presents, and we joined a caravan going to Suez.

"Pardon me, messieurs, if I give way for a moment to emotion, as I recall that one day a venerable man embraced me; a strange thrill ran through me as I felt his heart beat against mine.

"He was the Cheriffe of Mecca, a great and illustrious prince, who had seen a hundred battles; and at the raising of his hand three millions of men bent their heads before him. Althotas turned away to hide his feelings, perhaps not to betray a secret, and we continued our road.

"We went into the heart of Asia; we ascended the Tigris; we visited Palmyra, Damascus, Smyrna, Constantinople, Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Moscow, Stockholm, Petersburg, New York, Buenos Ayres, the Cape of Good Hope, and Aden; then, being near the point at

which we had set out, we proceeded into Abyssinia, descended the Nile, sailed to Rhodes, and, lastly, to Malta. Before landing, a vessel came out to meet us, bringing two knights of the order; they saluted me and embraced Althotas, and conducted us in a sort of triumph to the palace of the Grand Master, Pinto.

"Now, you will ask me, messieurs, how it came that the Mussulman Acharat was received with honour by those who have vowed the extermination of the infidels. Althotas, a Catholic, and himself a knight of Malta, had always spoken to me of one only God, omnipotent, universal, who, by the aid of angels, his ministers, made the world a harmonious whole, and to this whole he gave the great name of Cosmos. I was, then, not a Mussulman, but a theosophist.

"My journeyings ended; but in truth all that I had seen had awakened in me no astonishment, because for me there was nothing new under the sun, and in my preceding thirty-two existences I had visited the cities before through which I had lately passed. All that struck me was some change in their inhabitants. Now I would hover over events and watch the progress of man. I saw that all minds tend onward, and that this tendency leads to liberty. I saw that prophets had been raised up from time to time to aid the wavering advances of the human race; and that men, half blind from their cradle, make but one step towards the light in a century. Centuries are the days of nations.

" 'Then,' said I to myself, 'so much has not been revealed to me that it should remain buried in my soul. In vain does the mountain hide veins of gold, in vain does the ocean hide its pearls; for the persevering miner penetrates to the bowels of the mountain, the diver descends to the depths of the ocean; but better than the mountain or the ocean, let me be like the sun, shedding blessings on the whole earth.'

"You understand, then, that it is not to go through some masonic ceremonies I have come from the East. I have come to say to you, Brethren, take the wings and the eyes of the eagle! rise above the world, and cast your eyes over its kingdoms!"

"Nations form but one vast body. Men, though born at different periods, in different ranks, arrive all in turn at that goal to reach which they were created. They are continually advancing, though seemingly stationary, and if they appear to retreat a step from time to time, it is but to collect strength for a bound which shall carry them over some obstacle in their way.

"France is the advance-guard of nations. Put a torch in her hand, and though it kindle a widespreading flame, it will be salutary, for it will enlighten the world.

"The representative of France is not here; it may be that he has recoiled at the task imposed on him. Well, then! we must have a man who will not shrink from it,—I will go to France."

"You will go to France?" said the president.

"Yes, the most important post I take myself; the most perilous work shall be mine."

"You know what passes in France, then?" inquired the president.

The stranger smiled.

"I know, for I myself have prepared all. An old king, weak, vicious, yet not so old, not so weak, not so vicious as

the monarchy which he represents, sits on the throne of France. He has but few years to live. Events must be prepared to succeed his death. France is the keystone of the arch; let but this stone be unfixed, and the monarchical edifice will fall! Ay, the day that Europe's most arrogant sovereigns shall hear that there is no longer a king in France, bewildered, they will of themselves rush into the abyss left by the destruction of the throne of Saint Louis!"

Here, he on the right of the president spoke, and his German accent announced that he was a Swiss. "Most venerated master, hast thou then calculated all?" he asked.

"All!" replied the Great Copt.

"Your pardon if I say more, but on our mountains, in our valleys, by our lakes, our words are free as the winds and the waters. Let me say, then, that a great event is on the eve of arriving, and that to it the French monarchy may owe its regeneration. I have seen, great master, a daughter of Maria Theresa travelling in state towards France to unite the blood of seventeen emperors with that of the successor of the sixty-one kings of France; and the people rejoiced blindly, as they do when their chains are slackened, or when they bow beneath a gilded yoke. I would infer, then, that the crisis is not yet come."

All turned to him who so calmly and boldly had spoken to their master.

"Speak on, brother," said the Great Copt; "if thy advice be good, it shall be followed. We are chosen of Heaven, and we may not sacrifice the interests of a world to wounded pride."

The deputy from Switzerland continued, amidst deep silence: "My studies have convinced me of one truth, that the physiognomy of men reveals, to the eye which knows how to read it, their virtues and their vices. We may see a composed look or a smile, for these, caused by muscular movements, are in their power, but the great type of character is still imprinted legibly on the countenance, declaring what passes in the heart. The tiger can caress, can give a kindly look, but his low forehead, his projecting face, his great occiput, declare him tiger still. The dog growls, shows his teeth, but his honest eye, his intelligent face, declare him still the friend of man. God has imprinted on each creature's face its name and nature. I have seen the young girl who is to reign in France; on her forehead I read the pride, the courage, the tenderness, of the German maiden. I have seen the young man who is to be her husband; calmness, Christian meekness, and a high regard for the rights of others characterise him. Now, France, remembering no wrongs, and forgetting no benefits,—since a Charlemagne, a Louis, and a Henry have been sufficient to preserve on the throne twenty base and cruel kings,—France, who hopes on, despairs never, will she not adore a young, lovely, kindly queen, a patient, gentle, economical king, after the disastrous reign of Louis XV., after his orgies, his mean revenges, his Pompadours and Dubarrys? Will not France bless her youthful sovereigns, who will bring to her as their dowry peace with Europe? Marie Antoinette now crosses the frontier; the altar and the nuptial bed are prepared at Versailles. Is this the time to begin in France your work of regeneration? Pardon if I have dared to sub-

mit these thoughts to you, whose wisdom is infallible!"

At these words, he whom the Great Copt had addressed as the apostle of Zurich bowed as he received the applause of the assembly, and awaited a reply.

He did not wait long.

"If you read physiognomy, illustrious brother, I read the future. Marie Antoinette is proud; she will interfere in the coming struggle, and will perish in it. Louis Auguste is mild; he will yield to it, and will perish with her, but each will fall through opposite defects of character. Now they esteem each other, but short will be their love; in a year they will feel mutual contempt. Why, then, deliberate, brethren, to discover whence comes the light? It is revealed to me. I come from the East, led, like the shepherds, by a star, which foretells a second regeneration of mankind. To-morrow I begin my work. Give me twenty years for it; that will be enough, if we are united and firm."

"Twenty years?" murmured several voices, "the time is long."

The Great Copt turned to those who thus betrayed impatience.

"Yes," said he, "it is long to those who think that a principle is destroyed, as a man is killed, with the dagger of Jacques Clément or the knife of Damiens. Fools!—the knife kills the man, but, like the pruning-hook, it lops a branch that the other branches may take its place. In the stead of the murdered king rises up a Louis XIII., a stupid tyrant; a Louis XIV., a cunning despot; a Louis XV., an idol whose path is wet with tears of blood, like the monstrous deities of India, crushing with changeless smile women and children who cast garlands before their chariot wheels. And you think twenty years too long to efface the name of king from the hearts of thirty millions of men, who but lately offered to God their children's lives to purchase that of Louis XV.! And you think it an easy task to make France hate her lilies, which, bright as the stars of heaven, grateful as the odours of flowers, for centuries have borne light, charity, victory, to the ends of the world! Try! try, brethren! I give you, not twenty years,—I give you a century. You, scattered, trembling, unknown each to the others, known only to me, who only can sum up your divided worth, and tell its value,—to me, who alone can unite you in one fraternal chain,—I tell you, philosophers, political economists, theorists, that in twenty years those thoughts which you whisper in your families, which you write with uneasy eye in the solitude of your old sombre towers, which you tell one another with the dagger in your hands, that you may strike the traitor who would repeat them in tones louder than your own,—I tell you that these thoughts shall be proclaimed aloud in the streets, printed in the open face of day, spread through Europe by peaceful emissaries, or by the bayonets of five hundred thousand soldiers, battling for liberty with your principles inscribed on their standards. You who tremble at the name of the Tower of London, you who shrink at that of the prisons of the Inquisition, hear me,—me, who am about to dare the Bastille! I tell you that we shall see those dreaded prisons in ruins, and your wives and children shall dance on their ashes. But that cannot be until, not the mon-

arch, but the monarchy, is dead, until religious domination is despised, until social inferiority is extinguished, until aristocratic castes and unjust division of lands are no more. I ask twenty years to destroy an old world, and make a new one,—twenty years, twenty seconds of eternity!—and you say it is too long!"

The silence of admiration and of assent followed the words of this dark prophet; he had obtained the sympathy of the representatives of the hopes of Europe who surrounded him.

The Great Copt enjoyed for some minutes his triumph; then, feeling that it was complete, he went on: "Now brethren, now that I am going to devote myself to our cause, to beard the lion in his den, to risk my life for the freedom of mankind, now, what will you do for that to which you say you are ready to give up life, liberty, and fortune? This is what I am here to demand."

A deeper silence fell on the assembly than when he last ceased to speak; it seemed as if the motionless phantoms around him were absorbed by a fateful thought, which, when expressed, should shake twenty thrones.

The six chiefs conversed for a moment apart, and then returned to the president. The president spoke:

"In the name of Sweden, I offer for the overthrow of the throne of Vasa the miners who established it, and one hundred thousand crowns."

The Great Copt made an entry in his tablets.

Another on the left spoke:—

"I, sent by Scotland and Ireland, can promise nothing from England, our firm opponent; but from poor Scotland, from poor Ireland, I shall bring three thousand men and three thousand crowns yearly."

He wrote again. "And you?" said he, turning to one whose vigorous frame and restless spirit seemed wearied by his phantom robe, and who replied:—

"I represent America, whose stones, whose trees, whose waters, whose every drop of blood are vowed to rebellion. Whilst we have gold we will give it, whilst we have blood we will shed it; let us but be free first. Though now now divided, marked, and disunited, we are the links of a gigantic chain, and could some mighty hand join two of them, the rest will unite themselves. Begin, then, O great master, with us! If thou wouldst rid France of royalty, free us from a foreign yoke first."

"It shall be so," replied the master; "you shall first be free, and France shall help you. Wait! brother, but I promise thou shalt not wait long."

Then he turned to the Swiss deputy, who replied to his look:—

"I can promise nothing. Our republic has been long the ally of the French monarchy, to which it sold its blood at Marignan and Pavia. Its sons are faithful; they will give that for which they have been paid. For the first time, I am ashamed of their fidelity."

"So!—but we shall conquer without them, and in spite of them. And you, representative of Spain?"

"I am poor; I can offer only three thousand of my brothers, with a contribution of a thousand reals yearly. Our Spaniards are indolent, they sleep on a bed in pain; provided they sleep, they care not."

"Good! And you?" said he to another.

"I represent Russia and Poland. My people are either discontented nobles or wretched serfs. The serf, who owns not even his life, can offer nothing; but three thousand nobles have promised twenty louis d'or each annually."

Then all the representatives in turn declared what those from whom they came would give for the great cause. Some were deputies from small kingdoms, some from large principalities, some from impoverished States, but all declared that they would add something to what had been offered. Their promises were written on the tablets of the Great Copt, and they were bound by an oath to keep them.

"Now," said he, "you have seen and recognised the initials of our watchword. Let it be placed *on* your hearts, and *in* them; for we, the sovereign lord of the East and West, have decreed the downfall of the lily. Hear it, then, brethren: LILIA PEDIBUS DESTRUE."

Loud was their shout at this explanation of the mysterious letters,—so loud that the gorges of the mountain re-echoed to it.

"And now, retire," said the master, when silence had succeeded; "retire by those subterranean passages which lead to the quarries of Mont Tonnerre. Disperse before the rising of the sun. You shall see me once more, and it will be on the day of our triumph! Go!"

His words were followed by a masonic sign, understood only by the six heads of the assembly, so that they remained around him when the rest had disappeared.

"Swedenborg," said he, "thou art truly inspired. God thanks thee by me for thy efforts in His cause. I shall give thee an address in France to which thou shalt send the promised money."

The president bowed, and departed, full of astonishment at that intelligence which had discovered his name.

"I salute thee, Fairfax," continued the master, "thou art worthy of thy great ancestor. Remember me to Washington when next thou writest to him."

Fairfax bowed, and followed Swedenborg.

"Come, Paul Jones," said the Copt, "thou spokest bravely; thou shalt be a hero of America. Let her be ready at the first signal!"

The American thrilled in every nerve, as if the breath of some divine being had passed over him, and retired also.

"And now, as to thee, Lavater. Abjure thy theories; it is the time for action. Study no longer what man is, but what he may be. Go! Woe to thy countrymen if they rise against us; for our people will devour in its wrath, as the wrath of God devours."

The trembling Swiss bowed and departed.

"Hear, Ximenes," he went on, addressing the Spaniard, "thou art zealous, but distrustful. Thy country sleeps, but it is because none awakes her. Go! Castile is still the country of the Cid!"

The last of the six was advancing, but by a gesture the Copt forbade him.

"Scieffort of Russia, before a month thou wilt betray our cause, but in a month thou shalt be no more."

The Russian envoy fell on his knees, but a threatening movement of the master made him rise, and with tottering steps he also departed.

And now this singular man left alone, looked around the empty, silent hall,

buttoned up his black velvet coat, fixed his hat firmly on his head, touched the spring of the great bronze gate which had closed behind him, and sallied out into the defiles of the mountain. Though he had neither guide nor light, he went on rapidly, as if led by an invisible hand.

Having passed the thick belt of trees, he looked for his horse; but not seeing him, he listened, and soon thought he heard a distant neighing. He whistled with a peculiar modulation, and in a moment Djerid could be seen coming forward like a faithful and obedient dog. The traveller sprang to the saddle, and quickly disappeared in the darkness, which spread over the heath extending from Mont Tonnerre to Danenfels.

The Scarlet Sphynx

In the Louvre gallery exists a portrait by Philip de Champagne, Jansenist painter, representing life-like, the thinned, dry but vigorous countenance of Cardinal Richelieu.

Differently from his countrymen, the Flemish, or his masters, the Spanish, Philip de Champagne is not lavish of that bright hue which glowed on the palletes and shines on the canvas of Rubens and Murillo. Indeed, to have set under a ray of light the gloomy minister everlastingly suspected to be in the twilight of his policy, whose device was an eagle amid clouds (*Aquila in nubibus*) would doubtless have been flattering art, but assuredly gainsaying truth.

Study this portrait, all ye who would revive the illustrious man, two centuries and a half deceased, and form a mental and bodily idea of the great genius, calumniated by men of his time, misjudged, almost forgotten by the next generation, and only seen high in his place after a burial of two hundred times twelve-month!

This picture is one of those having the privilege of stopping you and making you reflect. Is it a man or is it a phantom?

This creature in a scarlet robe, in white cape, with a Venetian point lace peaked collar, the forehead broad and high, grey hair, and grey moustache, eye grey too, and emitting a glance like tarnished steel, the hands slender and bloodless. An undying fever has burnt away all the fuel on the face except where still its fire rages, on the cheeks.

The more you contemplate, the less you think whether it be a human being or, like Saint Bonaventure, some corpse penning its memoirs after death.

If suddenly it should step from the canvas out of its frame and march towards you, you would recoil as from a ghost.

Visible and past dispute it is, that here is reproduced a soul, an intelligence. No heart, no bowels, happily for France. In the void of monarchy between the Fourth Henry and Louis Thirteenth, to lord it over the latter weak and powerless king, over the restless, dissolute court, over greedy, faithless princes, to level and harden that

tossing slough, brain was needed and nought beside.

Providence fashioned that terrible automaton, and placed it at an equal distance from Louis XI. and Robespierre, for him to fell the haughty nobles as Louis had abased the mighty vassals, as Robespierre was to cast down the aristocrats. Now and then like lurid comets in the horizon there is beheld one of such bloody mowers who seem a thing made by art, advancing without propulsion of their own, coming on noiselessly, and when they are arrived at the centre of the field to mow which is their mission, they fall to work and only cease when the task is over, when all the marked row is laid low.

Thus would he have appeared to you, as he lived in his study, brooding over the hates hissing at him, full of the wide, wide projects that he had in hand, desirous of treading out heresy in his country, of hunting the Spaniards from the Milanese, of strangling Austrian influence in Tuscany, trying to guess, but closing his lips, subduing his eyes' fire for fear he would be unriddled, thus the man on whom was pivoted the destiny of France, the impenetrable premier whom Michelet, the historian, called the Scarlet Sphynx.

The queen-mother, Marie de Medici, hated Cardinal Richelieu for a host of reasons. The foremost and bitterest of all being that he had formerly obeyed her in all things, but now opposed her on every point; that Richelieu wished for the grandeur of his country and the downfall of Austria, while she sought the opposite; and lastly, that Richelieu wanted to make a Duke of Mantua out of a Nevers, to whom she wished all evil from the old rankle betwixt them.

Queen Anne of Austria hated Richelieu because he had thwarted her amour with Buckingham; diffused the news of the scandalous scene in the Amiens Gardens; exiled Lady Chevreuse from beside her; beaten the English with whom dwelt her heart, never French; because she suspected him, without daring to say so openly, of having directed Felton's knife against the breast of the handsome duke; and, in short, because he persistently watched for any new love she might shamefully conceive, and because she felt that none of her actions, even the most hidden ,escaped his notice.

The Duke of Orleans hated the prime minister, because he knew that he was aware how cowardly, wicked, ambitious he was, impatiently awaiting his brother's death, capable of accelerating it if he got the chance; because he had prevented his admittance to the council, imprisoned his tutor, Ornano; had Chalais, his accomplice, beheaded; and the sole punishment to him who had plotted his murder, had enriched, while dishonoring him. Moreover, only caring for himself, he meant to wed the queen upon his brother's death, though she was seven years older than himself, but only in case she should be with child in her widowhood.

The king hated his minister because he saw that the cardinal was all genius, all love for his native land, while he was selfish, indifferent, enfeebled; because he saw he could only reign while the premier lived, and would reign, if at all, but poorly on his death.

He knew so well by what a thread hung not his power alone, but his very

life. His horoscope was drawn with dagger points. He was aware that he stood where Henry IV. was in 1606.

Everybody wanted him dead; and what was worse, Louis the King was not fond of his peaked visage. He alone upheld him, but at any moment Richelieu might stumble when this rocking step would roll aside.

As nothing would this have been, had this man of genius been hale and hearty like his idiotic rival, Berulle; but the lack of money, the continual strain on the mind to devise resources, a dozen court cabals which had to be faced at once, kept him ceaselessly in a dreadful fret. This was the fever purpling his cheek-bone summits, while marbling his brow and making his hands like ivory. Add theological discussions, the verse-making fits, the necessity to put up with honey and fury. Sad, day after day, burnt to the core with a red-hot iron, he dwelt on the brink of the grave.

Curious coupling this, of these two sick men. Fortunately, without being sure though, the king felt that the realm would be lost should Richelieu depart, but, worse, Richelieu knew that, the sovereign dead, he had not a day's life in him. Hated by Gaston, by Anne of Austria, by the queen-mother, by Loissons, whom he exiled, by both the Vendomes, whom he imprisoned, by all the nobility whom he prevented from duelling in public, he might make up his mind to perish that same day, at least, as Louis XIII., the same hour if possible.

The Scarlet Sphynx could justify his pose.

The Real Bonaparte

HISTORIAN, novelist, poet, dramatic author, we are nothing more than the foreman of a jury who impartially sums up the arguments and leaves the jury to give their verdict. The story is the summing up; the readers are the jury.

That is why, having to paint one of the most gigantic figures, not only of modern times but of all times; having to paint the period of his transition, that is to say, the moment when Bonaparte transformed himself into Napoleon, the general into an emperor—that is why we say, in the fear of becoming unjust, we abandon interpretations and substitute facts.

We are not of those who say with Voltaire that, "no one is a hero to his valet."

It may be that the valet is near-sighted or envious—two infirmities that resemble each other more closely than people think. We maintain that a hero may become a kind man, but a hero, for being kind, is none the less a hero.

What is a hero in the eyes of the public? A man whose genius is momentarily greater than his heart. What is a hero in private life? A man whose heart is momentarily greater than his genius.

Historians, judge the genius!

People, judge the heart!

Who judged Charlemagne? The historians. Who judged Henri IV? The

people. Which, in your opinion, was the most righteously judged?

Well, in order to render just judgment, and compel the court of appeals, which is none other than posterity, to confirm contemporaneous judgments, it is essential not to light up one side only of the figure we depict, but to walk around it, and wherever the sunlight does not reach, to hold a torch, or even a candle.

Now, let us return to Bonaparte.

Let us inquire into the usual division of the First Consul's time.

He rose at seven or eight in the morning, and immediately called one of his secretaries, preferably Bourrienne, and worked with him until ten. At ten, breakfast was announced; Josephine, Hortense and Eugène either waited or sat down to table with the family, that is with the aides-de-camp on duty and Bourrienne. After breakfast he talked with the usual party, or the invited guests, if there were any; one hour was devoted to this intercourse, which was generally shared by the First Consul's two brothers, Lucien and Joseph, Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, Boulay (de la Meurthe), Monge, Berthollet, Laplace and Arnault. Toward noon Cambacérès arrived. As a general thing Bonaparte devoted half an hour to his chancellor; then suddenly, without warning, he would rise and say: "Au revoir, Josephine! au revoir, Hortense! Come, Bourrienne, let us go to work."

This speech, which recurred almost regularly in the same words, was no sooner uttered than Bonaparte left the salon and returned to his study. There, no system of work was adopted; it might be some urgent matter or merely a caprice. Either Bonaparte dictated or Bourrienne read, after which the First Consul went to the council.

In the earlier months of the Consulate, he was obliged to cross the courtyard of the little Luxembourg to reach the council-chamber, which, if the weather were rainy, put him in bad humor; but toward the end of December he had the courtyard covered; and from that time he almost always returned to his study singing. Bonaparte sang almost as false as Louis XV.

As soon as he was back he examined the work he had ordered done, signed his letters, and stretched himself out in his arm-chair, the arms of which he stabbed with his pen-knife as he talked. If he was not inclined to talk, he reread the letters of the day before, or the pamphlets of the day, laughing at intervals with the hearty laugh of a great child. Then suddenly, as one awakening from a dream, he would spring to his feet and cry out: "Write, Bourrienne!"

Then he would sketch out the plan for some building to be erected, or dictate some one of those vast projects which have amazed—let us say rather, terrified the world.

At five o'clock he dined; after dinner the First Consul ascended to Josephine's apartments, where he usually received the visits of the ministers, and particularly that of the minister of foreign affairs, M. de Talleyrand. At midnight, sometimes earlier, but never later, he gave the signal for retiring by saying, brusequely: "Let us go to bed."

The next day, at seven in the morning, the same life began over again, varied only by unforeseen incidents.

After these details of the personal habits of the great genius we are trying

to depict under his first aspect, his personal portrait ought, we think, to come.

Bonaparte, First Consul, has left fewer indications of his personal appearance than Napoleon, Emperor. Now, as nothing less resembles the Emperor of 1812 than the First Consul of 1800, let us endeavor, if possible, to sketch with a pen those features which the brush has never fully portrayed, that countenance which neither bronze nor marble has been able to render. Most of the painters and sculptors who flourished during this illustrious period of art—Gros, David, Prud'hon, Girodet and Bosio—have endeavored to transmit to posterity the features of the Man of Destiny, at the different epochs when the vast providential vistas which beckoned him first revealed themselves. Thus, we have portraits of Bonaparte, commander-in-chief, Bonaparte, First Consul, and Napoleon, Emperor; and although some painters and sculptors have caught more or less successfully the type of his face, it may be said that there does not exist, either of the general, the First Consul, or the emperor, a single portrait or bust which perfectly resembles him.

It was not within the power of even genius to triumph over an impossibility. During the first part of Bonaparte's life it was possible to paint or chisel Bonaparte's protuberant skull, his brow furrowed by the sublime line of thought, his pale elongated face, his granite complexion, and the meditative character of his countenance. During the second part of his life it was possible to paint or to chisel his broadened forehead, his admirably defined eyebrows, his straight nose, his close-pressed lips, his chin modelled with rare perfection, his whole face, in short, like a coin of Augustus. But that which neither his bust nor his portrait could render, which was utterly beyond the domain of imitation, was the mobility of his look: that look which is to man what the lightning is to God, namely, the proof of his divinity.

In Bonaparte, that look obeyed his will with the rapidity of lightning; in one and the same minute it darted from beneath his eyelids, now keen and piercing as the blade of a dagger violently unsheathed, now soft as a sun ray or a kiss, now stern as a challenge, or terrible as a threat.

Bonaparte had a look for every thought that stirred his soul. In Napoleon, this look, except in the momentous circumstances of his life, ceased to be mobile and became fixed, but even so it was none the less impossible to render; it was a drill sounding the heart of whomsoever he looked upon, the deepest, the most secret thought of which he meant to sound. Marble or painting might render the fixedness of that look, but neither the one nor the other could portray its life —that is to say, its penetrating and magnetic action. Troubled hearts have veiled eyes.

Bonaparte, even in the days of his leanness, had beautiful hands, and he displayed them with a certain coquetry. As he grew stouter his hands became superb; he took the utmost care of them, and looked at them when talking, with much complacency. He felt the same satisfaction in his teeth, which were handsome, though not with the splendor of his hands.

When he walked, either alone or with

some one, whether in a room or in a garden, he always bent a little forward, as though his head were heavy to carry, and crossed his hands behind his back. He frequently made an involuntary movement with the right shoulder, as if a nervous shudder had passed through it, and at the same time his mouth made a curious movement from right to left, which seemed to result from the other. These movements, however, had nothing convulsive about them, whatever may have been said notwithstanding; they were a simple trick indicative of great preoccupation, a sort of congestion of the mind. It was chiefly manifested when the general, the First Consul, or the Emperor, was maturing vast plans. It was after such promenades, accompanied by this twofold movement of the shoulders and lips, that he dictated his most important notes. On a campaign, with the army, on horseback, he was indefatigable; he was almost as much so in ordinary life, and would often walk five or six hours in succession without perceiving it.

When he walked thus with some one with whom he was familiar, he commonly passed his arm through that of his companion and leaned upon him.

Slender and thin as he was at the period when we place him before our readers' eyes, he was much concerned by the fear of future corpulence; it was to Bourrienne that he usually confided this singular dread.

"You see, Bourrienne, how slim and abstemious I am. Well, nothing can rid me of the idea that when I am forty I shall be a great eater and very fat. I foresee that my constitution will undergo a change. I take exercise enough, but what will you!—it's a presentiment; and it won't fail to happen."

We all know to what obesity he attained when a prisoner at Saint Helena.

He had a positive passion for baths, which no doubt contributed not a little to make him fat; this passion became an irresistible need. He took one every other day, and stayed in it two hours, during which time the journals and pamphlets of the day were read to him. As the water cooled he would turn the hot-water faucet until he raised the temperature of his bathroom to such a degree that the reader could neither bear it any longer, nor see to read. Not until then would he permit the door to be opened.

It has been said that he was subject to epileptic attacks after his first campaign in Italy. Bourrienne was with him eleven years, and never saw him suffer from an attack of this malady.

Bonaparte, though indefatigable when necessity demanded it, required much sleep, especially during the period of which we are now writing. Bonaparte, general or First Consul, kept others awake, but he slept, and slept well. He retired at midnight, sometimes earlier, as we have said, and when at seven in the morning they entered his room to awaken him he was always asleep. Usually at the first call he would rise; but occasionally, still half asleep, he would mutter: "Bourrienne, I beg of you, let me sleep a little longer."

Then, if there was nothing urgent, Bourrienne would return at eight o'clock; if it was otherwise, he insisted, and then, with much grumbling, Bonaparte would get up. He slept seven, sometimes eight, hours out of the twenty-four, taking a short nap in the

afternoon. He also gave particular instruction for the night.

"At night," he would say, "come in my room as seldom as possible. Never wake me if you have good news to announce—good news can wait; but if there is bad news, wake me instantly, for then there is not a moment to be lost in facing it."

As soon as Bonaparte had risen and made his morning ablutions, which were very thorough, his valet entered and brushed his hair and shaved him; while he was being shaved, a secretary or an aide-de-camp read the newspapers aloud, always beginning with the "Moniteur." He gave no real attention to any but the English and German papers.

"Skip that," he would say when they read him the French papers; "*I know what they say, because they only say what I choose.*"

His toilet completed, Bonaparte went down to his study. We have seen above what he did there. At ten o'clock the breakfast was announced, usually by the steward, in these words: "The general is served." No title, it will be observed, not even that of First Consul.

The repast was a frugal one. Every morning a dish was served which Bonaparte particularly liked—a chicken fried in oil with garlic; the same dish that is now called on the bills of fare at restaurants, "Chicken à la Marengo."

Bonaparte drank little, and then only Bordeaux or Burgundy, preferably the latter. After breakfast, as after dinner, he drank a cup of black coffee; never between meals. When he chanced to work until late at night they brought him not coffee, but chocolate, and the secretary who worked with him had a cup of the same. Most historians, narrators, and biographers, after saying that Bonaparte drank a great deal of coffee, add that he took snuff to excess.

They are doubly mistaken. From the time he was twenty-four, Bonaparte had contracted the habit of taking snuff; but only enough to keep his brain awake. He took it habitually, not, as biographers have declared, from the pocket of his waistcoat, but from a snuff-box which he changed almost every day for a new one—having in this matter of collecting snuff-boxes a certain resemblance to the great Frederick. If he ever did take snuff from his waistcoat pocket, it was on his battle days, when it would have been difficult, while riding at a gallop under fire, to hold both reins and snuff-box. For those days he had special waistcoats, with the right-hand pocket lined with perfumed leather; and, as the sloping cut of his coat enabled him to insert his thumb and forefinger into this pocket without unbuttoning his coat, he could, under any circumstances and at any gait, take snuff when he pleased.

As general or First Consul, he never wore gloves, contenting himself with holding and crumpling them in his left hand. As Emperor, there was some advance in this propriety; he wore one glove, and as he changed his gloves, not once, but two or three times a day, his valet adopted the habit of giving him alternate gloves; thus making one pair serve as two.

Bonaparte had two great passions which Napoleon inherited—for war and architectural monuments to his fame.

Gay, almost jolly in camp, he was dreamy and sombre in repose. To escape this gloom he had recourse to

the electricity of art, and saw visions of those gigantic monumental works of which he undertook many, and completed some. He realized that such works are part of the life of peoples; they are history written in capitals, landmarks of the ages, left standing long after generations are swept away. He knew that Rome lives in her ruins, that Greece speaks by her statues, that Egypt, splendid and mysterious spectre, appeared through her monuments on the threshold of civilized existence.

What he loved above everything, what he hugged in preference to all else, was renown, heroic uproar; hence his need of war, his thirst for glory. He often said:

"A great reputation is a great noise; the louder it is, the further it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but sound remains and resounds through other generations. Babylon and Alexandria are fallen; Semiramis and Alexander stand erect, greater perhaps through the echo of their renown, waxing and multiplying through the ages, than they were in their lifetimes." Then he added, connecting these ideas with himself: "My power depends on my fame and on the battles I win. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can sustain me. A newborn government must dazzle, must amaze. The moment it no longer flames, it dies out; once it ceases to grow, it falls."

He was long a Corsican, impatient under the conquest of his country; but after the 13th Vendémiaire he became a true Frenchman, and ended by loving France with true passion. His dream was to see her great, happy, powerful, at the head of the nations in glory and in art. It is true that, in making France great, he became great with her, and attached his name indissolubly to her grandeur. To him, living eternally in this thought, actuality disappeared in the future; wherever the hurricane of war may have swept him, France, above all things else, above all nations, filled his thoughts. "What will my Athenians think?" said Alexander, after Issus and Arbela. "I hope the French will be content with me," said Bonaparte, after Rivoli and the Pyramids.

Before battle, this modern Alexander gave little thought to what he should do in case of victory, but much in case of defeat. He, more than any man, was convinced that trifles often decide the greatest events; he was therefore more concerned in foreseeing such events than in producing them. He watched them come to birth, and ripen; then, when the right time came, he appeared, laid his hand on them, mastered and guided them, as an able rider masters and guides a spirited horse.

His rapid rise in the midst of revolutions and political changes he had brought about, or seen accomplished, the events which he had controlled, had given him a certain contempt for men; moreover, he was not inclined by nature to think well of them. His lips were often heard to utter the grievous maxim—all the more grievous because he personally knew its truth—"There are two levers by which men are moved, fear and self-interest."

With such opinions Bonaparte did not, in fact, believe in friendship.

"How often," said Bourrienne, "has he said to me, 'Friendship is only a word; I love no one, not even my brothers—Joseph a little possibly; but

if I love him it is only from habit, and because he is my elder. Duroc, yes, I love him; but why? Because his character pleases me; because he is stern, cold, resolute; besides, Duroc never sheds a tear. But why should I love any one? Do you think I have any true friends? As long as I am what I am, I shall have friends—apparently at least; but when my luck ceases, you'll see! Trees don't have leaves in winter. I tell you, Bourrienne, we must leave whimpering to the women, its their business; as for me, no feelings. I need a vigorous hand and a stout heart; if not, better let war and government alone.' "

In his familiar intercourse, Bonaparte was what schoolboys call a tease; but his teasings were never spiteful, and seldom unkind. His ill-humor, easily aroused, disappeared like a cloud driven by the wind; it evaporated in words, and disappeared of its own will. Sometimes, however, when matters of public import were concerned, and his lieutenants or ministers were to blame, he gave way to violent anger; his outbursts were then hard and cruel, and often humiliating. He gave blows with a club, under which, willingly or unwillingly, the recipient had to bow his head; witness his scene with Jomini and that with the Duc de Bellune.

Bonaparte had two sets of enemies, the Jacobins and the royalists; he detested the first and feared the second. In speaking of the Jacobins, he invariably called them the murderers of Louis XVI.; as for the royalists, that was another thing; one might almost have thought he foresaw the Restoration. He had about him two men who had voted the death of the king, Fouché and Cambacérès.

He dismissed Fouché, and, if he kept Cambacérès, it was because he wanted the services of that eminent legist; but he could not endure him, and he would often catch his colleague, the Second Consul, by the ear, and say; "My poor Cambacérès, I'm so sorry for you: but your goose is cooked. If ever the Bourbons get back they will hang you."

One day Cambacérès lost his temper, and with a twist of his head he pulled his ear from the living pincers that held it.

"Come," he said, "have done with your foolish joking."

Whenever Bonaparte escaped any danger, a childish habit, a Corsican habit, reappeared; he always made a rapid sign of the cross on his breast with the thumb.

Whenever he met with any annoyance, or was haunted with a disagreeable thought, he hummed—what air? An air of his own that was no air at all, and which nobody ever noticed, he sang so false. Then, still singing, he would sit down before his writing-desk, tilting in his chair, tipping it back till he almost fell over, and mutilating, as we have said, its arms with a penknife, which served no other purpose, inasmuch as he never mended a pen himself. His secretaries were charged with that duty, and they mended them in the best manner possible, mindful of the fact that they would have to copy that terrific writing, which, as we know, was not absolutely illegible.

The effect produced on Bonaparte by the ringing of bells is known. It was the only music he understood, and it went straight to his heart. If he was

seated when the vibrations began he would hold up his hand for silence, and lean towards the sound. If he was walking, he would stop, bend his head and listen. As long as the bell rang he remained motionless; when the sound died away in space, he resumed his work, saying to those who asked him to explain this singular liking for the iron voice: "It reminds me of my first years at Brienne; I was happy then!"

His greatest personal interest was the purchase he had made of the domain of Malmaison. He went there every night like a school-boy off for his holiday, and spent Sunday and often Monday there. There, work was neglected for walking expeditions, during which he personally superintended the improvements he had ordered. Occasionally, and especially at first, he would wander beyond the limits of the estate: but these excursions were thought dangerous by the police, and given up entirely after the conspiracy of the Aréna and the affair of the infernal machine.

The revenue derived from Malmaison, calculated by Bonaparte himself, on the supposition that he should sell his fruits and vegetables, did not amount to more than six thousand francs.

"That's not bad," he said to Bourrienne; "but," he added with a sigh, "one must have thirty thousand a year to be able to live here."

Bonaparte introduced a certain poesy in his taste for the country. He liked to see a woman with a tall flexible figure glide through the dusky shrubberies of the park; only that woman must be dressed in white. He hated gowns of a dark color and had a horror of stout women. As for pregnant women, he had such an aversion for them that it was very seldom he invited one to his soirées or his fêtes. For the rest, with little gallantry in his nature, too overbearing to attract, scarcely civil to women, it was rare for him to say, even to the prettiest, a pleasant thing; in fact, he often produced a shudder by the rude remarks he made even to Josephine's best friends. To one he remarked: "Oh! what red arms you have!" To another, "What an ugly head-dress you are wearing!" To a third, "Your gown is dirty; I have seen you wear it twenty times"; or, "Why don't you change your dressmaker; you are dressed like a fright."

One day he said to the Duchesse de Chevreuse, a charming blonde, whose hair was the admiration of every one: "It's queer how red your hair is!"

"Possibly," replied the duchess, "but this is the first time any man has told me so."

Bonaparte did not like cards; when he did happen to play it was always vingt-et-un. For the rest, he had one trait in common with Henri IV., he cheated; but when the game was over he left all the gold and notes he had won on the table, saying:

"You are ninnies! I have cheated all the time we've been playing, and you never found out. Those who lost can take their money back."

Born and bred in the Catholic faith, Bonaparte had no preference for any dogma. When he re-established divine worship it was done as a political act, not as a religious one. He was fond, however, of discussions bearing on the subject; but he defined his own part in advance by saying: "My reason makes me a disbeliever in many things;

but the impressions of my childhood and the inspirations of my early youth have flung me back into uncertainty."

Nevertheless he would never hear of materialism; he cared little what the dogma was, provided that dogma recognized a Creator. One beautiful evening in Messidor, on board his vessel, as it glided along between twofold azure of the sky and sea, certain mathematicians declared there was no God, only animated matter. Bonaparte looked at the celestial arch, a hundred times more brilliant between Malta and Alexandria than it is in Europe, and, at a moment when they thought him unconscious of the conversation, he exclaimed, pointing to the stars: "You may say what you please, but it was a God who made all that."

Bonaparte, though very exact in paying his private debts was just the reverse about public expenses. He was firmly convinced that in all past transactions between ministers and purveyors or contractors, that if the minister who had made the contract was not a dupe, the State at any rate was robbed; for this reason he delayed the period of payment as long as possible; there were literally no evasions, no difficulties he would not make, no bad reasons he would not give. It was a fixed idea with him, an immutable principle, that every contractor was a cheat.

One day a man who had made a bid that was accepted was presented to him.

"What is your name?" he asked, with his accustomed brusqueness.

"Vollant, citizen First Consul."

"Good name for a contractor."

"I spell it with two l's, citizen."

"To rob the better, sir," retorted Bonaparte, turning his back on him.

Bonaparte seldom changed his decisions, even when he saw they were unjust. No one ever heard him say: "I was mistaken." On the contrary, his favorite saying was: "I always believe the worst"—a saying more worthy of Simon than Augustus.

But with all this, one felt that there was more of a desire in Bonaparte's mind to seem to despise men than actual contempt for them. He was neither malignant nor vindictive. Sometimes, it is true, he relied too much upon necessity, that iron-tipped goddess; but for the rest, take him away from the field of politics and he was kind, sympathetic, accessible to pity, fond of children (great proof of a kind and pitying heart), full of indulgence for human weakness in private life, and sometimes of a good-humored heartiness, like that of Henri IV. playing with his children in the presence of the Spanish ambassador.

Corneille

THE Marchiness of Rambouillet, being displeased one day with the architects' plans of how they would build her home, declared she would draw the design herself. For a long time inspiration would not come, but one fine day she cried out like Archimedes: "I've found it!" called for paper and pens and immediately sketched the interior and exterior plans of an erection with such perfect taste that Queen Mary de Medicis, then regent and busy in building the Luxembourg Palace, sent for Lady Rambouillet's advice, although she must have seen the finest structures in the world at Florence.

The eldest of all the marchioness's children was the lovely Julie d'Angennes, who made more of a stir than her mother. Except Menelaus' adulterous mate who enticed Europe upon Asia, there never was woman so loudly and widely lauded for beauty in so many voices, and on so many instruments. None of those who had ever lost their hearts to her, ever recovered them. Wounds were left, if not mortal, incurable surely, by Lady Montausier's bright eyes. Ninon de Lenclos had her martyrs but Julie d'Angennes had her *dying loves.* She was twenty-eight now and, though past the early bloom, was yet in all the lustre of beauty.

The chief characteristic of the mansion was the passion Julie inspired in every man who came near her, and the devotion of the household to the family.

Now, this night of the 5th of December, 1628, all the illustrious literati of the era, all who formed that knot which fell into ridicule soon after and was well trounced by Moliere, were gathered together in the marchioness's drawing-room, not as the ordinary visitors, by a note announcing that it was to be an extraordinary night.

Hence, all eagerness had been displayed.

Anything was a treat in that happy time when poetry was in its childhood and an invitation to see Lady Rambouillet was a double treat. The greatest delight of that lady was to give a surprise, something such as the Bishop of Lisieux received from her.

In Rambouillet Park, there was a large boulder, in the middle of which spouted a fountain, all shaded by trees. A count strolled thither one fine day, winking and blinking at something dazzling under the leaves. On getting nearer he beheld half a dozen young women arrayed as nymphs, or rather half-arrayed. In other words, Lady Rambouillet was as Diana, quiver at back, bow in hand, crescent on the head, and with her daughters in attitude on the rock, formed the pleasantest sight in the world, says old Tallemant des Reaux. One of our lords would be shocked at such a spectacle, perhaps, but this one was so delighted that he never saw the marchioness without asking about the rocks of Rambouillet.

Maybe the male portion of the guests, more numerous than the female, though the sex began to exert an influence over society, hoped their hostess had some such surprise as the above in preparation. Anyhow there was ever

so much uneasy curiosity in this "precious" assemblage.

The conversation rolled over everything else to love and poesie, but more particularly revolved about the last play produced by the Burgundy House actors, quite the fashion since Bellerose, Mondory and others had had the management of it.

Lady Rambouillet had placed the seal upon them by ordering them to act Hardy's Fedegonde in her house. Since that, it had been decided that respectable people might go to the Burgundy House, which they had never frequented previously.

This piece that they were debating upon was the plot of a young pet of the marchioness, by name Jean de Rotrou. It was called "The Hypochondriac, or Death in Love!" Though of little account, the Rambouillet party had applauded it so that Richelieu had asked Rotrou to his house and added him to his dramatic visitors.

As they were dissecting the shaky merits of the play at which Scuderi and Chapelain were hacking as if they meant not to leave a bit, a handsome youth of nineteen, in an elegant dress and with a quite gentlemanly air, crossed the parlor, and with all the rules of etiquette, went to salute the Princess Conde first, next the marchioness, and then Julie the lovely. He was followed by a companion, two or three years older than he, dressed all in black, who entered the party so imposing with as timid a step as his friend's was easy.

"Lo! it is the triompher!" said the marchioness, designating the foremost of the couple. "It must be fine at his age to ride to the Capitoline, for no one would shout behind his car: 'Cæsar, remember thou art mortal!' "

"Alas, your ladyship," replied Rotrou, as it was, "let me say that the most ill-natured critic cannot say all the ill on my poor bantling that I myself think. I vow that if Count Loissore had not positively ordered it, I would have let 'Death in Love,' die in or out of love, and aired my conceit in the comedy I am writing at present."

"What is its subject, my fair cavalier?" asked Mlle. Paulet.

"A jewel which no one will ever put on his finger once he sees you, adorable one! 'Tis the *Ring of Oblivion!*"

A flattering murmur and a graceful nod from her so addressed, greeted the compliment, while the young man in black kept himself as much hidden as possible behind his introducer; but as he was utterly unknown to everybody, and as every guest here had a name or was on the road to make one, his bearing, however modest, could not prevent all eyes being fastened on him.

"How can you have had time to write a new play, M. de Rotrou," Julie asked, "since you have had the honor of associating with my lord cardinal's dramatists?"

"The cardinal," answered Rotrou, "had so much to do at the Siege of Rochelle that he gives us a little vacation, and by it I have profited in my labors."

During this time the young man introduced by the speaker continued to absorb the attention not given to Rotrou.

"He's no soldier," whispered Mlle. de Scuderi to her brother.

"More like a country lawyer's clerk," rejoined the latter.

The young man in black overheard this brief dialogue and bowed with a good-humored smile.

Rotron also caught it.

"Yes, yes, indeed he is a provincial pettifogger's clerk, but one day he will be all our masters, I warrant."

The man smiled, partly in disbelief, partly in disdain. The women more curiously regarded the object of this prophecy.

His youth aside, he was noteworthy, from his austere countenance, the transverse wrinkles on his brow, seemingly furrowed by the goad of thought, and eyes full of flames. The rest of his visage was commonplace, the nose being large, the lips thick as far as could be made out for a first moustache hid it.

Rotrou was inclined to believe that it was time to satisfy the universal curiosity and so continued:

"My lady marchioness, permit me to present my dear countryman, Pierre Corneille, son of a Rouen lawyer, but soon to be born again through his genius?"

The name was utterly unknown.

"Corneille? that's the name of an ill-omened bird," said Scuderi.

"For his rivals, M. Scuderi," retorted Rotrou.

"Corneille?" the marchioness repeated kindly enough.

"*Ab illix cornix,*" whispered a voice.

"I see," said Rotrou to Lady Rambouillet, "you are wondering on what poem's frontispiece, on what tragedy's title-page you have seen that name. On none whatever, my lady. It has only been written as yet on a play with which this good fellow, fresh from Rouen yesterday, paid my hospitality with. I shall take him to-morrow to Burgundy House to introduce him to Mondory and ere a month we will all applaud him."

The young man looked up at this, like a poet, saying: "Heaven grant it!"

The two friends were surrounded with still more curiosity.

The princess especially, seeing in all poets a praiser of her beauty, beginning to wane, was so greedy of laudation that she was truly anxious. She had her easy-chair rolled over to where the group was forming around Rotrou and his companion, and, while the men, and particularly the poets, were shrinking aloof, wanted to know of.

"Monsieur Corneille! may a body ask the name of your piece?"

Corneille turned upon this somewhat fondly put query. While so doing, Rotrou breathed some hint in his ear.

"It is called Melita," he replied, "unless your highness deigns to rebaptise it better."

"Melita, Melita!" the princess reiterated, "no, it must be untouched. Melita is charming, and if the fiction corresponds——"

"It is very charming," Rotrou took it upon him to say, "it is not a fiction but history."

"History?" said Mlle. Paulet, "is the argument true?"

"Come tell it to the ladies, you wicked rake," said Rotrou.

Corneille blushed to the tips of his ears. Nobody looked less of a rake than he.

"It is a question if the history can be put into sober prose," said Mlle. de Combalet, covering her face with her fan provisionally in case Corneille's

matter of fact narration should be delicate.

She was a frequenter of the marchioness's parlors.

"I would rather recite a few lines than tell the plot," said Corneille, timidly.

"Pshaw! There's a stir over nothing," said Rotrou. "I can tell you the plot in a brace of words. But there's no merit in that, for the history is fact and my friend had no hand in its invention. Now, my lady, fancy a friend of this libertines——"

"Rotrou!" said Corneille twice.

"I go on spite of the interruption," continued Rotrou. "Fancy a friend of this rascally knave introduced him into a respectable family of Rouen, where his marriage was arranged with a pretty girl. What do you think Master Corneille did? Waited till the nuptial knot was tied and be satisfied with being best man while hoping afterwards to be——you understand, though!"

"M. Rotrou!" exclaimed Mlle. Combalet, drawing her hood down over her eyes.

"To be what afterwards?" repeated Mlle. de Scuderi with a puzzled air. "If others have understood, I give you fair warning, M. de Rotrou, that I have not."

"I hope not, fair Sappho (this was the dame's title in the fashionable lexicon)—I was speaking for the benefit of Mlle. Paulet, who *has* comprehended?"

The fair Paulet rapped Rotrou over the knuckles with her fan with most provoking gracefulness, saying: "Go on, wretch! the quicker you finish the better 'twill be!"

"Yes, *ad eventum festina*, according to Horatian precept. Well, Corneille as a poet followed his Macenian friend's advice and did not wait. He returned alone to the damsel's side, broke down what is called Fidelity and out of his friend's happiness built up his own joys, joys so extreme that all of a sudden it sprouted upon this gentleman's heart a stream of poesie, the very same as that which Pegasus and the nine maidens termed Muses quench their thirst at."

"It is rather hard to believe that the divine light can burn in a lawyer's clerk!" said the princess.

"Unless you have proof of the contrary. Behold that evidence, which friend Corneille will give."

"What a fortunate woman she is!" said Mlle. Paulet. "If Corneille's piece has the success M. de Rotrou foretells, she will be immortalised!"

"Yes," said Mlle. de Scuderi, with her usual cutting tone, "but I doubt, though that immortality lasts like the Cumean Sybil's, that such celebrity will gain her a husband."

"Good gracious, you don't mean to tell us it is so dreadful to be single!" ejaculated Mlle. Paulet, "When one is pretty, I mean. Ask Mlle. de Combalet if being married is so heavenly a bliss."

The person referred to uttered a sigh, turning her eyes upwards and sadly shaking her head.

"To return," observed the princess, "M. Corneille has offered to recite some rhymes from his work."

"Oh, he is quite ready," said Rotrou, "asking verses of a poet is asking a glass of water of a spring. Come speak out, friend Corneille."

Corneille flushed redder, faltered, ran

his hand over his brow and in a voice which seemed fitter for tragedy than comedy delivered his lines beginning: "I tell you, friend, my passion has no cure," and ending with:

That day when she kissed life,
Venus had fears that her ne'er ceasing reign
Melita thus had snapped,
As fair as she and fairer yet again!
The Graces left the skies
And flew so fast that Envy limped behind,
To be her playmate,
The honor in her sports to them assigned;
And Love, kept from her heart,
And bravely hunted from all other place,
Planted his blushing flag,
To wave forever on her lovely face!

Two or three times flattering murmurs of "vastly pretty!" had hailed lines which proved that the true afflatus so greatly in vogue in Paris, had invaded the inland counties, and that all the wit in the world was not clustered in Rambouillet House, but at the final of the "victor flag," plaudits burst forth, the Marchioness Rambouillet leading off.

A few men, among whom was the younger of the Brothers Montausier, unable to endure this honeycomb-of conceited cells and antithetic sweets, protested by silence.

But these the poet did not notice and, intoxicated by this incense from the flower of city intelligence, he bowed and asked:

"Am I to go on with the Sonnet to Melita?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed together the princess, marchioness, Paulet, Julie, and all who modelled their views by the mistress of the house.

So Corneille continued with that jewel of his productions, to be easily distinguished on turning over his leaves and surely to be read to the end once one has read: "Of admiration worthy there is nought except Melita's eyes!"

Sonnets cap all poetry in the privilege of exciting enthusiasm and this, pronounced faultless, most decidedly by the women, was loudly applauded and Mlle. Scuderi herself deigned to bring her palms in contact.

Rotrou greatly enjoyed his friend's triumph, and being a good fellow, full of affection and devotion, was at the height of delight.

"Really, M. de Rotrou, you are right. Your friend is a youth worthy of notice," said the princess.

"If you do think so, would you not procure him a place through his Royal Highness the Prince Condé?" said Rotrou, lowering his voice only to be heard by the dame, "for he has no fortune, and you see what a loss it would be for such a genius to be nipped in the bud."

"A nice one the prince is to speak of poetry to! The other day, finding me at dinner with M. Chapelain, he called me out of the room for something or other, and when we had concluded that, he asked me who was that little blackbird that was with me? M. Chapelain to whom art owes the *Maiden*. 'The *Maiden?* Oh! it's only a sculptor, then!' No, but I will speak to Mdlle de Combalet who will mention it to the cardinal. Do you think he would consent to work at his Eminence's tragedies?"

"He is willing for anything, as long as he stays at Paris. If he makes such verses in a lawyer's office, what will he do in a world of which you are queen and my lady marchioness prime minister!"

"Very well! we will have Melita performed. Let it make a hit and we will settle the rest."

She held out her princely hand to Rotrou, who took it in his and gazed at it as if marveling over its beauty.

"Well, what are you thinking of?" the princess asked.

"Looking if there was room here for two poet's lips. Alas! us! it is too small."

"Fortunately, I have two, one for you, the other for your friend," said her higness of Condé.

"Corneille," cried Rotrou, "come hither. Her Highness the Princess permits you to kiss her hand in token of pleasure at your sonnet to Melita."

Corneille was quite stupefied, trembling and ready to fall. In one and the same evening of his first appearance in this new world to kiss the princess's hand and be applauded by the marchioness, verily his brightest dreams had never risen to one of these heights.

Posterity has sealed it that the honor fell upon that princess, of the blood royal though she was.

The Wedding Night

In the palace at Versailles, preparations for the dauphin's wedding were being made.

The door of the wedding-chamber, or rather, of the ante-chamber which led to it, opened.

The archduchess, Marie Antoinette, in a long, white robe, lay in the gilded bed, barely indented by the light weight of her fragile and delicate form; and, strange fact, could one have read on her forehead, across the cloud of sadness which rested upon it, one might have found, in place of the pleasant expectation of the betrothed, the terror of a young girl threatened by one of those dangers apprehended in advance, and often endured with more courage than had they not been foreseen. Near the bed, Madame de Noailles sat. The ladies were standing in another part of the room, ready for the first gesture of the lady of honour, to tell them to withdraw. She, constant to the laws of etiquette, waited passively for the coming of the dauphin. But, as if this time all the laws of etiquette and of ceremony must yield to a cruel caprice of fate, there was no one to conduct monsieur le dauphin to the bridal chamber; for it was not known that his Highness, in accordance with the plans of Louis XV., would have to come through the new corridor, while they were waiting for him in another ante-chamber.

The chamber which monsieur le dauphin had entered was empty, and the door which led to the bed-chamber being half open, it came to pass that monsieur le dauphin could see and hear all that was going on in the chamber.

He waited, looking in, and listening attentively.

Madame la dauphine's voice was

raised clear and sweet, although slightly trembling.

"By what entrance will monsieur le dauphin come in?" she asked.

"By this door, madame," said the Duchesse de Noailles.

And she pointed to a door opposite the one where monsieur le dauphin was standing.

"And what noise do I hear from this window?" added the dauphiness. "I should think it was the sound of the sea."

"It is the noise of innumerable spectators, who are walking in the light of the illumination, and are waiting for the fireworks."

"The illumination," said the dauphiness, with a sad smile. "It is needed to-night, for the sky is very clouded. Did you see it, madame?"

At this moment the dauphin, tired of waiting, softly pushed the door open, put his head in the opening, and asked if he might come in.

Madame de Noailles uttered a cry, for she did not recognise the dauphin at first. The dauphiness, agitated by the various emotions which had excited her, in that nervous condition in which we are all so easily frightened, seized Madame de Noailles by the arm.

"It is I, madame," said the dauphin; "do not be afraid."

"But why do you come in at that door?" asked Madame de Noailles.

"Because," said the king, Louis XV., putting his cynical head through the half-opened door, in his turn, "because Monsieur de la Vauguyon, true Jesuit that he is, knows too much Latin, mathematics, and geography, and not enough of other things."

At the presence of the king, coming so unexpectedly, the dauphiness glided from the bed, and stood up, enveloped in her ample robe, which covered her from her feet to her neck, as completely as the stole of a Roman matron.

"It is easy to see how thin she is," murmured Louis XV. "To the devil with Monsieur de Choiseul, for choosing, among all the archduchesses, one like her!"

"Your Majesty," said Madame de Noailles, "can see as far as I am concerned, that etiquette has been strictly observed. There is no one beside monsieur le dauphin."

"I take all the blame of the violation of that part of the etiquette on myself," said Louis XV., "since it is I who have caused it to be done. But as the occasion for such a course was serious, my dear Madame de Noailles, I hope you will pardon me."

"I do not understand what your Majesty means."

"Let us go away together, duchess, and I will explain that. Now, let us see that these children go to bed."

The dauphiness took a few steps away from the bed, and seized Madame de Noailles' arm in more fear than at first.

"Oh, pity me, madame," said she, "I shall die of shame!"

"Sire," said Madame de Noailles, "madame la dauphine entreats to be allowed to-night to go to bed like any common woman."

"The devil! are you asking that, Madame l'Etiquette?"

"Sire, I know it is opposed to the laws of the ceremonial of France; but think of the archduchess."

Indeed, Marie Antoinette, erect, pale, leaning on the brass rod at the back

of a chair for support, looked the image of affright, except for the chattering of her teeth, and the cold sweat running down her face.

"Oh, I will not oppose the dauphiness on this point," said Louis XV., a prince as great a hater of ceremony as Louis XIV. was an eager supporter of it. "We will retire, duchess; besides, there are cracks in the door, and it will be even funnier."

The dauphin heard his grandfather's last words, and turned red.

The dauphiness also heard, but she did not take in his meaning.

The king, Louis XV., embraced his daughter-in-law and went out, taking with him the Duchess de Noailles, and laughing that mocking laugh so sad to those who do not share its merriment. The others present went out by the other door. The two young people were alone.

There was a moment's silence.

Then the young prince drew near Marie Antoinette. His heart beat violently; he felt the hot blood excited by youth and love coursing through his breast, his temples, even the veins of his hands. But he saw his grandfather behind the door, and that cynical glare penetrating even to the nuptial alcove, checked the dauphin, already quite timid and awkward by nature.

"Madame," said he, looking at the archduchess, "are you suffering? You are very pale, and I should think that you are trembling."

"Monsieur," said she, "I will not conceal from you the strange agitation which is troubling me. There must be some terrible storm impending; a storm always exerts a dreadful influence over me."

"Ah, do you think that we are threatened with a hurricane?" said the dauphin.

"Oh, I am sure of it, I am sure of it! my whole body shakes. Just see me!"

And indeed, the poor princess's frame seemed to shake under the electric shocks. At this moment, as if to fulfil her presentiments, a furious gust of wind—one of those mighty tempests that raise the waves of the sea, and bare the mountains, like the first cry of the coming hurricane,—filled the castle with its uproar, and went rushing through the galleries and corridor. Leaves torn from their branches, branches torn from the trees, statues torn from their pedestals, the protracted, mighty clamour of a hundred thousand spectators, scattered through the gardens, a dismal and endless roar, composed at this moment the wildest and saddest harmony that ever struck mortal ears. Then a sinister crackling followed the roar; it was the glass in the windows, which, broken into a thousand pieces, fell on the marble staircases and cornices, producing this abrupt and startling noise, which grated on the ear as it travelled along through space. The wind had, at the same time, torn off one of the window blinds, which beat against the wall like the gigantic wing of a bird of night.

Wherever in the palace the windows were open, the lights were extinguished, put out by the wind.

The dauphin went to the window, probably to close the blind, but the dauphiness stopped him.

"Oh, monsieur, monsieur, for pity's sake," said she, "do not open the window, or our candles will go out, and I shall die of fear!"

The dauphin stopped.

Across the curtain which he had drawn could be seen the tops of the trees of the park, all torn and broken, as if some invisible giant had seized their trunks in the darkness with his arm, and had shaken them.

All the illuminations were extinguished. Then large, black clouds might be seen rushing along in the sky, and crashing against each other like a company of lances in a battle.

The dauphin stood pale and erect, one hand resting on the window casement. The dauphiness fell on a chair, sighing.

"You are afraid, madame?" said the dauphin.

"Oh, yes; but your presence reassures me. Oh, what a tempest! what a tempest! All the illuminations are out!"

"Yes," said Louis, "the wind blows south-southeast, and that is the wind that indicates the fiercest hurricanes. If it keeps on, I don't see how they can have the fireworks."

"Oh, monsieur, why should they have them? No one would stay in the garden at such a time as this!"

"Ah, madame, you do not know the French; they must have their fireworks, and these will be fine. The engineer showed me the plan of them. Ah! wait, unless I am mistaken, there are the first rockets."

Indeed, shining like long serpents of fire, the rockets of which he spoke rushed up toward the sky; but, at the same time, as if the storm had taken these shining jets as a challenge, a flash of lightning, which seemed to rend the heavens, wound among the artificial pieces, and mingled its blue light with the red glare of the rockets.

"In truth," said the archduchess, "it is impious of man thus to mock God."

These preliminary rockets had preceded the firing of the other fireworks only by a few seconds; the engineer saw that he must hurry, and he set off several of the first pieces, which called forth shouts of joy. But as there was actually a contest going on between heaven and earth, as if, as the archduchess had said, man had committed an impiety towards his God, the storm, infuriated, overwhelmed the noise of the people with its own turmoil, and all the floods of heaven opening at once, rushed down in torrents of rain from the clouds above.

The wind had extinguished the illuminations, the water put out the fireworks.

"Ah, how unfortunate!" said the dauphin; "there are the fireworks a complete failure."

"Eh, monsieur," replied Marie Antoinette, sadly, "has not everything been a failure since my arrival in France?"

"How so, madame?"

"Have you seen Versailles?"

"Certainly, madame; did you not like it?"

"Oh, had Versailles been to-day as it was in the time of your illustrious ancestor, Louis XIV., I should like it! But in what condition have we found Versailles? Tell me. Everywhere ruin and mourning. Oh, yes. the tempest is but in harmony with the festival prepared for me. Is it not fitting for a storm to arise to conceal from our people the wretchedness of our palace? Is not the night suitable and welcome which conceals these paths overgrown with grass, these groups of dirty Tritons, these empty fountains, these muti-

lated statues? Yes, yes, blow south wind; roar, ye tempest; rush on, ye clouds; hide from all eyes the strange reception that France gives to a daughter of the Cæsars on the day on which she gives her hand to her future king!"

The dauphin, plainly embarrassed, for he did not know how to retort to these reproaches, and, above all, could not be in sympathy with this lofty melancholy, so different from his own nature, for reply merely sighed.

"I trouble you," said Marie Antoinette. "Do not think it is my pride which prompts these words; no, no, it is nothing of the sort. Had I only been shown this Trianon, so smiling, so shady, so filled with flowers,—even there, alas! this pitiless storm has stripped the trees and disturbed the fountains,—I should be happy in that charming nest; but ruins appal me, they are repugnant to my youth; and, moreover, this dreadful storm will make them even worse."

Another blast, more frightful than the first, shook the palace. The princess sprang up in terror.

"Oh, my God! tell me the danger is over, that nothing can happen. I am dying of fright!"

"There is none, madame; Versailles, built in terraces, cannot attract the lightning. If it should strike, it would probably hit the chapel, which has a sharp roof, or the little château, which is pointed. You know that points attract the electric fluid, while flat surfaces, on the contrary, repel it."

"No," cried Marie Antoinette, "I do not know, I do not know!"

Louis took the cold and trembling hand of the archduchess. At that moment a pale flash flooded the chamber with livid, purple light. Marie Antoinette cried aloud and repelled the dauphin.

"But, madame," cried he, "what is the matter?"

"Oh," said she, "you appeared to me in the light of that flash, pale, fainting, and bloody! I think I saw a vision."

"It is merely the reflection of the sulphurous fire, and I can explain to you—"

A frightful peal of thunder, whose echoes prolonged themselves until it reached its height, then died away, and was lost in the distance,—this fearful peal of thunder cut short the scientific explanation which the young man was so calmly preparing to give to his royal wife.

"Come, madame," said he, after a moment's silence, "courage, I beg you! Let us not yield to the fears of the ignorant. These physical disturbances are only certain natural conditions. It is no more wonderful than a calm atmosphere; only calm and storm follow each other. Calm is troubled by the commotion; and the commotion is stilled by the calm. After all, this is only a storm, and a storm is one of the most natural and frequent of the phenomena of the creation. I do not know why one should fear it."

"Oh, by itself, perhaps, it would not have frightened me so; but this storm, coming on our wedding day,— does it not seem to you an evil omen, in connection with the others that have followed me since I came to France?"

"What are you saying, madame?" cried the dauphin, moved, despite himself, by a superstitious fear. "Did you say 'omens'?"

"Yes, yes; fearful, bloody ones!"

"And these omens, tell me, madame; I am usually credited with a strong, cool, spirit; perhaps I may have the good luck to overcome and vanquish these omens that frighten you."

"Monsieur, I passed my first night in France at Strasburg; I was given a large room lit by torches, for it was night. When the torches were lit their light showed me a wall dripping with blood. However, I had sufficient courage to go to the panels and examine these red tints closely. The walls were hung with tapestry, representing the Murder of the Innocents. Everywhere despair, with its mournful looks, the murderers with blazing eyes on all sides, the shining of axes and swords; everywhere tears, mothers' cries, groans of anguish, seemed to break forth from that prophetic wall, which, from having looked upon so intently, seemed to me to have life. Frozen with fear, I could not sleep. Tell me, see, is not that a sad omen?' '

"For a lady of olden times, madame, possibly; but surely not for a princess in this enlightened age."

"Monsieur, this age is full of misfortune; my mother has told me so,—as the sky above is full of sulphur, flames, and desolation. Oh, that is the cause of my fear; that is why every omen seems to me to be a warning!"

"Madame, no danger threatens the throne we are ascending; we live, we kings, in a realm above the clouds. The thunderbolt is at our feet, and when it falls to the earth, we are the ones who hurl it."

"Alas! alas! it has not been so foretold to me."

"And what has been foretold to you?"

"Something terrible, fearful."

"Some one has foretold this to you?"

"Rather, I have been made to see it."

"See?"

"Yes, I have seen, seen, I tell you, and this image has stayed in my soul,—stayed so persistently that there is not a day in which I do not shudder as I think of it, not a night in which I do not see it in my dreams."

"And you can not tell me what you have seen? Have they compelled you to silence?"

"No, no one has compelled me. Listen, it is impossible to describe: it was a machine raised above the ground like a scaffold; but to that scaffold were fitted something like the two poles of a ladder, and between these two poles glided a knife, a cleaver, and an axe. I saw that, and, strange to relate, I saw my own head under the knife. The knife glided between the two poles, and separated my head from my body, and it fell and rolled on the ground. That is what I have seen, monsieur; that is what I have seen!"

"Pure hallucination, madame," said the dauphin. "I know almost all the instruments of punishment by which death is given, and one like that is not in existence; so be reassured."

"Alas!" said Marie Antoinette, "I cannot banish this hateful thought, whatever I may do."

"You will succeed, madame," said the dauphin, approaching his wife; "from this moment you have near you a loving friend, an eager protector."

The dauphin again drew near the princess, and she could feel his breath against her cheek. At that moment the door by which the dauphin had entered was opened, and a curious, eager gaze, that of Louis XV., pene-

trated the shade of this large room, which the only two remaining candles scarcely lit, running in drops down the vermilion chandelier.

The old king opened his mouth, doubtless for the purpose of giving his grandson a few words of encouragement, when a crash which cannot be described filled all the palace, accompanied this time by the lightning which had preceded the other claps of thunder. At the same time a column of white smoke, crossed with green, passed before the window, breaking all the window-panes, and crushing a statue placed under the balcony. Then, after a frightful noise, it ascended to the sky and disappeared like a meteor.

The two candles went out, smothered by the gust of wind that entered the chamber.

The dauphin, frightened, tottering, dazzled, drew back until he reached the wall, where he stayed, leaning against it. The dauphiness, half fainting, fell on the steps of her *prie-dieu*, where she remained, shrouded in terror. Louis XV., trembling, thought the earth was going to swallow him up, and, followed by Lebel, he hastened to return to his deserted apartments.

The dauphiness, her head in her hands, prayed, weeping.

The dauphin looked with a gloomy and vacant air at the water, which was pouring into the room through the broken glass, and which reflected on the carpet the bluish lightning flashes, which continued for several hours.

Meanwhile, the people of Versailles and Paris fled like a flock of frightened birds, scattered over the gardens, in the roads, in the woods, pursued in all directions by thick hail, which beat down the flowers in the gardens, the foliage in the forest, the wheat and the barley in the fields. By morning, however, all this chaos was reduced to order, and the first rays of light, darting from between copper-coloured clouds, displayed to view the ravages of the nocturnal hurricane.

Versailles was no longer to be recognised. The ground had imbibed that deluge of water, the trees had absorbed that deluge of fire; everywhere were seas of muddy water, and trees broken, twisted, calcined, by that serpent with burning grip called lightning. As soon as it was light, Louis XV., whose terror was so great that he could not sleep, ordered Lebel, who had never left him during the night, to dress him. He then proceeded to the bridal-chamber, and, pushing open the door, shuddered on perceiving the future queen of France reclining on a *prie-dieu*, pale, and with eyes swollen and violet-coloured,—like those of the sublime Magdalen of Rubens. Her terror, caused by the hurricane, had at length been suspended by sleep, and the first dawn of morning which stole into the apartment tinged with religious respect her long, white robe with an azure hue. At the further end of the chamber, in an arm-chair pushed back to the wall, and surrounded by a pool of water which had forced its way through the shattered windows, reposed the dauphin of France, pale as his young bride, and, like her, having the perspiration of nightmare on his brow. The nuptial bed was in precisely the same state as on the preceding evening.

The Bouquet

Paris celebrated the marriage festival of its future sovereign. The whole population poured, in consequence, towards the Place Louis XV., where were to be exhibited the fireworks,—that necessary accompaniment to every great public solemnity, which the Parisian accepts scoffingly, but which he cannot dispense with. The spot was judiciously chosen. Six hundred thousand spectators could move about there at their ease. Around the equestrian statue of Louis XV. had been erected a circular scaffolding, which, by raising the fireworks ten or twelve feet above the ground, enabled all the spectators in the place to see them distinctly. The Parisians arrived, according to custom, in groups, and spent some time in choosing the best places, an inalienable privilege of the first comers. Boys found trees, grave men posts, women the railings of fences and temporary stands, erected in the open air, as usual at all Parisian festivities, by adventurous speculators, whose fertile imagination allows them to change their mode of speculation every day. About seven o'clock, along with the earliest of the spectators, arrived several parties of police.

The duty of watching over the safety of Paris was not performed by the French Guards, to whom the city authorities would not grant the gratuity of a thousand crowns demanded by their colonel, the Marshal Duke de Biron.

That regiment was both feared and liked by the population, by whom each member of the corps was regarded at once as a Cæsar, and a Mandrin. The French Guards, terrible on the field of battle, inexorable in the fulfilment of their functions, had, in time of peace and out of service, a frightful character for brutality and misconduct. On duty they were handsome, brave, intractable; and their evolutions delighted women and awed husbands; but, when dispersed among the crowd as mere individuals, they became the terror of those whose admiration they had won the day before, and severely persecuted the people whom they would have to protect on the morrow. Now, the city, finding in its old grudge against these night-brawlers and sharpers a reason for not giving a thousand crowns to the French Guards,—the city, we say, sent merely its civil force, upon the specious pretext that in a family festivity, like that in preparation, the usual guardians of the family ought to be sufficient. The French Guards, on leave, therefore, mingled among the groups mentioned above, and, as licentious as they would under other circumstances have been severe, they produced among the crowd, in their quality of soldier-citizens, all those little irregularities which they would have repressed with the butts of their muskets, with kicks and cuffs, nay, even with taking the offenders into custody, if their commander, their Cæsar Biron, had had a right to call them on that evening soldiers.

The shrieks of the women, the grumbling of the citizens, the complaints of the hucksters, whose cakes and gingerbread were eaten without being paid for, raised a sham tumult preparatory

to the real commotion which could not fail to take place when six hundred thousand sight-loving persons should be assembled on that spot, and constituted so animated a scene that the Place Louis XV., about eight o'clock in the evening, presented much the appearance of one of Teniers' pictures on a large scale, and with French instead of Dutch merry-makers. After the gamins, or street boys of Paris, at once the most impatient and the idlest in the known world, had taken or clambered up to their places; after the citizens and the populace had settled themselves in theirs,—the carriages of the nobility and the financiers arrived. No route had been marked out for them; and they therefore entered the Place at random by the Rue de la Madeleine and the Rue St. Honoré, setting down at the new buildings, as they were called, those who had received invitations for the windows and balconies of the governor's house, from which an excellent view could be obtained of the fireworks.

Such of the persons in the carriages as had not invitations, left their equipages at the corner of the Place, and, preceded by their footmen, mingled in the crowd, already very dense, but in which there was still room for any one who knew how to conquer it. It was curious to observe with what sagacity those lovers of sights availed themselves, in their ambitious progress, of every inequality of ground. The very wide, but as yet unfinished, street which was to be called the Rue Royale, was intersected here and there by deep ditches, on the margins of which had been heaped the mould thrown out of them, and other rubbish. Each of these little eminences had its group, looking like a loftier billow rising above the level of that human ocean.

From time to time this wave, propelled by other waves behind it, toppled over, amid the laughter of the multitude, not yet so crowded as to cause such falls to be attended with danger, or to prevent those who fell from scrambling to their feet again.

About half-past eight all eyes, hitherto wandering in different directions, began to converge towards the same point, and to fix themselves on the scaffolding which contained the fireworks. It was then that elbows, plied without ceasing, commenced to maintain in good earnest the position they had gained, against the assaults of incessantly-reinforced invaders.

These fireworks, designed by Ruggieri, were intended to rival (a rivalship, by the way, which the storm two evenings before had rendered easy) those executed at Versailles by Torre, the engineer. It was known in Paris that Versailles had derived little pleasure from the royal liberality, which had granted fifty thousand francs for their exhibition, since the very first discharges had been extinguished by the rain, and as the weather was fine on the evening of the 30th of May, the Parisians reckoned upon a certain triumph over their neighbours of Versailles.

Besides, Paris expected much more from the old established popularity of Ruggieri, than from the recent reputation of Torre.

Moreover, the plan of Ruggieri, less capricious and less vague than that of his colleague, bespoke pyrotechnical intentions of a highly distinguished order.

Allegory, which reigned supreme at that period, was coupled with the most graceful architectural style, and the scaffolding represented the ancient temple of Hymen, which, with the French, rivals in ever-springing youth the temple of Glory. It was supported by a gigantic colonnade, and surrounded by a parapet, at the angles of which dolphins, open-mouthed, only awaited the signal to spout forth torrents of flames. Facing the dolphins rose, majestically upon their urns, the Loire, the Rhone, the Seine, and the Rhine,—that river which we persist in naturalizing and accounting French in spite of all the world, and, if we may believe the modern lays of our friends, the Germans, in spite even of itself,—all four—we mean the rivers—ready to pour forth, instead of water, blue, white, green, and rose-coloured flames, at the moment when the colonnade should be fired.

Other parts of the works, which were to be discharged at the same time, were to form gigantic vases of flowers on the terrace of the temple of Hymen.

Lastly, still upon this same palace, destined to support so many different things, rose a luminous pyramid, terminated by the terrestrial globe. This globe, after emitting a rumbling noise like distant thunder, was to burst with a crash, and to discharge a mass of coloroured girandoles.

As for the *bouquet*,—so important and indeed indispensible an accompaniment that no Parisian ever judges of fireworks but by the *bouquet*,—Ruggieri had separated it from the main body of the structure. It was placed towards the river, close to the statue, in a bastion crammed with spare rockets, so that the effect would be greatly improved by this additional elevation of six or eight yards, which would place the foot of the sheaf as it were upon a pedestal.

Such were the details which had engrossed the attention of all Paris for a fortnight previous. The Parisians now watched with great admiration Ruggieri and his assistants passing like shades amidst the lurid lights of their scaffolding, and pausing, with strange gestures, to fix their matches and to secure their priming.

The moment, therefore, that the lanterns were brought upon the terrace of the building—an appearance which indicated the approach of the discharge—it produced a strong sensation in the crowd, and some rows of the least courageous recoiled, producing a long oscillation, which extended to the very extremities of the assembled multitude.

Carriages now continued to arrive in quick succession, and began to encroach more and more upon the Place,—the horses resting their heads upon the shoulders of the rearmost spectators, who began to feel uneasy at the close vicinity of these dangerous neighbours. Presently the crowd, every moment increasing, collected behind the carriages, so that it was not possible for them to withdraw from their position, even had they been desirous to do so, embedded as they were in this compact and tumultuous throng. Then might be seen—inspired by that audacity peculiar to the Parisians when in an encroaching mood, and which has no parallel except the long-suffering of the same people when encroached upon—French Guards, artisans, and lacqueys, climbing upon the roofs of these car-

riages, like shipwrecked mariners upon a rocky shore.

The illumination of the boulevards threw from a distance its ruddy glare upon the heads of the thousands of spectators, amidst whom the bayonet of a city official, flashing like lightning, appeared as rare as the ears of corn left standing in a field levelled by the reaper.

On either side of the new buildings, now the Hotel Crillon and the Garde Meuble of the Crown, the carriages of the invited guests—between which no precaution had been taken to leave a passage—had formed a triple rank which extended on one side from the boulevard to the Tuileries, and on the other from the boulevard to the Rue des Champs Elysées, turning like a serpent thrice doubled upon itself.

Along this triple row of carriages were seen, wandering like spectres on the banks of the Styx, such of the invited as were prevented by the carriages of those earlier on the ground from reaching the principal entrance. Stunned by the noise, and unwilling, especially the ladies, who were dressed in satin from head to foot, to step upon the dusty pavement, they were hustled to and fro by the waves of the populace, who jeered them for their delicacy, and, seeking a passage between the wheels of the carriages and the feet of the horses, crept onwards as well they could to the place of their destination,—a goal as fervently desired as a haven of refuge by mariners in a storm.

The first rockets pierced the clouds, and a prodigious shout arose from the crowd, thenceforward alive only to the spectacle which was exhibiting in the centre of the Place.

The commencement of the fireworks was magnificent, and in every respect worthy of the high reputation of Ruggieri. The decorations of the temple were progressively lighted up, and soon presented one sheet of flame. The air rang with plaudits; but these plaudits were soon succeeded by frantic cheers, when the gaping mouths of the dolphins and the urns of the rivers began to spout forth streams of fire of different colours, which crossed and intermingled with each other.

This sight has not its equal in the world,—that of a population of seven hundred thousand souls, frantic with delight in front of a palace in flames.

On a sudden, a bright light burst forth and darted in a diagonal line towards the river. It was a bomb, which exploded with a crash, scattering the various coloured fires.

"Look, how beautiful that is!" said one citizen.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed another, without making any reply, "how ill that last rocket was directed! It must certainly have deviated from its course; for, instead of describing a parabola, it went off almost horizontally."

He had scarcely finished this expression of an uneasiness which began to be manifested in the agitation of the crowd, when a hurricane of flame burst from the bastion upon which were placed the *bouquet* and the spare fireworks. A crash equal to that of a hundred peals of thunder, crossing in all directions, bellowed through the Place; and, as if the fire had contained a discharge of grape-shot, it put to rout the nearest spectators, who for a

moment felt the unexpected flame scorch their faces.

The *bouquet,* composed of fifteen thousand fusees, exploded, scattering about in all directions, and pursuing the spectators like those fiery darts which are flung at the bulls in the arena to provoke them to fight.

The lookers-on, at first astonished, then terrified, recoiled from the force of mere instinct with resistless impetus, communicating the same movement to the myriads of spectators in the rear, who, breathless and suffocated, pressed backwards in their turn to those behind them. The scaffolding took fire; children shrieked; screaming women, almost stifled, raised them in their arms; and the police, thinking to silence the screamers, and to restore order by violence, struck right and left at random. All these combined causes made the waving sea of people fall like a water-spout on the weaker ones now hurried away by the mighty and irresistible current, of which no description could convey any idea; for individual strength, increased tenfold by terror and anxiety, was again augmented a hundredfold by the junction of the general strength.

The stunning cries, far more terrible than those of the battlefield; the neighing of horses; the frightful noise of wheels, grinding now the pavement, now the bodies of the slain; the lurid flames of the scaffolds which were on fire; the sinister gleaming of swords drawn by some of the infuriated soldiers; and over all this ensanguined chaos, the bronze statue, tinged by the ruddy reflections, and seeming to preside over the carnage,—were more than was needed to disturb reason and paralyse strength. Besides, the power of a Titan would have been impotent in such a struggle,—a struggle for life and limb, of one against all. Women uttered piercing shrieks; a soldier, opening himself a passage through the crowd, was striking the people with his sword, and the weapon flashed over his head.

Whoever fell in that scene might give himself up for lost!

It was a stream of people, whose torrent would certainly have levelled a wall in their flight. All at once the torrent stopped, as if broken by some opposing obstacle. What was the obstacle? within a few steps was the Garde-Meuble. That mass of stone had broken the mass of flesh!

The carriages, which, long detained by the crowd, but now hemmed in less closely, began once more to move, and soon came on galloping as if coachmen and horses had been seized with a general frenzy, fled twenty thousand unfortunate creatures, mutilated, wounded, bruised one against the other. Instinctively they fled close to the walls, against which the nearest of them were crushed. This mass swept away or suffocated all those who, having taken up their position near the Garde-Meuble, imagined that they had escaped the wreck. A fresh shower of blows, of living and dead bodies!

Truly a sad omen for a wedding.

Tactics of Love

In the period when Italy was being invaded by the French forces of Richelieu one day a young man of twenty years, dressed like the mountaineers of the Vale of Aosta and jabbering the Piedmontese jargon, went up to the gate of Pignerolles Fort. It was going on eight in the evening.

This man gave his name as Gætano and said he was brother to the countess's waiting-maid, Signora Jacinta, whom he wished to see. Jacinta on being informed by one of the soldiers of the garrison, uttered an exclamation of surprise which passed very fairly for one of joy. As though she had to have her mistress's permission to obey the voice of kindred which called her to the fortress gateway by her brother's lips, she hurried into the chamber of her lady. Thence she came out by the same door about five minutes ensuing, while the countess hastened away by an opposite door and quickly went down a private staircase leading to a fancy little garden reserved for herself alone, the only windows commanding which being those of Jacinta's room. The countess went and hid herself in the most retired corner, an out-of-the-way nook overgrown with citron, orange, and pomegranate trees.

In the meanwhile, Jacinta had run across the courtyard like a sister who was delighted and eager to see her brother, crying out affectionately:

"Gætano! dear Gætano!"

The young man flew to her arms and —as this was the moment when Count Urban Espalamba was going the rounds and posting the sentries—he could mark the transports of joy shown by the couple who, so they said, had not seen one another for two whole years, in other words, since Jacinta had quitted the maternal roof to follow her mistress.

Jacinta made a low curtsey to the count and begged permission to have her brother stay with her, for, it appeared—he not having time to go into particulars yet—he had come with something important to impart to her.

The count called Gætano to him, exchanged a few words with him and, satisfied with the frankness of the man's tone, authorized him to dwell in the fortress.

The stay could not be a long one, for Gætano said that he could not remain more than forty-eight hours.

Whereupon, as it was out of the question for his lordship to waste time on such low-born people, the count left them to go upstairs to his rooms. It was not hard for Master Gætano to perceive that the count was out of spirits, which fact appeared to interest him much more than any one could have believed possible in a country lout who had no business with a nobleman's blue devils. Jacinta related to her brother the double cause of the count being set against his sovereign.

In the first place there was the insolent and assiduous court paid by the Duke of Savoy, his ruler, to Espalamba's wife under the husband's identical nose; in the next category, the unexpected order received by the count three days before to shut himself up in his stone doublet and keep the enemy from under the flaps as long as one

piece of granite cloth was stitched with iron bars to another.

Count Urban, besides, had not hidden his opinion from his wife, whom he had forced into marriage, and her confidante Jacinta that—if he could find the same advantages as he had in the service of Piedmont in the pay of Spain or Austria or France—hang him if he wouldn't jump at the chance!

Gætano seemed to be so pleased with this intelligence that—as they happened to go around a dark turning in the corridor (there were lots of such shady places in old castles)—he was smitten with such an overflow of affection for his sister, that he flung his arms around her and gave her a sounding kiss on both cheeks.

Jacinta's room-door opened on this same passage.

She led her brother in, and, following, shut the door behind them.

Gætano uttered an exclamation of gladness.

"Good!" cried he "here I am safe and sound! Now then, my dear Jacinta, where's your mistress?"

"Oh, my! Why there was I a-thinking that you had come to see me," said the woman, with a laugh.

"To see you and to see her, both," replied the count, "but her first, for I have some political arrangements to settle with your mistress, and you being the camerista of the wife of a statesman, must have heard of the motto, 'Business before pleasure.'"

"Where will you settle the important matters?"

"In your chamber here, if it does not disturb you too much."

"Before me?"

"Oh no! However unfaltering our trust in you, my dear Jacinta, our business is too serious to admit any third person into it."

"What is to become of me, then, at all?"

"Why, you, Jacinta, sitting in an easy chair at the head of your mistress's bed, the curtains of which you will pin together as close as can be, on account of the very severe headache she has, will watch that her husband does not come into her room and abruptly awaken her."

"Oh, sir count," said Jacinta, with a sigh, "I had no idea you were so great a manager."

"You see you were wrong. As there is nothing more precious than time to a manager, tell me quickly where is your mistress?"

Jacinta breathed another sigh, opened the window and uttered one word:

"Find!"

The count remembered then that Matilda had often talked to him of this lonely garden where she had many and many's the time dreamed away hours in thought of him. He remembered also that there had been mention made of a clump of orange and citron trees which made it a shady retreat in the brightest day, and consequently was very dark at night.

So, the window had hardly been opened before he leaped upon the sill and down into the garden; and, while Jacinta wiped away a tear which she had been unable to restrain, plunged into the thickest bushes, calling in an undertone:

"Matilda! darling! Matilda!"

By the first syllable of her name, Matilda had recognized the voice of

the speaker and had sprang to the voice, saying herself:

"Antonie!"

The lovers spying one another, opened their arms and interlacing them, leant, while embraced, against an orange tree, which showered down through the shock, quite a rain of blossoms on their heads.

There and thus they dwelt for a space, if not speechless, at least not speaking and merely uttering the indistinct babbling which in lovers' mouths, implies so much with such shadows of words.

At length, both, seeming to return from the resplendent land of dreams which they had flown into, murmured at the same time:

"You—is it?"

Their mutual kiss answered "Yes" for each.

The countess was the first to recover coolness.

"How about my husband?" she said.

"Things have turned out just as we hoped. He took me for Jacinta's brother and said I might stay in the castle."

They sat down side by side, hand in hand. It was the time for explanations.

This takes long hours between lovers. They continued in the garden and were not ended when they reached Jacinta's room. The maid, as had been devised, was spending the night by her mistress's bedside. At eight o'clock in the morning, there came a gentle tapping at the door of the old count's cabinet.

He was up and dressed, for he had been knocked up at six o'clock by a courier from Turin, who had informed him that the French were at Rivoli, and might have some intention of paying their respects to Pignerolles.

The count was thoughtful. It was easy to guess this by the gruff tone in which he blurted out:

"Oh, come in!"

The door opened, and, to his deep astonishment, revealed his countess.

"You, Matilda!" ejaculated he, springing to his feet. "Do you know the news? Is it that which gives me the unexpected pleasure of this early visit?"

"What news, my lord?"

"That in all likelihood we are going to be besieged."

"Oh, yes, that's what I have come to talk with you about."

"Who did you hear it from? Was the messenger prating to some of the valets?"

"I will tell you presently. I knew it long ago, and it prevented me sleeping half the night."

"Your color shows it, my lady. You are pale, and look as if you needed rest."

"I was waiting for daylight, to come and confer with you."

"Could you not have awakened me, my lady. The news was important enough."

"Ah, but it had made me full of so many doubts and sad memories that I would like you to hear them and tell me what conclusion you draw from them."

"I do not understand you, my lady, in the least, for I must acknowledge that I never heard you speak about affairs of state and war——"

"Oh, you men think too slightly of our poor weak intelligence, it is true, for us to talk of such matters."

"Do you mean to say we are wrong," said the count, smiling.

"You are not right, for we sometimes might give you very good advice."

"Suppose I was to ask your advice on the present state of things, what counsel would you give me?"

"In the first place, my lord," said the countess, gravely, "I would commence by reminding you how very ungrateful the Duke of Savoy has shown himself towards you!"

"That would be words misspent, my lady, for that ingratitude is and will ever be present to my mind."

"I would go on to say: Remember the banquets and balls at Turin in the midst of which the very sovereign who had the idea of our marriage, made to me propositions most offensive to your honor as to mine!"

"I remember the insult, my lady."

"I would further say: Don't forget the rough and ungentlemanly manner in which he flung to you the command to leave Rivoli and go to wait for the French at Pignerolles!"

"I have not forgotten this either, and am only waiting for an opportunity to show him that I bear it in mind."

"Such a moment is come! my lord is in one of those situations for decision, when a man is permitted to be arbiter of his own future, may choose between two destinies; one of servitude under a harsh and haughty master, the other of liberty, with an immense fortune and a high rank."

The count looked at the speaker in surprise.

"I must say, my lady," observed he, "that I cannot imagine what you are driving at."

"I will speak plainly."

The count's amazement increased.

"Dame Jacinta's brother is in the French service."

"Ha!"

"He belongs to the Count of Moret——"

"The natural son of the late King Henry Fourth?"

"The same, sir, of course."

"Proceed."

"Only the day before yesterday, Richelieu said before the Count of Moret that he would count down a million of money to whoever——"

She paused and added lower, in a more impressive voice:

"Whoever would bring him the keys of Pignerolles!"

The listener's eyes flamed with avarice.

"A million——"

"For the keys!"

"A million!" repeated he. "I would I could see so much!"

"You may handle it, whenever your lordship pleases."

The count's hands closed as though he had a gold-mounted palm.

"A million," muttered he. "Your ladyship is right to have lost her rest in thinking it over. But how do you know this sum was offered?"

"In a most simple way. The Count of Moret undertook to bring the exchange about, and sent his man Gætano on ahead to examine the country."

"Oh, that's why Master Gætano came last night to see his sister?"

"Precisely so. His sister entreated me to hear him, so that he told it all to me and if the proposal should not be acted upon, all the blame would fall upon me."

"I don't see why it could not be acted upon?" remarked the lord of the castle.

"Oh, it was possible that you would reject the treasure."

The count was thoughtful for a time.

"What guarantees will be given me?"

"The cash."

"What guarantees then, are required of me?"

"One hostage."

"Who is that to be?"

"It is very natural that, a seige being expected at any moment, you should want to put away the wife you love from the place, which you intend to defend to the uttermost. You can send me to my mother's at Selimo, where I can stay till you name what town of France you will come to, for I presume that, the bargain being made, you will go into France, where I can be waiting for you."

"And the million will be paid?"

"In new coin."

"When?"

"When, in exchange for the gold which Gætano will bring you, you give him the capitulation signed by you and authorize my departure."

"Tell Gætano to bring the million this night, and see that you are ready to go."

At eight o'clock that evening, the Count of Moret, still under the name of Gætano, "insinuated" the mule and money into the castle of Pignerolles (as he had promised Richelieu), and went out from it with the countess, (as he had promised himself that he would.)

The lady was bearer of the capitulation, dated a day after in order to give Richelieu time to lay siege to the fortress.

The garrison were marched out with their lives and baggage safe.

A Pipe and a Man

Let us make Vatrin's acquaintance. He is a keeper of game.

He is a man of five feet six, lean, bony, sharp-featured. There's never a bramble bush his legs, equipped with long leather gaiters, won't stride through, never a coppice of ten years' growth his elbows, as sharp as a carpenter's square, won't cleave.

He is tacturn as a rule, as men who are used to going the rounds at night. When dealing with his underkeepers, who looked upon him as an infallible oracle, he limits himself to a wink or a wave of the hand—and they perfectly understand.

One of the ornaments—I should rather say one of the features—of his face is his pipe. Whether it ever had a stem I cannot say, but I have never seen it under any other aspect than as a cutty.

The reason is plain enough—Vatrin smokes incessantly. Now, to make way through the tangled undergrowth, he must have a pipe of a special sort, a pipe that does not project beyond the tip of his nose, to the end pipe and nose may work together in concert to make a passage for the face.

By dint of always pressing the pipe-stem, such as it is, Vatrin's teeth —those that are so employed—have

been worn into a half-circle above and below. Thus the stem is caught as it were in a vice, from which it cannot move, once it has been inserted. Vatrin's pipe never quits his mouth save to bend gracefully over the edge of his bacca pouch and be filled from the contents, like the Princess Nausicaa's amphora at the fountain or Rachel's water-jar at the well.

Once stuffed full, Vatrin's pipe at once resumes its place in the vice. Then the old head keeper pulls from his pocket his flint, steel, and tinder; for Vatrin does not hold with new-fangled ideas, and speaks contemptuously of *chemical contrivances*. Then he lights his pipe, and till it is finished to the very end, the smoke issues from his mouth as regularly and almost as abundantly as the steam from a steam-engine.

"Vatrin," I told him one day, "when you can't walk any more, you will only have to get a couple of wheels fitted, and your head will serve as locomotive to your body."

"I shall always be able to walk," Vatrin answered, in his simple way—and he spoke only the truth; the Wandering Jew was not better provided in the way of walking capabilities.

Needless to mention that Vatrin replies to a question without requiring to displace his pipe. His pipe is a sort of vegetable growth in his jaws, a black coral grafted on to his teeth. The only difference it makes is that he speaks with a sort of hissing articulation peculiar to himself, caused by the limited space his teeth allow the sound to issue by.

Vatrin has three ways, three degrees of paying his respects.

For me, for instance, he contents himself with lifting his hat and replacing it on his head.

For a superior, he removes his hat and carries it in his hand.

For a Prince, he removes his hat from his head and his pipe from his mouth.

To take his pipe from his mouth is the highest mark of consideration Vatrin can pay.

But when this is done, you must not suppose he relaxes his teeth by a single fraction of an inch. Just the opposite; the two jaws, having nothing now to separate them, come together as if moved by a spring, and instead of the hissing sound diminishing, it is increased, the sound now having only the small opening due to the pipe-stem to come out at.

Marat and Rousseau

GREAT storms are always succeeded by calms, fearful in their very stillness, but bearing healing on their wings. Place Louis XV had burned.

It was about two o'clock in the morning. The moon, wading between large white clouds which hovered over Paris, showed in strong relief by her wan and sickly light the inequalities of this sad spot, and the pits and holes in which so many of the fleeting crowd had found an untimely grave.

Here and there in the moonlight, which was obscured from time to time by the large white floating clouds we have mentioned, might be seen, on the margin of the slopes and in the ditches heaps of corpses with disordered attire, stiffened limbs, livid and discoloured faces, and hands stretched out in an attitude of terror or of prayer.

In the centre of this place, a heavy tainted smoke, emitted from the burning embers of the timber, contributed to give to the Place Louis XV, the appearance of a battlefield.

Over this bloody and desolate plain flitted, with rapid and mysterious steps, shadowy figures, who stopped, looked stealthily round, bent down, and then fled. They were the robbers of the slain, attracted to their prey like vultures to the decaying carrion. They had not been able to rob the living, and they came to despoil the dead. Surprised at seeing themselves anticipated by their fellow robbers, they might be seen escaping sullenly and fearfully at the sight of the tardy bayonets which menaced them. But the robber and the lazy watchman were not the only persons moving among the long ranks of the dead.

There were some there who, furnished with lanterns, might have been taken for curious lookers-on. Sad lookers-on, alas! for they were parents and anxious friends, whose children, brothers, friends, or lovers had not returned home. They had come from great distances, for the dreadful news had already spread over Paris like a hurricane, scattering dismay and horror, and their anxiety had been quickly changed into active search. It was a sight perhaps more dreadful to behold than the catastrophe itself. Every expression was portrayed on these pale faces, from the despair of those who discovered the corpse of the beloved being, to the gloomy uncertainty of those who had found nothing, and who cast an anxious and longing glance towards the river, which flowed onwards with a monotonous murmur.

It was reported that many corpses had already been thrown into the river by the provostry of Paris, who wished to conceal the fearful number of deaths their guilty imprudence had occasioned.

Then, when they had satiated their eyes with this fruitless spectacle, and, standing ankle deep in the Seine, had watched with anguished hearts its dark waters flow past unburthened with the loved bodies of those whom they sought, they proceeded, lantern in hand, to explore the neighbouring streets, where it was said many of the wounded had dragged themselves, to seek for help, or at least flee from the scene of their sufferings.

When, unfortunately, they found amongst the dead the object of their search,—the lost and wept-for friend,—then cries succeeded to their heart-rending surprise, and their sobs, rising from some new point of the bloody scene, were responded to by other and distant sobs.

At times the place resounded with noises of a different kind. All at once a lantern falls and is broken,—the living has fallen senseless on the dead, to embrace him for the last time.

There are yet other noises in this vast cemetery. Some of the wounded, whose limbs have been broken by the fall, whose breast has been pierced by

the sword, or crushed by the weight of the crowd, utters a hoarse cry, or groans forth a prayer, and then those who hope to find in the sufferer a friend, hastily approach, but retire when they do not recognise him

In the meantime, at the extremity of the Place, near the garden, a field-hospital is formed by the kindness and charity of the people. A young surgeon, known as such by the profusion of instruments which surround him, has the wounded men and women brought to him; he bandages their wounds, and while he tends them, he speaks to them in words which rather express hatred for the cause than pity for the effect.

To his two robust assistants, who pass the sufferers in bloody review before him, he cries incessantly:

"The women of the people, the men of the people, first! They can be easily recognised; they are almost always more severely wounded, certainly always less richly dressed."

At these words, repeated after each dressing with a shrill monotony, a young man who, torch in hand, is seeking among the dead, has twice already raised his head. From a large wound which furrows his forehead a few drops of crimson blood are falling; one of his arms is supported by his coat, which he has buttoned over it; and his countenance, covered with perspiration, betrays deep and absorbing emotion.

At these words of the surgeon, which he has heard, as we have said, for the second time, he raises his head, and looking sadly on the mutilated limbs which the operator seems almost to gloat over:

"Oh, monsieur," said he, "why do you make a choice among the victims?"

"Because," replied the surgeon, raising his head at this interruption, "because no one will care for the poor if I do not think of them, and the rich are always well looked after. Lower your lantern, and search upon the ground; you will find a hundred poor people for one rich or noble. In this catastrophe, with a good fortune which will in the end weary even Providence, the noble and the rich have paid the tribute they generally pay,—one in a thousand."

The young man raised his torch to a level with his bleeding forehead.

"Then I am that one," said he, without the least anger; "I, a gentleman, lost among so many others in the crowd, wounded in the forehead by a horse's hoof, and my left arm broken by falling into a pit. You say that the noble and the rich are sought after and cared for; you see plainly, however, that my wounds are not yet dressed."

"You have your hotel; your physician. Return home, since you can walk."

"I do not ask for your cares, monsieur; I seek my sister, a beautiful young girl of sixteen—killed probably, alas! though she is not of the people. She wore a white dress, and a chain with a cross round her neck. Though she has her hotel and her physician, answer me, for pity's sake, monsieur, have you seen her whom I seek?"

"Monsieur," said the young surgeon, with a feverish vehemence which showed that the ideas he expressed had long boiled within his breast, "monsieur, humanity is my guide. It is to her service I devote myself; and when I leave the noble on their bed of death to assist the suffering people, I obey

the true laws of humanity, who is my goddess. All this day's misfortunes have been caused by you. They arose from your abuses, from your usurpations; therefore, bear the consequences. No, monsieur, I have not seen your sister."

And after this harsh apostrophe, the operator returned to his task. A poor woman had just been brought to him, whose two legs were fractured by a carriage.

"See!" he exclaimed, calling after the young man, who was rushing away, "see! Do the poor bring their carriages to the public festivals to break the legs of the rich?"

Philip Taverney, who belonged to that class of the young nobility from which sprung the Lafayettes and Lamoths, had often professed the same maxims which terrified him in the mouth of this young man, and their application recoiled upon him like a judgment. His heart bursting with grief, he left the neighbourhood of the hospital and continued his sad search. He had not proceeded many steps, when, carried away by his grief, he could not repress a heart-rending cry of:

"Andrée! Andrée! My sister."

At that moment there passed by him, walking with hasty steps, a man already advanced in years, dressed in a grey cloth coat and milled stockings, his right hand resting on a stick, while with the left he held one of those lanterns made of a candle enclosed in oiled paper.

Hearing Philip's cry of grief, he guessed what he must be suffering, and murmured:

"Poor young man!"

But as he seemed to have come for the same purpose as himself, he passed on. Then all at once, as if he reproached himself for having passed unheeding by so much suffering, without attempting to console it:

"Monsieur," said he, "pardon me for mingling my grief with yours; but those who are struck by the same blow should lean on each other for support. Besides, you may be useful to me. You have already sought for a considerable time, I see, as your light is nearly extinguished, and you must therefore be acquainted with the most fatal localities of the Place."

"Oh, yes, monsieur, I know them!"

"Well, I also seek some one."

"Then look first in the great ditch; you will find more than fifty corpses there."

"Fifty! Just heaven! So many victims killed at a *fête!*"

"So many! Monsieur, I have already looked at a thousand faces, and have not yet found my sister."

"Your sister?"

"It was yonder, in that direction, that she was. I lost her near the bench. I found the place since, but no trace of her was visible. I am about to recommence the search, beginning with the bastion."

"To which side did the crowd rush, monsieur?"

"Towards the new buildings, in the Rue de la Madeleine."

"Then it must have been towards this side?"

"Yes, and I therefore searched on this side first; but there were dreadful scenes here. Besides, although the tide flowed in that direction, a poor, bewildered woman soon loses her senses in such a scene: she know not

whither she goes, and endeavors to escape in the first direction that presents itself."

"Monsieur, it is not probable that she would struggle against the current. I am about to search the streets on this side; come with me, and, both together, we may perhaps find—"

"And whom do you seek? Your son?" asked Philip, timidly.

"No, monsieur; but a child whom I had almost adopted."

"And you had allowed him to come alone?"

"Oh! he is a young man of eighteen or nineteen. He is master of his own actions, and as he wished to come, I could not hinder him; besides, we were far from expecting this horrible catastrophe. But your light is going out."

"Yes, monsieur, I see it."

"Come with me; I will light you."

"Thank you,—you are very good; but I fear I shall incommode you."

"Oh, do not fear, since I must have searched for myself. The poor child generally came home very punctually," continued the old man, proceeding in the direction of the streets; "but this evening I felt a sort of foreboding. I waited up for him; it was already eleven o'clock, when my wife heard of the misfortunes of this *fête* from a neighbour. I waited for two hours longer, still hoping that he would return. Then, as he did not appear, I thought it would be base and cowardly in me to sleep without having news of him."

"Then we are going toward the houses?" asked the young man.

"Yes; you said the crowd must have rushed to this side, and it certainly has done so. The unfortunate boy had doubtless been carried this way also. He is from the provinces, and is alike ignorant of the usages and the localities of this great town. Probably this was the first time he had ever been in the Place Louis XV."

"Alas! my sister is also from the provinces, monsieur."

"What a fearful sight!" said the old man, turning away from a group of corpses huddled together.

"Yet it is there we must look," replied the young man, resolutely holding his light over the heap of dead.

"Oh! I shudder to look at it, for I am a simple and unsophisticated man, and the sight of destruction causes in me an unconquerable horror."

"I had the same horror; but this evening I have served my apprenticeship to butchery and death. Hold! here is a young man of about eighteen; he has been suffocated, for I see no wounds. Is it he whom you seek?"

The old man made an effort, and held his lantern close to the body.

"No, monsieur," said he, "no; my child is younger, has black hair, and pale complexion."

"Alas! all are pale to-night," replied Philip.

"Oh! see," said the old man, "here we are, at the foot of the Garde Meuble. Look at these tokens of the struggle! This blood upon the walls, these shreds of garments upon the iron bars, these torn dresses on the points of the railing!"

"It was here—it was certainly here," murmured Philip.

"What sufferings!"

"Oh, heavens!"

"What?"

"Something white under these corpses! My sister had a white dress on. Lend me your lamp, monsieur, I beseech you."

In fact, Philip had seen and snatched a shred of white cloth. He let go his hold, having but one hand to take the lamp.

"It is a fragment of a woman's dress, held firmly in a young man's hand," cried he; "of a white dress like my sister's. Oh! Andrée! Andrée!" And the young man uttered heart-rendering sobs The old man now approached.

"It is he!" exclaimed he, opening his arms.

This exclamation attracted the young man's attention.

"Gilbert!" exclaimed Philip in his turn.

"You know Gilbert, monsieur?"

"Is it Gilbert whom you seek?"

These two questions were uttered simultaneously. The old man seized Gilbert's hand; it was as cold as death. Philip opened the young man's dress, pushed aside the shirt, and placed his hand upon his heart.

"Poor Gilbert!" said he.

"My dear child!" sobbed the old man.

"He breathes! he lives! He lives, I tell you!" exclaimed Philip.

"Oh! do you think so?"

"I am certain of it—his heart beats."

"It is true," replied the old man. "Help! help! There is a surgeon yonder"

"Oh! let us succor him ourselves, monsieur; just now I asked that man for help, and he refused me."

"He must help my child!" cried the old man, indignantly. "He *must*. Assist me, monsieur, to carry Gilbert to him."

"I have only one arm, but it is at your service, monsieur," replied Philip.

"And I, old as I am, feel strong again! Come!"

The old man seized Gilbert by the shoulders; the young man took his two feet under his right arm, and in this manner they advanced towards the group in the midst of which the surgeon was operating.

"Help! help!" cried the old man.

"The men of the people first! The men of the people first!" replied the surgeon, faithful to his maxim, and sure, each time he replied thus, of exciting a murmur of applause among the group which surrounded him.

"It is a man of the people whom I am bringing," replied the old man, with vehemence, but beginning to share in the general admiration which the firm and resolute tone of the young operator excited.

"After the women, then," said the surgeon; "men have more strength to support pain than women."

"A simple bleeding will suffice, monsieur," replied the old man.

"Oh! is it you again, my young nobleman?" said the surgeon, perceiving Philip before he saw the old man.

Philip did not reply. The old man thought that these words were addressed to him.

"I am not a nobleman," said he, "I am a man of the people; my name is Jean Jacques Rousseau."

The doctor gave a cry of astonishment, and making an imperative gesture:

"Give place," said he, "to the man of nature! Make room for the emancipator of the human race! Place for the citizen of Geneva!"

"Thanks, monsieur," said Rosseau, "thanks!"

"Has any accident happened to you?" asked the young doctor.

"Not to me, but to this poor child. See!"

"Ah! you too," cried the physician, "you too, like myself, represent the cause of humanity."

Rousseau, deeply moved by this unexpected triumph, could only stammer forth some almost unintelligible words. Philip, dumb with antonishment at finding himself in the presence of the philosopher whom he admired so highly, remained standing apart. Those who stood around assisted Rousseau to lay the fainting Gilbert upon the table. It was at this moment that the old man glanced at the person whose assistance he was imploring. He was a young man about Gilbert's age, but his features presented no appearance of youth; his sallow complexion was withered like that of an old man; his heavy and drooping eyelids covered an eye like a serpent's, and his mouth was distorted as if in an epileptic fit.

His sleeves turned back to the elbow, his arms covered with blood, surrounded by lifeless and bleeding limbs, he seemed more like an executioner at work, and glorying in his task, than a physician accomplishing his sad and holy mission.

Nevertheless, Rousseau's name seemed to have had so much influence over him as to cause him to lay aside for an instant his usual brutality; he gently opened Gilbert's sleeve, tied a band of linen round his arm, and opened the vein.

The blood flowed at first drop by drop, but after some moments the pure and generous current of youth spouted forth freely.

"Ha! we shall save him," said the operator. "But he will require great care; his chest has been rudely pressed."

"I have now to thank you, monsieur," said Rousseau, "and praise you, not for the exclusive preference you show for the poor, but for your care and kindness towards them. All men are brothers."

"Even the noble, even the aristocrats, even the rich?" asked the surgeon, his piercing eye flashing from beneath his heavy eyelid.

"Even the noble, the aristocrats, the rich, when they suffer," said Rousseau.

"Monsieur," said the operator, "excuse me. I am from Baudry, near Neufchatel; I am a Switzer like yourself, and therefore a democrat."

"A countryman?" cried Rousseau, "a native of Switzerland! Your name, monsieur, if you please?"

"An obscure name, monsieur; the name of a retiring man who devotes his life to study, waiting till he may, like yourself, devote it to the good of humanity. My name is Jean Paul Marat."

"Thanks, Monsieur Marat," said Rousseau. "But whilst enlightening the people as to their rights, do not excite them to vengeance; for if they should ever revenge themselves, you

will perhaps be terrified at their reprisals."

Marat smiled a fearful smile. "Oh, if that day should happen during my life!" said he; "if I could only have the happiness to witness it!"

Rousseau heard these words, and, alarmed at the tone in which they were uttered, as a traveller trembles at the first mutterings of the far-distant thunder, he took Gilbert in his arms, and attempted to carry him away.

"Two volunteers to help Monsieur Rousseau! Two men of the people!" cried the surgeon.

"Here! here! here!" cried twenty voices, simultaneously.

Rousseau had only to choose; he pointed to the two strongest, who took the youth up in their arms.

As he was leaving the place he passed Philip.

"Here, monsieur," said he, "I have no more use for the lantern; take it."

"Thank you, monsieur," said Philip; "many thanks."

He seized the lantern, and while Rousseau once more took the way to the Rue Plastrière, he continued his search.

"Poor young man!" murmured Rousseau, turning back, and seeing Philip disappear in the blocked-up and encumbered streets. He proceeded on his way shuddering, for he still heard the shrill voice of the surgeon echoing over the field of blood, and crying:

"The men of the people! None but the men of the people! Woe to the noble, to the rich, to the artistocrats!"

Fate of a Regicide

Richelieu, Cardinal ruler of France was interviewing his captain of Guards, Stephen Latil, concerning the death of Henry IV., in a recent street combat.

"Take time and collect your thoughts."

There was a brief silence, during which the cardinal's gaze was fastened on Latil as if to pierce to the bottom of his soul.

"Though quite young, you dearly loved the late king," began the cardinal, "and still do, inasmuch as you refused to murder his son, despite the enormous sum offered to you."

"Yes, your lordship. I may say that the fidelity I bear to his memory was one of the causes that led me to leave the Duke of Epernon's service."

"I have been assured that you were on the very step of the coach, when the king was assassinated. Can you acquaint me with what occurred in respect to the regicide at that time and afterwards, and how the duke was affected by the blow?"

"I was at the Louvre with my lord duke, but I waited in the palace-yard. At precisely four o'clock, the king came down."

"Did you notice whether he was gay or sad?" queried the cardinal.

"Profoundly sad, my lord. But am I to tell all I know on this point?"

"Everything," returned the other, "if you feel well enough from your wounds."

"The king was made so thoughtful by not only forewarnings, but downright predictions. No doubt, you have heard of them?"

"I was not in town those days; indeed, only came to Paris five years' later. So treat me as a complete ignoramus."

"I will tell you it all, my lord, for, truly, your presence seems to restore me strength, and I think the cause you are questioning me on pleases Heaven, which has permitted my royal master's death, but will not let the murder go unpunished."

"Courage, my friend!" said Richelieu, "you are on a blessed task."

"There was," continued the wounded man, making visible effort to recall the tracings which loss of blood had effaced from his memory, "there was put on sale, at the great Frankfort Fair of 1607, many astrological books in which it was said that the King of France would perish in his fifty-ninth year, that is: in 1610.

"The same year, a prior of Montargis found on his altar, time and again warnings that the king would be assassinated.

"One day, the queen dowager came to see the Duke d'Epernon at his mansion. They locked themselves up in a room, but inquisitive as any page, I had slipped into a closet where I overheard the queen say that one Olive, in a work dedicated to Philip III., had announced our monarch's death to befall in the year 1610. The king knew of this prediction, which added that the victim would be in a vehicle; for the queen added that, during the procession to welcome the Spanish Ambassador to Paris, the king, on his coach bending over from a sudden jolt, had so sharply flung himself towards her, that he had run the points of her diamond hair-clasps into his forehead."

"Was there not mention made of one Lagarde in all this?" interpolated the minister.

"Yes, my lord, and that reminds me of a fact that I had forgotten, a thing that much annoyed my lord of Epernon.

"The Lagarde you speak of, returning from the wars with the Turks, fell in at Naples with Hebert who had been Biron's secretary. As Biron had died only a couple of years before, all who had had a finger in his conspiracy-pie were outlawed yet. One day Hebert asked Lagarde to dinner, and while at table, there was a tall, sickly-faced man who came in, who said that exiles would soon be free to go home as he would kill King Harry before the year 1610 should close. Lagarde asked his name, and was told that he was one Ravaillac, who was in the Duke of Epernon's pay."

"Yes I knew pretty well all that," observed the cardinal.

"Would your lordship have me trim my tale?" inquired Latil.

"Oh, no! don't cut a word—better overweight than not enough!"

"While Lagarde was still at Naples, he was in the house of one called Alagon. He had strongly urged him to be first to strike the king. 'Do it on a hunting-day, he said, 'you easily can. If *you* let the chance slip, Ravaillac won't. He's so tall, he'll be able to reach him afoot or on horse.' On the way home, Lagarde received a letter renewing the same proposal. The mo-

ment he was in Paris, he carried the letter to the king. Ravaillac and Epernon were named in it at full length."

"Do I understand you to say that the king was affected by the communication?"

"Oh yes! very much so. No one at the palace knew whence was his mournfulness. For a week he guarded his fatal secret, then he left the court, staying alone at Livry, in a small house belonging to the captain of the guards. Finally, unable to bear it longer, unable to sleep, he went to the arsenal, and made a clean breast of it all to Sully, asking him to have four separate bedrooms fitted up at the Arsenal, so that he could change them nightly."

"So, so," thought Richelieu, "this good, good king, the best France ever had, was forced, like Tiberius, that execration of the world, to sleep no two nights in the same room for fear of a dagger-stroke! And I, *I* dare to murmur!"

"At last, one day as the king was going by the Cemetery of the Innocents, a man in a green doublet, with a face of ill omen, cried out:

"'In the name of Our Lord and the Virgin, Sire! I must have speech with you! Is it true you are going to war with the Pope?'

"The king wanted to stop and see the man, but they prevented him. This was what helped to make him solemn as the wretch going to the scaffold. That cursed Friday of the fourteenth May, when I saw him come down the stairs and get into the coach, my lord of Epernon called me and bade me stand upon the wide steps."

"Do you remember," asked Richelieu, "how many there were in the coach, and how they were seated?"

"Three, my lord. The king, M. de Montbazon and Epernon. The king was between them, with Epernon on his left. I saw a fellow, who was leaning up against the palace wall, seeming to be waiting, as if he knew the king would be coming out. On marking the open coach, which let the king be seen, he left the wall and followed us."

"That was the assassin?"

"It was, though I had no idea of it, then. There were no guards with us. The king had given out first that he was going to see Sully who was ill, but, at Arbre-sec Street, he changed his mind and bade them turn to Mdlle. Paulet's house, saying that he would have to beg her to educate his son Vendome, who had caught some vile Italian tricks."

"Continue, continue," said the cardinal, "it is well not to skip a single item."

"Oh, my lord, I seem to be there again! It was a lovely afternoon, about a quarter after four. Though the people recognized King Harry, no one shouted: 'The king forever!' There was gloom and distrust abroad."

"At Bourdonnais Street, did not Epernon in some way engage the king's attention?"

"Ah, my lord, it seems as if you knew as much as I of it," said Latil.

"On the contrary I said I knew nothing. Proceed."

"Yes, my lord. He gave him a letter to read. The king began perusing it and no longer took heed of things around him."

"It was so," muttered the auditor.

"About a third of the distance to

Ferronniere Street, a wine-cart and a hay wagon were crossing one another; there was a jam. Our coachman turned to the left, and the fender of the wheel almost touched the Cemetery of the Innocents' wall. I had to hug the doorway close to keep from being crushed. The coach stopped.

"At that moment, a fellow jumped up on the horse-block, dashed me aside with his hand, and—across Epernon's body, falling back as though to let his arm pass—he drove a knife into the king.

"'Help! I am stabbed,' cried our king, throwing up his left hand, which held the letter. But that opening gave wider play for the same knife to deal its second blow and it did fall. The king uttered a moan this time; he was sped.

"'The king's only wounded!' called out Epernon, flinging his mantle over him.

"I saw no more, for I was fighting with the regicide whose doublet I had grasped, who was hacking my hands with his knife; but I never let him go till I saw him safe in keeping.

"'Don't kill him!' cried Epernon. 'Bring him along to the Louvre!'"

Richelieu laid his hand on the wounded man's to interrupt him.

"The duke said that, did he?" demanded he.

"Yes, my lord; but the murderer was taken and all danger of his being slain in escaping was over. He was dragged to the palace, I following. I felt as though he were my own particular prize. I kept pointing to him with my bloody hands and crying:

"'That's him! there's the wretch that killed the king!'

"'Who! which?' shouted the mob.

"'The hangdog knave in green!'

"There was weeping and roaring, hooting and threats on the regicide. The royal coach could not move, so thick was the throng round about it.

"In front of the Wardrobe room, I saw Marshal Ancre, who had no sooner learnt the news from a man who ran up than he darted into the castle. He ran up straight to the old queen's room, opened the door and entered without being announced, and, as if she would know whom he meant cried out without meaning any one, in Italian:

"E amazatto!"

"He is slain!" repeated Richelieu. "This perfectly agrees with what has previously been reported to me. Now, the rest."

"The regicide was taken to Retz House, next the palace, where he was left. Guards were posted at the gateway, but the doors were not closed, in order that people could flow in and out. I installed myself there. That man seemed to belong to me. I related his actions and how all had happened. Among the visitors was Father Cotton, the king's confessor."

"You are sure he came?"

"He came there, yes, my lord."

"Did he speak to Ravaillac?"

"He did."

"Did you hear what he said to him?"

"Yes, certainly, and I can repeat it word for word."

"Do so, then."

"He addressed him in a kindly way as 'My friend.'"

"He styled Ravaillac 'friend?'"

"Yes, saying: 'My friend, look out

you do not distress any of the gentlefolk.'"

"How did the assassin comport himself?"

"Quite coolly, as he knew he had powerful backers."

"Did he remain at Retz House?"

"No, for Epernon had him taken to his own, where he dwelt from the fourteenth to the seventeenth, having ample time to see him and converse with him at his leisure. It was only on the seventeenth, that he was removed to the Conciergerie."

"At what time exactly was the king killed?"

"At twenty minutes past four."

"At what hour was his death known all over Paris?"

"Not till nine. Yet, at half past six, the queen regent had been proclaimed."

"A foreigner who spoke Italian still," said Richelieu bitterly, "an Austrian, grandniece of Charles Quint, cousin of Philip II, the League in a word. But let us have done with Ravaillac."

"No one can tell you how things went on better than I, for I was with him except at the rack, having great privileges. The people kept hailing me: 'That's Epernon's page! he arrested the murderer!' The women kissed me, while the men were yelling: 'Long live the king!' That king who was dead. At first, the city was calm, as if dumb-founded by the news, but soon it swelled with fury. There was a huge mob before the prison and, as they couldn't stone the criminal, they pelted the walls."

"Did he denounce nobody?"

"None, during the examination. It was clear to me that he ever believed he would be saved at the eleventh hour. However, he said that the priests in Angouleme, who had heard him confess he meant to kill the heretical king, but who gave him absolution instead of turning him from his plans, had added to the absolution a small reliquary in which they said was enclosed a morsel of the true cross. But when this box was opened under his eyes at the tribunal, there was nothing in it. It was well that the scoundrels durst not bring in religion to further their crime."

"What did he say when he found out the cheat?"

"Merely that the imposture would fly home to the deceivers."

"I have had in my hand," said the cardinal, "an extract from the clerk's scroll, the public one, which says: 'What passed in the torture-room is the secret of the court.'"

"I was not there," answered Latil, "but I was on the scaffold beside the executioner. The sentence was that the culprit should be quartered and drawn; but it was strictly carried out. Attorney-General Laguerle proposed adding to the quartering, melted lead, boiling pitch and oil, together with a mingling of wax and sulphur. It was voted enthusiastically. If the people had been let have the handling of the case, Ravaillac would have been torn to shreds in five minutes. When he was led from prison to be walked to the Greve, there burst forth so mighty a tempest of hoots of rage, curses, menaces, that then alone he felt the magnitude of the crime he had committed. On the scaffold, he turned to the sea of heads, and in a pitiful voice entreated them to give him who had

so much to undergo, one word of consolation——"

"It was given?"

"Oh, yes! One voice, that had a hundred thousand echoes, answered him:

"'Aye, killer of our Harry! Take four words, while you are about it: *Damnation to the Judas!*'"

"Go on," said Richelieu, "you were up on the scaffold, by the executioner?"

"Yes, I had that favor for having arrested or at least most helped to arrest the regicide."

"On the scaffold, I have been assured, there were avowals made."

"Thus things occurred, your Eminence. You will understand how, when one has beheld such a sight, days, months, and years may pass, and no forgetfulness come while last the life.

"After the first pull of the horses, useless tugs, for they could not tear any joint away; as the blood was hissing in the razor-gashes on arms, breast and thighs, against the successive streams of molten metal, boiling oil and lighted brimstone, the body—one great wound!—yielded to the agony, and a gasp was audible:

"'Hold! hold! I will speak!'"

"The torturer stopped. The clerk ran up from the foot of the platform and, on a fly leaf of the regular record-book of the execution, scribbled off what the sufferer moaned."

"Well, at that period of anguish what did he avow?" demanded the auditor quickly.

"I tried to get nearer, but they would not let me," said Latil, "but I'll swear I heard the names of Epernon and the queen-dowager."

"Have you never heard any talk of the stray leaf or the record at the duke's?"

"Yes, my lord. I often heard them spoken of."

"What was said?"

"The reporter was said to have put his book in a box and hidden it in the wall at the head of his bed. The fly leaf was kept by the Joly de Fleury family, people said, who denied it; but, to Epernon's deep wrath, they had let some friends see it who, on account of the clerk's wretched scrawl, had had great difficulty in making it out at all, but, anyhow, had found the names of the duke and old queen down on it."

"Resume your narrative."

"The confession being taken, the proceedings went on. As the provost's horses were sorry nags, not strong enough to pull a man to pieces, a gentleman offered the horse he rode, and it dragged off a thigh at the first pull. The wretch still breathed, and the torturer was going to finish him when the lackeys of the noblemen who were looking on, scrambled over the rails and, climbing the scaffold, fell upon the body with sword and dagger. The mob then rushed in, hacked it into little bits and took fragments to burn at all the crossings. As I went back to the Louvre, I saw the Swiss guardsmen roasting one leg under the queen's windows. That is all."

Scar of de Guise

In 1558, France besieged Calais and won a victory over the English. But what a bloody one!

At the Chateau Neuf, in the guard-house.

On a camp-bed, in the middle of the hall, lay the Duke de Guise, motionless and unconscious, his face covered with blood.

That face was pierced through and through; the iron of the lance, after entering the cheek under the right eye, had penetrated as far as the nape of the neck beneath the left ear, and the fragment, broken off, projected half a foot from the head. The wound was horrible to behold.

Around the bed were ten or twelve surgeons, standing appalled amid the general desolation.

But they were not acting; they were only looking on and speaking.

At that moment entered Ambroise Paré, a strange physician who did not belong to the court.

One of the surgeons was saying, in a loud voice,—

"So, after having consulted, we have found ourselves under the painful necessity of concluding that the Duke de Guise is mortally wounded; for, to have any chance of saving him, the fragment of the lance must be pulled out of the wound, and to do so would be to kill monseigneur at once."

"Then you prefer to let him die!" said Ambroise Paré, boldly, from behind the first row of the spectators,—Ambroise Paré, who, from a distance, had judged at a single glance that the condition of the sufferer was almost hopeless.

The surgeon who had spoken raised his head to find out who was the audacious interrupter, and, not seeing him, resumed,—

"Who is the foolhardy person who would dare to lay his impious hands upon that august visage, and risk, without any chance of success, hastening the death of such a hero?"

"I!" said Ambroise Paré, advancing, with head erect, into the midst of the surgeons. And, not troubling himself on account of the comments of those about him, and the murmurs of astonishment his appearance excited, he leaned over the duke to examine the wound more closely.

"Ah! it is Master Ambroise Paré!" retorted the surgeon-in-chief, disdainfully, as he recognised the madman who had ventured to differ from him. "Master Ambroise Paré," he added, "forgets he has not the honour of being numbered among the surgeons of the Duke de Guise."

"Say, rather, that I am his only surgeon, since his ordinary surgeons abandon him," answered Ambroise.

Ambroise Paré had already returned to the apparently lifeless body of the duke, and was examining the wound anew.

"Well," asked the surgeon-in-chief, with an ironical smile, "do you still persist, after your diagnosis, in extracting the iron?"

"I persist," said Paré, resolutely.

"And what marvellous instrument do you intend to use?"

"My hands," said he.

"I protest firmly," cried the surgeon, furiously, "against any such profanation of the illustrious sufferer's last agony."

"And we join you in your protest," shouted all the other surgeons.

"Have you any method of saving the prince's life?" rejoined Ambroise.

"No, for it is impossible," said they all.

"He is, then, mine," said Ambroise, stretching his hand over the body, as if to take possession.

"Then we retire," replied the surgeon-in-chief, who, with his *confrères,* made a movement as if to withdraw.

"But what are you going to do?" Ambroise was asked from all quarters.

"The Duke de Guise is apparently dead; I am going to treat him as if he were really dead," answered Ambroise.

So saying, he took off his doublet and tucked up his sleeves.

"To make such experiments on monseigneur, as if *in anima vili!*" said a scandalised old practitioner, clasping his hands.

"Yes!" replied Ambroise Paré, without turning his eyes from the patient; "I am going to treat him, not as a man, not even as an *anima vilis,* but as a thing. Look."

He boldly planted his foot on the breast of the duke.

A murmur of doubt, terror, and menace ran through the assembly.

"Take care, master!" said a noble, touching him on the shoulder; "take care! if you fail, I cannot answer for the anger of the friends and servants of the duke."

"Indeed!" said Ambroise, with a sad smile, turning round.

"You risk your head!" exclaimed another.

"Be it so!" he said, lifting his eyes to heaven with a melancholy seriousness; "I risk my head for his. But at least," he added, proudly, "do not disturb me while doing so!"

All stood aside with a sort of respect for the supremacy of genius.

In the solemn silence that ensued nothing was heard but the laboured breathings of the spectators.

Ambroise Paré placed his left knee upon the breast of the duke; then, leaning over, he took the wood of the lance in the tips of his fingers and shook it, first gently, but gradually with more force.

The duke started as if in horrible torture.

All the affrighted spectators turned equally pale.

Ambroise Paré paused for a second, as if struck with terror. An agonising perspiration bedewed his forehead; but he returned to his work almost immediately.

At the end of a minute—a minute longer than an hour—the iron was extracted.

Ambroise Paré quickly flung it from him, and bent over the gaping wound.

When he rose a flash of joy illuminated his visage; but soon, resuming his usual seriousness, he fell on his knees, and poured out his thanks to God, while tears of joy slowly rolled down his cheeks.

It was a sublime moment. Without the great surgeon speaking, every one knew there was hope now. The serv-

ants of the duke wept warm tears; others kissed the skirts of his coat.

But all were silent; they awaited his first words.

At last, in a grave, though moved voice, he said,—

"I answer now for the life of Monseigneur de Guise."

And, in fact, an hour after the Duke de Guise had recovered consciousness, and even speech.

Ambroise Paré finished bandaging the wound.

"Do not speak, monseigneur, I beg you," said the surgeon.

"Well, well, I am silent," said de Guise. "But allow me one word; only a single question."

"What is it, monseigneur?"

"Do you think, Master Paré, that the effects of this horrible wound will injure me in mind or body?"

"Not the slightest danger of that, monseigneur," said Ambroise. "But it will, I fear, leave a scar,—*balafré*—"

"A scar!" cried the duke. "Oh, that's nothing! A scar is an ornament to a soldier. It would not at all displease me if I were known by the sobriquet of the *Balafré*."

We know that both his contemporaries and posterity have been of the opinion of the Duke de Guise, who, from that time forward, as well as his son after him, has been surnamed the Balafré by his contemporaries and by history.

The Hollow Voice

King Henri III, of France, of all his courtiers, friends, agents and followers preferred his jester, the irrepressible Chicot.

His mind had been besieged by more than a usual state worry and the duties of the day performed, the evening only served to increase his trouble.

When the usual time for retiring approached, the king seemed trying to retard it. At last ten o'clock struck. He dismissed his court.

"Come with me, Chicot," then said he, "good-night, gentlemen."

"Good-night, gentlemen," said Chicot, "we are going to bed. I want my barber, my hairdresser, my valet-de-chambre, and, above all, my cream."

"No," said the king, "I want none of them to-night; Lent is going to begin."

"I regret the cream," said Chicot.

The king and Chicot entered the room, which we already know.

"Ah ca! Henri," said Chicot. "I am the favorite to-night. Am I handsomer than that Cupid, Quelus?"

"Silence, Chicot, and you, gentlemen of the toilet, go out."

They obeyed and the king and Chicot were left alone.

"Why do you send them away?" asked Chicot, "they have not greased us yet. Are you going to grease me with your own royal hand? It would be an act of humility."

"Let us pray," said Henri.

"Thank you, that is not amusing. If that be what you called me for, I pre-

fer to return to the bad company I have left. Adieu, my son. Good-night."

"Stay," said the king.

"Oh! this is tyranny. You are a despot, a Phalaris, a Dionysius. All day you have made me tear the shoulders of my friends with cow-hide, and now we are to begin again. Do not let us do it, Henri, when there's but two, every blow tells."

"Hold your tongue, miserable chatterer, and think of repentance."

"I repent! And of what? Of being jester to a monk. *Confiteor*—I repent, *mea culpa,* it is a great sin."

"No sacrilege, wretch."

"Ah! I would rather be shut up in a cage with lions and apes, than with a mad king. Adieu, I am going."

The king locked the door.

"Henri, you look sinister; if you do not let me go, I will cry, I will call, I will break the window, I will kick down the door."

"Chicot," said the king, in a melancholy tone, "you abuse my sadness."

"Ah! I understand, you are afraid to be alone. Tyrants always are so. Take my long sword, and let me take the scabbard to my room."

At the word "afraid," Henri shuddered, and he looked nervously around, and seemed so agitated and grew so pale that Chicot began to think him really ill, and said—

"Come, my son, what is the matter, tell your troubles to your friend, Chicot."

The king looked at him, and said:

"Yes, you are my friend, my only friend."

"There is," said Chicot, "the abbey of Valency vacant."

"Listen, Chicot, you are discreet."

"There is also that of Pithiviers, where they make such good pies."

"In spite of your buffooneries, you are a brave man."

"Then do not give me an abbey, give me a regiment."

"And even a wise one."

"Then do not give me a regiment, make me a counselor; but no, when I think of it, I should prefer a regiment, for I should be always forced to be of the king's opinion."

"Hold your tongue, Chicot, the terrible hour approaches."

"Ah! you are beginning again."

"You will hear."

"Hear what?"

"Wait, and the event will show you. Chicot, you are brave!"

"I boast of it, but I do not wish to try. Call your captain of the guards, your Swiss, and let me go away from this invisible danger."

"Chicot, I command you to stay."

"On my word, a nice master. I am afraid, I tell you. Help!"

"Well, drôle, if I must, I will tell you all."

"Ah!" cried Chicot, drawing his sword, "once warned, I do not care; tell, my son, tell. Is it a crocodile? my sword is sharp, for I use it every week to cut my corns." And Chicot sat down in the armchair with his drawn sword between his legs.

"Last night," said Henri, "I slept—"

"And I also," said Chicot.

"Suddenly a breath swept over my face."

"It was the dog, who was hungry, and who licked your cream."

"I half awoke, and felt my beard bristle with terror under my mask."

"Ah! you make me tremble deliciously."

"Then," continued the king, in a trembling voice, "then a voice sounded through the room, with a doleful vibration."

"The voice of the crocodile! I have read in Marco Polo, that the crocodile has a voice like the crying of children; but be easy, my son, for if it comes, we will kill it."

"'Listen! miserable sinner,' said the voice—"

"Oh! it spoke; then it was not a crocodile."

"'Miserable sinner,' said the voice, 'I am the angel of God.'"

"The angel of God!"

"Ah! Chicot, it was a frightful voice."

"Was it like the sound of a trumpet?"

"'Are you there?' continued the voice, 'do you hear, hardened sinner; are you determined to persevere in your iniquities?'"

"Ah, really; he said very much the same as other people, it seems to me."

"Then, Chicot, followed many other reproaches, which I assure you were almost painful."

"But tell me what he said, that I may see if he was well informed?"

"Impious! do you doubt?"

"I? all that astonishes me is, that he waited so long to reproach you. So, my son, you were dreadfully afraid?"

"Oh, yes, the marrow seemed to dry in my bones."

"It is quite natural; on my word, I do not know what I should have done in your place. And then you called?"

"Yes."

"And they came?"

"Yes."

"And there was no one here?"

"No one."

"It is frightful."

"So frightful, that I sent for my confessor."

"And he came?"

"Immediately."

"Now, be frank, my son; tell the truth for once. What did he think of your revelation?"

"He shuddered."

"I should think so."

"He ordered me to repent, as the voice told me."

"Very well. There can be no harm in repenting. But what did he think of the vision?"

"That it was a miracle, and that I must think of it seriously. Therefore, this morning—"

"What have you done?"

"I gave 100,000 livres to the Jesuits."

"Very well."

"And scourged myself and friends."

"Perfect! but after?"

"Well, what do you think of it, Chicot? It is not to the jester I speak, but to the man of sense, to my friend."

"Ah, sire, I think your majesty had the nightmare."

"You think so?"

"Yes, it was a dream, which will not be renewed, unless your majesty thinks too much about it."

"A dream? No, Chicot, I was awake, my eyes were open."

"I sleep like that."

"Yes, but then you do not see, and I saw the moon shining through my windows, and its light on the amethyst in the hilt of my sword, which lay in that chair where you are."

"And the lamp?"

"Had gone out."

"A dream, my son."

"Why do you not believe, Chicot? It is said that God speaks to kings, when He wishes to effect some change on the earth."

"Yes, He speaks, but so low that they never hear Him."

"Well, do you know why I made you stay?—that you might hear as well as I."

"No one would believe me if I said I heard it."

"My friend, it is a secret which I confide to your known fidelity."

"Well, I accept. Perhaps it will also speak to me."

"Well, what must I do?"

"Go to bed, my son."

"But—"

"Do you think that sitting up will keep it away?"

"Well, then, you remain."

"I said so."

"Well, then, I will go to bed."

"Good."

"But you will not?"

"Certainly not, I will stay here."

"You will not go to sleep?"

"Oh! that I cannot promise; sleep is like fear, my son, a thing independent of will."

"You will try, at least?"

"Be easy; I will pinch myself. Besides, the voice would wake me."

"Do not joke about the voice."

"Well, well, go to bed."

The king sighed, looked round anxiously, and glided tremblingly into bed. Then Chicot established him in his chair, arranging round him the pillows and cushions.

"How do you feel, sire?" said he.

"Pretty well: and you?"

"Very well; good-night, Henri."

"Good-night, Chicot; do not go to sleep."

"Of course not," said Chicot, yawning fit to break his jaws.

And they both closed their eyes, the king to pretend to sleep, Chicot to sleep really.

The king and Chicot remained thus for some time. All at once the king jumped up in his bed. Chicot woke at the noise.

"What is it?" asked he, in a low voice.

"The breath on my face."

As he spoke, one of the wax lights went out, then the other, and the rest followed. Then the lamp also went out, and the room was lighted only by the rays of the moon. At the same moment they heard a hollow voice, saying, apparently from the end of the room—

"Hardened sinner, art thou there?"

"Yes," said Henri, with chattering teeth.

"Oh!" thought Chicot, "that is a very hoarse voice to come from heaven; nevertheless, it is dreadful."

"Do you hear?" asked the voice.

"Yes, and I am bowed down to the earth."

"Do you believe you obeyed me by all the exterior mummeries which you performed yesterday, without your heart being touched?"

"Very well said," thought Chicot. He approached the king softly.

"Do you believe now?" asked the king, with clasped hands.

"Wait."

"What for?"

"Hush! leave your bed quietly, and let me get in."

"Why?"

"That the anger of the Lord may fall first on me."

"Do you think that He will spare me for that?"

"Let us try," and he pushed the king gently out and got into his place.

"Now, go to my chair, and leave all to me."

Henri obeyed; he began to understand.

"You do not reply," said the voice; "you are hardened in sin."

"Oh! pardon! pardon!" cried Chicot, imitating the king's voice. Then he whispered to Henri, "It is droll that the angel does not know me."

"What can it mean?"

"Wait."

"Wretch!" said the voice.

"Yes, I confess," said Chicot; "I am a hardened sinner, a dreadful sinner."

"Then acknowledge your crimes, and repent."

"I acknowledge to have been a great traitor to my cousin Condé, whose wife I seduced."

"Oh! hush," said the king, "that is so long ago."

"I acknowledge," continued Chicot, "to have been a great rogue to the Poles, who chose me for king, and whom I abandoned one night, carrying away the crown jewels. I repent of this."

"Ah!" whispered Henri again: "that is all forgotten."

"Hush! let me speak."

"Go on," said the voice.

"I acknowledge having stolen the crown from my brother, D'Alencon, to whom it belonged of right, as I had formerly renounced it on accepting the crown of Poland."

"Knave!" said the king.

"Go on," said the voice.

"I acknowledge having joined my mother, to chase from France my brother-in-law, the king of Navarre, after having destroyed all his friends."

"Ah!" whispered the king, angrily.

"Sire, do not let us offend God by trying to hide what He knows as well as we do."

"Leave politics," said the voice.

"Ah!" cried Chicot, with a doleful voice, "is it my private life I am to speak of?"

"Yes."

"I acknowledge, then, that I am effeminate, idle, and hypocritical."

"It is true."

"I have ill-treated my wife—such a worthy woman."

"One ought to love one's wife as one's self, and prefer her to all things," said the voice, angrily.

"Ah!" cried Chicot, "then I have sinned deeply."

"And you have made others sin by your example."

"It is true."

"Especially that poor nobleman, the king's courtier, St. Luc; and if you do not send him home to-morrow to his wife, there will be no pardon for you."

"Ah!" said Chicot to the king, "the voice seems to be friendly to the house of Cosse."

"And you must make him a duke, to recompense him for his forced stay."

"Peste!" said Chicot; "the angel is much interested for M. de St. Luc."

"Oh!" cried the king, without listening, "this voice from on high will kill me."

"Voice from the side, you mean," said Chicot.

"How! voice from the side?"

"Yes; can you not hear that the voice comes from that wall, Henri?—the angel lodges in the Louvre."

"Blasphemer!"

"Why, it is honorable for you; but you do not seem to recognize it. Go and visit him; he is only separated from you by that partition."

A ray of the moon falling on Chicot's face, showed it to the king so laughing and amused, that he said, "What! you dare to laugh?"

"Yes, and so will you in a minute. Be reasonable, and do as I tell you. Go and see if the angel be not in the next room."

"But if he speak again?"

"Well, I am here to answer. He is vastly credulous. For the last quarter of an hour I have been talking, and he has not recognized me. It is not clever!"

Henri frowned. "I begin to believe you are right, Chicot," said he.

"Go, then."

Henri opened softly the door which led into the corridor. He had scarcely entered it, when he heard the voice redoubling its reproaches, and Chicot replying.

"Yes," said the voice, "you are as inconstant as a woman, as soft as a Sybarite, as irreligious as a heathen."

"Oh!" whined Chicot, "is it my fault if I have such a soft skin—such white hands—such a changeable mind? But from to-day I will alter—I will wear coarse linen—"

However, as Henri advanced, he found that Chicot's voice grew fainter, and the other louder, and that it seemed to come from St. Luc's room, in which he could see a light. He stooped down and peeped through the keyhole, and immediately grew pale with anger.

"Par la mordieu!" murmured he, "is it possible that they have dared to play such a trick?"

This is what he saw through the keyhole. St. Luc, in a dressing gown, was roaring through a tube the words which he had found so dreadful, and beside him, leaning on his shoulder, was a lady in white, who every now and then took the tube from him, and called through something herself, while stifled bursts of laughter accompanied each sentence of Chicot's, who continued to answer in a doleful tone.

"Jeanne de Cosse, daughter of the marshal, in St Luc's room! A hole in the wall! such a trick on me! Oh! they shall pay dearly for it!" And with a vigorous kick he burst open the door.

Jeanne rushed behind the curtains to hide herself, while St. Luc, his face full of terror, fell on his knees before the king, who was pale with rage.

"Ah!" cried Chicot, from the bed, "Ah! mercy!—Holy God! I am dying!"

Henri, seizing, in a transport of rage, the trumpet from the hands of St. Luc, raised it as if to strike. But St. Luc jumped up and cried—

"Sire, I am a gentleman; you have no right to strike me!"

Henri dashed the trumpet violently on the ground. Some one picked it up; it was Chicot, who, hearing the noise, judged that his presence was necessary as a mediator. He ran to the curtain, and, drawing out poor Jeanne, all trembling—

"Oh!" said he, "Adam and Eve after the Fall. You send them away, Henri, do you not?"

"Yes."

"Then I will be the exterminating angel."

And throwing himself between the king and St. Luc, and waving the trumpet over the heads of the guilty couple, said—

"This is my Paradise, which you have lost by your disobedience; I forbid you to return to it."

Then he whispered to St. Luc, who had his arm round his wife—

"If you have a good horse, kill it, but be twenty leagues from here before to-morrow."

King and Courtiers

Let us make acquaintance with King Louis XIII. of France.

Spite of the promised efforts of his physician, the youthful monarch's habitual gloom had only deepened with age.

None knew the cause of it, though it had lowered on him ere his fifteenth year, and blunted all the amusements that were no amusement to him. Add, that he was almost the only person at court, besides Angely, his jester, who wore black, and think what a funereal aspect he wore.

In truth, favorites (men, never women) succeeded one another about the sovereign with a rapidity that was far from encouraging to the one who momentarily "held the running," as the language of the turf goes.

First was Pierrot, the country lout, then Luynes, keeper of his birds; then d'Eplan, his arbalest bearer, whom he made Marquis Grimaud. Chalais had lost his head. Now Baradas was the favorite.

Lastly, Saint Simon, aspiring, for Baradas's disgrace was easily foreseen by those knowing the fragility of the strange sentiments of the king, wavering between friendship and love.

Besides his favorites were Louis's intimates, Treville, commander of his musketeers; Count Nogent Beautru (brother of the Beautru gone off to Spain on Richelieu's account), who had the rare privilege, not only of saying what he pleased, like Angely, but of sometimes unwrinkling the moody brow with his jests.

There was Marshal Bassompierre, a man of wit, but not of heart; Guitaut, captain of the guards, devoted to the king and Queen Anne; and Marshal Marillac, brother to the keeper of the seals, who was to be one of the blood-spots on the reign of Louis, or rather of Richelieu's ministry.

So far for prelude.

It came to pass on one day that the king, after breakfast with Baradas and a game with Nogent, ordered two of his musicians to take lute and viol, and turned to Bassompierre, Marillac, Desnoyers and Vieuville (superintendant of finances), who were near, and said:

"Come, gentlemen, let's go and *stuff!*"

"Let's all stuff, gentlemen!" echoed Angely, through his nose dolefully;

"we'll 'prove the *stuff* our Majesty is made of!'"

With this pun, which has not become historical we rather think, he stuck his hat on over one ear, and bonnetted Nogent with his own to his very ears.

"What are you doing, knave?" cried the latter.

"Covering my pate, and covering yours," rejoined Angely.

"Hat on before the king——"

"Pooh, we fools don't pay any attention to that!"

"Sire, bid your buffoon be quiet!" cried Nogent in fury.

"Tush, Nogent! Can Angely's tongue be kept still?"

"I am paid to speak my mind," said the jester. "If I were to glue my lips together I would be acting like M. de la Vieuville. He had no money, and he was appointed Lord High Treasurer so as to secure some. I would be robbing the cash-box."

"Did not your Majesty hear what he said?"

"I did, but you have a saucy tongue yourself."

"I, sire?"

"Yes. Only a little while ago, while we were at racquet and I missed the ball. Didn't you say: 'Ah! there's a pretty Louis the *Just* hit!' Were I to snub you, as you want me to treat Angely, every time you deserve it, very little leisure would I have for anything else; come on, gentlemen, let us stuff!"

"Stuff" requires an explanation.

To fight off his melancholy the king had sought every diversion. While a child pop-guns and squirts had sufficed. Young man, he had stained pictures, called by the court-flies his "painting," and, what they styled "music," he had beaten the drum, in which exercise Bassompierre says he succeeded very well. He had knocked together cages and window-sashes, under Desnoyers, turned confectioner and turned out capital sugar-plums; next, as a gardener, he had made out to raise green peas in February and sent them to market, where Montaurou bought them to serve his little purpose. Latterly, he had fallen in love with barbering, and one day his ardor in that sport had led him to assemble all his household and shave them himself, only leaving them in his magnificent parsimony, the little chin-tuft, which was long called a royal, and at the present day an *imperial*. Next day the street singers were roaring out:

"Woe, woe! my poor beard,
Oh, what have you done?"
"Louise made me 'feard,
And off I was gone!
See me only on
The minister's face!
'Twould be a bold one
Who'd thence thee erase!"

Tiring of hair-dressing, as he did of everything, Louis had gone into his kitchen a few days afterwards, to introduce an economical measure by which the taxes would not have to pay for some poor nobleman's soup or biscuit. He beheld his chief cook and men stuffing veal, beef, pheasants, as the case might be, and had thought it a most delightful sight. In about a month, his Majesty had adopted the process as something like a pastime.

At the words, the personages named hastened to follow the royal speaker.

On the way the Duke of Angouleme, natural son of Charles IX. and Marie Souchet, joined the cortege with the Duke of Guise, who had been promised admission in the Italian army. Both of them were eager for the king to reward them. Bassompierre brought attention upon one of them, at all events, by remarking that he was afraid he could never get his pay for his regiment, unless he coined money like my lord of Angouleme.

The latter, who probably had no retort at hand, pretended not to catch the slur; but King Louis had heard it, and said, being rather spiteful:

"Do you hear what Bassompierre says, cousin?"

"No, sire, I am deaf of my right ear," answered the duke.

"Like Cæsar," said Bassompierre.

"He says you make counterfeit money."

"Your pardon, sire," said Bassompierre, "I scarcely meant he was making it, but I said he had made it."

"For twenty years I have had that idle story rumming about me," said Angouleme, protruding his lip.

"Is there any foundation to it, cousin," inquired the king.

"The pure truth, sire, is this: I let out one of the rooms in my Castle Grosbois to an alchemist named Merlin, who asserted it was admirably situated for the finding of the philosophical stone. He gave me four thousand crowns a year for it, on condition that I should not ask what he was doing, and should let him have the privilege, the residences of the royal family possess, of being safe from the police. Of course, sire, I was not going to be inquisitive and lose so good a tenant as the one who paid more for one single room than I was ever offered for the whole building by anybody else."

"You see how slanderous you were, Bassompierre," observed the king. "What could be more honorable than our cousin's way of adding to his revenue?"

"Moreover," remarked Angouleme, who was accounted as one of the sharpest *retortists* of the times, "what if I, son of Charles, ninth King of France, had dabbed at base-coining. Your father of glorious memory, sons of Antony of Bourbon (a mere king of Navarre) stole prettily whiles."

"My father stole!" exclaimed Louis.

"Verily!" answered Bassompierre. "By the same token, he said to me one day: 'Lucky man am I to have been a king—otherwise I would have perished by hempen fever!'"

"Saving the respect due your Majesty," took up Angouleme, "your royal father did steal at play, to begin with."

"At play!" echoed Louis. "I would have you note, cousin, that overreaching at cards is not stealing, but cheating. Besides, he always restored the money."

"Not always," said Bassompierre.

"Not always," repeated the king.

"On my word, no, and your mother will bear me out in what I am going to state. One evening when I had the honor of gaming with the king, there being about fifty pistoles in the pool, I noticed there were some half-pistole pieces among the larger coin. Said I to the king, whom I knew to be a little cautious:

"'Your Majesty is trying to pass off half-pistole pieces on me.'

"'Oh, no, it's some of your work,' rejoined he.

"Upon that," continued Bassompierre, "I took all the cash up, halves and wholes, flung open a window, and rattled me the lot down around the lackeys' ears waiting in the yard. Returning to play with whole pistoles alone."

"You did that, Bassompierre?" said the king.

"I did, sire, and your royal mother said: 'In this, Bassompierre showed king-craft, and the king was less than he.'"

"By my faith as a gentleman, 'twas well spoken, that!" cried Louis. "What was my father's response?"

"No doubt, sire, his conjugal unhappiness with Queen Marguerite had left him a trifle embittered, for he very roughly retorted to the queen: 'You would like him to be the king, so as to have a younger husband!'"

"Who won the game?" inquired Louis.

"King Henry, sire. By the same token, in the absence of mind engendered by the queen's remark, he pocketed—if I must tell your majesty—he pocketed some spare cash of mine, over and above the stakes that happened to be there too close."

"Pooh!" interposed the Duke of Angouleme. "I've known him to steal worse than that."

"My father?" said Louis.

"I saw him steal a cloak."

"A cloak?"

"True, he was only King of Navarre those days."

"Come, let's hear the tale," said Louis.

"King Henry III. was dying, assassinated at St. Cloud, in the very same house where he had planned the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, when only Duke of Anjou, and on the anniversary of that plan being resolved on. Now, the King of Navarre was there, for Henry III. died in his arms, leaving the throne to him. As there had to be violet velvet worn for mourning, and as he had not wherewithal to procure doublet and breeches, Navarre rolled up the dead monarch's mantle, chancing to be the right color and stuff, clapped it under his arm and made off with it, fancying nobody would notice him. But his majesty's excuse, if thieving sovereigns need any excuse, was his being so poverty-stricken that he would have had to give up mourning, save that windfall of the dead man's cloak."

"No wonder, poor king. Here's your poor cousin who don't pay your household, and yet you have rooms that you let out for four thousand crowns per annum to alchemists, which treasure-chambers are not in my palace."

"Excuse me, sire," caught up Angouleme, "maybe my domestics do grumble at not being paid, but perhaps I grumble, too, at not being able to pay them. By the same token, as Bassompierre says, the last time they came bothering me about wages, protesting they had not a silver penny between them, I answered them bluntly:

"'You ought to be in pocket, you timber-heads. Four streets run into the square before the house, you've

a hole to pop into, go make yourself busy as folks pass by!'

"They have taken my advice. Since that, there's been quite a buzz of several daring thefts at night in the four streets round about me. But I hear not a syllable about my rascal's wages."

"Very well while it lasts," said Louis. "But, some fine day I'll have your rascals hanged up in front of your house——"

"When you are in the minister's good books, sire," said Angouleme.

"Where's my pin?" cried the king angrily.

He sprang at a loin of veal, transpiercing it with no less fury than if the veal had been the cardinal and the larding-pin a rapier.

It was such replies as these, not spared by his companions, that goaded the king on against his minister, and led to the latter being often and often but a hair's breadth from ruin.

When his Eminence's enemies pricked Louis at such moments, he would adopt with them the most desperate intentions. Ready not to carry them out, and make them the brightest promises, ready never to fulfil them.

As the sting Angouleme had implanted rankled still, the king, while manipulating the loin of veal, danced about him to find some one to give him a fair opening for his vexation to fly into. He beheld Desnoyers spitting a hare, Vieuville a pheasant, Nogent a *filet de bœuf*, Saint Simon, not at work, was holding the plate of lard for the king. Bassompierre was chatting with the Duke of Guise, Baradas was playing at cup and ball, and Angouleme had ensconced himself cosily in a deep armchair and was in a doze, or pretending to sleep.

"What are you acquainting Guise with, marshal? It must be very entertaining?"

"Rather lively for us, sire," answered Bassompierre. "My lord of Guise is picking a quarrel with me because my lord of Vendome is getting tired of prison——"

"Oho!" said Angely. "I thought only palace-life was dull!"

"He wrote to me," went on Bassompierre.

"Most likely because he dreamt I was in favor."

"What does brother Vendome wish?"

"One of your pages," insinuated Angely.

"Hold your tongue, fool!" exclaimed Louis.

"He wants to out of Vincennes Castle to go fighting in Italy."

"Beware, oh, Piedmontese—if you don't see him coming," said Angely.

"Fool!" said the king, "you don't run the length of your tether!"

Angely snatched a long spit from a cook's man and held it on guard like a sword.

"Do you think I'm afraid of you?" said he. "Come on, an' you dare!"

Angely enjoyed liberties from Louis XIII. that none other had. Different from other kings, Louis did not care to be merry; generally, when he and his jester were alone, their conversation ran on Death. Louis revelled in rearing the most fantastical and disheartening suppositions up upon the hereafter. Angely went with him, sometimes before him, in this pil-

grimace beyond the world. He was the Horatio to this Prince Hamlet, who searched for—who can tell what? Peradventure, even as the counterpart the murderer of his father. Hamlet's chat with the grave-digger was a wise, decent dialogue to Angely's and Louis's. In their disputes, almost always it was the crown that yielded to the cap and bells.

"He wrote you, Vendome, you say?" took up the king again, to Bassompierre.

"Yes, but said that he feared I couldn't be of service, as I must be one of Guise's flock, being lover of his sister, Lady Conti. I answered him to that, that it counted nothing, inasmuch as I had been in love with all her aunts, and was none the less impassioned with her on that account."

"What are you doing, Angouleme?" queried the king.

"Dreaming. Dreaming of the Piedmont war. Methought, sire, your majesty took the field in person, and your name was carved on the heights of the Alps, between Hannibal's and Charlemagne's. What say you of my vision, sire?"

"Easier to dream it than to do it like those two," Angely seasoned the discourse with.

"Who would command my brother or the cardinal?" demanded the king.

"Let's be right on that point," darted in Angely again, "if your brother commands at all, it will be *under* you. If the cardinal, it will be *over* you."

"Where stands the king, none else commands," said the Duke of Guise.

"That won't do!" returned the buffoon. "Did not your father Harry of the Scar, command in Paris in good King Henry Third's day?"

"Much he gained by it," observed Bassompierre.

"Gentlemen," said the king, "the Piedmontese war is a vast affair, and hence it is agreed between my mother and myself that it shall be debated on in council. You have already been invited to sit at the board, marshal. My cousin Angouleme and my lord of Guise, I invite you, now; but I won't conceal from you that there is in the queen's party a strong pressure for Prince Gaston."

"Sire," said Angouleme, "I speak out openly and to be beforehand: my word is for my lord cardinal. After the taking of La Rochelle, it would be doing him great injustice to strip him of the command for any one but the sovereign."

"Is that your opinion?" cried Louis.

"Yes, sire."

"Let me tell you that, some two years back, the cardinal would have sent you prisoner to Vincennes, only I prevented him."

"Your majesty was wrong."

"Wrong?"

"Yes. If his Eminence meant to imprison me, I must have deserved it."

"Take copy by your cousin Angouleme!" exclaimed Angely. "He's a man of experience."

"I presume, cousin, that you'd be of a different way of thinking if you were offered the command of the army?"

"If my king—whom I respect and ought to obey—should order me to take the post of chief, I would accept it; but if he merely *offered* it, I

should bear it to his Eminence, saying to him: 'Deal me out a position like Bassompierre's, like Bellegarde's, or Guise's, or Crequi's, and I shall be too happy.' "

"Plague take me, Angouleme! If I deemed you so modest," ejaculated Bassompierre.

"I am *modest,* marshal, when I measure myself, but proud when I compare myself."

"Now then, Louis, who are you for? For cardinal, prince royal or yourself? For my part were I you, I'd cast my ball for Gaston."

"Why so, fool?"

"Because, having been ill during the whole siege of La Rochelle, perhaps he'll be all the more eager to take his revenge in Italy. Moreover, warm latitudes may suit your brother better than cold ones."

"Not, if too warm," said Baradas.

"Halloa! you have got a word in?" exclaimed the king.

"*I* don't speak till I have something worth saying."

"Why aren't you at the meat like we all?"

"Because I don't fancy befouling my hand with a butcherly smell!"

"If so," said Louis, drawing a phial from his pocket, "then here's an antidote!"

"What is it?" inquired the favorite.

"Naffe water."

"You know I hate the stuff—pah!"

The king took a step towards Baradas and sprinkled a few drops of the perfume on his face. Scarcely had the scent bedewed him than the youth sprang at the king, wrenched the bottle from his hand and broke it on the floor.

"Saha! Why, sirs!" exclaimed the sovereign, turning pale, "what would you do to a page who durst be guilty of such an insult as the petty knave has ventured against me?"

All were hushed.

Bassompierre alone spoke, incapable of holding his tongue:

"Sire, I'd have him flogged!"

"Have *me* flogged, would you, sir marshal!" screamed the exasperated Baradas.

Drawing his sword, spite of the royal presence, he rushed towards the speaker.

The Dukes of Guise and of Angouleme flung themselves in between.

"M. Baradas," said Bassompierre, "the law laying the penalty of hand-losing on the drawer of steel before the king, you must let me remain in the respect I owe him. But, as you fret for a lesson, you shall have it not a whit less sharply. George, boy, that spit. Let him come, an' he will!" continued Bassompierre.

Baradas burst away from the noblemen and, notwithstanding the king's cries, lunged furiously at the marshal. But the latter was an old hand at swash-bucklering and, if he had not often brandished falchion on battlefield, he had more than once plied the bilboa against his friends; so it happened that, with utmost skill, not rising from his seat, he parried the favorite's thrusts, and, getting an opening, ran the spit into his shoulder, where he left it sticking.

"There, my little fellow," said he, "that's more gentlemanly than the whip, and you'll remember it much longer!"

On seeing the blood redden Baradas's sleeve, the king cried out:

"Ha! Oh, Monsieur de Bassompierre, never more come before me!"

The marshal took up his hat.

"Sire, I appeal from this sentence to Philip sober."

While the monarch lifted up his voice for "Bouvard! Bring me Bouvard!" Bassompierre twisted his moustache scornfully, waved his hand to Angouleme and Guise, and stalked away, muttering:

"*That* a son of Harry the Fourth? Never!"

Frankfort-on-Main

Frankfort ranks as one of the most important towns in Germany, not merely on account of the number of its inhabitants, nor because of its commercial standing, but by reason of the political position which it occupies as being the seat of the Imperial Diet.

One continually hears phrases repeated until they become familiar without the person precisely understanding the exact meaning. Let us in a few words explain what the functions of the Imperial Diet really are.

It is the duty of the Diet to watch over the affairs of Germany in general and to smooth down disagreements between the confederate States. The president is always a representative of Austria. The decisions of the assembly are called *Recesses*. The Diet, which has existed since very remote ages, had at first no fixed seat, but was held sometimes at Nuremberg, sometimes at Ratisbon, or at Augsbourg. Finally, June 9th, 1815, the Congress of Vienna established Frankfort as the permanent seat of the Diet of the Germanic Confederation.

Thanks to the new constitution Frankfort has a quarter vote at the Diet, the other three-quarters belonging to the three free towns of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck. In return for this honour, Frankfort was to raise seven hundred and fifty men for the Germanic Confederation and fire a salute on the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig. The execution of this latter obligation was at first a trifle difficult, for the reason that since 1803 Frankfort had ceased to possess ramparts, and since 1813 had owned no cannon. But in the first moments of enthusiasm a subscription was opened which allowed the purchase of two four-pounders, so that since 1814, on the proper day, Frankfort has duly paid the debt of fire and smoke owed to the Holy Alliance.

As to the ramparts, they exist no longer. Instead of old walls and muddy ditches, Frankfort has seen the gradual formation of a charming English garden, a gracious and perfumed enclosure, which enables one to make the circuit of the town, while walking on the smoothest of paths and under magnificent trees. So that, with its houses painted white, green, and pink, Frankfort looks like a bouquet of

camellias set in a border of heather. The tomb of the mayor to whom this improvement is due stands in the midst of a delightful labyrinth of walks, much frequented by the burghers and their families about four or five o'clock in the afternoon.

The Teuton name Frankfort means a *free ford,* and the town owes its origin to an imperial castle built by Charlemagne at a point where the Namur is fordable. The first historical notice of it is the date of the Council held there in 794, in which was discussed the question of image worship. As to Charlemagne's palace, no trace of it can be found, but antiquaries say that it stood where now is the Church of St. Leonard.

It must have been about 796 that Charlemagne founded the colony of Sachsenhausen, peopled by the Saxons, whom he had conquered and baptized. In 822 Louis le Debonnaire built the Sala on the site of the present Saalhof, and in 833 Frankfort had already a court of justice and walls of defense.

In 853 Louis the German raised it to the rank of capital of the eastern portion of the French empire; extended its borders, and built the church of St. Saviour close to where the autumn fair was held, in accordance with the traders' custom of setting up their booths under the walls of churches and temples.

The custom of electing the emperor at Frankfort was begun by that great Swabian house whose name alone calls up a host of terrible and melancholy recollections. In 1240 Frederic II granted letters of safe conduct to all going to the market of Frankfort; and the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, wishing to show gratitude for his election, proved his attachment to the town by granting great advantages, among others the right of holding a fair for fifteen days during Lent, which was known as the Easter Fair.

The Emperor Charles IV confirmed the right of the Imperial Election to Frankfort by the famous Golden Bull issued in 1356. This Bull provided the Emperor Napoleon with an opportunity for displaying his excellent memory. Dining one day with half a score of sovereign princes, at the meeting of Erfurth, the conversation chanced to turn on the Golden Bull, which, until the Confederation of the Rhine, had laid down the rules for Imperial elections. The Prince Primate, being on his own ground, gave some details concerning the Bull, fixing the date for 1409.

"I think you are mistaken, prince," said Napoleon. "If my memory is correct, the Bull was published in 1356 in the reign of the Emperor Charles IV."

"Your Majesty is right," said the primate, reconsidering, "but how is it you remember the date of a bull so exactly? Had it been a battle it would be less wonderful."

"Shall I tell you the secret of this wonderful memory, prince?" enquired Napoleon.

"Your Majesty would give us all much pleasure."

"Well," continued the emperor, "you must know that when I was a sub-lieutenant in the Artillery——"

Whereupon there was so decided a movement of surprise and curiosity among the illustrious guests that Napoleon paused an instant, but seeing

that all were waiting for him to continue, he resumed with a smile:

"I was saying that when I had the honour of being a sub-lieutenant of Artillery I was in garrison at Valence for three years. I did not care for society, and lived very quietly. By a lucky chance I had rooms opposite a well-read and obliging bookseller, whose name was Marcus Aurelius, and who gave me the run of his library. I read and re-read everything in his shop two or three times during my stay in the capital of the Drôme, and I remember everything I then read—even to the date of the Golden Bull."

Frankfort continued to govern itself as a free imperial town until, after having been bombarded by the French in the wars of the Revolution, it was one fine day handed over by Napoleon to the Prince Primate Charles of Dalberg, when it became the capital of the Grand Duchy of Frankfort.

The most interesting building in Frankfort is undoubtedly the Römer, a huge building which contains the Hall of the Electors, now used for the sittings of the Upper Senate of Frankfort, and the Hall of the Emperors in which the latter were proclaimed. A peculiarity of this hall, which contains the portraits of all the emperors from Conrad to Leopold II, is that the architect who built it made exactly as many niches as there have been sovereigns wearing the Imperial crown. So that when Francis II was elected, all the niches were already filled, and there was no space found for the new Cæsar. There was much discussion as to where his portrait could be placed, when in 1805 the ancient German empire crumbled into dust at the noise of the cannon of Austerlitz, and the courtiers were relieved from their difficulty. The architect had exactly foreseen the numbers of emperors to come. Nostradamus himself could not have done better.

After the town hall the most interesting place is the street of the Jews. When the writer of these lines visited Frankfort for the first time, some thirty years ago, there were still Jews and Austrians there—real Jews, who hated Christians even as Shylock hated them, and real Christians who hated Jews as did Torquemada.

This street consisted of two long rows of tall houses, black, gloomy, sinister in aspect, closely crowded, looking as if they clung to each other in terror. It was Saturday, which no doubt added to the gloom of the street. Every door was closed, bastard little doors made to allow only one person to pass at once. All the iron shutters were also closed. No sound of voice, or step, or movement was heard; a look of anguish and terror seemed spread over all these houses. Occasionally an old woman with a hooked nose like an owl glided past and disappeared in a sort of cellar or basement in this strange street. To-day all this is more civilized and the houses have a more active and lively appearance.

The population of Frankfort consists of a historic bourgeoise forming the aristocracy of the Imperial town, the coronation town by right of the Golden Bull. The chief families are those of the old nobility; those of French extraction expatriated by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and

who by their intelligence and industry stand in the first rank of society; thirdly, Italian families, in whom the feelings of race have been stronger than religious differences, and who, although Catholics by profession, have mingled with the French Protestants. Finally the Jewish bankers, who naturally group themselves around the house of Rothschild as being incontestably members of the same clan. All are devoted to Austria, because to Austria the town owes its peculiar position, the source of its wealth and independence, and all these classes, though divided by race, language, and religion, are united by their common affection for the House of Hapsburg—a love which perhaps hardly attains to devotion, but which, in words at least, amounts to fanaticism.

One must not omit the suburb of Sachsenhausen, situated on the other side of the Main, the colony founded by Charlemagne. Its inhabitants, living closely together and only marrying among themselves, have retained some of the roughness of the old Saxon character. This roughness, contrasted with the growing politeness among other nations, now seems to be absolute rudeness, but rudeness which is not intentional. They are said to be ready in the use of the somewhat harsh, but occasionally witty retorts, wherewith the weak sometimes retaliate upon the strong. We can give two specimens of the rough speech of the people of Sachsenhausen.

As is usual in the month of May, owing to the melting of the snow, the Main was in flood. The Great Elector himself came to judge of the rise of the water, and the damage it would probably cause. Meeting a man from Sachsenhausen:

"Well," he asked, "is the Main still rising?"

"Well idiot that you are!" replied the individual addressed, "can't you see that for yourself?"

And the old Saxon went on, shrugging his shoulders. One of his comrades ran after him:

"Do you know to whom it was you spoke?" he asked.

"No, I don't."

"Well, it was the Elector of Hesse himself."

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the old man, "how glad I am I answered him civilly!"

At the play one of these honest people leaned aganist the man sitting in front of him; the latter moved away:

"Am I annoying you?" demanded the aggressor, "because if it were you who annoyed me, I should give you a punch you would remember the rest of your life!"

Since 1815 Frankfort has been garrisoned by two detachments of fifteen hundred to two thousand each, one Austrian, the other Prussian; the former were much beloved; the latter equally, or even more, hated. A Prussian officer was taking some friends to see the curiosities of Frankfort, they arrived at the Dôme. There, among other votive offerings, representations of hearts, hands, or feet, the sacristan exhibited a mouse, made of silver.

"What was that for?" some one asked.

"Through the divine wrath," answered the sacristan, "a whole quarter of

Frankfort once found itself eaten up by swarms of mice. In vain they fetched all the cats of the other quarters, all the terriers, bulldogs, every sort of animal that can kill a mouse; the plague increased. At last a devout lady thought of having a silver mouse made and dedicated to the Virgin as a votive gift. At the end of a week not a mouse was to be seen!"

And as the listeners were somewhat astonished when they heard this legend:

"What fools these Frankforters are!" said the Prussian, "to tell tales of that kind and believe them!"

"We tell them," said the sacristan, "but we do not believe them. If we did we should have made a silver Prussian and offered him to the Virgin long ago."

The Bitter Cup

In the year 1791, one hot day, the royal party quitted Meaux for Paris, from which they had been absent nearly a week.

What an unfathomable abyss had deepened in that short time.

At a league beyond Meaux the accompanying sightseers took an aspect more frightful than before. All the dwellers of the Paris suburbs flocked to the road. The Deputy tried to make the postillions go at a trot, but the Claye National Guard blocked the way with their bayonets, and it would be imprudent to try to break that dam: comprehending the danger, the Queen supplicated the deputies not to vex the mob—*it* was a formidable storm growlling and felt to be coming.

Such was the press that the horses could hardly move at a walk.

It had never been hotter, the air seemed afire.

The insolent curiosity of the people pursued the royal prisoners right up to the carriage interior. Men mounted upon it and clung to the horses. It was a miracle that Charney, the body-guard, and his comrades were not killed over and over again. The two grenadiers failed to fend off the attacks: appeals in the name of the Assembly were drowned by the hooting.

Two thousand men formed the vanguard, and double that number closed up the rear. On the flanks rolled an incalculable gathering.

The air seemed to fail as they neared Paris as though that giant inhaled it all. The Queen was suffocating, and when the King begged for a glass of wine it was proposed that he should have a sponge dipped in gall and vinegar.

At Lavillette, the multitude was beyond the power of sight to estimate; the pavement was so covered that they could not move. Windows, walls, doors, all were crammed. The trees were bending under the novel living fruit.

Everybody wore their hats, for the walls had been placarded.

"Flogging for whoever salutes the King: hanging for him who insults him."

All this was so appalling that the Commissioners dared not go down St. Martin's Street Without-the-City, a

crowded way full of horrors, where Berthier Savigny had been torn to pieces and other barbarities committed.

So they made the circuit and went by the Champs Elysees.

The concourse of spectators was still more great and broke up the ranks of the soldiery.

It was the third time Louis had entered by this dread entrance.

All Paris rushed hither. The King and the Queen saw a vast sea of heads, silent, sombre and threatening, with hats on. Still more alarming was the double row of National Guards, all the way to the Tuileries, their muskets held butt up as if at a funeral. It was a funeral procession indeed, for the monarchy of seven centuries!

This slowly toiling carriage was the hearse taking royalty to the grave.

On perceiving this long file of Guards the soldiers of the escort greeted them with "Long Live the Nation!" and that was the cry bursting out along the line from the barrier to the palace.

All the bystanders joined in, a cry of brotherhood uttered by the whole of France, but this one family was excluded.

Behind the cab following the royal carriage came a chaise, open but covered with green boughs on account of the heat; it contained Drouet and two others who had arrested the King. Fatigue had forced them to ride.

Billet, the farmer leader, alone, indefatigable, as if revenge made him bronze, kept on horseback and seemed to lead the whole procession.

Louis noticed that the statue of his ancestor, on Louis XV. Square, had the eyes bandaged; in token of the blindness of rulers.

Spite of all, the mob burst all bars and stormed the carriage. Suddenly the Queen saw at the windows those hideous men with implacable speech who come to the surface on certain days like the sea monsters seen only in tempestuous weather.

Once she was so terrified that she pulled down the sash, whereupon a dozen furious voices demanded the reason.

"I am stifling," she stammered.

"Pooh, we will stifle you in quite another way, never fear," replied a rough voice while a dirty fist smashed the window.

Nevertheless the cortege reached the grand terrace steps.

"Oh, gentlemen, save the Lifeguards," cried the Queen.

"Have you any preference?" asked one.

"No," she answered, looking at him full and square.

She required that the King and the royal children should first alight.

The next ten minutes were the cruellest of her life. She was under the impression, not that she would be killed—prompt death would be nothing—but made the sport of the mob or dragged away into jail whence she would issue only after a trial handing her over to ignominious death.

As she stepped forth, under the ceiling of steel made by the swords and bayonets of the soldiers Barnave gathered to cover her.

It seemed to her that the earth gave way under her tread; that all whirled round her, palace, gardens, trees, the countless people; that vigorous arms seized her and carried her away amid deafening yells. She heard the Life-

guards shouting, calling the wrath upon them to turn it aside from its true aim. Opening her eyes an instant, she beheld Charny between the pair hurled from the box—pale and handsome, as ever, he fought with ten men at once, with the nobleman's smile of scorn and the martyr's light in his gaze.

She could support no more, but screaming, she swooned.

Meanwhile the mob, defrauded of the chief morsel, were tearing the Life-guards to pieces and carrying Billet and Drouet in triumph.

When the Queen came to her senses she was in her sleeping room in the Tuileries. Her favorite bed-chamber women, Lady Misery and Madam Campan, were at hand. Though they told her the Dauphin was safe, she rose and went to see him: he was asleep.

She looked at him for a long time, haunted by the words of the prophecy: "I save you because you are needed to hurl the throne over into the last abyss." Was it true that she would destroy the monarchy? Were her enemies guarding her that she might accomplish the work of destruction better than themselves? But would this gulf close after swallowing the King, the throne and herself? Would not her two children go down in it also? In religions of the past alone is innocence safe to disarm the gods?

Abraham's sacrifice had not been accepted, but it was not so in Jephthaph's case.

These were gloomy thoughts for a Queen, gloomier still for a mother.

She shook her head and went slowly back to her rooms. She noticed the disorder she was in and took a bath and was attired more fitly.

The news awaiting her was not so black as she had feared. Her body-guard had been saved from the mob. Nobody knew where Count Charny was in refuge after having been snatched from the ruffians.

At these words from Madam Campan, such a deadly pallor came over the Queen's countenance that the Lady thought it was from anxiety about the count and she hastened to say:

"But there need be no alarm about his coming back to the palace; the countess has a town house and of course he will hasten there."

This was just what she feared and what made her lose her color.

She wanted to dress, as if she would be allowed to go out of the palace prison to inquire about his fate, when he was announced as present in the other room.

"Oh, he is keeping his word," muttered the Queen which her attendants did not understand.

Her toilet hastily completed, she ordered the count to be introduced into her sitting room, where she joined him.

He had also dressed for the reception, for he wore the naval uniform in which she had first seen him. Never had he been calmer, handsomer and more elegant, and she could not believe that this beau was the man whom she had seen the mob fall upon a while before.

"Oh, my lord, I hope you were told how distressed I was on your behalf and that I was sending out for tidings?"

"Madam, you may be sure that I did not go away till I learned that you were safe and sound," was his rejoinder. "And now that I am assured by sight and hearing of the health of your children and the King, I think it proper

to ask leave to give personal news to my lady the countess."

The Queen pressed her hand to her heart as if to ascertain if this blow had not deadened it, and said in a voice almost strangled by the dryness of her throat:

"It is only fair, my lord, and I wonder how it is that you did not ask before this."

"The Queen forgets my promise not to see the countess without her permission."

"I suppose, though, in your ardor to see the lady again, you could do without it?"

"I think the Queen unjust to me," he replied. "When I left Paris I believed it was to part from her forever. During the journey I did all that was humanly possible to make the journey a success. It is not my fault that I did not lose my life like my brother or was not cut to pieces on the road or in the Tuileries Gardens. Had I the honor to conduct your Majesty across the frontier, I should have lived in exile with you, or if I were fated to die, I should have died without seeing the countess. But, I repeat, I cannot, being again in town, give the lady this mark of indifference, not to show her I am alive, particularly as I no longer have my brother Isidore as my substitute; at all events, either M. Barnave is wrong or your Majesty was of the same opinion only yesterday."

The Queen glided her arm along the chair-arm and following the movement with her body said:

"You must love this woman fondly to give me this pain so coldly?"

"Madam, at a time when I did not think of such a thing, as there was but one woman in the world for me—it will soon be six years—this woman being placed too high above me for me to hope for her, as well as under an indissoluble bond—you gave me as wife Mdlle. Andrea Taverney, imposed her on me! In these six years my hand has not twice touched hers; without necessity I have not spoken a word to her and our glances have not met a dozen times. My life has been occupied by another love, the thousand tasks, cares and combats agitating man's existence in camp and court. I have coursed the King's highways, entangling the thread the master gave me in the intrigues of fatality. I have not counted the days, or months or years, for time has passed most rapidly from my being enwrapt in these tasks.

"But not so has fared the Countess of Charny. Since she has had the affliction of quitting your Majesty, after having displeased you, I suppose, she has lived lonely in the Paris summer-house, accepting the neglect and isolation without complaining, for she has not the same affections as other women from her heart being devoid of love. But she may not accept without complaint my forgetting the simplest duty and the most commonplace attentions."

"Good gracious, my lord, you are mightily busy about what the countess thinks of you according to whether you see her or not! Before worrying yourself it would be well to know whether she does think of you in the hour of your departure or in that of your return."

"I do not know about the hour of my return but I do know that she thought about me when I departed."

"So you saw her before you went?"

"I had the honor of stating that I had not seen the countess since I promised the Queen not to see her."

"Then she wrote to you? confess it!" cried Marie Antoinette.

"She confided a letter for me to my brother Isidore."

"A letter which you read? what does she say? but she promised me—but let us hear quickly. What does she say in this letter? Speak, see you not that I am on thorns?"

"I cannot repeat what it says as I have not read it."

"You destroyed it unread?" exclaimed she delightedly, "you threw it in the fire? Oh, Charny, if you did that, you are the most true of lovers and I was wrong to scold—for I have lost nothing."

She held out her arms to lure him to his former place, but he stood firm.

"I have not torn it or burnt it," he replied.

"But then, how came you not to read it?" questioned she, sinking back on her chair.

"The letter was to be given me if I were mortally wounded. But alas! it was the bearer who fell. He being dead, his papers were brought to me and among them was this, the countess's letter."

She took the letter with a trembling hand and rang for lights. During the brief silence in the dusk, her breathing could be heard and the hurried throbbing of her heart. As soon as the candlesticks were placed on the mantleshelf before the servant left the room, she ran to the light. She looked on the paper twice without ability to read it.

"It is flame, she said. "Oh, God!" she ejaculated, smoothing her forehead to bring back her sight and stamping her foot to calm her hand by force of will. In a husky voice utterly unlike her own, she read:

"This letter is intended not for me but for my brother Count Charny, or to be returned to the countess. It is from her I had it with the following recommendation. If in the enterprise undertaken by the count, he succeeds without mishap, return the letter to the countess."

The reader's voice became more panting as she proceeded.

"If he is grievously hurt, but without mortal danger, his wife prays to be let join him."

"That is clear," said the Queen falteringly and in a scarcely intelligible voice she added: "Lastly, if he be wounded to the death, give him the letter or read it to him if he cannot, in order that he should know the secret contained before he dies."

"Do you deny it now, that she loves you?" demanded the Queen, covering the count with a flaming look.

"The countess love me? what are you saying?" cried Charny.

"The truth, unhappy woman that I am!"

"Love me? impossible."

"Why, for I love you?"

"But in six years the countess has never let me see it. Never said a word!"

The time had come for Marie Antoinette to suffer so keenly that she felt the need to bury her grief like a dagger in the depth of his heart.

"Of course," she sneered, "she would not breathe a word, she would not let a token show, and the reason is because she was well aware that she was not worthy to be your wife."

"Not worthy?" reiterated Charny.

"She cherished a secret which would slay your love," continued the other, more and more maddened by her pain.

"A secret to kill our love?"

"She knew you would despise her after she told it."

"I, despise the countess? tut, tut!"

"Unless one is not to despise the girl who is a mother without being a wife."

It was the man's turn to become paler than death and lean on the back of the nearest chair.

"Madam, you have said too much or too little, and I have the right for an explanation."

"Do you ask a queen for explanations?"

"I do," replied Charny.

The door opened, and the Queen turned to demand impatiently:

"What is wanted?"

It was a valet who announced Dr. Gilbert, come by appointment. She eagerly bade him send him in.

"You call for an explanation about the countess," she continued to the count: "well, ask it of this gentleman, who can give it, better than anybody else."

Gilbert had come in so as to hear the final words and he remained on the threshold, mute and standing.

The Queen tossed the letter to Charny and took a few steps to gain her dressing-room when the count barred her passage and grasped her wrist.

"My lord, methinks that you forget I am your Queen," said Marie Antoinette, with clenched teeth and enfevered eye.

"You are an ungrateful woman who slanders her friend, a jealous woman who defames another, and that woman the wife of a man who has for three days risked his life a score of times for you—the wife of George Count of Charny. Justice must be rendered in face of her you have calumniated and insulted! Sit down and wait."

"Well, have it so," railed the Queen. "Dr. Gilbert," she pursued, forcing a shallow laugh, "you see what this nobleman desires."

"Dr. Gilbert, you hear what the Queen orders," rebuked Charny with a tone full of courtesy and dignity.

"Oh, madam," said Gilbert, sadly regarding the Queen as he came forward. "My Lord Count," he went on to the gentleman, "I have to tell you of the shame of a man and the glory of a woman. A wretched earthworm fell in love with his lord's daughter, the Lady of Taverney. One day, he found her in a mesmeric trance, and without respect for her worth, beauty and innocence, this villain abused her and thus the maid became a woman, the mother before marriage. Mdlle. Taverney was an angel—Lady Charny is a martyr!"

"I thank Dr. Gilbert," said the count, wiping his brow. "Madam," he proceeded to the Queen. "I was ignorant that Mdlle. Taverney was so unfortunate—that Lady Charny was so worthy of respect: otherwise, believe me, six years would not have elapsed before I fell at her feet and adored her as she deserves."

Bowing to the stupefied Queen, he stalked forth without the baffled one making a move to detain him. But he heard her shriek of pain when the door closed between them. She comprehended that over those portals the hand of the demon of jealousy was writing the dread doom:

"Leave hope behind who enter here."

The Smuggler's Inn

DURING the Richelieu wars with Spain, the Italian mountains were infested with smugglers of all nations who used the inns as a rendezvous. In one of these, upon a certain day, the usual groups were gathered.

The greater portion of the company belonged evidently to the honorable corporation of contrabandists, but the remainder, poachers on every species of game, vagabonds, condotterri, free-lances, flayers, mercenaries of all lands, Spanish, Italian, German, formed a most curious mixture, to flavor which all the various tongues gave a garnish of expressions as energetic as picturesque. The most cunning chemist would have had a hard task is set to analyse these manifold elements.

Far from blending, these concomitants seemed to be obstinately bent on keeping to themselves, except that those of one family upheld and touched one another.

The Spanish ingredient predominated. Any besieger who could sneak out of Cazal, where people were perishing with hunger, and run away from the Milanese under cover of pay being irregular, made for the mountain, where he adopted one of those nocturnal and mysterious crafts which have the highlands for their stage in all countries.

These men formed the different currents of a river rolling on to the rapids.

Above their heads lazily circled tobacco smoke, the vapor of hot liquor and various breaths; several smoky rushlights, nailed to the wall or flaring on the tables, jumping at every blow of the fist, added their sickening fumes to the atmosphere which they lightened without brightening. They were ringed about with yellow halos like the moon of a rainy night.

Every now and then would be heard louder and sharper cries, and threatening shadows loomed up through this kind of cloud. If the angle shot up with a fight between Spaniard and a Teuton, or between a Frenchman and an Italian, Germans and Hispaniolans, Louis and Romagnans rallied to their countrymen. If the two parties were about equal in number, the row became general; but if the siders with one of the disputants were less than the other's backers the quarrellers were left to make the most of it themselves and round off with a friendly grip of the hand, or a dig of the knife.

One of these outbreaks, which were never more than smouldering, flamed up in a corner of the tavern. German and Spanish oaths intermingled, indicated the nationalities of the rascals who differed.

At the same nick of time, they saw a dozen fellows jump up, in the midst of the smoke, ready to rush to the spot where the clamor and incentives roared; but, as nine of the dozen were Spanish and three Germans, the latter trio flopped down on their bench again, growling: "It was not'in' but two tam fools!" and the nine Spaniards took their seats saying: "let 'em fight it out!"

This freedom from intervention speedily converted the pair of squabblers into a brace of gladiators. Ac-

tions were seen to follow violent words, and augment in violence with them; next, steel glittered in the yellow candle-light, curses betokened wounds more or less severe, as the imprecations were louder or deeper; at last, a yell of pain was heard, a man rapidly scrambled over stools and chairs, reached the door and dived through it. A death-rattle sounded under the table.

They had been let finish what they were at, indeed.

The result was that the one who had dealt the blow had escaped by the door, and the one who had received it, had first leaned against the wall, then slipped, and finally fallen between his bench and the wall, where he was dying.

The conflict being over and the slayer out of the way there was only a sufferer who might be attended to without the Samaritan being blamed; so as it was the German who had been floored, his two or three fellow-countrymen were allowed to pull his body from under the table and lay him on its top. The stab had been an unguarded cut, made by one of the Catalan daggers with a fine needle-like blade, enlarging from the point up. It had gone in between the seventh and eighth rib on the way to the heart: this was easily noted by the position of the wound and the swiftness of the death, for hardly had the victim been laid on the table, ere a final spasm ran over him and he expired.

There being no friends or relatives by, right it was that fellow countrymen should inherit, and so no one opposed the decision made by the three sons of Germania. The dead man was searched and his money, weapons and clothes divided among the living, just as business-like as any other simple thing. The distribution having been ended, the three Germans lifted up the corpse (on which was left shirt and breeches), and dragged it to a spot where the path ran along a precipice a thousand feet deep.

They gave it a shove down the slope, just as the dead are launched from a ship sailing the open sea into the abyss of ocean.

But, differing from the splash in that case, was the sickening thud of a human form being crushed against rocks that was audible a few seconds after.

No one thought about the man's father or kith or kin, or chick or child. What was his name, whence came he, who was he? There was never a word of these. It was an atom the less gone from the Innumerable and the Omniscient alone has view piercing enough to watch and atone.

That one perished, creation no more cared for him than for the swallow which flies to another clime when winter comes, leaving no furrow in the air, or than for the worm crushed by the heedless foot of a wayfarer.

The Prodigal's Favor

ALEXIS, my negro boy, had left my service and became an army orderly.

Six weeks later, I beheld him once more on the threshold of my study.

"Well," I greeted him as usual, "so here you are again?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your mind is made up to enter my service for board, lodging, and clothing only?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you will never ask me for a penny?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I will take you back on these conditions."

"Ah! I knew Monsieur would," cried Alexis, beaming with delight.

"One moment, my boy; don't imagine I am taking you back because I cannot do without you. You would be mightily mistaken if you did, Alexis."

"I am quite aware Monsieur does this out of pure goodness of heart, and nothing else."

"Bravo! Now, what have you learnt in foreign parts?"

"To make cartridge grease, to pipe-clay buff-belts and keep the muskets clean. If Monsieur will give me charge of his guns, he'll see what I can do."

"I will do better than that, Alexis. I will give you charge of myself."

"What! I'm to come back as Monsieur's valet?"

"Yes, Alexis; for valets are still in existence, it seems; though I keep none myself any longer. Go and hunt up your old livery, and get to work."

"But where can my old livery have got to, sir?"

"Oh, *I* don't know! Search, my lad, search. It's like Allier's address, there's only the Bible precept can give you any hope of finding."

Alexis left the room to start the search. He soon came back in triumph, carrying the livery in his hand.

"Monsieur," he began, "to begin with, it's all moth-eaten; and in the second place, I can't get into it any more."

"The deuce, Alexis! What's to be done?"

"Doesn't Monsieur still employ the same tailor?" Alexis asked.

"No, he is dead, and I have not yet appointed a successor."

"'The deuce!' as Monsieur says, what's to be done?"

"Go and ask my son to give you the address of his tailor, and look in my wardrobe for something to suit you."

"Thank you, sir."

"Meantime, keep on your uniform, my lad. Only get rid of that sort of tin quiver you wear over your shoulder, or at any rate empty the arrows out of it; else folks will take you for Cupid."

"It's not arrows on it, sir; it's my discharge."

"Ah, well, empty it anyway."

Three or four hours later there walked into my room a gentleman of fashion in a pair of light green trousers with a grey check, a black frock-coat, a waistcoat of white piqué and a cambric cravat. On top of all appeared Alexis' black face.

I hardly knew him.

"Why, what's that thing I see?" I asked.

"It's only me, sir."

"Why, has a Russian Princess fallen in love with you, then?"

"No, sir."

"Then where did you get all those fine clothes, eh?"

"Why, Monsieur told me—'Go and look in my wardrobe for something to suit you.'"

"And you looked?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you found?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, come here, closer."

"Here I am, sir."

"But, God forgive me! it's my new trousers, Alexis!"

"Yes, sir."

"But, the devil take me! it's my new coat, Alexis!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, really, you *are* the deuce of a fellow!"

"Why do you say that, sir?"

"Why? Why, you go and take my very best clothes? Well, really! . . . and what about me?"

"Why, I thought, as Monsieur sits at work all day long——"

"Yes?"

"I thought, as Monsieur never leaves the house——"

"Well?"

"I thought Monsieur would not mind about being finely dressed."

"Upon my word!"

"While for me, who go out so much——"

"So?"

"Who run on all the errands——"

"What next?"

"Who is fond of the ladies——"

"Coxcomb!"

"I imagined Monsieur would like me to be handsomely dressed."

"Oh! you imagined that, did you?"

"Give him your decorations into the bargain, sir," grinned Michel, my man, who came in at that moment. "Then they'll all take him for heir-apparent of His Majesty King Faustin I—and the thing will be complete!"

"But meantime I have neither coats nor trousers to wear myself."

"Oh yes, you have, sir! there are the old ones."

After all, Alexis was more reasonable than many of his betters. I have known so many people in the course of my life who have appropriated my new duds, and have not so much as left me the old!

The Sword of the Swiss

DURING the revolution period there were young men in the House of the Constitution, not merely representatives, but fighters; for it was felt that they had to wrestle with the unknown.

They were armed against two enemies, the clergy and the nobility. If these resisted, the orders were for them to be overcome.

The king was pitied, and the members were left free to treat him as occasion dictated. It was hoped that he might

escape the threefold power of the queen, the clergy, and the aristocracy; if they upheld him, they would all be broken to pieces with him. They moved that the title of majesty shoud be suppressed.

"What shall we call the executive power, then?" asked a voice.

"Call him 'the King of the French,'" shouted another. "It is a pretty title enough for Capet to be satisfied with."

Moreover, instead of a throne, the King of the French had to content himself with a plain arm-chair, and that was placed on the left of the speaker's, so that the monarch should be subordinated.

In the absence of the king, the Constitution was sworn to by the sad, cold House, all aware that the impotent laws would not endure a year.

As these motions were equivalent to saying, "there is no longer a king." Money, as usual, took fright; down went the stocks dreadfully, and the bankers took alarm.

There was a revulsion in favor of the king, and his speech in the House was so applauded that he went to the theater that evening in high glee. That night he wrote to the powers of Europe that he had subscribed to the Constitution.

So far, the House had been tolerant, mild to the refractory priests, and paying pensions to the princes and nobles who had fled abroad.

We shall see how the nobles recompensed this mildness.

When they were debating on paying the old and infirm priests, though they might be opposed to the Reformation, news came from Avignon of a massacre of revolutionists by the religious fanatics, and a bloody reprisal of the other party.

As for the runaway nobles, still drawing revenue from their country, this is what they were doing.

They reconciled Austria with Prussia, making friends of two enemies. They induced Russia to forbid the French ambassador going about the St. Petersburg streets, and sent a minister to the refugees at Coblentz. They made Berne punish a town for singing the "It shall go on." They led the kings to act roughly; Russia and Sweden sent back with unbroken seals Louis XVI.'s dispatches announcing his adhesion to the Constitution.

Spain refused to receive it, and a French revolutionist would have been burned by the Inquisition only for his committing suicide.

Venice threw on St. Mark's Place the corpse of a man strangled in the night by the Council of Ten, with the plain inscription: "This was a Freemason."

The Emperor and the King of Prussia did answer, but it was by a threat: "We trust we shall not have to take precautions against the repetition of events promising such sad auguries."

Hence there was religious war in La Vendee and in the south, with prospective war abroad.

At present the intention of the crowned heads was to stifle the revolution rather than cut its throat.

The defiance of aristocratic Europe was accepted, and instead of waiting for the attack, the orator of the House cried for France to begin the movement.

The absentee princes were summoned home on penalty of losing all rights to the succession; the noble's property

was seized, unless they took the oath of allegiance to the country. The priests were granted a week to take the oath, or to be imprisoned, and no churches could be used for worship unless by the sworn clergy.

Lafayette's party wished the king to oppose his veto to these acts, but the queen so hated Lafayette that she induced the Court party to support Petion instead of the general for the post of mayor of Paris. Strange blindness, in favor of Petion, her rude jailer, who had brought her back from the flight to Varennes.

On the nineteenth of December the king vetoed the bill against the priests.

That night, at the Jacobin Club, the debate was hot. Virchaux, a Swiss, offered the society a sword for the first general who should vanquish the enemies of freedom. Isnard, the wrath of the House, a southerner, drew the sword, and leaped up into the rostrum, crying:

"Behold the sword of the exterminating angel! It will be victorious! France will give a loud call, and all the people will respond; the earth will then be covered with warriors, and the foes of liberty will be wiped out from the list of men!"

Ezekiel could not have spoken better. This drawn sword was not to be sheathed, for war broke out within and without. The Switzer's sword was first to smite the King of France, the foreign sovereigns afterward.

French Breed

I NEED not mention that my pets, Mademoiselle Desgarcins and Buvat, were not yet christened, my custom being to bestow names, surnames, and nicknames on my protégés according to the merits or demerits, physical or moral, which I observe in them. So far they were simply known as the *little monkey* and the *blue macaw.*

"Here, quick, Michel! quick!" I called out to my keeper one day, to the keeper of my animals. "Here's something in your line."

Michel ran up, and I handed him the monkey's cage and the parrot's box, from which its tail stuck out like a lance-head. I had superseded the perch, for which I got a franc, by a box that cost me three.

"Ah," observed Michel, "yes, it is the long-tailed monkey of Senegal—*Cercopithecus sabœa.*"

I looked at Michel in the deepest amazement.

"What was that you said, Michel?"

"*Cercopithecus sabœa.*"

"So you know Latin, Michel. Why, you must teach me in your spare time in that case."

"No, I don't know Latin, but I do know my *Dictionary of Natural History.*"

"'Pon my soul! And the parrot, do you know it too?" I asked, pulling the bird out of its box.

"I should think I did!" said Michel. "Why, it's the blue macaw, *Macrocercus ararauna.* Ah, sir, why did you not bring the female with you along with the male?"

"What for, Michel? because parrots, you know, don't breed in France."

"That is just where Monsieur is mistaken," said Michel imperturbably.

"What! the blue macaw breeds in France?"

"Yes, sir; in France."

"In the South, perhaps."

"No, sir, it does not need to be in the South."

"Where, then?"

"At Caen, sir."

"What! at Caen?"

"Yes, at Caen, I tell you, sir, at Caen!"

"I was not aware that the latitude of Caen was such as to allow macaws to reproduce their species. Go and fetch my *Bouillet*, Michel."

Michel soon returned with the encyclopædia in question.

"*Cacus*—no, that's not it. . . . *Cadet de Gassicourt*—no, that's not it. . . . *Caducée*—that's not it. . . . *Caen* at last——"

"Now you will see, Michel," and I read out—

"'*Cadomus*, chief town of the Department of Calvados, on the Orne and Odon, 223 kilometres west of Paris, population 41,876. Court of Assize, Court of Primary Jurisdiction, and Tribunal de Commerce——'"

"You will see, sir," said Michel; "the parrots are coming, never fear."

"'College, School of Law, Academy of Science——'"

"You are getting warm, sir!"

"'Extensive trade in plaster, salt, timber, and deal. . . . Captured by the English in 1346 and 1417.—Retaken by the French, etc.—Birthplace of Malherbe, T. Lefebvre, Choron, etc.—9 cantons: Bourguebus, Villers-Bocage, etc., and Caen town, which counts as two; 205 communes, total population 140,435.—Caen was the capital of Lower Normandy.'—And that's all, Michel."

"What, it does not say in your book that the *ararauna*, otherwise known as the blue macaw, breeds at Caen?"

"No, Michel, not a word about it."

"Well, what a dictionary! Wait a bit, and I'll fetch you a different sort, and then you'll see."

Accordingly, in a few minutes more Michel returned with his *Dictionary of Natural History*.

"Now you'll see, sir, now you'll see!" he cried, opening his treasury of knowledge. "Péritoine—that's not it . . . Pérou—that's not it . . . *Perroquet*—there we are! 'Parrots are monogamous birds.'"

"You know Latin so well, Michel, you will know what *monogamous* means, I feel sure."

"It means they can sing on every note, I suppose."

"No, Michel, no, not a bit of it; it means they have only one wife."

"Ah!" cried Michel, "that's because they talk like human beings, most likely. However, here's what I want—'It was long believed that parrots did not breed in Europe, but experiments have proved the contrary in the case of a pair of blue macaws at Caen. . . .'—At Caen, there you see, sir——"

"'Pon my word, yes, I see."

"'M. Lamouroux supplies details in connection with the results then obtained.'"

"Well, let's hear M. Lamouroux' details, Michel;" and Michel proceeded—

" 'These macaws, between the month of March, 1818, and the month of August, 1822, that is to say, in a period of four years and a half, laid sixty-two eggs in nine broods——' "

"Michel, I never said that macaws did not lay; what I said was——"

" 'Amongst the number,' " Michel went on reading, " 'twenty-five eggs were hatched out, and of the young ones only ten died. The rest lived and became perfectly acclimatised——' "

"Michel, I have not a word to say——"

" 'The number of eggs varied, in some cases amounting to as many as six at once——' "

"Michel, I surrender unconditionally."

"Only," concluded Michel, closing his book, "Monsieur knows he must never give them either bitter almonds or parsley?"

Michel, who had left a finger between the leaves, reopened his book.

" 'Parsley and bitter almonds,' " he read out impressively, " 'are deadly poisons for parrots.' "

"Good! Michel, I won't forget."

And I never did. In fact, some while after, when I was told that M. Persil (parsley) had died suddenly, I exclaimed—

"Dear! dear! perhaps he had been eating parrot!"

Vive le Roi!

The peace between Spain and France, proposed by Richelieu and seconded by Anne of Austria, did not last long. In point of fact, its duration was scarcely more than while the forces were in winter-quarters.

When the war broke out again, among the most eager of those who sought employment in it was the Count of Moret.

He had had one piece of bad news long before. It was that Count Urban had been the death of his wife while she was with child. As a maiden she had loved Moret, but Urban had forced her into an unholy marriage. She had sent her dying word to Moret:

"I am going to heaven where we will not be afraid to love one another."

Count Urban, who had committed the murder in the most open manner, had fled from France. He had squandered his million, and was surely not in the service of Savoy again, although double Judases were known in his day.

The commander of the Spaniards was a tall old man, who was called Signor Greybeard, and who spoke bad Spanish, and was an Italian it would seem.

The Count of Moret heard of this only to aspire for vengeance. He departed for the army.

Richelieu, to represent him, sent a detachment of his guards with Latil at its head, giving him free license to enlist all the rakehelly knaves who liked bowling-alleys better than sermons, and all the smugglers who might prefer the service of France to the risks of the contraband trade.

Good service the worthy Stephen's little army of free lances did. They moved about where they listed, lived on the country and its people, had a fight every day and two on Sundays and holidays, and made the boldest of the Spanish adventurers dread the meeting with them.

The Spaniards had driven Duke Charles of Nevers out of Mantua, and all the movements of the French, whatever else they might seem to tend to, were aimed at retaking that city.

As this prince's game of stoning frogs, sport to the men of war but crushing to the country-people, went on, Captain Latil and the Count of Moret met under the walls of Mantua.

The count gave the swordsman a hearty welcome.

"If this keeps on, friend," said he, "Stephen Latil will be the name of the greatest captain of our age!"

"Let it be of the truest friend, and Stephen Latil wants no more buckled to his name."

"Ha! are you there? Stephen, whisper—"

He uttered a few words in the captain's ear.

"What!" ejaculated the latter. "With scarce fifty men?"

"Don't look filled with astonishment four feet thick! All the better if they offer good defence to sharp assaults. You forget the powder, say, five pounds a man—that makes near three hundred pounds—enough to send a church sky high to read the planets without book."

"True, my lord. I doubt not we

can get a footing on the south bastion, and then—"

" 'Ware steel, all ye who wear steel!" said Moret smiling bitterly. "At two in the morning—what say?"

"Three is better, my lord, as they relieve guard at about two."

"It is well. We've been staring too long at the city walls. I'll warrant we'll find more sweetness in the nut than in the outward shell."

"Not the same light heart," said he musingly as he drew his belt a thought tighter. "Ah! ah! 'The sturdie oake that climeth in the aire in time doth loose his beautie and his strength!' I don't know what's come over me. I feel like sitting down on a culverin breech and playing the grandam with a groaning of the old Chronicle of Rheims: *La, si! La do!* Ainsi sont peries les ames batteleresses! It was this way the fighters died!"

Crooning the ancient air, he strode to his tent, making his spurs rattle and causing all to turn and bow to the veteran who bore himself so martially though he had more scars on him through fair fight than many a man had buttons on his doublet.

He selected two score and ten of his followers, rooks and ravens all, and issued his instructions.

The night was near spent, when the little band, with the Count of Moret and Latil, were glad to find that they were well under the south bastion of the great wall of Mantua without an alarm having been given. They could hear the sentinel above, but, as they had waded across the ditch, they could not see him.

With noiselessness, several of the stones were extracted from the wall, only enough to let them fill up the gap with the powder which they had brought. A match was adjusted and lit. Then, the little party skirted the wall and reached a point some rods around the angle.

Twice they heard the "alerta, centinella!" go the rounds of the fortification; then came a brief pause. With a flash which lit up the whole extent of the wall's surface, the mine exploded; while its thundering detonation was still reverberating a crash might have been heard.

For a distance of over forty yards at the parapet and about ten at the base of the wall, the masonry gave way and fell outward, in a heap. The watchers near the spot were blown into the air or over into the moat.

Immediately, the sentinels rushed to the spot.

The Count of Moret and Latil had already prepared their ladder and took advantage of this moment when all attention was away from the scene of their escalade.

They and their fifty were enabled to reach the battlements unespied. They crouched down for more security.

Latil turned to the edge of the wall, and deliberately kicked away the ladder. It slid along the wall and fell on the ground, the sound being utterly inaudible during the beat of the Spanish drum and the general uproar.

"If I didn't know I wasn't addressing stones," said Stephen, "I would have asked whoever wanted to go to do so. As it is we've got to beat these yellow Spaniards or lie here to take root! And don't you think you're such rascals that you were picked out for this honor only to get rid of you. I, for

one, am ready to die with you, and here—here is a king's son, and more, the son of King Harry the Fourth—hats off, rogues! the Count Antoine de Bourbon of Moret is with us this night!"

There was a murmur of stern joy. "We're ready to fall roundly to work," said all.

"Hence, all then! Count, what's the word?"

"My friends, whatever our faults or crimes, we are Frenchmen fighting to regain our ally's city, now. Hark! our countrymen are opening the cannonade again, and Montmorency pledged me his never-broken word that he would lead five thousand men to this bastion which we hold. Let us keep it for two hours, and then they will be with us!"

"Come they or come they not, we will hold this bastion."

So cried the hangdogs—nay, soldiers now, transformed into better men by their situation.

The sentries who had quitted the bastion roof to go see the cause of the explosion, returned only to be run through. One was spared and the count interrogated him.

The bastion was guarded by eighty men, who were sleeping below in the guardroom. "The captain, it is Signor Grisato, the grey beard captain," said the Spaniard.

The Count of Moret growled like a lion who sees a prey.

"He—he is below?" said he.

"I left him in bed when I came up an hour since."

"The same captain who ravaged this district last winter before you had Mantua?"

"Pardy! there is not more than one captain greybeard!" answered the soldier.

"There'll be less than one by sunrise!" said Moret. "Latil, fling this hound over into the moat! No quarter! To the stairs, to the stairs!"

Waving his drawn sword, he dashed at the opening in the roof which admitted of the descent from it, and plunged down the stone steps with the others. A smothered yell behind him denoted that Latil had flung the wretch over into the ditch.

Ten men remained on the roof busily turning the three sakers which were mounted there, upon the town.

Latil hurried below, where the clashing of swords and the cry of "alarm! alarm!" already had arisen.

The explosion and the excitement following it had naturally aroused the majority of the soldiers in the guardroom of the bastion. Many had started to their feet and taken up their arms.

But not one had dreamt of danger dropping on them, as it were from above.

When even they heard the quick rush of feet down the stairs, they believed it to be their own comrades, the sentinels, come to acquaint them with the news. So, immense was their surprise when the Count of Moret with flashing blade, followed close by his men with their weapons bared, burst into the room and began smiting indiscriminately.

"The captain! the captain!" shouted the count, as he delivered a terrific thrust at the lieutenant on guard who had recovered sufficient coolness to offer a resistance. At the call of "The

captain," which the Spaniards repeated in a different intent, a door opened in the wall, and into the guardroom stepped a man whose appearance made Count Antoine turn from his antagonist to spring at the new comer.

"Ha! it is you! Oh, Count Urban!"

The greybeard captain had his sword in hand, and met the assailant stoutly.

"Count Urban, is it? Oh! on guard! and guard yourself better than you did your duke's castle of Pignerolles! better than you guarded your wife! Fool! fool!"

He launched a desperate lunge at the end of each sentence, foaming at the mouth with rage.

"Fool!" cried he again, "I—do you know—by this pass under the arm—the royal thrust of Henry the Fourth! who I am? Antoine de Bourbon! Count of Moret! Ah, you could not parry that! traitor! seller of your trust! ravager of the highways! Were't not a gibbet would be dishonored with you, and stripes an ornament, I'd have you flogged and gibbetted, by the blood holy! Oh! there! you are down—nay, up again! Judas has a cat's lives! Stand back, Latil, e'en if he has shot me! it was seemly of him to draw pistol on a swordsman! Down point, Stephen! if you undertake to interfere, by God's light that was clouded when my Isabelle was—was deflowered! I'll make a Spaniard of you! He's my game!"

Furious, the count, whose grief of months' duration was now finding vent, forgot all the science of fencing and, could his opponent have preserved his presence of mind he might have won the day.

But the taunt of exposing how wrong he had been to suspect the Duke of Savoy when the count had been the real sinner, excited him to exasperation. It was like a duel between two madmen. The sparks flew in showers from the blades continually meeting. Both were wounded, but that made no difference in the violence of their assaults. In their perpetual changes of position, they were too much blinded to see whom they approached, and slashed friend or foe indifferently.

Latil no longer sought to interfere, but he watched and opportunely for Count Urban, having had success with the pistol he had fired, drew a second one from his breast. Stephen stretched out his sword and cut the fire-arm out of the count's grasp, and it fell on the floor unexploded.

The Count of Moret redoubled his attacks. A premonition within him informed him that the blood was carrying away his strength through the gashes. At the risk of losing his hand, he deliberately lifted his left arm and dashed the opposing blade aside. To close in at the opening was but the matter of a step forward.

With the Frenchmen's long rapier disappearing in his body except the point which jutted out as a channel's bed for blood to flow down his back, and the hilt which knocked against his ribs as if to break their arch, Count Urban fell back against the wall, a howl of agony bubbling up his throat and rending his close-set jaws to find an egress.

He fell, and so abruptly that the sword, remaining in him, was torn from Moret's hand.

The latter, now that he had expended his uttermost energy in that final stab,

lost his balance, and to the horror of Latil, staggered and dropped all his length on the gore and corpse-strewn floor.

With the last flash of life, inspired by the acute pain he felt, Count Urban, whose spasmed hand had met the fallen pistol, clutched it, raised it and it went off in his dying grip.

The smoke covered all, and the sulphurous odor overwhelmed that of the carnage.

Latil eagerly stooped to look through the vapor.

He saw as in a cloud, the Count of Moret, whose face was masked in powder-black and blood, half rise, seize Count Urban by the throat and shake, like a mastiff, the last gasp out of him.

At this same moment, a frightful report from many cannons shook the bastion, the walls and the town.

A shout of thousands responded, and "Vive le Roi!" in French burst forth under the walls of the bastion.

"My lord!" shouted Latil, half mad with fear, with joy, with hope. "They are come!"

"A Montmorency! assault! assault! Town taken! town taken!" was heard above.

Montmorency's five thousand were swarming up the breach which Moret's men had made two hours before.

The half dozen Latil had left on the bastion, had turned the guns and were beginning to fire on the town and the other works which they had the inside of.

Latil flung himself on his knees and took the son of the monarch he had so royally served in his lap.

"My lord!" sobbed he, like a maid.

"Montmorency! they cry," said the young noble, in a voice which it was pitiful to hear. "We have the town, hurrah! Oh! Stephen, tell them I died with 'Long live the King!' sealing my lips. Stephen, tell—cardinal—I—true—true! would *she* were living to know *he* died with my hand on his throat! A-h-h! I die. Your hand."

A formidable discharge, great guns seemingly all around the city, again shook the bastion. A mass of French soldiery rushed down into the guard-room to slay. But a soldier lifted his hand.

"Peace! the son of Henry of Navarre is dying!"

And hats were flung down and swords held up in salute.

A volley of musketry, lasting for many minutes, rattled around and about.

A cry of "Long live the King! Our Louis XIII. forever!" lasted as long and rose as loudly.

At the sound, the eyes of the young hero opened. They had been closed for a time.

"Long live the King, for whom I die! Long live the King!" said his voice, to which a last mercy had restored momentary strength and clearness.

There was a space of so much stillness that one's heart could be heard to beat.

Stephen Latil's head was bowed down on the bleeding breast of the Count of Moret, yet he did not hear his heart beat.

Mademoiselle

An Auveronat lad urged me eagerly to buy his ape, and I objected, telling him that, if I made the purchase, I should want a special servant merely to look after the monkeys, having two already.

It was then Michel, my man, always a man of resource, proposed I should appoint Soulouque, my negro boy, superintendent of the monkey-house.

"And how much do you want for your monkey?" I asked the Auvergnat.

"The shentleman knows hersel' what price she had paid for the other moonkey."

"I gave forty francs for the other one, a guinea-pig, and two white mice."

"Come now, buy the pretty little beast!" urged Giraud, my friend.

"Yes, do buy the wretched ape!" said Alexandre, my son.

"Listen to them, just listen to them! the dear creatures! I tell you, forty francs *is* forty francs. And as for the guinea-pig and two white mice, they are not to be found in the first field either!"

"Gentlemen," struck in Alexandre, "there's one thing I mean to prove one day—that my father is the most avaricious of mankind!"

Everybody protested violently; but my son persisted: "Yes, I shall prove it one day."

"There, what a pity not to buy," persisted Giraud; "see what a little love it is!"—and he held out his arms to the monkey, which threw itself into them and gripped him tight round the neck.

"More by token," observed Michel, "he's as like as two drops of water to your neighbour, sir, and you know——"

"'Pon honour, but it's true!" exclaimed the company in chorus.

"Capital!" Giraud began again; "what could be better? Why, I have a portrait to paint of him for Versailles. . . . Upon my word! you *might* buy him, and he could pose for the head; that would help me on with my work enormously."

"Come, buy, buy!" chorused all my friends.

"Well, are my father's niggardly habits proved, or are they not?" grinned Alexandre.

"My dear Dumas," said Maquet, a friend, "without meaning to say I agree with your son, may I be allowed to offer you the 'Last of the Laidmanoirs' as a present?"

"Bravo, Maquet! bravo, sir!" shouted everybody; "give the skinflint a lesson."

I bowed, and, "My dear, good Maquet," I said, "you know whatever comes from you is welcome here."

"He accepts!" sneered Alexandre, "there, you see, gentlemen."

"Accept! of course I accept.—Now, my young Auvergnat friend, kiss your *moonkey* for the last time, and if you have a tear to shed, now's the time."

"And ma forty francs, ma guinea-pig, and ma white mice?"

"The whole company guarantees your payment."

"Come gif me back ma *moonkey,*" said the Auvergnat, holding out his arms to Giraud.

"There," laughed Alexandre, "there you see the fine trustfulness of youth!"

Maquet drew two gold coins from his pocket.

"Look," he said, "there's the main item, to begin with."

"And the guinea-pig and the white mice?" persisted the suspicious Auvergnat.

"Oh, as for them," said Maquet, "I can only offer you their value in money. How much do you reckon a guinea-pig and two white mice at?"

"I think they mak ten francs."

"Hold your tongue, you young humbug!" cried Michel. "A franc the guinea-pig and a franc and a quarter apiece the white mice, that makes three francs and a half altogether. Give the fellow five francs, Monsieur Maquet; and if he's not satisfied, I'll settle accounts with him myself."

"Ach! but ye're a hard man, gardener!"

"There, take your five francs," said Maquet, handing him the money.

"Now," added Michel, "rub your two noses together and let that be the end!"

The Auvergnat stepped up to Giraud, his arms open; but instead of springing into his late master's arms, the "Last of the Laidmanoirs" clung on to Giraud's beard, uttering little yells of terror and making faces at the Auvergnat.

"Good!" said Alexandre, "that is the last straw of all; so monkeys are ungrateful too. Pay him quick, Maquet, quick; else he'll be wanting to charge as if for a man."

Maquet handed over the balance of five francs, and the Auvergnat made for the door.

As the latter disappeared the "Last of the Laidmanoirs" gave more and more manifest tokens of satisfaction. When he had vanished altogether, the monkey indulged in a sort of war-dance indicative of triumph and delight.

"Look, look!" cried Giraud, "look there!"

"Well, we are looking with all our eyes."

"No, no, not there! Look in the cage; see what Mademoiselle Desgarcins is after."

The latter, not in the least intimidated by the shepherd's costume worn by the new-comer, was enthusiastically dancing back at him with might and main.

"Let us not delay any longer the bliss of these two interesting and fascinating creatures," said Maquet.

I can honestly say there never was anything more grotesque in this world than the nuptials of Mademoiselle Desgarcins, all in the sweet simplicity of her naked monkeyhood, with the "Last of the Laidmanoirs," in shepherd costume, the ceremony presided over by Potich, the third monkey, dressed as troubadour.

Potich, we should add, appeared greatly chagrined at the event. In fact, if he had still worn the famous sword which he was flourishing in the face of his master the day I first made his acquaintance, it is likely enough that, taking advantage of Article 324 of the Penal Code, he might, as an injured husband wronged within the walls of the conjugal domicile, have washed out the affront in

the blood of the "Last of the Laidmanoirs."

But fortunately Potich was unarmed, and the hostile demonstration he did make being answered by a terrific volley of blows from the "Last of the Laidmanoirs," things took their course.

Not that Potich was one of those accommodating husbands who wink at what goes on under their eyes. Far from it; indeed the grief and chagrin Potich endured in his internal economy brought about his death eighteen months later.

At this stage of affairs Alexis appeared on the scene, bringing in a tray with three or four glasses, a bottle of Chablis, and a bottle of soda-water.

"Look here," cried Alexandre, "I have an idea."

"Yes?"

"To make Mademoiselle Desgarcins uncork the soda-water."

Then, without so much as waiting for the company to approve his notion, he took the soda-water bottle and laid it on the floor of the cage in the position of a gun on its gun-carriage.

The saying goes—"As inquisitive as a monkey," and as a matter of fact Alexandre had hardly withdrawn his hand and arm from the cage before the three droll creatures, the lady included, were squatted round the strange object, scrutinising it curiously.

Mademoiselle was the first to realise that the moving mechanism, whatever it was, was centred in the four crossed strings that held the cork in place.

Accordingly she attacked the string with her fingers; but these, strong and clever as they were, could make nothing of it.

Then she had recourse to her teeth. This time it was a different matter; after a few seconds of tugging and tearing the string gave way, still leaving three intact, however.

Mademoiselle instantly set to work again and attacked the second.

Meantime her two companions, squatting on their rumps to right and left of her, looked on with ever-growing curiosity.

The second string gave way; but the remaining two were underneath towards the ground.

Potich and the "Last of the Laidmanoirs," the other two monkeys, their differences made up for the moment apparently, took hold of the bottle with the utmost adroitness and turned it over, so that the two last strings were upwards.

Without a moment's loss of time, Mademoiselle fell to on the third string. Then, the third having given way, she went on to the fourth.

The nearer the operation approached completion, the more intense grew the attention of all; the spectators, needless to say, being as keenly interested as the actors. Animals and human beings held their breath with one accord.

Suddenly a terrible explosion was heard. Mademoiselle Desgarcins was pitched head over heels by the cork and smothered with soda-water, while Potich and the "Last of the Laidmanoirs" sprang to the roof of their cage, uttering piercing screams.

In all these apish antics, so curiously mimicking human emotions, there was a *vis comica* that is altogether indescribable.

"Oh!" laughed Alexandre, "I'll give up my share of soda-water to see Mademoiselle Desgarcins uncork a second bottle."

Meanwhile Mademoiselle Desgarcins had picked herself up, shaken herself, and gone to join her two friends at the top of the cage, where they still hung head downwards by their tails, giving vent to a succession of apish yells.

"And to think young Dumas imagines she will let herself be fooled a second time!"

"Upon my word!" said Maquet, "I should not be a bit surprised; I think curiosity is stronger even than fear."

"Pooh! so long as you'll go on giving them soda-water bottles, so long they'll go on uncorking them; they are just as obstinate as mules, are monkeys!"

"You think so, Michel?"

"Monsieur knows how they catch them in their own country?"

"No, Michel, I do not."

"What! Monsieur doesn't know that?" exclaimed Michel in the tone of one filled with compassion at the thought of my ignorance.

"Tell us about it, Michel."

"Monsieur is aware that monkeys are extremely fond of Indian corn?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, they put some Indian corn in a bottle, the neck of which is just wide enough to admit the monkey's paw."

"Good, Michel! and then?"

"They can see the Indian corn through the sides of the bottle."

"Yes, Michel? Go on."

"They dive their paw down the neck and pick up a fistful of the grain. At that moment the layer of the trap shows himself. They are so obstinate —the monkeys——"

"Yes, I understand."

"They are so obstinate, they'll never let go anything they've once grasped; but as the paw, that went in all right when the fingers were open, refuses to be drawn out again with the fist closed, they're caught like that, sir, in the act."

"Well and good, Michel; so, if ever our monkeys run away, you know how to catch them again."

"Oh, Monsieur need not be the least afraid, that's exactly what I *shall* do."

Then, "Alexis," Michel called to my Negro servant, "bring another bottle of soda-water."

We are bound to add, in the interests of truth, that the experiment was repeated a second time, and even a third, under exactly the same conditions and circumstances—to the glorification of Michel's perspicacity.

Alexandre was for going on; but I pointed out that poor Mademoiselle Desgarcins' nose was all swelled up, her gums bleeding, and her eyes starting out of her head.

"Bah! it isn't that," sneered Alexandre, "but because you want to save your soda-water. I told you so, gentlemen; my father, while posing as a spendthrift, is really at heart the most niggardly of men."

The Uninvited Visitors

All day long a man in a general's uniform was riding about the St. Antoine suburb of Paris, on a large Flanders horse, shaking hands right and left, kissing the girls and treating the men to drink. This was one of Lafayette's half dozen heirs, the small-change of the commander of the National Guard—Battalion Commander Santerre.

Beside him rode, on a fiery charger, like an aide next his general, a stout man who might by his dress be taken to be a well-to-do farmer. A scar tracked his brow, and he had as gloomy an eye and scowling a face as the battalion commander had an open countenance and frank smile.

"Get ready, my good friends; watch over the nation, against which traitors are plotting. But we are on guard," Santerre kept saying.

"What are we to do, friend Santerre?" asked the working-men. "You know that we are all your own. Where are the traitors? Lead us at them!"

"Wait; the proper time has not come."

"When will it strike?"

Santerre did not know a word about it; so he replied at hazard, "Keep ready; we'll let you know."

But the man who rode by his knee, bending down over the horse's neck, would make signs to some men, and whisper:

"June twenty."

Whereupon these men would call groups of twenty or so around each, and repeat the date to them, so that it would be circulated. Nobody knew what would be done on the twentieth of June, but all felt sure that something would happen on that day.

By whom was this mob moved, stirred, and excited? By a man of powerful build, leonine mane, and roaring voice, whom Santerre was to find waiting in his brewery office—Danton.

None better than this terrible wizard of the Revolution could evoke terror from the slums and hurl it into the old palace of Catherine di Medicis. Danton was the gong of riots; the blow he received he imparted vibratingly to all the multitude around him. Through Hebert he was linked to the populace, as by the Duke of Orleans he was affixed to the throne.

Whence came his power, doomed to be so fatal to royalty? To the queen, the spiteful Austrian, who had not liked Lafayette to be mayor of Paris, but preferred Petion, the Republican, who had no sooner brought back the fugitive king to the Tuileries than he set to watch him closely.

Petion had made his two friends, Manuel and Danton, the Public Prosecutor and the Vice, respectively.

On the twentieth of June, under the pretext of presenting a petition to the king and raising a liberty pole, the palace was to be stormed.

The adepts alone knew that France was to be saved from the Lafayettes and the Moderates, and a warning to be given to the incorrigible monarch that there are some political tempests in which a vessel may be swamped with all hands aboard; that is, a king be

overwhelmed with throne and family as in the oceanic abysses.

Danton called for a meeting of the popular leaders that night at Charenton for the march on the morrow, presumably to the House, but really to the Tuileries.

The watchword was, "Have done with the palace!" but the way remained vague.

On the evening of the nineteenth, the queen saw a woman clad in scarlet, with a belt full of pistols, gallop, bold and terrible, along the main streets. It was Theroigne Mericourt, the beauty of Liege, who had gone back to her native country to help its rebellion; but the Austrians had caught her and kept her imprisoned for eighteen months.

She returned mysteriously to be at the bloody feast of the coming day. The courtesan of opulence, she was now the beloved of the people; from her noble lovers had come the funds for her costly weapons, which were not all for show. Hence the mobs hailed her with cheers.

From the Tuileries garret, where the queen had climbed on hearing the uproar, she saw tables set out in the public squares and wine broached; patriotic songs were sung, and at every toast fists were shaken at the palace.

Who were the guests? The Federals of Marseilles, led by Barbaroux, who brought with them the song worth an army—"the Marseillaise Hymn of Liberty."

Day breaks early in June. At five o'clock the battalions were marshaled, for the insurrection was regularized by this time and had a military aspect. The mob had chiefs, submitted to discipline, and fell into assigned places under flags.

Santerre was on horseback, with his staff of men from the working district. Billet did not leave him, for the occult power of the Invisibles charged him to watch over him.

Of the three corps into which the forces were divided, Santerre commanded the first, St. Huruge the second, and Theroigne the last.

About eleven, on an order brought by an unknown man, the immense mass started out. It numbered some twenty thousand when it left the Bastile Square.

It had a wild, odd, and horrible look.

Santerre's battalion was the most regular, having many in uniform, and muskets and bayonets among the weapons. But the other two were armed mobs, haggard, thin, and in rags from three years of reveloutions and four of famine.

Neither had uniforms nor muskets, but tattered coats and smocks; quaint arms snatched up in the first impulse of self-defense and anger: pikes, cooking-spits, jagged spears, hiltless swords, knives lashed to long poles, broadaxes, stone-masons' hammers and curriers' knives.

For standards, a gallows with a dangling doll, meant for the queen; a bull's head, with an obscene card stuck on the horns; a calf's heart on a spit, with the motto: "An Aristocrat's;" while flags showed the legends: "Sanction the decrees, or death!"—"Recall the patriotic ministers!"—"Tremble, tyrant; your hour has come!"

At every crossing and from each byway the army was swollen.

The mass was silent, save now and then when a cheer burst from the midst,

or a snatch of the "It shall go on" was sung, or cries went up of "The nation forever!"—"Long live the Breechless."—"Down with Old Veto and Madame Veto!"

They came out for sport—to frighten the king and queen, and did not mean murdering. They demanded to march past the Assembly through the Hall, and for three hours they defiled under the eyes of their representatives.

It was three o'clock. The mob had obtained half their programme, the placing of their petition before the Assembly. The next thing was to call on the king for his sanction to the decree.

As the Assembly had received them, how could the king refuse? Surely he was not a greater potentate than the Speaker of the House, whose chair was like his and in the grander place?

In fact, the king assented to receiving their deputation of twenty.

As the common people had never entered the place, they merely expected their representatives would be received while they marched by under the windows. They would show the king their banners with their odd devices and the gory standards.

All the palace garden gates were closed; in the yards and gardens were soldiers with four field-pieces. Seeing this apparently ample protection, the royal family might be tranquil.

Still without any evil idea, the crowd asked for the gates to be opened which allowed entrance on the Feuillants Terrace.

Three municipal officers went in and got leave from the king for passage to be given over the terrace and out by the stable doors.

Everybody wanted to go in as soon as the gates were open, and the throng spread over the lawn; it was forgotten to open the outlet by the stables, and the crush began to be severe. They streamed before the National Guards in a row along the palace wall to the Carrousel gates, by which they might have resumed the homeward route. They were locked and guarded.

Sweltering, crushed, and turned about, the mob began to be irritated. Before its growls the gates were opened and the men spread over the capacious square.

There they remembered what the main affair was—to petition the king to revoke his veto. Instead of continuing the road, they waited in the square for an hour, when they grew impatient.

They might have gone away, but that was not the aim of the agitators, who went from group to group, saying:

"Stay; what do you want to sneak away for? The king is going to give his sanction; if we were to go home without that, we should have all our work to do over again."

The level-headed thought this sensible advice, but at the same time that the sanction was a long time coming. They were getting hungry, and that was the general cry.

Bread was not so dear as it had been, but there was no work going on, and however cheap bread may be, it is not made for nothing.

Everybody had risen at five, workmen and their wives, with their children, and come to the palace with the idea that they had but to get the royal sanction to have hard times end. But the king did not seem to be at all eager to give his sanction.

It was hot, and thirst began to be felt. Hunger, thirst, and heat drive dogs mad; yet the poor people waited and kept patient. But those next to the railings set to shaking them. A municipal officer made a speech to them:

"Citizens, this is the king's residence, and to enter with arms is to violate it. The king is quite ready to receive your petition, but only from twenty deputies bearing it."

What! had not their deputation, sent in an hour ago, been attended to yet?

Suddenly loud shouts were heard on the streets. It was Santerre and Huruge on their horses, and Theroigne riding on her cannon.

"What are you fellows hanging round this gate for?" queried Huruge. "Why do you not go right in?"

"Just so; why haven't we?" said the thousands.

"Can't you see it is fast?" cried several voices.

Theroigne jumped off her cannon, saying:

"The barker is full to the muzzle; let's blow the old gate open."

"Wait! wait!" shouted two municipal officers; "no roughness. It shall be opened to you."

Indeed, by pressing on the spring-catch they released the two gates, which drew aside, and the mass rushed through.

Along with them came the cannon, which crossed the yard with them, mounted the steps, and reached the head of the stairs in their company. Here stood the city officials in their scarfs of office.

"What do you intend doing with a piece of artillery?" they challenged. "Great guns in the royal apartments! Do you believe anything is to be gained by such violence?"

"Quite right," said the ringleaders, astonished themselves to see the gun there; and they turned it round to get it down-stairs. The hub caught on the jamb, and the muzzle gaped on the crowd.

"Why, hang them all, they have got cannon all over the palace!" commented the new-comers, not knowing their own artillery.

Police-Magistrate Mouchet, a deformed dwarf, ordered the men to chop the wheel clear, and they managed to hack the door-jamb away so as to free the piece, which was taken down to the yard. This led to the report that the mob were smashing all the doors in.

Some two hundred noblemen ran to the palace, not with the hope of defending it, but to die with the king, whose life they deemed menaced.

It was half past three, and it was hoped that the day would close with no more harm done.

Suddenly, the sound of the ax blows was heard above the noise of clamor, like the howling of a coming tempest. A man darted into the king's sleeping-room and called out:

"The palace is surrounded, and the people are making this uproar in wanting to see you."

The queen wished to make a last effort, but Gilbert barred the way with his arms.

"Madame," he said, "it is you and not the king who run the real danger. Rightly or wrongly, they accuse you of the king's resistance, so that your presence will expose him without defending him. Be the lightning-conductor—divert the bolt, if you can!"

"Then let it fall on me, but save my children!"

The crowd burst in as through a broken dam.

"Where is the Austrian? where is the Lady Veto?" demanded five hundred voices.

It was the critical moment.

Preceding the others was a woman with her hair down, who brandished a saber; she was flushed with rage—perhaps from hunger.

"Where is the Austrian cat? She shall die by no hand but mine!" she screamed.

"This is she," said one, taking her by the hand and leading her up to the queen.

"Have I ever done you a personal wrong?" demanded the latter, in her sweetest voice.

"I can not say you have," faltered the woman of the people, amazed at the majesty and gentleness of Marie Antoinette.

"Then why should you wish to kill me?"

"Folks told me that you were the ruin of the nation," faltered the abashed young woman, lowering the point of her saber to the floor.

"Then you were told wrong. I married your King of France, and am mother of the prince whom you see here. I am a French woman, one who will nevermore see the land where she was born; in France alone I must dwell, happy or unhappy. Alas! I was happy when you loved me." And she sighed.

The girl dropped the sword, and wept.

"Beg your pardon, madame, but I did not know what you were like. I see you are a good sort, after all."

"Keep on like that," prompted Gilbert, "and not only will you be saved, but all these people will be at your feet in an hour.

Intrusting her to some National Guardsmen and the War Minister, who came in with the mob, he ran to the king.

Louis had gone through a similar experience. On hastening toward the crowd, as he opened the Bulls-eye-Room, the door panels were dashed in, and pikes, bayonets, and axes showed their points and edges.

"Open the doors!" cried the king.

Servants heaped up chairs before him, and four grenadiers stood in front, but he made them put up their swords, as the flash of steel might seem a provocation.

A ragged fellow, with a knife-blade set in a pole, darted at the king yelling:

"Take that for your veto!"

One grenadier, who had not yet sheathed his sword, struck down the stick with the blade. But it was the king who, entirely recovering self-command, put the soldier aside with his hand, and said:

"Let me stand forward, sir. What have I to fear amid my people?"

Taking a forward step, Louis XVI., with a majesty not expected in him, and a courage strange heretofore in him, offered his breast to the weapons of all sorts directed against him.

"Hold your noise!" thundered a stentorian voice in the midst of the awful din. "I want a word in here."

A cannon might have vainly sought to be heard in this clamor, but at this voice all the vociferation ceased. This was the butcher Legendre. He went

up almost to touching the king, while they formed a ring around the two.

"Sirrah," began Legendre.

This expression, which seemed to indicate that the sovereign was already deposed, made the latter turn as if a snake had stung him.

"Yes, sir, I am talking to you, Veto," went on Legendre. "Just listen to us, for it is our turn to have you hear us. You are a double-dealer, who have always cheated us, and would try it again, so look out for yourself. The measure is full, and the people are tired of being your plaything and victim."

"Well, I am listening to you, sir," rejoined the king.

"And a good thing, too. Do you know what we have come here for? To ask the sanction of the decrees and the recall of the ministers. Here is our petition—see!"

Taking a paper from his pocket, he unfolded it, and read the same menacing lines which had been heard in the House. With his eyes fixed on the speaker, the king listened, and said, when it was ended, without the least apparent emotion:

"Sir, I shall do what the laws and the Constitution order me to do!"

"Gammon!" broke in a voice; "the Constitution is your high horse, which lets you block the road of the whole country, to keep France in-doors, for fear of being trampled on, and wait till the Austrians come up to cut her throat."

At this the shouting was renewed, and a man with a lance tried to stab the king; but another seized the weapon, tore it from the wielder's grip, and snapped it across his knee.

"No foul play," he said; "only one kind of steel has the right to touch this man: the axe of the executioner! I hear that a King of England had his head cut off by the people whom he betrayed—you ought to know his name, Louis. Don't you forget it."

"Oh, you may say what you like," returned the first, shaking his head; "this man is going to be tried and doomed as a traitor."

"Yes, a traitor!" yelled a hundred voices; "traitor, traitor!"

The king spoke:

"You see that I fear nothing," he said; "I received the sacraments this morning. Let them do what they like with me. As for the material sign which you suggest I should display—are you satisfied?"

Taking the red cap from a by-stander, he set it on his own head. The multitude burst into applause.

"Hurrah for the king!" shouted all the voices.

A fellow broke through the crowd and held up a bottle.

"If fat old Veto loves the people as much as he says, prove it by drinking our health."

"Do not drink," whispered a voice. "It may be poisoned."

The king took the bottle, and saying, "To the health of the people," he drank. Fresh cheers for the king resounded.

The queen stood in the same spot; the little prince, like his father, was wearing the red cap.

In the next room was a great hubbub; it was the reception of Santerre, who rolled into the hall.

"Where is this Austrian wench?" demanded he.

"Monsieur Santerre needs no introduction," interposed the queen. "I

know how at the famine time he fed at his whole expense half the St. Antoine suburb."

Santerre stopped, astonished; then, his glance happening to fall, embarrassed, on the dauphin, whose perspiration was running down his cheeks, he roared:

"Here, take that sweater off the boy —don't you see he is smothering?"

The queen thanked him with a look. He leaned on the table, and bending toward her, he said in an under-tone:

"You have a lot of clumsy friends, madame. I could tell you of some who would serve you better."

An hour afterward all the mob had flowed away, and the king, accompanied by his sister, entered the room where the queen and his children awaited him.

She ran to him and threw herself at his feet, while the children seized his hands, and all acted as though they had been saved from a shipwreck. It was only then that the king noticed that he was wearing the red cap.

"Faugh!" he said; "I had forgotten!"

Snatching it off with both hands, he flung it far from him with disgust.

The evacuation of the palace was as dull and dumb as the taking had been gleeful and noisy. Astonished at the little result, the mob said:

"We have not made anything; we shall have to come again."

In fact, it was too much for a threat, and not enough for an attempt on the king's life.

Louis had been judged on his reputation, and recalling his flight to Varennes, disguised as a serving-man, they had thought that he would hide under a table at the first noise, and might be done to death in the scuffle, like Polonius behind the arras.

Things had happened otherwise; never had the monarch been calmer, never so grand. In the height of the threats and the insults he had not ceased to say: "Behold your king!"

The Royalists were delighted, for, to tell the truth, they had carried the day.

Death of Richelieu

Cardinal Richelieu was dying.

The contest of imperial mind, over rebellious body, was not to be eternal in him. The mind spurning at last the frame which had been but a cage of torture to it, was to use its wings and soar freely to whither it had often aspired.

Beside his deathbed there were few to mourn.

The poets he had honored had spirits too small to excuse his only failing, vanity in one trifling point.

Courtiers he had befriended surrounded the king—the king now great through him, who was to say on the morrow: "Ah! yes! so that great politician is dead!"

The candles burned down.

Charpentier and Rossignol, the sole attendants by the bedside, started. For a knock came at the door.

Only on its repetition did Charpentier rise and open the door.

The man who entered, in a way that made it clear that he feared no stop-

page, was soldierly in carriage and wore the dress of the cardinal's guard. It was Captain Latil.

He took a seat at the foot of the bed and was speechless as the others; but he who might have seen him, bowed over to lean his chin on his hands and clasped on his sword pommel, would have noted how the tears flowed down his war-scarred cheeks and his long mustachios so often singed in battle-smoke.

The hours dragged on.

Suddenly the bed-clothes rustled. Charpentier stretched out his hand to a cup on a side-table.

But Richelieu indicated by the faintest of motions that he was past medicine.

"The king?" his lips formed the words.

"Nothing since his courier ten hours since went back," replied Charpentier.

"De Pontis?"

"My lord the Viscount has not been here since noon. The king appointed him first valet in lieu of Berringhen. He is on duty."

Richelieu's eyes closed, and he seemed to be praying. When he opened them again, he appeared to thank Rossignol and Charpentier with a look.

"Captain Latil?" said the cardinal, then, almost anxiously.

"Present!" said the guardsman, rising and standing erect, and carrying one hand to his sword-hilt and the other to the level of his forehead so quickly that he had not time to wipe away his tears.

Richelieu smiled.

"No more orders for you, captain!" said he.

Then he murmured, but the bystanders had organs preternaturally on the alert by their intense sorrow, and they heard these words, more like a train of thought quite audible than a speech:

"Monarch, nobles, friends, gone! The men of the people alone by me —alone dwelling with the falling star, rather than with the blazing one. Oh! that I had known that the treasures of the popular ocean gleam in the depths and that the shimmer on the surface is but the phosphorescent shine. Pardon, oh, Providence, thou which hast let me do a little of thy immense labor! forgive me for being blind, and grant that though I, and even these of the faithful who are but of transient life and unlike a country which is coeternal with thy world, my loved land may flourish in freedom, its people ruled by its people! Amen!"

A Vicomte's Breakfast

THE Vicomte de V—— once had breakfast costing five hundred francs.

"A breakfast costing five hundred francs!" the reader will exclaim. "Why, what ever do you mean; we fail to grasp the allusion."

Well, to explain; the Vicomte de V ——, brother to Comte Horace de V ——, and one of the most finished gourmets in France,—and not only in France, but in Europe, not only in Europe, but in all the world,—one day ventured to propound at a gathering, half artistic, half society, the startling statement—

"One man by himself can eat a dinner costing five hundred francs."

A universal shout of incredulity greeted the remark. "Impossible!" was heard on all sides.

"It is understood, of course," added the Vicomte, "that the word *eat* is taken to include the word *drink* as well."

"Why, of course."

"Well, then, I maintain that a man, —and when I say *a man*, I do not mean a common yokel, you know, but a gourmet, a disciple of Montrond or Courchamp,— well, I say that a man, a gourmet of the sort I mean, is capable of eating a dinner costing five hundred francs."

"You could do it yourself, for instance?"

"Certainly I could."

"Will you wager you could?"

"By all means."

"I will hold the stakes," said one of the bystanders.

"Yes, and I will eat them," declared the Vicomte.

"Come, then, let us settle the details."

"It is all as simple as can be . . . I will dine at the Café de Paris, arrange my menu as I please, and consume five hundred francs' worth of dinner."

"Without leaving anything over in the dishes or on your plate?"

"Excuse me, I shall leave the bones."

"That is only fair."

"And when is the wager to be decided?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"Then, you won't eat any breakfast?"

"I shall breakfast just as usual."

"Well and good; for to-morrow, then, at seven o'clock, at the Café de Paris."

The same evening, the Vicomte de V—— went to dine as usual at the fashionable restaurant. Then, after the meal, so as not to be biased by any pangs of hunger, he set to work to draw up his menu for the following day.

The maître d'hôtel was summoned. It was mid-winter. The Vicomte ordered several kinds of fruit and spring vegetables, as well as game, which was out of season.

The maître d'hôtel demanded a week's delay to obtain these delicacies; and the dinner was accordingly postponed for that time.

To right and left of the Vicomte's table the judges of the wager were to sit and dine. He was allowed two

hours for the meal—from seven to nine. He might talk, or not, just as he pleased.

At the appointed hour the Vicomte walked in, bowed to the umpires, and took his seat.

The menu had been kept secret; the Vicomte's opponents were to be given the gratification of the unexpected.

When he was duly installed, twelve dozen Ostend oysters were set on the table, together with a half bottle of Johannisberg.

The Vicomte was in form; he called for a second gross of oysters and another half bottle of the same vintage.

Next came a tureen of swallows'-nest soup, which the Vicomte poured into a bowl and drank off.

"Upon my word! gentlemen," he said, "I have a fine appetite to-day, and I feel greatly tempted to indulge a fancy."

"By all means! you are at liberty to do exactly as you like."

"I adore beefsteak and potatoes.—Here, waiter, a beefsteak and potatoes."

The man looked at the Vicomte in wonder.

"Well," added the latter, "don't you understand what I say?"

"Yes, sir, yes! but M. le Vicomte had settled his menu."

"True, true; but this is an extra, I will pay for it separately."

The umpires looked at one another. The dish was brought, and the Vicomte devoured it to the last scrap.

"Good! . . . and now the fish"—and the fish was set on the table.

"Gentlemen," observed the Vicomte, "it is a *ferra* from the Lake of Geneva, a fish only to be found there. Still it *can* be procured. I was shown it this morning as I sat at breakfast; it was then alive. It had been conveyed from Geneva to Paris swimming in lake water. I can recommend the dish; it is excellent."

Five minutes more and only the fish bones remained on the Vicomte's plate.

"The pheasant, waiter!" cried the Vicomte—and a truffled pheasant was duly served.

"Another bottle of Bordeaux, same vintage"—and the second bottle was produced.

The bird was disposed of in ten minutes.

"Monsieur," remarked the waiter at this point, "surely you have made a mistake in asking for the truffled pheasant before the stewed ortolans."

"Egad! but that's so. Luckily, it is not stipulated in what order the courses are to come; else I should have lost my bet. Now for the ortolans, waiter!"

There were ten, and the Vicomte made just ten mouthfuls of them.

"Gentlemen," said the Vicomte, "my menu is a very plain one now,—asparagus, green peas, a pineapple, and a dish of strawberries. For wine—a half bottle of constantia, a half bottle of sherry, East Indian, you know. Then, of course, to finish up with, the usual coffee and liqueurs."

Each item appeared in due course—fruits and vegetables, all was eaten conscientiously, wines and liqueurs, all was drunk to the last drop.

The Vicomte had taken an hour and fourteen minutes over his dinner.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, turning to the umpires, "has everything been done honestly and above-board?"

The judges answered unanimously in the affirmative.

"Waiter, the bill!"

Observe, people did not use the word *addition* in those days, as they do now.

The Vicomte glanced at the total, and handed in the document to the judges.

It read as follows:—

	Frs.
Ostend oysters, 24 dozen....	30
Swallows'-nest soup	150
Beefsteak and potatoes	2
Truffled pheasant	40
Stewed ortolans	50
Asparagus	15
Green peas	12
Pineapple	24
Strawberries	20
WINES AND LIQUEURS	
Johannisberg, one bottle....	24
Bordeaux, best quality, 2 bot..	50
Constantia, half bottle.....	40
Sherry (East Indian), half bottle	50
Coffee and liqueurs.....	1.50
Total .....508 Frs.	.50

This total was duly verified and found correct.

This account was carried to the Vicomte's adversary, who was dining in a private room. In five minutes' time he appeared, bowed to the Vicomte, drew from his pocket six bank-notes of a thousand francs, and handed them to him. This was the amount of the bet.

"Oh, sir," said the Vicomte, "there was no hurry about it; besides you would perhaps have liked to have your revenge."

"Should you feel inclined to give it to me, sir?"

"By all means."

"When?"

"Why," replied the Vicomte, with sublime simplicity, "now, at once, sir, if you wish."

The loser pondered deeply for a few seconds.

"Ah, no, upon my word!" he said at last; "after what I have seen, I think you are capable of anything."

The Drum-head Marriage

ABOUT four o'clock in the afternoon, two French generals, Pichegru and Hoche, were bending over a large map of the department of the Lower Rhine in the room at headquarters. Charles, the secretary, sat writing at a little distance from them, dressed in a becoming coat of dark blue, with pale blue facings and collar, and wearing the red cap of the staff secretaries. This cap was what he had found in the package referred to by the general.

The two generals had just decided that the following day, the 21st of December, the troops should pass over the curved line which divides Dawendorff from the heights of Reichsoffen, Froeschwiller and Woerth, where the Prussians were intrenched; these heights once carried, communication with Weissembourg would be cut off, and Haguenau, thus isolated,

would be compelled to surrender. The army was to march in three columns, two to attack in front, and the third, traversing the woods and uniting with the artillery, to attack the Prussians on the flank.

As fast as they arrived at each decision, Charles, the secretary, wrote them down and Pichegru signed them; then the division commanders, who were waiting in another room, were called, and each departed to rejoin his regiment, and to hold himself in readiness to execute the order he had just received.

While they were thus engaged, word was brought to Hoche that the battalion of the rear-guard, having been unable to find quarters in the village, refused to bivouac in the fields, and showed signs of insubordination. Hoche asked the number of the battalion, and learned that it was the third.

"Very well," he said, "go and tell the third battalion for me that it will not have the honor of sharing in the first attack," and he calmly continued to issue his orders.

A quarter of an hour later four soldiers from the mutinous battalion entered, and, in the name of their comrades, asked the general's pardon and requested permission for the battalion, which was about to bivouac on the spot indicated, to march first against the enemy.

"That cannot be," said Pichegru; "the battalion of the Indre deserves a reward, and they are to march first, but you shall be second."

The last orders had just been issued when an organ-grinder began to play the first strains of the "Marseillaise," "Allons enfants de la patrie," beneath the general's window.

Hoche paid no attention to the serenade, but Pichegru, at the first notes of the organ, listened attentively, then went to the window and opened it. An organ-grinder was persistently turning the handle of a box which he carried in front of him; but as darkness had set in, he could not distinguish the man's features. On the other hand, as the courtyard was full of persons going and coming, Pichegru probably did not care to run the risk of exchanging a word with him. He therefore drew back, and closed the window, although the tune still went on. But, turning to his young secretary, he said: "Charles, run down to the organ-grinder. Say 'Spartacus' to him, and if he replies 'Kosciusko' bring him up here. If he makes no reply, I have made a mistake, and you can leave him where he is."

Charles rose and went out without asking any questions.

The organ continued to play the "Marseillaise" perserveringly and Pichegru listened attentively. Hoche looked at Pichegru, expecting some explanation of this mystery. Then the organ stopped suddenly in the midst of a measure.

Pichegru nodded smilingly to Hoche. A moment later the door opened, and Charles entered, followed by the organ-grinder. Pichegru looked at him for a moment without speaking; he did not recognize the man.

The person whom Charles had brought into the room was a little below medium height and wore the Alsatian peasant's costume. His long black hair hung straight down over

his forehead, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat. He looked about forty-five years old.

"My friend," said Pichegru to the musician, "I think this child has made a mistake, and that I have no business with you."

"General, there can be no mistake in a watchword, and if you have any business with Stephan Moinjski, here he is." With these words he raised his hat, threw back his hair, and drew himself up to his full height; and, save for the hair and black beard, Pichegru saw before him his Polish spy.

"Well, Stephan?" asked the general.

"Well, general," replied the spy, "I know nearly all that you bade me find out."

"Then put aside your organ and come here. Listen, Hoche; this is some information in regard to the enemy. I am afraid," he added, turning to Stephan, "that you have not taken enough time to make your search very thorough."

"I do not know about Woerth, because an inhabitant of that town has agreed to give us information about it when we arrive at Froeschwiller; but I can tell you all you want to know about Froeschwiller and Reichsoffen."

"Go on."

"The enemy have abandoned Reichsoffen, in order to concentrate upon Froeschwiller and Woerth. Having learned that the junction of your two armies has been affected, they have concentrated upon those two points, which they intend to defend to the utmost. These two positions, which have excellent natural fortifications, have been covered with fresh works; intrenchments have been dug and bastions and redoubts have been erected. The enemy, both at the bridge of Reichsoffen, which they intend to defend as well, and on the heights of Froeschwiller and Woerth, number about twenty-two thousand men, and have thirty pieces of artillery, five of which have been detached for use at the bridge. And now," continued Stephan, "as your first attack will probably be made at Froeschwiller, here is a plan of the ground occupied by the enemy. The force under the command of the Prince de Condé occupies the village. I have no grudge against these men, for they are French. Once master of the heights, you command the city, and consequently it is yours. As for Woerth, I promise nothing as yet; but I may say I hope to show you how to take it without a struggle."

The two generals examined the plan, which was made with the accuracy of a skilled engineer.

"Upon my word, general," said Hoche, "you are fortunate in having spies who are capable of becoming officers of merit."

"My dear Hoche," said Pichegru, "this citizen is a Pole; he is not a spy; he is revenging himself." Then, turning to Stephan, he said: "Thanks! you have kept your word, and amply; but your work is only half accomplished. Will you engage to find us two guides who know their way so thoroughly that they could not lose it even on the darkest night? You will walk near one of them, and you will kill him on the first sign of hesitation on his part; I will walk near the other. As you probably have no pistols, here are two." And the gen-

eral gave a couple of pistols to Stephan, who received them with mingled pride and joy.

"I will find guides to be depended upon," he said, with his customary laconism. "How much time can you give me?"

"Half an hour; three-quarters at the outside."

The pretended musician shouldered his organ, and turned toward the door; but before he reached it, Faraud, the Parisian, slipped his head through the opening.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, general; upon the word of a sergeant, I thought you were alone," he said. "But I will go out again, and knock gently, as they used to do in the days of the old tyrant, if you wish."

"No," replied Pichegru; "since you are here, never mind; come in." Then, turning to General Hoche, he said: "General, let me present one of my braves to you. He is afraid of wolves, it is true, but not of Prussians; he took two of them prisoners this morning, and it was for that that I had those stripes put on his sleeve."

"Heavens!" said Faraud. "More generals! I shall have two witnesses instead of one."

"May I remind you, Faraud," said Pichegru, in that kindly tone he adopted toward his soldiers when he was in a good humor, "that this is the second time that I have had the pleasure of seeing you to-day?"

"Yes, general," replied Faraud; "days of happiness do come sometimes, and days of ill-luck at others; there are times when one simply can't help turning trumps."

"I suppose," said Pichegru, laughing, "that you did not come here merely to talk transcendental philosophy."

"General, I came here to ask you to be my witness."

"Your witness!" exclaimed Pichegru. "Are you going to fight a duel?"

"Worse than that, general; I am going to be married."

"Good! And to whom?"

"The Goddess of Reason."

"You are in luck, you rascal," said Pichegru; "she is the prettiest and best girl in the army. How did it happen? Come, tell us all about it."

"Oh, it is very simple, general. I do not need to tell you that I am a Parisian, do I?"

"No, I know it."

"Well, the Goddess of Reason comes from Paris, too. We are from the same *quartier*. I loved her, and she did not repulse me when the procession of the 'Country in Danger' passed with its black flags and its rolling drums. Then citizen Danton came to our faubourg, saying, 'To arms! The enemy is only four days' march from Paris.' I was a carpenter's apprentice, but all this upset me. The enemy only four days' march from Paris! The country in danger! 'Faraud,' I said, 'you must repulse the enemy, you must save the country.' I threw away my plane, caught up my gun, and went off to enlist under the flag of our municipality. The same day I went to the Goddess of Reason and told her that, as her sweet eyes had driven me to desperation, I was going to be a soldier in order to get finished off quickly; then Rose said to me—her name is Rose Charleroi—well, then, Rose Charleroi. the same as used

to take in fine washing, said to me: 'As truly as there is but one God, whom they are going to dethrone also, from what I hear, if my poor mother were not sick, I should enlist also!'

"'Ah! Rose,' said I, 'women do not enlist.'

"'Yes, they do,' she replied, 'as vivandiéres.'

"'Rose,' I answered, 'I will write you once a fortnight, to let you know where I am; and if you enlist, enlist in my regiment.'

"'Agreed!' she said.

"We clasped hands, embraced each other, and away went Faraud. After Jemmapes, where my regiment was cut to pieces, they put us with the volunteers of the Indre and brought us up the Rhine. Whom did I see six or eight weeks ago but Rose Charleroi! Her poor mother was dead, and she had been chosen as the best and most beautiful girl of the *quartier* to be the Goddess of Reason in some celebration or other, and after that, upon my word she kept her promise to me, and descended from her pedestal to enlist. I attempted to embrace her. 'Idle, lazy fellow,' she said to me, 'not even a corporal?'

"'What would you have, Goddess?' I said to her: 'I am not ambitious.'

"'Well, I am ambitious,' she said; 'don't come near me until you are a sergeant, unless it be to get something to drink.'

"'On the day that I am a sergeant will you marry me?' I asked.

"'I swear it on the flag of the regiment.'

"She has kept her word, general. We are to be married in ten minutes."

"Where?"

"In the courtyard, under your windows, general."

"And who is to marry you?"

"The drummer of the regiment."

"What, a drum-head marriage?"

"Yes, general; Rose wants everything to be regular."

"Excellent," said Pichegru, laughing. "I recognize the Goddess of Reason there! Tell her that, since she has asked me to be her witness. I will give her a dowry."

"A dowry, general?"

"Yes, a donkey with two barrels of brandy."

"Oh! general, it is your fault that I don't dare ask any thing else of you."

"Tell me what it is, anyway."

"Well, it is for my comrades rather than myself. The day ought to end as it began, with a ball."

"Well," said Hoche, "as the second witness, I will pay for the ball."

"And the town-hall will do for a ballroom," said Pichegru. "But you must tell them all that the ball must finish at two o'clock in the morning, as we are to march at half past two; we have twelve miles to go before daybreak. You are warned; those who wish to sleep may sleep, and those who wish to dance may dance. We will witness the marriage from the balcony; when all is ready we will know it by the rolling of the drums."

Intoxicated with all these promises, Faraud hastened downstairs, and soon the buzz of preparations could be heard in the courtyard. The two generals, once more alone, definitely arranged the plans for the following day.

These arrangements were scarcely completed before the rolling of a drum

informed the generals that they were needed to complete the wedding-party, and they lost no time in showing themselves upon the balcony.

As they came out, a tremendous cheer was raised; Faraud saluted in his own peculiar manner, and the Goddess of Reason became as red as a cherry. The whole staff surrounded the couple. It was the first time that this singular ceremony, which was afterward repeated so frequently during the three revolutionary wars, had taken place in the Army of the Rhine.

"Come!" said Faraud, "To your post, Spartacus."

The drummer, thus adjured by Faraud, got upon a table, before which the bride and groom placed themselves.

There was a long rolling of the drum; then Spartacus cried in a loud voice, so that no one present might lose a word of what was said: "Listen to the law! Whereas, it is not always possible in the field to find an official with stamped paper and floating scarf to open the doors of Hymen, I, Pierre-Antoine Bichonneau, called Spartacus, head drummer of the battalion of the Indre, proceed lawfully to unite in marriage Pierre-Claude Faraud and Rose Charleroi, vivandiére of the twenty-fourth regiment."

Spartacus here interrupted himself by rolling his drum, which was imitated by all the drummers of the battalion of the Indre and the twenty-fourth regiment.

Then, when the sound had ceased, he said: "Draw near, you who are to be united in matrimony."

The couple came a step nearer to the table.

"In the presence of the citizen-generals Lazare Hoche and Charles Pichegru, the battalion of the Indre, the twenty-fourth regiment, and any one else who happens to be present in the courtyard of the town-hall, in the name of the Republic, one and indivisible, I unite you and I bless you!"

Spartacus executed another roll of the drum, while two sergeants of the battalion of the Indre held a banner, intended to do duty as a canopy, over the heads of the bride and groom; after which Spartacus resumed:

"Citizen Pierre-Claude Faraud, you promise your wife protection and love, do you not?"

"The deuce!" said Faraud.

"Citizeness Rose Charleroi, you promise your husband constancy, fidelity, and a little mouthful to drink now and then, do you not?"

"Yes," replied Rose Charleroi.

"In the name of the law, you are married! The Regiment will adopt your numerous offspring. Wait now; don't go away!"

A rolling of twenty-five drums was heard which ceased suddenly at a sign from Spartacus. "Without that you would not have been happy," he said.

The two generals applauded laughingly, and nothing was heard in the courtyard except cheers and hurrahs, which gradually gave place to the clinking of glasses.

Sword and Pistol

On June 7th, 1866, as beautiful a day as Prussia can produce, Unter den Linden, at about six in the evening, presented a scene of most unusual commotion. The excitement was caused in the first place by the increasingly hostile attitude assumed by Prussia towards Austria, in refusing to allow the States of Holstein to proceed to the election of the Duke of Augustenburg, also by the general arming on all sides, by reports concerning the immediate calling up of the Landwehr and the dissolution of the Chamber, and finally by rumours of telegrams from France containing threats against Prussia, said to have been made by Louis Napoleon himself.

Consequently, remembering the Prussian heritage of hate, which, indeed, they have always shown quite openly—one could not be surprised at the popular emotion caused by a rumour, non-official but widely spread, that France would throw down the gauntlet and join in the impending conflict. Many, however, doubted the news, as not a word of it had appeared in the "Staat's Zeitung" that morning. Berlin, like Paris, has its faithful adherents to the Government and the "Moniteur," who believe that the latter cannot lie, and that a paternal Government would never, never keep back news interesting to its affectionate subjects. These were joined by the readers of the "Tages Telegraphe" ("Daily Telegraphic News"), certain that their special organ would have known whatever was to be known, and also by those of the ministerial and aristocratic "Kreuz Zeitung," who equally declined to believe anything not contained in its usually well-informed columns. And besides these one heard the names of a dozen other daily or weekly issues bandied from side to side in the excited crowd, until suddenly a harsh cry of "French news! French news! Telegraphic News" "One kreutzer," succeeded in dominating the din.

"June 6th, 1866. His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III, having gone to Auxerre, in order to be present at the provincial assembly, was met at the gates of the town by the mayor, who presented an address, offering the respectful homage of himself and the inhabitants. His Majesty replied in the following terms, which do not require to be explained to our countrymen. Their meaning must be sufficiently clear to all.

"'I see with much pleasure that Auxerre still remembers the First Empire. Let me assure you that I, on my side, have inherited the feelings of affection entertained by the Chief of our family for the patriotic and energetic communities which supported him alike through good and evil. And I myself owe a debt of gratitude to the department of the Yonne as being one of the first to declare for me in 1848. It knew, as indeed the greater part of the nation knew, that its interests and mine were identical and that we both equally detested those treaties of

1815, which are used to-day as a means of controlling our external policy.' "

Here the dispatch broke off, the sender evidently not considering the remainder of the emperor's discourse worth transcribing. Certainly his meaning was sufficiently clear without it Nevertheless some minutes elapsed before the sense of the communication was understood by the readers, and evoked the display of hatred which naturally followed.

When at last they began to comprehend and to see the hand of the nephew of Napoleon the Great overshadowing their beloved Rhine, there arose from one end of Unter den Linden to the other such a tempest of threats, howls, and hurrahs, that, to borrow Schiller's lively expression, one would have thought the encircling hoops of the heavenly concave must all be burst asunder. Threatening toasts were called, curses shouted, and fists shaken against offending France. A Göttingen student springing on a table began to recite with due emphasis Rückert's ferocious poem entitled "The Return," in which a Prussian soldier, having returned home in consequence of peace being declared, bitterly regrets the various outrages he is in consequence debarred from committing. Needless to say, this recital was enthusiastically applauded. Shouts of "Bravo!" and "Hurrah!" mixed with cries of "Long live King William!" "Hurrah for Prussia!" "Down with France!" formed an accompaniment which would doubtless have been continued to the next piece, the reciter proposing to give a lyric by Theodor Körner. The announcement was received with loud applause.

But all at once a loud and furious hiss which might have issued from the throttle of a steam engine was heard above all the wild applause, and produced the effect of a blow in the face bestowed on the singer. A bomb suddenly exploding in the crowd could hardly have been more effective; the hiss was answered by a dull roar something like that which precedes a hurricane, and every eye was turned towards the quarter whence it proceeded.

Standing by a solitary table was a handsome young man, apparently about five-and-twenty, fair-haired, fair-skinned, rather slightly built, and in face, moustache and costume somewhat resembling the portrait of Vandyke. He had just opened a bottle of champagne and held a foaming glass aloft. Undisturbed by angry looks and threatening gestures, he drew himself up, placed one foot on his chair, and raising his glass above his head cried loudly, "Vive la France!" then swallowed the contents at one draught.

The immense crowd surrounding the young Frenchman remained for a moment dumb with stupefaction. Many, not understanding French, failed to comprehend his meaning, and others who did understand, appreciating his courage in thus braving a furious crowd, surveyed him with more astonishment than anger. Others again, who realized that a dire insult had been offered them, would nevertheless with typical German deliberation have allowed him time to escape had he wished. But the young man's demeanour showed that, whatever the consequences of his bravado, he intended to face them. Presently a threatening

murmur of "Franzose, Franzose," arose from the crowd.

"Yes," said he, in as good German as might be heard anywhere between Thionville and Memel. "Yes, I am French. My name is Benedict Turpin. I have studied at Heidelberg and might pass for a German since I can speak your language as well as most of those here, and better than some. Also, I can use a rapier, pistol, sword, sabre, single-stick, boxing gloves, or any other weapon you like to choose. Any one wishing for satisfaction may find me at the Black Eagle."

Eilenriede is a sort of Hanoverian Bois de Boulogne. In the middle of the wood there is a little open glade with a spring which might have been made for duelling by nature. Its quiet was broken by the sound of a carriage. Benedict Turpin, the French artist and patriot, with one friend, Colonel Anderson, English officer, had come to an appointment.

"A lovely spot," said Benedict, "as the others are not yet here, I will sketch it."

Producing a sketch-book from his pocket, he dashed off a very accurate view of the place with remarkable speed and skill.

Presently another carriage appeared in the distance. As it came near, Benedict rose and removed his hat.

Three Prussian officers, the Editor of Berlin's newspaper, the Zeitung, and a surgeon occupied it. His adversaries left the carriage at a little distance, and courteously returned his salute. Colonel Anderson explained that his principal being a stranger, had no second but himself, and asked if one of his opponents would supply the deficiency. They consulted a moment, then one of the officers crossed over and bowed to Benedict.

"I am much obliged by your courtesy, sir," said Benedict.

"We will agree to anything, sir—rather than lose time," replied the officer.

Benedict bit his lip.

"Will you at once select the weapons," he said to Colonel Anderson in English, "we must not keep these gentlemen waiting."

One of the officers, Major von Bülow, had already divested himself of helmet, coat, waistcoat, and cravat. Benedict studied him carefully as he did so. He appeared to be about thirty-three and to have lived in his uniform until he felt uncomfortable out of it. He was dark, with glossy black hair cut quite short, a straight nose, black moustache and very decided chin. Both courage and loyalty could be read in the frank and open glance of his dark eyes.

Von Bülow, having provided the swords, Benedict was offered his choice of them. He simply took the first that came, and immediately passed his left hand along the edge and felt the point. The edge was keen as a razor. The point sharp as a needle. The major's second observed his action, and, beckoning Colonel Anderson aside:

"Will you," he said, "kindly explain to your principal that in German duels we use only the edge of the sword? To thrust with the point is inadmissible."

"The devil!" said Benedict when this information was repeated to him, "it is well you told me. In France, where duels, especially military ones, are usu-

ally serious, we use every stroke we can, and our sword-play is actually called 'counterpoint.'"

"But indeed," exclaimed von Bülow, "I beg, sir, that you will use your sword in whatever way you find best."

Benedict bowed in acknowledgment. Having fought several duels at Heidelberg, he was well acquainted with German methods of fencing and placed himself with apparent indifference. As the affronted person has the right of attack, and a challenge may be considered an affront, he waited, standing simply on guard.

"Engage, gentlemen!" cried the colonel.

Von Bülow's sword swept through the air with a flash like lightning. But, rapid though it was, it descended in empty space. Warned by the instinct of a true fencer, the blades had barely crossed when Benedict sprang swiftly aside and remained standing unguarded, his point lowered, and his mocking smile disclosing a fine set of teeth. His adversary paused, perplexed, then swung round so as to face him, but did not immediately advance. However, feeling that this duel must be no child's play, he stepped forward and instantly the point of Benedict's sword rose menacingly against him. Involuntarily he retreated a step. Benedict now fixed his eyes upon him, circling round him, now bending to the right, now again to the left, but always keeping his weapon low and ready to strike.

The major began to feel a kind of hypnotic influence overpowering him. Determined to fight against it, he boldly stepped forward, holding his sword aloft. Instantly he felt the touch of cold steel. Benedict thrust, his rapier pierced von Bülow's shirt and reappeared on the other side. Had not the major remained standing motionless opposite him, an onlooker would have supposed he had been run through the body.

The seconds hastened up, but:

"It is nothing, I assure you," said the major.

Then, perceiving that Benedict had only intended to pierce his shirt and not himself, he added:

"Come, sir, let us continue this game in earnest."

"Ah!" said Benedict, "but you see, had I played in earnest, you would now be a dead man!"

"On guard, sir," cried von Bülow, furious, "and remember this is a duel to the death."

Benedict stepped back and saluting with his sword:

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, "you see how unfortunate I am. Although fully intending not to use my point, I have nevertheless made two holes in my opponent's shirt. My hand might again refuse to obey my will, and, as I do not visit a country merely to rebel against its customs—particularly when they happen to be philanthropic—so——"

He went up to a rock which rose out of the little valley and, placing the point of his rapier in a crevice, broke off a good inch of the blade.

His adversary wished to do likewise, but,

"It is quite unnecessary, sir," said Benedict, "you are not likely to use your point."

Being now reduced to ordinary sword-play, Benedict crossed swords with his opponent, which necessitated

their keeping close together. But he continually retreated half a pace and advanced again, thanks to which incessant movement the major merely made cuts in the air. Becoming impatient, he endeavoured to reach Benedict, missed again, and involuntarily lowered his weapon. Benedict parried a back stroke and touched von Bülow's breast with the broken point. Said he:

"You see I was right in breaking the point of my sword. Otherwise, this time something besides your shirt would have been pierced."

The major remained silent, but quickly recovering himself again stood on guard. He now saw that his adversary was a most skilful swordsman, who united French celerity with determined coolness and who was fully conscious of his strength.

Benedict, seeing that an end must be made, now stood still, calm but menacing, with frowning brows and eyes fixed on his enemy, not attempting to strike but retaining a posture of defence. It seemed as if he awaited the attack, but suddenly with the unexpected celerity which characterized all his movements, he sprang forward with a bound like that of a jaguar, aimed a blow at his adversary's head, and as the latter raised his arm in defence, drew a line with his blade right across his chest. Then, springing lightly back in the same instant he again lowered his sword as before.

Von Bülow's shirt, slashed as though cut by a razor, was instantly tinged with blood. The seconds moved forward.

"Do not stir, I beg," cried the major, "it is nothing but a scratch. I must confess the gentleman's hand is a light one."

And he again stood on guard.

Courageous though he was, he felt he was losing confidence, and, dumbfounded by his enemy's agility, a sense of great danger oppressed him. Evidently Benedict was keeping just out of reach, and was merely waiting until he should expose himself by an unwary advance. He understood that hitherto his opponent had simply played with him, but that now the duel was approaching an end and that his smallest mistake would be severely punished. His sword, never able to encounter Benedict's, seemed to become lifeless, and ceased to respond to his will.

His previous experience in fencing seemed useless here, and this flashing blade which he could never touch, but which rose constantly before him, alert, intelligent, as if endued with life, confused his senses. He dared not risk a movement before this enemy always just beyond his reach, so imperturbable and yet so alert, and who evidently intended, like the artist he was, either to finish with one brilliant stroke or else—which did not seem likely—to expire in a dignified pose like the "Dying Gladiator."

But, exasperated by his opponent's perfect bodily grace, by his elegant and masterly swordsmanship, and still more by the mocking smile which hovered on his lips, von Bülow felt the blood rise to his temples, and could not resist muttering between his teeth: "This fellow is the very devil!"

And, springing forward, no longer fearing the broken point, he raised his sword and aimed a blow with all his might at his adversary, a blow which,

had it reached its object, would have split his head as though it had been an apple. Again, the stroke only encountered empty air, for once more Benedict had effaced himself by a light, graceful spring, very familiar to Parisian fencing masters.

The major's raised sword had broken his guard. A flash, as of lightning, and his arm, streaming with blood, fell against his side. His sword dropped, but remained upright supported by the sword knot.

The seconds hurried to his side. Very pale, but with smiling lips, von Bülow bowed to Benedict and said:

"I thank you, sir. When you might have run me through the body you only wounded my shirt; when you might have cut me in two you let me off with the sort of cut one gets in shaving, and now, when you might have either cleft my head or maimed my arm, I escape with a ruined sleeve. I now ask you to extend your courtesy even further, and to complete the record like the gentleman you are by explaining why you have spared me thus?"

"Sir," said Benedict with a smile, "in the house of Herr Fellner, the Burgomaster of Frankfort, I was introduced to his god-daughter, a charming lady, who adores her husband. Her name was the Baroness von Bülow. When I saw your card it occurred to me that you might be related, and though, beautiful as she is, mourning could only add to her charm, it would grieve me to have been the cause of compelling her to wear it."

The major looked Benedict in the face and, stern soldier though he might be, there were tears in his eyes.

"Madame von Bülow is my wife." he said. "Believe me, sir, wherever she may meet you she will greet you thus: 'My husband foolishly quarrelled with you, sir; may you ever be blessed because for my sake you spared him!' and she will give you her hand with as much gratitude as I now offer you mine."

And he added smiling:

"Forgive me for only offering my left hand. It is entirely your own fault that I cannot give you the right."

And now, although the wound was not dangerous, von Bülow did not refuse to have it dressed. The surgeon promptly ripped up his sleeve, disclosing a wound, not very deep, but terrible to look at, which extended down the arm from the shoulder to the elbow. And one shuddered to think what such a wound would have been, had the swordsman struck with all his force instead of simply drawing his blade along the arm.

The surgeon dipped a cloth in the ice-cold spring which rose at the foot of the rock and wrapped it round the arm. He then drew the sides of the wound together and strapped them with plaster. He assured the major that he would be quite able to continue his journey to Frankfort in the evening.

Benedict offered his carriage to the major, who, however, declined, being curious to see what would happen to his successor. He excused himself on the score that courtesy required him to wait for Herr Georges Kleist, Editor of the Zeitung.

Although Herr Kleist, having had time to see what sort of adversary he had to deal with, would willingly have been some leagues away, he put a brave face on the matter, and although he

grew perceptibly pale during the first duel, and still paler when the wound was dressed, he was, nevertheless, the first to say.

"Excuse my interrupting you, gentlemen, but it is my turn now."

"I am quite at your service, sir," said Benedict.

"You are not properly dressed for a duel with pistols," interposed Colonel Anderson, glancing at Benedict's costume.

"Really," said Benedict, "I never thought about what clothes I was to fight in. I only wanted to do it with comfort to myself. That's all!"

"You can at least put on your tunic and button it!"

"Bah! It is much too hot."

"Perhaps we ought to have taken the pistols first. All this sword-play may have unsteadied your hand."

"My hand is my servant, dear colonel; it knows it has to obey me and you will see it does so."

"Do you wish to see the pistols you are to use?"

"You have seen them, have you not? Are they double barrelled or single?"

"Single barrelled duelling pistols. They were hired this morning from a gunsmith in the Grande Place."

"Then call my other second and see them properly loaded. Mind the shot is inside the barrels, and not dropped outside."

"I will load them myself."

"Colonel," asked the Prussian officers, "do you wish to see the pistols loaded?"

"Yes. I wish to do so. But how are we to arrange? Herr Kleist will only have one second."

"These two gentlemen may answer for Herr Kleist," said the major, "and I will go over to M. Turpin." And his wound being now bandaged, he went and sat down on the rock which gave its name to the glade.

Meanwhile the pistols were loaded, Colonel Anderson fulfilling his promise by putting in the balls himself. Benedict came up to him.

"Tell me," the Englishman asked gravely, "do you mean to kill him?"

"What do you expect? One can't exactly play with pistols as one can with swords or rapiers."

"Surely there is some way of disabling people with whom you have no serious quarrel without killing them outright?"

"I really cannot undertake to miss him just to oblige you! Think! He would naturally go and publish everywhere that I did not know how to shoot!"

"All right! I see I need not have spoken. I bet you have an idea of some sort."

"Frankly, I have. But then he must do his part."

"What must he do?"

"Just keep perfectly still, it ought not to be so very difficult. See, they are ready."

The seconds had just measured the forty-five paces. Colonel Anderson now measured off fifteen from each end, and to mark the exact limit which neither combatant was to pass, he laid two scabbards across and planted a sword upright in the ground at each end to decide the starting-point.

"To your places, gentlemen," cried the seconds

Herr Kleist having selected his pistol, the colonel brought the other to

Benedict, who was talking to the major, and who took the pistol without as much as looking at it, and still chatting with von Bülow, walked quietly to his place.

The duellists now stood at the extreme distance.

"Gentlemen!" said Colonel Anderson, "you are now forty-five paces apart. Each of you may either advance fifteen paces before firing, or may fire from where he now stands. Herr Georges Kleist has the first shot and may fire as soon as he pleases. Having fired, he may hold his pistol so as to protect any part of himself he wishes.

"Now, gentlemen!"

The two adversaries advanced towards each other. Having arrived at the mark, Benedict waited, standing, facing his opponent with folded arms. A light breeze ruffled his hair and blew his shirt open at the chest. He had walked at his ordinary pace.

Herr Kleist, dressed entirely in black, bare-headed, and with closely buttoned coat, had advanced slowly, by force of will overcoming physical disinclination. He halted at the limit:

"You are ready, sir?" he asked.

"Quite ready, sir."

"Will you not turn sideways?"

"I am not accustomed to do so."

Then, turning himself, Herr Kleist slowly raised his pistol, took aim, and fired.

Benedict heard the ball whiz close by his ear and felt the wind ruffle his hair; it had passed within an inch of his head.

His adversary instantly raised his pistol, holding it so as to protect his face, but was unable entirely to control a nervous movement of his hand.

"Sir," said Benedict, "you courteously asked just now if I would not stand sideways, which is unusual between combatants. Permit me in my turn to offer a piece of advice, or rather, make a request."

"What is it, sir?" asked the journalist, still protecting himself with his pistol.

"This; keep your hand steady, your pistol is moving. I wish to put my ball in the wood of your pistol, which will be very difficult unless you keep it quite still. Against my own will I might hit you, either in the cheek or the back of the head, whereas—if you keep your hand just as it is——"

He raised his pistol and fired instantly.

"There! it is done now!"

It was done so rapidly that no one could have supposed he had taken any aim at all. But, even as the report was heard, Herr Kleist's pistol was blown to pieces and he himself staggered and fell on one knee.

"Ah!" said Anderson, "you have killed him."

"I think not," replied Benedict. "I aimed between the two screws which hold the hammer. It is the shock of the concussion which has brought him down."

The surgeon and the two seconds hastened to the wounded man, who now held only the butt end of his pistol. There was a terrible bruise on his cheek, reaching from the eye to the jaw. Otherwise he was untouched, only the shock had knocked him down.

The barrel of the pistol was picked up on one side and the lock on the other. The ball had lodged exactly between the two screws. Had it con-

tinued its course unobstructed it would have broken the upper jaw and penetrated the brain.

The dressing was simple—the bruise was a very bad one, but the skin was only broken in two places, and the surgeon considered a cold-water bandage to be all that was required.

Benedict embraced the major, bowed to the journalist, shook hands with the seconds, put on his coat, and got into the carriage, looking less dishevelled than if he had come from a picnic.

"Well, my dear sponsor," he said to Colonel Anderson.

"Well, my dear godson," responded the latter, "I know at least ten men besides myself who would willingly have given a thousand pounds to see what I have seen to-day."

"Sir," said the surgeon, "if you would promise neither to hunt nor to fight unless I am there to see, I, my horse, and my carriage should be at your service for the rest of my life."

And indeed, Benedict returned, having fought his duels, vanquished his adversaries, and come off without a single scratch!

It Rains

The two systems, for ten months in view of each other, and which, thus far, had only carried on light attacks, and commenced a few skirmishes, prepared to meet body to body, when it was evident that the struggle once begun would end fatally for one or the other. These two systems, born in the bosom of the Revolution itself, were those of Moderation, represented by the Girondins,—that is to say, by Brissot, Pétion, Vergniaud, Valazé, Lanjuinais, Barbaroux, etc.,—and La Terreur, or La Montagne, represented by Danton, Robespierre, Chénier, Fabre, Marat, Collot d'Herbois, Hébert, etc.

After the 10th of August, as after every action, the power appeared to pass into the hands of the Modérés. A ministry had been formed from the wreck of the former ministry, and of a new adjunction. Roland, Servien, and Clavieres, former ministers, had been recalled. Danton, Monge, and Le Brun had been nominated afresh. With one exception only, all these ministers belonged to the Moderate party. Of course when we say "Moderate" we speak relatively. But the 10th of August had had its echo from afar, and the coalition hastened to march, not to the assistance of Louis XVI. personally, but to the royalist principles tottering at its basis. Then were heard the menacing words of Brunswick, and, as a terrible realisation, Longwy and Verdun had fallen into the power of the enemy. Then a dreadful reaction had taken place; then Danton had dreams of the days of September, and realised the bloody dream which displayed before the enemies of France an entire scene of immense assassination, ready to struggle for an existence, compromised with all the energy of despair.

September had saved France, but in saving her, had exceeded the limits of the law. France saved, energy became

useless; the Modérés had regained some strength, and then wished to recriminate those dreadful days. The words "murderer" and "assassin" had been uttered; a new name had even been added to the national vocabulary,—it was that of Septembriseurs. Danton had bravely accepted it. Like Clovis he had for a moment inclined his head under the baptism of blood only to raise it still more lofty and menacing. Another opportunity to renew La Terreur presented itself; it was the *procés* of the king. Violence and moderation entered, not altogether to wrestle against persons, but principles. The hope of relative strength was founded on the royal prisoner. Moderation was overcome, and the head of Louis XVI. fell upon the scaffold. As the 10th of August, so the 24th of January had rendered to the coalition all its energy. It was still the same man whom they opposed, but not the same fortune. Dumouriez, arrested in his progress by the disorder of all the administrations which prevented the succour of men or money reaching him, declared against the Jacobins, whom he accused of causing this disorganisation, adopted the party of the Girondins, and ruined them in declaring himself their friend. Then La Vendée rose, threatening the districts; misfortune producing treason, and treason misfortune. The Jacobins accused the Modérés, and wished to strike the blow on the 10th of March. But too much precipitation on the part of their adversaries saved them, and perhaps also the rain, which had caused Pétion (that profound anatomist of the Parisian mind) to remark,—

"It rains! there will be nothing to-night."

A Melancholy Tale

The Temple, the prison for enemies of the republic, suggested associations which were not entirely without remorse for the political consciences of those who had been taken there. It was always a busy part of Paris.

Some of them, after they had sent Louis XVI. to the Temple, that is to say, after they had closed the prison doors upon him, had opened them again only to send him to the scaffold. which means that several of the prisoners were regicides.

Accorded their liberty in the interior of the prison, they rallied around General Pichegru as being the most eminent personality among them. Pichegru, who had nothing to reproach himself with as far as Louis XVI. was concerned, and who, on the contrary, was being punished for the too great pity which he had evinced for the Bourbons—Pichegru, the archeologist, historian, and man of letters, placed himself at the head of the group who asked permission to visit the apartments of the tower.

Lavilleheurnois, former Master of Requests under Louis XVI., secret agent of the Bourbons during the Revolution, and a participant with Brotier-Deprêle in a conspiracy against the Republic, acted as their guide.

"Here is the chamber of the unfor-

tunate Louis XVI.," he said, opening the door of the apartment in which the august prisoner had been confined.

Rovère, the former lieutenant of Jourdan Coupe-Tête, who had apologized to the Assembly for the massacre at the Glacière, could not support this sight, and withdrew, striking his forehead with his hands as he went.

Pichegru, now as calm as though he had been again with the Army of the Rhine, deciphered the inscriptions which were written in pencil on the woodwork and scratched with a diamond on the window pane. He read this one:

"O God! pardon those who have killed my parents!
O my brother, watch over me from heaven!
May the French be happy!"

There could be no doubt as to who had traced those words, but he wished to assure himself of the truth. Lavilleheurnois asserted that he recognized the handwriting of Madame Royale, daughter of Marie Antoinette; but Pichegru sent for the porter, who assured him that it was indeed the august daughter of Louis XVI. who had written these lines, so replete with Christian spirit. Then he added: "Gentlemen, I beg of you not to efface those lines so long as I am here. I have vowed that no one shall touch them."

"Very well, my friend," said Pichegru; "you are a worthy man." And while the other spoke, Delarue wrote beneath the words: "May the French be happy!"

"Heaven will hear the prayers of the innocent."

Meanwhile, although they were separated from the world, the prisoners had the satisfaction of learning upon several occasions that they were not forgotten.

On the very evening of the 18th of September, day of exile, as the wife of one of the prisoners was leaving the prison, she was accosted by a man she did not know.

"Madame," said he, "you are doubtless connected with one of the unfortunate men who were arrested this morning."

"Alas! yes, sir," she replied.

"Well, then, permit me to send him, whoever he may be, this slight loan, which he can repay in better times." And so saying, he put three rolls of louis in her hand.

An old man whom Madame Laffon-Ladébat did not know came to her house on the 19th Fructidor.

"Madame," he said, "I feel for your husband all the esteem and the friendship which he deserves. Be good enough to give him these fifty louis. I regret exceedingly that I have only this small sum at present to offer him." And then, noting her hesitation and divining its cause, he added: "Madame, your delicacy need not suffer. I am only lending this money to your husband; he can repay me when he returns."

Almost all the men who were condemned to exile had occupied the foremost offices of the government for a long time, and it is a remarkable fact that on the 18th Fructidor, when they were about to be exiled, they were all poor.

Pichegru, the poorest of all, when he learned that he was not to be shot, as

he had at first supposed, but only exiled, was much disturbed about his brother and sister, whose sole support he had always been. As for poor Rose, she was able to support herself with her needle, and was richer than any of them. Had she known of the trouble which had befallen her friend, she would surely have hastened to him from Besançon and opened her purse to him.

That which most disturbed the man who had saved France on the Rhine and who had conquered Holland, the richest of all the provinces; who had handled millions, and refused to sell himself for millions; was not married, and was accused of having received a million in money, of having exacted a promise of the principality of Arbois, with two hundred thousand livres' income and reversion to his wife and children, and the château of Chambord, with twelve cannon which he had captured from the enemy—that which most disturbed this man, who had no wife or children, who had given himself for nothing when he might have sold himself for a great price, was a debt of six hundred francs, which he had not paid.

He sent for his brother and sister and said to the latter: "You will find at my lodgings the hat, coat and sword which I wore when I conquered Holland. Put them up for sale with the inscription, 'The hat, coat, and sword of Pichegru, who has been exiled to Cayenne.'"

His sister did as he bade her, and the following day she came and told him that a pious hand had paid her the six hundred francs and that the debt was cancelled.

Barthélemy, one of the most prominent men of the time, politically speaking, since he had negotiated the treaties with Prussia and Spain, the first which the Republic had ever signed, and who could have compelled each of these powers to have given him a million, had for sole property a farm which brought him in an annual income of eight hundred livres.

Villot, at the time of his arrest, possessed only one thousand francs. A week before he had lent them to a man who called himself his friend, but who failed to return them before his departure.

Laffon-Ladébat, who, since the proclamation of the Republic, had neglected his own interests for those of his country, and who had once possessed an immense fortune, could scarcely get together five hundred francs when he he learned of his condemnation. His children, upon whom had devolved the duty of paying his creditors, did so only to find themselves thereafter in penury.

Delarue supported his old father and all his family. Rich before the Revolution, but ruined by it, he owed the help which he received at his departure to friends. His father, an old man of sixty-nine, was inconsolable, but grief could not kill him. He lived in the hope of seeing his son again some day.

Three months later he was told that an officer of the navy, who had just arrived in Paris, had met Delarue in the deserts of Guiana. He at once wished to see and talk with him. The officer's story was of interest to the whole family, and they were all assembled to meet him. The officer entered. Delarue's father rose to go and meet

him; but just as he was about to throw his arms around his neck, joy killed him, and he fell dead at the feet of the man who said: "I have seen your son."

As for Tronçon de Coudray, who had nothing but his salary to live on, he was deprived of all his offices when he was arrested, and went away with two louis for his entire fortune.

Perhaps I am wrong, but it seems to me, since the historians neglect this duty, that it is well for the story-writer to follow in the wake of revolutions and *coups d'état*, and teach men that it is not always those men to whom statues are erected who are most worthy of respect and admiration.

General Augereau, after having been charged with the arrests, was appointed to watch the prisoners. He gave them for their immediate keeper a man who had been, until within a month, at the galleys at Toulon, where he had been sent after a trial by court-martial, for theft, murder, and incendiarism, committed in the Vendée.

The prisoners remained at the Temple from the morning of the 18th Fructidor until the evening of the 21st. At midnight the jailer woke them, telling them that they were to start, and that they had a quarter of an hour in which to get ready. Pichegru, who still preserved the habit of sleeping with his clothes on, was ready first, and went from room to room to hasten his comrades. He went down first, and found ex-director Barthélemy between General Augereau and minister of the police Sothin, who had brought him to the Temple in his own carriage. Sothin had treated him well, and as Barthélemy thanked him, the minister replied: "We know what revolutions are. Your turn to-day, ours, perhaps, to-morrow."

When Barthélemy, anxious about the country rather than about his own affairs, asked if no harm had resulted from it and if the public peace had not been disturbed.

"No," replied the minister; "the people swallowed the pill; and, as the dose was a good one, they took it without any trouble." Then, seeing all the exiles at the foot of the tower, he added: "Gentlemen, I wish you a pleasant journey."

Then getting into his carriage he drove away.

Augereau ordered the roll of the prisoners to be read. As they were named, a guard led them to the carriages past a file of soldiers who insulted them as they went along.

Some of those men—miserable river bastards always ready to insult those who were down—tried to reach across the others in order to strike the exiles in the face, to tear their clothing, or to bespatter them with mud.

"Why do you let them go?" they cried. "You promised us that they should be shot."

"My dear *general*," said Pichegru, as he passed Augereau, emphasizing the title, "if you promised those men that, you are doing very wrong not to keep your word."

Four carriages, or, rather, four boxes on wheels, inclosed on all sides with iron bars, which bruised the prisoners at every jolt, received the exiles. Four of them were placed in each cage, and no attention was paid either to their weakness or their wounds. Some of them had received sabre cuts; others had been wounded, either by the sol-

diers who had arrested them or by the mob, whose opinions always will be that the conquered do not suffer enough.

There was a keeper for each wagon and each group of four men, who had the care of the key of the padlock which closed the grating which served in lieu of a door.

General Dutertre commanded the escort, which consisted of four hundred infantry, two hundred cavalry, and two cannon.

Every time the exiles got in or out of the cages, the two pieces were trained diagonally upon the carriages, while gunners stood ready, with lighted matches in their hands, to fire the cannon, should any of them attempt to escape, both upon those who made the attempt and upon those who did not.

The condemned men began their journey on the 22d Fructidor (8th of September) in the midst of a terrible storm. They had to cross the whole length of Paris, starting with the Temple and leaving the city through the Barrière d'Enfer, to take the road to Orléans. But instead of following the Rue Saint-Jacques, the escort after crossing the bridge, turned to the right and led the procession to the Luxembourg. Here the three directors, or rather Barras, who was the three in himself, was giving a ball.

Barras, commander of Paris, when notified, hastened to the balcony, followed by the guests, and pointed out Pichegru, three days earlier the rival of Moreau, Hoche, and Bonaparte, and with him Barthélemy, his former colleague, Villot, Delarue, Ramel—in short, all those whom the turn of Fortune's wheel or the forgetfulness of Providence had put in his power. The exiles heard Barras, amid noisy bursts of laughter and joy enjoin Dutertre, Augereau's man, "to take good care of these gentlemen." To which Dutertre replied: "Never fear, general."

We shall soon see what Barras meant when he said "Take good care of these gentlemen."

In the meantime the people who were coming out of the Odéon Club surrounded the wagons; and being refused permission to do what they urgently demanded to do—to tear the exiles to pieces—they consoled themselves by throwing fireworks which enabled them to see the prisoners without any trouble.

Finally the procession passed through the Rue d'Enfer to the accompaniment of fierce cries for their death and howls of rage, and left Paris. At two o'clock in the afternoon, having made only twenty-four miles, they reached Arpajon. Barthélemy and Barbé-Marbois, the weakest of the exiles, were lying upon their faces, apparently exhausted.

When they heard that the day's journey was ended, the prisoners hoped that they would be conducted to some suitable place where they could take a little rest. But the commander of the escort took them to the prison reserved for thieves, eagerly examining their faces and showing the utmost delight when they manifested repulsion and disgust. Unfortunately, the first wagon to be opened was the one in which Pichegru had travelled; his impassive face did not betray the least emotion. He merely said as they approached the hole: "If it is a stairway, give me a light; if it is a well, tell me so at once."

It was a staircase, of which several

steps were missing. This calmness exasperated Dutertre.

"Ah, rascal," he said, "you think you can defy me; but we shall see one of these days whether I cannot find the end of your insolence."

Pichegrue, who reached the bottom first, called out to his companions that some one had been thoughtful enough to spread straw for them, and thanked Dutertre for the attention. But the straw was soaking wet and the cell was foul.

Barthélemy came next, gentle, calm, but exhausted, and aware that he could not expect an instant's repose. Lying half in the icy water, he raised his hands murmuring: "My God! my God!"

Then came Barbé-Marbois, who was upheld by the arms. At the mephitic odor which arose from the cell, he drew back and said: "Shoot me, and spare me the horror of such agony."

But the jailer's wife who stood behind him answered: "You are very particular. Better men than you have gone down there without making such a fuss." And with a vigorous shove she sent him head first from top to bottom of the stairs.

Villot, who was next, heard Barbé-Marbois cry out, and the answering cry of his comrades who darted forward to seize him as he fell, and grabbing the woman by the neck, he said: "Upon my word, I have a good notion to strangle you. What do you all say?"

"Leave her alone, and come down here with us," answered Pichegru.

They had raised Barbé-Marbois. His face was bruised, and his jawbone broken. The three exiles who were safe and sound began to cry: "A surgeon! A surgeon!"

There was no answer. Then they asked for water to bathe their comrade's wounds; but the door was closed and it did not open until two hours later, and then only to pass in their dinner, consisting of a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water.

They were all very thirsty, but Pichegru, accustomed to all sorts of privations, immediately offered his portion of the water to bathe Barbé-Marbois's wound. The other prisoners, however, would not permit this sacrifice. The necessary amount of water was taken from the general fund; and as Barbé-Marbois could not eat, his portion was divided among the others.

On the next day, 23d Fructidor (9th of September), they started again at seven in the morning. No inquiries were made as to how the exiles had passed the night, and the wounded man was not allowed to see a surgeon. They reached Etampes at noon. Dutertre ordered a halt in the middle of the square, and exposed the prisoners to the insults of the crowd, who were permitted to surround the wagons, and who took advantage of the permission to hoot, curse, and bespatter with mud the men of whose crime they were ignorant, and who were prisoners in their eyes simply because they were prisoners. The exiles insisted that they go on, or be allowed to leave the wagons. Both requests were refused. One of the exiles, Tronçon de Coudray, was deputy for the Department of the Seine-et-Oise, which includes Etampes and which was then the very canton whose inhabitants had supported his candidacy with the most enthusiasm.

He resented this ingratitude and desertion of his people therefore all the more keenly. Rising suddenly, as if he had been in the tribune, and replying to those who had called him by name, he said:

"Yes, it is I—I myself, your representative! Do you recognize him in this iron cage? It is I, whom you have intrusted with your rights, which are being violated in my person. I am dragged to punishment without having been tried, without even having been accused. My crime is that I have protected your liberty, your property, your persons; that I have wished to give peace to France, and by so doing to return to you your children who are being slaughtered by the enemy's bayonets. My crime is that I have been faithful to the Constitution to which we have sworn allegiance, and to-day, as a reward for my zeal in defending you, you join the ranks of my executioners! You are wretches and cowards, unworthy to be represented by a man of heart."

And he relapsed into his apparent indifference once more. The crowd was for a moment crushed and awed by this attack; but they soon renewed their insults, which became more outrageous than ever when the condemned men were given their dinner, which consisted of four loaves of bread and four bottles of wine. This exhibition lasted three hours.

That evening they stopped for the night at Angerville, and Dutertre wished to put the prisoners together in one cell, as he had done the night before. But an adjutant-general, who by an odd coincidence was named Augereau, took it upon himself to lodge them in an inn, where they passed a comfortable night, and where Barbé-Marbois was able to secure the services of a surgeon.

On the 24th Fructidor (10th September) they reached Orléans early, and passed the rest of that day and the following night in a house of confinement which had formerly been an Ursuline convent. This time the deputies were not guarded by their escort, but by gendarmes, who, while obeying orders, treated them with the utmost consideration. They quickly recognized in the two servants who had been sent to help them, in spite of their disguise of coarse clothing, two ladies of rank who had sought this opportunity to offer help and money. They even promised Villot and Delarue to assist them to escape. They could facilitate the escape of two prisoners, but no more. Villot and Delarue refused, fearing that their flight would aggravate the fate of their two companions. The names of these two angels of charity have never been known. To name them at that time would have been to denounce them.

History has from time to time such moments of regret which give rise to a sigh.

The next day the party reached Blois. A crowd of boatmen were waiting for them on the outskirts of the town in the hopes of breaking open the wagons and murdering the prisoners. But the captain of cavalry commanding the detachment, whose name was Gautier—history has preserved his name, as it has that of Dutertre—signalled to the exiles that they need have no fear.

Then he took forty men and routed the rabble. But insults were never-

theless lavished upon them. The names of rascals, regicides, and panders were hurled blindly at them by the furious crowd, through the midst of which they passed on their way to a damp little church, where the prisoners found a small quantity of straw strewn upon the floor.

As they entered the church, the people crowded near enough for Pichegru to feel some one slip a little note into his hand. As soon as they were alone, Pichegru read the little note. It contained these words:

"General, it only depends on yourself to leave your prison, mount a horse, and escape under an assumed name by means of a passport. If you consent, as soon as you have read this note, approach the guard who is watching you, taking care to leave your hat on your head; this will mean that you consent. Then, from midnight until two o'clock be dressed and on the alert."

Pichegru walked toward the guard bareheaded. The man who had endeavored to save him cast a glance of admiration at him and walked away.

The exiles arrived at Rochefort on the 21st of September, about three or four o'clock in the afternoon. The convoy left the main street and followed the fortification, where an immense crowd awaited them, turned the corner of the square, and went toward the bank of the Charente. There was now no longer any doubt, either for those who had heard the fatal secret, or for the thirteen who were as yet ignorant of it. They were about to be sent on shipboard, deprived of the barest necessities of life, and exposed to the dangers of a voyage whose goal was unknown to them.

At last the wagons stopped. Some hundreds of sailors and marines, disgracing the uniform of the navy, placed themselves in line with the exiles as they descended from their cages—which they almost regretted, to such extremes were they reduced. Ferocious cries welcomed them: "Down with the tyrants! Into the water with the traitors! Into the water with them!"

One of these men stepped forward, doubtless to accomplish his threat. The others pressed after him. General Villot walked straight up to him, and folding his arms, said: "Villain! you are too great a coward to render me that service!"

A boat approached, an official called to them, and, one after another, as they were named, the exiles got into the boat.—The last, Barbé-Marbois, was in such a desperate condition that the official declared that if they took him aboard in that state he would not live two days.

"What is that to you?" brutally demanded Guillet; "you are only responsible for his bones."

A quarter of an hour later the exiles were on board a two masted vessel lying at anchor in the middle of the river. It was the "Brilliant," a little privateer taken from the English. They were received there by a dozen soldiers who seemed to have been especially chosen for the position of executioners. The exiles were thrust into a little space between decks, so narrow that scarcely half of them could sit down, and so low that the others could not stand upright. They were obliged to take turns

in two positions between which there was not much choice.

An hour after they had been put there some one remembered that they ought to have something to eat. Two buckets were sent down, one empty, the other filled with half-cooked beans swimming in reddish-water that was even more disgusting than the vessel which contained it. A loaf of bread and some water, the only things of which the prisoners partook, completed the foul repast which was destined for men whom their fellow-citizens had chosen as the most worthy among them to be their representatives.

The exiles would not touch the beans in the bucket—although they had eaten nothing for thirty-six hours—either because they were disgusted with their appearance, or because the guards had not seen fit to give them either spoons or forks; and, as they had to leave the door open in order to admit air, they were obliged to submit to the jeers of the soldiers, who finally grew so offensive in their language that Pichegru, forgetting that he no longer held command over them, ordered them to be silent.

"You will do well to hold your tongue yourself," replied one of them; "you had better be careful, you are not out of our hands yet."

"How old are you?" asked Pichegru, seeing that he looked very young.

"Sixteen," replied the soldier.

"Gentlemen," said Pichegru, "if ever we return to France we must not forget this child; he promises well."

Five hours elapsed before the vessel containing the Royalist prisoners got under way; she did so at last, however, and after sailing for an hour, she stopped in the open roadstead. It was nearly midnight.

There was a great commotion on deck. Among the innumerable threats which greeted the exiles at Rochefort, cries of "Into the Water!" and "Drink out of the great cup!" had been most frequent, and had reached the prisoners' ears. No one expressed his thought, but they each expected to find the end of their tortures in the bed of the Charente. The vessel to which they had been transferred was doubtless one of those which had a movable plug—an ingenious invention of Nero's to rid himself of his mother, and utilized by Carrier to drown the royalists.

They heard the order to put two of the ship's longboats into the water; then an officer commanded every one to stand to in his place in a loud voice. Then, after a moment's silence, some one called the names of Pichegru and Aubry, famous royalist leaders.

They embraced their companions and went on deck. A quarter of an hour passed. Suddenly the names of Barthélemy and Delarue were called.

Doubtless the two others had been made away with, and now it was their turn. They embraced their comrades, as Pichegru and Aubry had done, and went on deck, from which they were made to pass into a little boat, where they had to sit side by side in the thwart. A sailor placed himself upon another thwart opposite; the sail was hoisted and they were off like a shot. The two exiles kept feeling the planks with their feet, fancying that they could see the hole which had already swallowed up their comrades.

But this time their fears were without foundation; they were merely being

transferred from the brigantine "Brilliant" to the corvette "Vaillante," whither two of their companions had preceded them and where the others were to follow. They were received by Captain Julien, in whose face they sought in vain to read the secret of their destiny. He affected to look severely at them, but when he was alone with them he said: "Gentlemen, it is plain to be seen that you have suffered terribly. But have patience; while executing the orders of the Directory, I shall overlook and neglect nothing that can add to your comfort."

Unhappily for them, Guillet had followed them. He heard the last words, and an hour later Captain Julien was replaced by Captain Laporte.

Strange streak of Fate! The "Vaillante," a corvette carrying twenty-two guns, which the exiles were now boarding, had recently been built at Bayonne; and Villot, who was commanding general of the district, had been chosen to christen her. He himself had selected the name "Vaillante."

The exiles were sent between decks; and as it did not occur to any one to give them anything to eat, Dessonville, who suffered more than any of the others from lack of food, asked: "Do they really propose to let us die of hunger?"

"No, no, gentlemen," said an officer named Des Poyes, laughing. "Do not be uneasy, you will have your supper."

"Only give us some fruit," said the dying Barbé-Marbois; something to cool our mouths."

A fresh burst of laughter welcomed this request, and some one threw the poor famished creatures a couple of loaves of bread from the deck.

"What a delicious supper," exclaims Ramel, "for poor devils who had eaten nothing for forty hours. And yet a supper we often thought of with regret, for it was the last time that we were given any bread."

Ten minutes later twelve hammocks were distributed to the prisoners; but Pichegru, Ramel, Villot and Dessonville received none.

"And where are we to sleep?" asked Pichegru.

"Come on deck," replied the voice of the new captain, "and I will see that you are told." Pichegru and the others who had not received hamocks did as they were told.

"Put these men in the Lion's Den," said the captain; "that is the lodging set aside for them."

The Lion's Den is the cell set aside for sailors who are condemned to death. When the exiles between decks heard this order they gave vent to angry cries.

"No separation!" they cried. "Put us in that horrible cell with those gentlemen, or leave them here with us."

Barthélemy and his faithful Letellier —that brave servant who had refused to leave his master—dashed on deck; and seeing their four comrades in the clutches of soldiers who were dragging them toward the cell, they slid rather than climbed down the ladder, and found themselves in the hold with them.

"Here!" cried the captain from the top of the hatchway; "come back here, or I will have you driven up with the bayonet." But they lay down.

"There is neither first nor last among us," they retorted; "we are all guilty or we are all innocent. You must treat us all alike."

The soldiers advanced toward them with bayonets levelled, but they did not move. It was only when Pichegru and the others insisted upon it that they returned to the deck. The four were then left in the deepest darkness in the horrible cell, which was foul with exhalations from the hold. They had neither hammock nor coverings, and could not lie down, for the cell was too narrow, nor yet stand up, for it was too low.

The twelve others crowded between decks were not much better off; for the hatches were closed, and, like their comrades, they had no air and could not move about.

Toward four o'clock in the morning the captain gave the order to set sail; and amid the shouts of the crew, the creaking of the rigging, the roaring of the waves breaking against the corvette, like a sob from the sides of the vessel itself, came the last cry: "Farewell, France!"

And like an echo from the entrails of the hold the same cry was repeated, almost unintelligibly, on account of the depths whence it came "Farewell, France."

The reader may perhaps wonder that I have related this melancholy tale, which would become more melancholy still, were we to follow the ill-fated exiles to the end of their journey of forty-five days. But the reader would probably not have my courage; which I owe to the necessity, not of rehabilitating them—I leave to history that task—but of directing the compassion of future generations toward the men who sacrificed themselves for France.

It has seemed to me that the old pagan saying, "Woe to the vanquished!" has always been brutal, and is nothing less than impious in these days of modernity; and by some instinct of my heart I always incline toward the vanquished and my sympathies are ever with them.

They who have read my stories know that I have described with the same degree of impartiality and sympathy the passing of Mary Stuart at Fotheringay, the appearance of Charles I. upon the scaffold at Whitehall and of Marie Antoinette on the Place de la Révolution.

But there is one peculiarity of historians which I have ever deplored, and that is that they marvel at the tears a king can shed, without studying as carefully the burden of agony which oppresses that poor human machine when dying, when it is supported by the conviction of its innocence and integrity, whether it belong to the middle or even the lower classes of society.

Such were these men whose sufferings I have endeavored to describe, and for whom we find not a single historian expressing regret, and who, by the clever expedient adopted by their persecutors of confusing them with men like Collot d'Herbois and Billaud-Varennes, were first despoiled of the sympathy of their contemporaries, and then cheated of their inheritance of the compassion of posterity.

I. Isabella

THE Spanish Duke of Arcos had governed the people of Naples for three years, and not for the first time had Isabella, his daughter, heard their words of complaint and cries of distress. Either from want of energy or excess of love, the Viceroy allowed his daughter to do pretty much as she liked; and she had long since given a proof of the liberty she enjoyed by entirely breaking off with her maids of honor, to form elsewhere acquaintances more in unison with her ideas and tastes.

On hearing that the people were oppressed, she resolved to examine their condition, and prove for herself their misery; and this was one of the causes of her mysterious walks about the city of Naples.

Her two confidants were Dame Pedrilla and a sly young Castilian, named Inez, the same who was at present fulfilling the functions of Cerberus at the door of her apartments.

Dressed in a costume beneath which it was impossible to recognize her, the daughter of the Viceroy fearlessly visited the steep and somber streets of Naples, which form a continual staircase that you ascend and descend in turn.

At other times, she mixed with the laborious population of the harbor, and when she met with any one in need of assistance, Dame Pedrilla drew forth a purse, and a few Spanish ducats were slipped into the hands of the unfortunate person, who was hardly ever allowed time to express his thanks, for Isabella immediately disappeared, and was soon beyond the reach of all words of gratitude.

But Isabella's benevolence was more particularly exercised in favor of those fishermen who then lived outside the city, and whose wretched cabins, scattered about the Mergellina, betrayed great indigence, if not complete destitution.

One day, as she was leaving one of these cabins, with a joyful heart, for she had just saved a whole family from ruin, she expressed a wish to go out for a sail on the bay, and run over to Procida to eat oranges there.

Pedrilla and she, therefore, went down to the shore, and begged a young fisherman, who was mending his nets, to convey them to the island in his bark.

"I will do so willingly," replied he, without quitting his work; "the sea is calm, and I was about to take my sister Jeanne out for a little trip. So, if you like to go as far as my hut yonder, and fetch Jeanne, we will set out directly.

Isabella ran off in the direction mentioned by the fisherman, and soon returned, accompanied by a tall, handsome girl, with a serious expression of countenance, and a proud, noble look, resembling a princess hidden beneath the poor attire of a woman of the lower classes.

"Good-evening, Jeanne," said the fisherman to his sister, as she approached.

"Good-evening, brother," replied Jeanne, offering her fine forehead to her brother's lips. "You've not been lucky, I see."

"No, Jeanne, I have not. I caught a magnificent salmon, but he broke through my net at the very moment I was about to drag him into my boat. He got off quite safe, and this will cost me two days' work. I do not complain. When the slave breaks his chain, it is his master who suffers; it is but just. Has Dom Francesco been?"

"Yes, brother, and he left this letter for you."

The young fisherman took the paper which Jeanne offered him and attentively perused its contents.

"Dom Francesco," said he, "can not come for a week, and he begs me to visit him at his convent to-morrow. I wonder whether he's ill."

"Alas!" replied Jeanne, "that would be all that is wanting to complete our misery."

"Tranquilize yourself. I recollect now that he has shut himself up to finish his great work, before submitting it to the Court of Rome. But you appear melancholy, Jeanne. What is the matter with you? Pietro came, no doubt, to see you yesterday, as he promised."

"Pietro was seriously wounded last night by the soldiers of the Viceroy," replied Jeanne.

"Heavens! what do I hear?"

"It was his father himself who came and told me of it. I immediately hastened to their cabin, and dressed his wounds."

"Kind, good girl! your presence, doubtless, proved a salutary balm to him. But do you care much about the trip I promised you?" added he, in a low voice, taking his sister aside.

"Don't you think that I should do better to go and pay the wounded man a visit?"

"No; for he has just got some rest, and must not be disturbed. Besides, we have not a farthing in the house: all Pietro's things have been seized, and he also is without money. I have not been able to go to market, and it will, you say, take you two days to repair your nets. So, how are we to live till then? These two persons will, of course, give you something for taking them to the island."

"You are right, sister. We must try, in the first place, not to die of starvation."

He picked up his nets, and loosened the cable by which the bark was tied to the shore, while Jeanne aided Isabella and Pedrilla to take their places in the little craft.

They seated themselves at one end of it, and the fisherman took up his station at the other. He unfurled his triangular sail, seized the rudder, and the light bark, skimming the water's surface like a sea-mew, immediately bore away toward Procida.

Isabella, as may be imagined, had been struck by certain remarks which fell from Jeanne in the course of the conversation she had with her brother before quitting the shore. She was desirous of knowing why the soldiers of her father had, the night before, wounded a man in whom the fisherman and his sister seemed to take so great an interest. Isabella hesitated a long while, for the brother's countenance was overcast, and the sister appeared pensive: neither seemed disposed to enter into conversation. At last, however, Isabella ventured to break the silence.

"If you will tell me your name," said she to the young man, "I shall be happy to send you those of my friends who may be desirous of sailing about the bay."

"My name is Thomas Aniello, senora," said the fisherman, "but my companions call me Masaniello."

"Why do you call me *senora*?" asked Isabella.

"Because you have a Spanish accent. Besides, I heard you just now address a few words in Castilian to the person who is with you."

"Oh!" said Isabella, much confused; "you understand Castilian, then?"

"Yes," replied Masaniello; "the slave ought ever to know how to speak the language of his masters. It is a means of being the better able to serve them, when they are kind-hearted, and of more easily demanding justice when they are tyrannical."

A deep carnation covered the cheeks of the young girl, for while Masaniello and his sister were talking of their own affairs, she recollected having said to her nurse: "What a pity it is that a handsome young man like this should wear the woolen cap and the ugly canvas jacket of a common sailor! A more accomplished cavalier could not be found at court."

Her embarrassment was, therefore, extreme, when she learned that Masaniello had understood this phrase; but as the young man, who continued to look grave, seemed to pay little attention to the stranger's opinion of his person, Isabella soon gained courage to go on with the conversation.

"You are right," said she, "I am Spanish, and my father is an officer in the Viceroy's guards. I was therefore much grieved just now to hear that some soldiers, who are perhaps commanded by my father, had wounded a person who seems dear to you. Let me know the place where the attack was made, as well as the corps to which these soldiers belong, and I give you my word of honor that they shall be punished."

"These soldiers only obeyed their orders, senora," replied the fisherman; "it is not they, therefore, who are guilty. They are but passive instruments in the hands of tyranny, and it is with this tyranny itself that we must cope hand to hand."

"With the Viceroy?" exclaimed the young girl, in a voice full of emotion.

"Yes, senora; with the Viceroy!"

"What do you reproach him with, then?"

"I reproach him with making the people groan beneath the weight of the taxes heaped upon them."

"But he acts in the name of Spain; it is not he whom you ought to accuse."

"'Tis he alone that I accuse. And it is too much the interest of Spain to preserve her conquest, for her not to disavow his maladministration and his vile, unbearable despotism, which, if continued, will some day force the people of Naples to revolt."

"Great Heaven! can this be true?"

"Senora, you will be of my opinion, when you have heard how Pietro has been treated."

"Speak!" said Isabella, trembling with emotion.

"Pietro," began the fisherman, "has been my friend since childhood. We are both from Amalfi, and he came last year to Naples, where he hoped, by his labor, to keep himself from want.

But at Naples, labor produces nothing, and only leads to ruin."

"How so?" asked Isabella.

"You shall hear," replied the fisherman. "Pietro had an aged father to support. He first of all turned laborer, so that he might scrape together enough money to buy a boat with. By dint of hard work and privations, he succeeded, and then he came and built a hut next to mine. The Viceroy issued two edicts, one after the other, about this time. The first of them announced that every fisherman, possessing a boat, should pay an annual tax of sixty silver reals; and, by the second, all the cabins built along the shore were subjected to a duty of from twenty to thirty ducats, according to their size. Thus, Pietro and I had, each of us, to pay annually to the fisc about two hundred reals, that is, much more than we make by our trade."

"Merciful powers! But did you make no representations to the Viceroy?"

"The Viceroy turned a deaf ear to all complaints, and only thinks of enriching himself with our spoils. His yearly allowance is a hundred thousand ducats, and he sends annually to Spain thirty ships, each loaded with three millions of piasters. Reflect on the largeness of the sum! For it is out of the people of Naples that all this gold is sweated!"

Isabella turned pale, but kept silent.

"When called upon to pay, I, Heaven be thanked, was ready; for Jeanne is an angel, and courageously gets up every morning at five o'clock, to go and sell her fruit at the market of Naples. No tax has as yet been put on this calling. Fruit forms almost the sole food of the people; and the government merely hesitates, because it is afraid to attack them in their very existence. Oh! if our tyrants were ever made enough to do that!"

Jeanne raised her fine and melancholy head, and, looking at her brother, said: "The tax on fruit will be decreed this week: it was said so at the market yesterday."

"Great Heaven! it is impossible!" exclaimed the daughter of the Viceroy.

"Everything is possible to insensate power, which ever refuses to see the light," replied Masaniello. "But to return to Pietro: I had two hundred reals by me, but he, poor fellow, was far from possessing such a sum. With his face bathed in tears, he fell on his knees before the tax-gatherers, who were taking away his furniture, and implored them to leave him, at least, the bed of his poor old father; but he prayed in vain. In his rage, therefore, he seized his musket, and I arrived just in time to prevent the perpetration of a murder, for his musket was already leveled at the despoilers of his hut. I seized his arm, saying: 'Patience, Pietro: these are not the persons you must punish.' His boat was taken along with the rest. He was now entirely without the means of living, so he turned smuggler, but he is not, for all that, one bit the less an honest man. Do you not now believe, senora," continued the fisherman, "that the fifty thousand others who have been treated like Pietro will some day rise up, and, in their turn, crush those by whom they have been oppressed so long?"

"I believe," answered Isabella, "that if the Duke of Arcos were informed of the real state of things, he would

prevent all revolt by doing the people justice."

"May Heaven inspire him!" said the fisherman.

Five minutes afterward, Isabella skipped lightly out of the boat, and taking the hand of Masaniello's sister, soon disappeared beneath the shady trees of the island of Procida.

As soon as they were well laden with oranges, which they had bought of the peasant girls, they hastened to return to the sea-shore. As they approached within sight, they observed Masaniello, who had remained in the boat, waving a piece of sail as a signal of distress.

"Make haste!" cried he, as soon as they were within hearing. "The sky looks threatening, and the sea begins to swell."

"Mercy on us!" said Dame Pedrilla, making the sign of the cross. "It would be better for us perhaps to remain on the island."

"Make up your mind as to what you mean to do," said Masaniello. "As for Jeanne and myself, we shall leave, happen what may."

"Then you don't think there is any danger?" asked the Viceroy's daughter.

"I think we shall have a tempest. But we will brave it, shall we not, Jeanne?"

"Oh! yes."

"And so will I," said Isabella, leaping into the bark.

"My child, you are mad!" cried Dame Pedrilla, in the greatest alarm.

"You can remain behind," said the fisherman to the duenna; "but we have no time to lose, so you must be quick, if you are coming with us."

"I order you to come," said Isabella, imperiously.

Dame Pedrilla obeyed, but she really thought her last hour was come. She therefore drew forth her rosary, and began to invoke every saint with whose name she was acquainted.

The sun had disappeared, and the sea now began to assume that greenish tint which announces the approach of dreadful disorder in its fathomless depths. The foaming waves dashed boisterously against the sides of the frail bark, and the sea-mew shrieked forth its shrill notes, as it flew backward and forward over the heads of the fisherman and his companions.

Masaniello, stationed at the stern of the boat, clasped the rudder with a steady hand, and dexterously guided his bark through the roaring billows. His look was intrepid, and his bearing noble.

"How is it," said Isabella to him, "that you still follow the calling of a fisherman, when you might aspire to a more lucrative and less perilous profession?"

"Because it gives me freedom," said the young man. "There is no profession which the foreign domination now exercised at Naples would allow me to follow without a blush."

"What do you mean?" asked Isabella.

"When the poor man," continued Masaniello, "renounces manual labor, he has but two resources left him—domestic or military service; but the former is the worst of slavery, for it degrades and dishonors him."

"Well," added Isabella, "but what say you to the military profession?"

"It is," answered Masaniello, "a holy one, when it calls on you to deliver your country, but a cowardly one, when it merely serves to oppress it. The only profession which would have

suited me," continued the fisherman, "is that of an artist. Twenty times has the celebrated painter, Salvator Rosa, sketched before my eyes, in this very bark, the majestic views by which we are surrounded."

"Why did you not become his pupil, then?" asked Isabella.

"I contented myself with being his friend," replied Masaniello, "for it was too late to begin to study. He also advised me to enter the army; but he soon understood my aversion to do so, for he, too, loves liberty, and abhors despotism. No, no! I would sooner starve than serve under the Viceroy."

"You hate the Viceroy, then?"

"I hate injustice and tyranny."

These words were exchanged in the midst of the noise caused by the thunder and the roaring of the waves; but Isabella paid no attention to the storm: she was entirely absorbed by contemplating the pilot of the little argosy.

"How handsome! how grand he looks!" thought she.

The violence of the tempest increased; flash upon flash of lightning turned the gloomy heavens into a vivid glare; the thunder rolled forth its heavy peals in quick succession, and seemed to whirl the wind along like monster cannon-balls before it, so boisterously did it blow. The waves, too, rose like precipices, touching the skies; and as one of these living mountains appeared about to fall on Isabella's head, she suddenly yielded to her fright, uttered a shriek, and fell, half dead, into Masaniello's arms. A sort of electric shock ran through the bodies of these two young beings. The Spanish noble's daughter and the offspring of the poor man had fallen in love.

Ten minutes afterward, Masaniello brought his bark and its occupants safely into the roadstead of Pozzuoli. They immediately set off for Naples, whence they were distant two good leagues.

The day finally came for the battle between ruler and people, Viceroy and fisherman leader.

II. The Ransom of Isabella

The Duke of Arcos advanced toward the Church of Santo Domenico, through the street of Toledo, and Masaniello through that of the Vicaria. Who would rule?

But the Viceroy's procession offered a very different aspect to that of the noisy escort of the fisherman.

Masaniello wore the costume of his calling—a slouched felt hat, a woolen mantle, with hose of the same stuff, a bright-colored sash, and long boots, the thick leather of which reached above his knee. He walked in the midst of a group of fishermen of the Mergellina.

A squadron of cavalry, sword in hand, preceded the Viceroy.

Don Juan Fernandez, the Spanish Admiral, and some Neapolitan nobles walked close by his side, less as a mark of honor than as a rampart to shield his person.

Then came a large body of infantry,

in the midst of whom were seen two pieces of artillery, loaded with grape-shot.

The procession was closed by a company of municipal Guards.

Masaniello was the first to arrive.

Everything had been so arranged inside the church that Masaniello should seem to be on a footing of the most perfect equality with the Viceroy.

The choir of the church was the place selected for the holding of the conference, and it had been agreed that the Viceroy and his adversary should enter it from opposite sides at the same time, and should each walk an equal distance.

A magnificent throne had been raised for Monsignore Filomarini, who came in full of canonicals, accompanied by that crowd of acolytes whom the princes of the church used to drag after them wherever they went.

On entering the church, Masaniello felt his heart beat violently.

"Father," murmured he to Dom Francesco, "my courage fails me."

"Let us pray, my son," replied the monk; and they withdrew to a chapel and knelt down together.

Presently the roll of the drum was heard, and the Duke of Arcos entered the church shortly afterward. He was dressed in the state costume of a knight of the Toison d'Or, wore on his breast the order of St. Michael and that of Saint Esprit, and round his knees was the Order of the Garter sparkling with diamonds. He was leaning on the left arm of Don Juan Fernandez, and the Prince of Caraffa and the Duke of Monteleone followed them.

His Highness retired, along a double row of halberdiers, to the chapel reserved for him.

After praying for a short time, he sent his Chancellor to inform the Cardinal of his arrival.

Two chaplains of the prelate immediately went to invite the Duke and Masaniello to proceed to the choir.

The two latter left their chapels at the same time, and advanced, step for step, to the front of the high altar, where they saluted each other.

The Duke of Arcos stretched out his hand to Masaniello.

Fernandez and Dom Francesco stood at a little distance behind, on their respective sides.

"Masaniello," said the Viceroy to the fisherman, "you this day prove that if you are an intrepid defender of the rights of the people, you are also a loyal subject of our well-beloved Sovereign, Philip the Fourth, King of Spain."

"And you, Duke of Arcos," proudly answered Masaniello, "are you really animated by the desire of defending the authority of the King, and of respecting, at the same time, the liberties of the people?"

"I am," replied the Duke.

Whereupon the Cardinal spoke, in his effeminate voice, as follows:

"Duke of Arcos, and you, Masaniello, listen to what I have to say. Serious disagreements have arisen between the representative of the King, our master, and the population of Naples. You, Duke of Arcos, wished to exercise the royal prerogative to its full extent: you, Masaniello, attempted to diminish the sufferings of your brothers, and to secure them, as appeared just, the fruits of their rude labor. But too much

blood has flowed already. The Church of Naples is in tears—she is weeping over the loss of so many of her children. I therefore beseech you, in the name of that authority with which I am invested, to adjust your differences here; I beseech you to leave your hatred on the altar of Him who gave His blood to redeem from crime and to heal the sufferings of mankind."

"It is thus that we will act, if the Duke of Arcos will listen to the voice of reason and justice," answered Masaniello.

His Highness the Viceroy, put his arm familiarly through that of the Head of the People.

They remained in conversation for some time, as they walked round and round the choir, and separated with unequivocal marks of mutual satisfaction.

"Summon my Chancellor," said the Viceroy.

This officer immediately appeared, holding in his hand a parchment to which a great number of seals of different forms and colors were attached.

On a sign from the Duke of Arcos, he read aloud the charter of Charles the Fifth, and then the edicts of Masaniello.

During this time, two arm-chairs, exactly alike, had been advanced, and Masaniello and the Viceroy sat down, the one to the right, the other to the left, of the altar.

Dom Francesco, who was standing behind Masaniello, listened attentively to the Chancellor.

The latter had hardly finished, when a clerk presented a Bible to the Duke, who stretched forth his right hand toward the holy book, and spoke as follows:

"We, Duke of Arcos, by the grace of God, and the good pleasure of our gracious master, Philip the Fourth, Viceroy of Naples, Grandee of the Kingdom, Knight of the order of Toison d'Or, etc., etc.:

"In virtue of the unlimited power vested in us:

"After having examined the charter granted to the kingdom of Naples by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and the edicts drawn up by Thomas Aniello, fisherman of the Mergellina, and loyal subject of His Majesty:

"Acting of own free will, and with a thorough knowledge of the case, have declared what follows:

"The aforesaid charter of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, such as it has been read by our Chancellor, and signed by us, is renewed with all its privileges and immunities:

"The edicts of Thomas Aniello are approved:

"A copy of these presents will be forthwith offered for our signature.

"Have sworn, and swear, on the Holy Bible to observe and maintain the aforesaid charter and edicts in all their force, without exception or modification."

The Duke signed this parchment and handed it to Masaniello.

The latter knelt down on one knee, and, placing his hand on his heart, said:

"Your Highness can return this evening to his palace of the Vicaria."

Dom Francesco here approached the Chancellor, and said:

"Will your lordship be pleased to give me the writing that has just been read?"

The officer turned pale.

He stopped the hand advanced by

Dom Francesco to take the parchment, and appeared to consult the look of the Duke of Arcos.

The Duke was not less terrified than his Chancellor.

Fernandez, Caraffa, and Monteleone pressed round him, in a state of agitation difficult to describe. The anxious eye of the Duke interrogated, in turn, the looks of each of his friends.

At last, the Archbishop thought it his duty to interfere.

"The Chancellor of the Viceroy," said he, "is invited to place in the hands of our Archdeacon the charter of the Emperor, so that it may be temporarily deposited, under our safeguard, in the archives of the Archbishopric."

"I swear by the blood of our Saviour," exclaimed Dom Francesco, "that the population shall not lay down their arms, and that the siege of the Castel-Nuovo shall not be raised, until I have examined this document."

The fisherman seized the parchment, and gave it to the monk.

"Masaniello!" exclaimed he.

"What, father?"

"Treason and sacrilege! this charter—"

"Well?"

"Has been falsified! all that this impostor has read about our municipal liberties and the privileges of the three orders has been suppressed here!"

So much knavery and audacity seemed to disconcert Masaniello for an instant; he could only point to his enemy, and murmur:

"Oh! how cowardly and imprudent must this man be!"

The Viceroy laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword.

"Contain yourself, mi senor," whispered Don Juan.

"Throw open the doors," exclaimed Masaniello, in a voice of thunder.

This order was instantly executed, and a torrent of people immediately inundated the church.

"Duke of Arcos," continued Masaniello, from the top of the altar, "before this holy Archbishop, and in the presence even of your own soldiers, I declare you to be an infamous and sacrilegious monster. Infamous, because you have lied impudently to this noble assembly: sacrilegious, because you spoke your lies across the Holy Bible. People of Naples, to revenge! The truce is broken. Down with the traitors!—death to the perjurers! Oh! we must make an example which will henceforth frighten kings!"

Fernandez had placed his Spaniards in line of battle, and was exhorting them to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The friends of Masaniello drew themselves up on the opposite side of the choir.

The sanctuary was about to be polluted with blood!

In the nave, the irritated people's thousand voices roared like thunder.

Masaniello was running to place himself at the head of his combatants, when Dom Francesco stopped him.

"Spare," said he, "these men, who came here confiding in your word and in mine."

"They have betrayed their sworn faith."

"Teach them then how they ought to respect it."

"But such infamous and ignoble trickery must be punished."

"The justice of men, together with

the justice of Heaven, will undertake to do this."

Masaniello approached the Duke of Arcos, whose face was livid, and whose head was bent beneath the weight of his shame and remorse.

"Away with you," exclaimed the fisherman, "dishonorable old man, who drag your white hair in the mire of perjury, and who profane the collar of the Toison d'Or, once worn by so many noble knights. You are safe, because Dom Francesco gave you my word, and because the man of the people must show the man of noble birth the worth of sworn faith. But do you know, Duke of Arcos, what you have done? I wished to save your daughter, and you have lost her!"

At these words, the Viceroy seemed to gather up a little energy. A spark of pride and indignation burned in his eye.

"These men," replied he pointing to Masaniello's friends, "who have such profound respect for the laws of honor, will, doubtless, visit on a child of sixteen the hatred they bear her father."

"Speak not thus, unhappy man; she is no longer in my power."

"Where is she, then?"

"Corcelli, the bandit, has carried her off."

"Corcelli?" exclaimed the Duke of Arcos. "Great God! great God!"

"Masaniello came to help you to save Isabella, and you welcomed him with treachery! Despotism must be a sweet thing, since, in order to preserve it, you sacrifice all—repose, honor, family, and the salvation even of your soul."

The Viceroy's pride and obstinacy were conquered.

"My daughter! Save my daughter!" exclaimed he, "and all that a father's gratitude can do I will do for you."

"Save your daughter! To give her, doubtless, to Fernandez, that infamous artisan of imposture whom you have taken for your counselor!" roared the fisherman; "but before this detested union takes place, I must have no blood left in my veins, no heart in my breast, and no more of that energy which enables us firmly to grasp a poniard, and to strike without pity!"

"What do you demand, Masaniello, to rescue my child from Corcelli?"

"Nothing! nothing from you, perjured man—I love your daughter! I have accompanied her a hundred times from Naples to Procida, and we have sworn to belong, some day, to each other. If soldiers are required to rescue her, I shall have them ready: if gold is necessary, I know palaces which are filled with it, and, *sangue di Cristo!* I shall not hesitate to take it. And now back with you!" added Masaniello, driving the Viceroy and his attendants before him; "leave this place, you accursed of men, who came here to rob, by means of perjury, the people of their liberties! Back, I say, and hide your shame in the vulture's nest you have chosen for your retreat. Forward, fishermen! forward, *lazzoroni!* and drive these reptiles to their den."

During this fiery discourse, pronounced with all the passion that an act of perfidy can arouse in the heart of a man of honor, Don Juan Fernandez was talking with the Prince of Caraffa and his brother, Duke of Monteleone."

"Caraffa," said Fernandez, pointing to Masaniello, "it appears to me that the Duke of Arcos is extremely indulgent to this ragamuffin."

"It is hardly to be credited," replied the prince.

"Oh! if I were not shut up in the Castel-Nuovo," said Fernandez.

"And if Corcelli had not gained the Appennines!" added Monteleone.

"A poniard or a musket-shot would have already silenced this scoundrel's insolence."

"But I am free," replied Caraffa; "and though Corcelli is a distinguished leader of the *bravi* of Naples—"

"There are plenty more in the city able to supply his place. Is that what you mean, prince?" asked Fernandez.

"Pretty nearly."

"Well, my dear friend, do us the pleasure to get rid of this fisherman; he is no ordinary conspirator, and he is becoming rather troublesome."

"Has he not a mania for harangue?"

"Yes; he is a very verbose street tribune."

"We will try to bring him to an argument *ad hominem*, which will admit of no reply," said the prince. "I know near the faubourg of Loretto—"

"But let us separate, Fernandez; we may be remarked, and I should really sigh after my liberty if I were compelled to follow you to the Castel-Nuovo, as the pretty Countess of Camérini has given me a rendezvous."

Masaniello, with his eye on fire and his hair in disorder, drove before him the Duke of Arcos and his courtiers. Caraffa and Monteleone were soon left to themselves.

On his return to the Vicaria, the Head of the People retired immediately to his private apartments.

He turned over in his mind a thousand projects of vengeance and of pillage. The bad faith of the Duke of Arcos and of the nobles who were his advisers, the necessity there was to ransom Jeanne and Isabella, and, above all, the resentment he felt for the treachery just shown him, incited Masaniello to precipitate the Neapolitan revolution into that course of summary justice and of terror, from which he had, till, then, turned it away. He evoked a thousand remembrances of injury, prodigality, and assassination, in which the people had always played the part of dupes and victims, and he asked himself if it would not be just to press, in his turn, those greedy sponges which had already sucked up the people's gold and blood for ages. His mind wavered in the midst of a thousand perplexities. The natural probity and moderation of his character combatted, however, the hasty resolutions of his anger and his hatred. His better feelings gained, at last, the ascendant, and he determined, in order to procure the sum he wanted, to make an appeal to the devotedness of his friends; he therefore convoked the artisans of Naples and the fishermen of the bay to the market-place. It was night. A compact body of people already filled the place when Masaniello appeared. The greatest silence immediately prevailed.

"Neapolitans," said he, "you are acquainted with the events of this day. The Viceroy has replied by deceit and treachery to my words of reconciliation. Let us, therefore, take, without consulting any one, the liberty that is refused us; let us proclaim the sovereignty of the people, since not one of those haughty nobles who deceive and oppress us is worthy to rule over our country."

These words were received with the most joyful acclamations.

Masaniello was motioning the people to be silent, when a sudden flash of light illuminated the whole place: a terrible detonation followed, and two hundred balls whizzed about the fisherman's head. But, by some miracle or other, he was not touched.

The people rushed to that side of the market whence the balls came. But the assassins had fled through the neighboring streets; one only of them was seized; he was brought to Masaniello, who recognized in him the Prince of Caraffa.

"It was he who ordered the assassins to fire," exclaimed several *lazaroni*.

"Death to the assassin!" cried the people.

"Let a circle be formed round us," said Masaniello, "so that the prisoner may not escape."

This order was immediately executed.

Masaniello took a boat-hook from the hands of a fisherman, and, approaching the Prince, exclaimed:

"Look to yourself now. So! so! monsignore, it was by assassination that you strove to combat me, after deceit and perjury had failed! But the eye of Masaniello is vigilant, and his justice prompt. By St. Januarius! I will prepare no ambush for you; yet, make your peace with God, for, ere five minutes have elapsed, I shall have nailed you to yonder gibbet as we nail a noxious animal to a wall."

And the fisherman drew back a step, aiming at his enemy the terrible weapon he held in his hand.

Caraffa drew his sword.

"That's right: defend yourself," continued Masaniello: "I have been told that you are a skillful fencer; so much the better, for never before did duelist engage in a more solemn combat, or before a more numerous assembly. Are you ready?"

Caraffa placed himself on his guard.

Then a terrible struggle ensued. The two adversaries attacked one another and retreated in turn with all the *sang-froid* inspired by hatred and by that sentiment of personal preservation in men who will not flinch in the face of danger.

Masaniello was the stronger and the more alert of the two, but his boat-hook was heavy and difficult to handle.

Caraffa, who was armed, on the contrary, with a short, light sword, parried his adversary's thrusts, but with great difficulty, and dared not advance near enough to touch him. But he retreated with wonderful alacrity.

In a few moments the Prince's sword broke.

"So, you are brave enough to fight and cowardly enough to turn waylayer, venomous beast!" said Masaniello. "Giovanne," continued he, turning to a fisherman, "give him your musket: this must have an end."

The Prince seized the musket, as a shipwrecked man seizes the plank borne toward him on the rolling wave.

He examined it carefully, tried the lock, to which the match was hanging, and then held himself ready to fire on his adversary at the first movement the latter made.

Nothing was now heard throughout the market-place but the breathing of the people assembled there, unless it were an exclamation of terror whenever the chances of the combat seemed to turn against Masaniello. All shud-

dered when they saw him place himself, boat-hook in hand, at about fifty paces from the Prince.

"Take care, monsignore," cried he ironically; "for, by the holy Madonna, you will be a dead man if I reach you!"

And, at the same time, he rushed toward his adversary.

A musket-shot was fired.

But Masaniello went on, and presently a dull sound was heard in the boards that surrounded the gibbet.

The Prince, mortally wounded, threw up both his arms, uttered a groan, and fell dead at the feet of Masaniello.

"And now, fishermen and *lazaroni* of Naples," cried the latter, whom the emotion of this scene had rendered forgetful of his good resolutions, "forward with you to the palaces of these assassins!"

He seized a torch, and was the first to rush toward the street of Toledo. The rest soon followed.

That night Naples was lighted up by twenty conflagrations, and numbers of the highest nobles perished in them.

At day-break Masaniello possessed the sixty thousand ducats necessary for the deliverance of Corcelli's prisoners.

III. Bridals

The day at last arrived on which Masaniello was to marry Isabella, on which he was to contract, in the presence of the Archbishop of Naples, and in the chapel of the Castle itself, the happy alliance which realized all his dreams and crowned all his hopes—and on this day Masaniello was dying!

A bouquet given to him by Isabella had been secretly poisoned by Fernandez. The fisherman experienced moments of ecstasy, of furious delirium, of such profound prostration and of such a complete annihilation of all his faculties, that he seemed to have reached his last hour.

The sanctuary was being decked out, and the altar covered with flowers and golden reliquaries; the happy Isabella was trying on her marriage-dress; in a word, all the preparations for the union were on the point of completion when Masaniello, after a most violent crisis, felt that the hour of his death agony was come.

The officers who served him hastened to acquaint the Viceroy with the fact, and sent for Dom Francesco to attend the dying man. The Benedictine made all possible haste to reach his bedside.

He remained for some time standing near the bed of suffering on which the inanimate body of his adopted son lay stretched; he took the latter's hands in his own and wiped away the cold perspiration which wetted his forehead; twenty times, too, did he call on him in his most tender and persuasive voice.

The fisherman at last opened his eyes.

"Father—I am dying!" he murmured.

He could say no more, but lay motionless on his couch.

"Oh! Heaven! Heaven! they have poisoned him!" exclaimed the Benedictine, horror-struck.

Dom Francesco was skilled in medi-

cine. He had long studied botany, and had particularly devoted himself to the investigation of those numerous and subtle poisons of which the Italian aristocracy had preserved the recipes ever since the horrible times of the Borgia and the Medici. He looked for the traces of crime in Masaniello's apartment, and recognized them in a faded bouquet that had fallen from the uncertain grasp of the dying man on to the floor. He gathered up the last portions of these fatal flowers, and plucked them leaf by leaf to pieces; then hiding them under his robe, he called one of Masaniello's officers.

"This young man is dying," he said to him. "Alas! he is still very young to finish a career which he has succeeded in rendering so glorious. The emotions of these few last days have killed him."

The officer, an old Spaniard, devoted to the Duke of Arcos, made no reply.

"I will run to the Church del Carmine and fetch the last sacraments," added the Benedictine. "Do not quit the room in my absence."

Dom Francesco immediately got into a *calessino,* drove in a few minutes over the distance that separated him from his monastery, and taking a little glass vial out of his cell, returned with it in all haste to the palace of the Duke of Arcos.

The monk gently opened the fisherman's lips and poured a few drops of the cordial into his mouth.

Under the influence of the generous liquor Masaniello experienced a nervous feeling of shivering, raised his trembling frame, and looked round him with an air of affright.

The monk dipped the end of a piece of linen in the vial and rubbed the palms of the patient's hands, as well as his temples and eyelids with it.

"Oh, father, father, what ease you have procured me," said poor Masaniello in a tremulous voice, feeling new life as he spoke.

The Benedictine continued his paternal assistance until he had placed him out of danger.

But the fisherman had lost all his strength; his head was weak, while strange noises rang in his ears, and the room seemed to be turning round him.

Dom Francesco hastened to the officer in the ante-chamber.

"Brother," said he to him, "you have forgotten to bestow on me a slight alms, which the monks who pray at the pillow of a dying man always receive."

The officer felt for a piece of money in the pocket of his doublet.

"It is not money that I ask for, but to *far colazione,*" continued Dom Francesco, in an obsequious tone.

"Ah! I understand, to *far colazione,*" replied the Spaniard, haughtily. "That proves that you have a good appetite, father; and by Our Lady of Atocha! I wish you an excellent one. You shall have some breakfast brought you from my lord's own kitchen."

Dom Francesco awaited the officer's return.

A few minutes afterward the worthy Benedictine re-entered Masaniello's room with a large slice of roast beef, a game pastry, and a bottle of wine.

"Eat, my son," he said to him, "and refresh your shattered strength. You have just escaped death. Tell me, with your hand upon your heart, whether you were prepared to appear before

the never-erring Judge who rewards or punishes us?"

"I have been fearfully guilty, I know," replied the fisherman. "As late as yesterday—horrible thought!—I condemned to execution— But I was mad, Dom Francesco; my reason had deserted me. Father, what is this horrible complaint, these changes from furious passion to the most dreadful state of prostration, from which you have cured me?"

"You shall know. We have no time to lose, unfortunate youth. Take a little of this food; this, at least, contains no poison," he added, in a low voice to himself.

The fisherman obeyed Dom Francesco's directions.

As he devoured the slice of beef and imbibed the generous liquor, which had been given as an alms to the Benedictine, Masaniello felt his strength return.

Then rising and running to a Venetian mirror, he exclaimed:

"I am once more strong, full of health, vigor and courage! Come to me, honor, glory—and you, oh, Future, with your delicious promises! Come to me, my betrothed; I shall soon lead you to the altar!"

Dom Francesco looked on the fisherman with a smile of pity.

"And your brothers of Naples? Have you forgotten them, Masaniello?" said he to him.

"What have they to ask from me?" inquired the young man. "Have my edicts been violated?"

"Oh, no—not yet," replied the monk, in a sad voice.

"I would sacrifice my life in their defense."

"Ay—if between this and to-morrow you do not fall a victim to some ambuscade—if you are not strangled like a slave, or poisoned in some silent chamber of this palace!"

"Who would dare to do this?"

"Who would dare? Is it possible that you believe in the sincerity of the homage paid you by these great nobles, who take off their plumed hats to greet you?"

"If they hate me they fear me still more. They know that I have the whole population at my beck."

"Alas! I pity you, poor Masaniello, if for your defense you reckon on the people's rising at present."

"What! would they not do so even if I invoked their aid?"

"No, not even if you invoked their aid! How can you suppose that they will recognize their fisherman in that Masaniello who has become the husband of Isabella—in that Masaniello who has been ennobled by the Viceroy —in that Masaniello who parades our public streets in a court-dress, and who hangs his brethen for a seditious cry? You were once everything in the eyes of the people—now you are nothing!"

"But, father, I cannot live at the Court of the Duke of Arcos in the costume of a fisherman."

"And why not? Do you think that the heart beats less nobly beneath your common fisherman's clothes than it does under the splendid dress of a noble? I understand, Masaniello; you love Isabella, and this young girl must have a husband covered with lace and ribbons. Yet it was a man of the people, a poor monk, who, when you were abandoned by all, came to your dying bed to save you."

"I know it, father; and my gratitude

will be eternal. Yes, your love for me is sincere."

"Then fly from this cursed abode, where you can meet with nothing but death and perdition!"

"Don Francesco, what you require of me is impossible. I love Isabella, and can not bear the thought of being separated from her."

"Well, then, shall I tell you," added Dom Francesco, approaching the fisherman, "what was the cause of that horrible act of madness which urged you to immolate your brothers yesterday? Shall I tell you what caused the dreadful suffering to which you nearly succumbed?"

Masaniello experienced a presentiment of some fatal revelation. He was motionless.

"Who gave you those flowers?" asked the Benedictine.

"Isabella."

"Then learn that they were poisoned!"

The young man staggered to the wall, and remained for an instant resting motionless against it; his eye was haggard, and his hands were tightly clinched together.

"Isabella's flowers poisoned!" murmured he at last, stopping at each syllable. "Dom Francesco, is it possible?"

"Was it I who saved you?"

"Oh! yes—you must be right—he who can find the remedy must know the cause of the disease. Oh, Heaven! is it possible for the damned to suffer more than I have suffered for the last few days?"

"Come, my son, let us away!"

The fisherman hesitated. He passed his hand across his forehead, and seemed to be collecting his thoughts.

"It was Don Juan Fernandez who gave Isabella this bouquet to offer to me," said he. "No! I will not go," added he, "Oh! Fernandez, you have not seized your prey. Masaniello lives! Masaniello has a sword which he knows how to use! To obtain Isabella you must first pass over my body. Adieu! father, adieu!"

And the young man ran to the door.

At the same instant some one knocked.

Everything had been prepared, so that the terrible drama which was that night played at the Vicaria might end in a proper manner.

Though informed of Masaniello's hopeless state, and even certain of being able to get rid of him without the intervention of Corcelli, the assassin and bandit chief, Fernandez and the Duke of Arcos had none the less continued the preparations for the nuptial fête. All the Court were about to assemble in the state-chamber of the palace, and the Viceroy sent his Chamberlain to fetch Masaniello and to conduct him into the council-chamber, where the marriage contract had been drawn up.

Masaniello threw the door open. The Chamberlain bowed down to the ground.

"The Duke of Arcos and his daughter are waiting for you in the council-chamber," said he to the young man.

"Lead the way!" replied Masaniello, firmly; and he passed through the door.

The chapel of the Vicaria presented a magnificent and fairy-like appearance. It was entirely hung with red velvet, on which the arms of the Viceroy were embroidered. A thousand tapers illu-

minated the altar. The Viceroy's throne stood on one side, beneath a canopy of blue silk, picked out with silver, and seats had been prepared on the steps for all the great dignitaries of the State. The Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, who was to celebrate the marriage of Isabella and Masaniello, was seated on the other side, on a throne somewhat less elevated than that of the Viceroy. The marble flooring of the sanctuary was hidden beneath a beautiful Ispahan carpet. A crowd of generals, of commanders, of captains, all in full uniform, and of women covered with diamonds, plumes, and flowers, filled the nave and the galleries, who, while waiting for the commencement of the ceremony, were commenting on the strangeness of the union which was about to take place.

At last the first peals of the organ broke upon the ear.

The chanters commenced the grave melodies of the Roman liturgy, the doors of the sacristy were thrown wide open, and the Grand Master of the Ceremonies of the kingdom of Naples announced:

"His Highness the Viceroy!"

Every one rose, in accordance with the rules of etiquette, which now agreed pretty well with the impatient curiosity of all present.

The Duke of Arcos had his daughter on his arm.

Isabella seemed agitated; but her face was radiant. A smile of happiness and pride played on her lips. She appeared pleased at having raised up to her courageous fisherman who had restored Naples her lost rights. Her white dress showed off her slim and elegant form to great advantage; her head, encircled with the coronet of a duchess, moved with much grace and majesty in the midst of the lace ruff she wore round her slender neck. A white veil, attached to a cluster of her black hair, fell over a mantle of white satin, bordered with swan's-down.

Her arms were bare, and the black enamel of her bracelets formed a strong contrast with their whiteness.

Behind her walked Masaniello.

Jeanne was leaning on his arm. She still wore the picturesque dress of the peasant; but her brother was attired in a splendid costume; he wore a black cap with a heron's feather in it, a mantle of violet-colored velvet, and a vest of white satin, under which, as it was left open in front, was seen a frill of Mechlin lace. Above his bucket-boots, silk stockings clothed the symmetry of his legs. Jeanne was on his right arm, while his left hand gracefully rested on the handle of his sword.

Thus attired, Masaniello, with his athletic form, his noble face and martial bearing, was, without exception, the finest man of the Viceroy's court.

Masaniello and Isabella knelt down, and the Cardinal immediately appeared, followed by a crowd of deacons, subdeacons, thuriferaries and acolytes, who undulated round the altar like a stream of gold.

Mass was celebrated with all the pomp of the Roman Catholic ritual. The church was full of harmony and perfumes, and the Archbishop was about to give Masaniello and his bride the nuptial blessing, when cries of "Long live the Head of the People! Long live Masaniello!" were suddenly heard at the doors.

Don Juan Fernandez, who had main-

tained throughout the ceremony a most becoming attitude, gave orders to have the people admitted, so that they might witness the triumph of their beloved tribune.

The doors were, therefore, thrown open, and two hundred reckless-looking individuals, with hoarse voices and menacing gestures, invaded the nave of the chapel, rushed among the spectators, overturned the chairs and threw confusion everywhere.

These were, in effect, the assassins employed by the intriguing Don Juan Fernandez. They had come under the cover of the name of "the people," to destroy the fisherman.

Don Francesco's shrewd eye perceived the whole of the infamous design in an instant. In another moment he approached one of the windows, and raising the sash he made a sign—the sign of danger—to a tall figure which he descried in the crowd.

A few moments later there was a rush around the door of the church; and this was immediately succeeded by the appearance of a large body of fishermen, variously armed with knives, muskets, pistols, pikes, and clubs, who rushed into the building, exclaiming:

"Death to the enemies of the Head of the People! Woe be to him who lays a hand upon our Masaniello!"

The band of assassins glanced at one another uneasily. They saw, intuitively, that their game was up.

Don Juan Fernandez glanced toward the Viceroy—their eyes met, and both turned pale.

At this moment the former felt a hand upon his arm; turning, he beheld the eyes of Dom Francesco fixed sternly upon him, while a sarcastic smile played upon his lip.

"What want you with me, monk?" demanded the young noble.

"To tell you that the poisoned bouquet has failed in its effect—to tell you that the assassin horde whom you have introducted here to slay the Head of the People will fail in their design—and to tell you, miserable wretch, that not Masaniello's, but your own hour has come!"

"Insolent priest—this to me! Beware—"

Dom Francesco made a sign to a knot of fishermen, who had been gradually drawing themselves into a circle, of which Don Juan Fernandez was the center.

The young man saw in an instant that he was surrounded and a prisoner.

"Away with him!" said Dom Francesco, sternly.

In another moment Don Juan Fernandez was hurried out of the church. Ten minutes later and his body hung, dangling by the neck, from the portals of the palace of the Viceroy.

"So perish!" cried a voice which everybody recognized, "the enemies of Masaniello, the Head of the People!"

It was Pietro who spoke.

The populace joined in the cry, which was borne on the breeze of the cathedral.

The Duke of Arcos turned pale as he heard it.

"What is to be done?" he murmured. "Our plot is discovered! Oh, who will counsel me?"

"That will I," answered a low but firm voice at his elbow.

The Viceroy turned and beheld Dom Francesco.

"You?" he exclaimed. "*You* counsel the Viceroy of Naples?"

"Even I, my lord!" replied the monk, firmly. "I will give you the same counsel that I would give my brother were he in your position!"

"What would you advise your brother?" demanded the Spaniard, proudly.

"To give his daughter to the Head of the People, if he had, like you, so promised, and then to resign his office into the hands of his new-made son-in-law."

"And then—"

"And then, my lord, I would counsel him to take the earliest opportunity to fly from Naples, every one of whose people consider it a duty to shed his blood!"

The Viceroy made no reply. He bowed down his head for a few moments in thought.

Meanwhile the throng inside of the temple began to murmur.

"Why do you not proceed with the ceremony?" shouted a voice in the crowd. "Must the people await forever the convenience of a tyrant?"

"Do you hear, my lord?" said Dom Francesco, significantly. "The people grow clamorous; and you are already aware of the *power* of the people!"

The Viceroy raised his eyes and fixed them upon the monk as if he wished to look him down. But the latter met his glance with an eye as imperious and firmer than his own.

Arcos quailed and bit his lip. Pride and passion counseled him to smite the monk to the earth; but *prudence* advised him to an opposite course.

"You are right, priest," he said, in an under-tone. "Your advice, though not friendly, is based on wisdom, and I will follow it. On with the bridals!"

We have little more to tell, and that little can be summed up in a few words.

After the marriage of his daughter, Don Arcos relinquished the government into the hands of his son-in-law, Masaniello, whose mild, firm and generous rule won for him the enduring love and loyalty of Naples, and evidenced the genuineness of his patriotism as Head of the People.

Pietro the smuggler and Jeanne were united a few weeks after the marriage of Masaniello. Their fortunes were cared for by their brave and noble brother, and right worthily did he watch over their interests, without, however, sacrificing a single ducat of the public money.

Dom Francesco remained the friend and became the principal counselor of his foster-son, Masaniello, between whom and himself existed a firm and fervent friendship, which remained unbroken while they both lived.

Corcelli, alone, did not profit by the new order of things. Not having thought fit, under the new Viceroy, to put a stop to his hazardous expeditions, he was caught in the very act of plundering, and was soon swinging high up in the air to the great satisfaction of all the country.

On to Rome

The crisis had come in the war between the Royal Neapolitan forces and the French (with their Italian sympathizers) Republic. Championnet, French commander, had reached Civita Castellana. His first care was to put the citadel, used only as a prison, in a state of defence; his next to assign positions to the different corps of his little army.

He placed Macdonald, who was to bear the brunt of the morrow's engagement, at Borghetto with seven thousand men, ordering them to lean on the extreme right of the French army at the foot of Civita Castellana. He sent General Lemoine with five hundred men into the defiles of Terni, and Casabianca and Rusca into those of Ascoli on the extreme left to guard his flank. He sent couriers to General Pignatelli to join up with the Polish General Kniasewitch, and to march forward in whatever direction he heard the sound of firing. Lahure was ordered to take up a position at Regnano, in advance of Civita Castellana, and General Maurice Mathieu to go forward to Vignanello. He also sent couriers along the Spoleto road to hasten the arrival of Joubert with his promised reinforcement of three thousand men. These arrangements made, he resolutely awaited the enemy, all of whose movements he could follow from his high position at Civita Castellana, where he held in reserve a thousand men for eventualities.

At last General Mack, of the Neapolitan Royal forces, began his march, having split up his arm into five columns. He took no special precautions, relying, one supposes, on the friendliness of the neighbouring populations, all more or less in revolt, and preceded by a proclamation ridiculous in its barbarity.

Championnet had left three hundred sick in hospital in Rome, relying on the honour and humanity of the enemy, but Mack drew up a manifesto declaring that if the French general dared to defend his position at Civita Castellana, the three hundred would respond with their heads for the Neapolitan slain, and he delivered up head for head, to the just *indignation* of the Roman people.

Macdonald's loyal nature was exasperated by such a proclamation, and he immediately galloped off to Civita Castellana to show it to Championnet and demand his orders. Championnet merely shrugged his shoulders; as Macdonald stood by pale and agitated.

"Don't you know the man we are dealing with?" said he. "But what have you replied to it?"

"I have ordered it to be read throughout the army."

"That is well done; a soldier should know his enemy; and better still, despise him. And what more?"

"I think that each Neapolitan prisoner should answer with *his* head for each sick Frenchman killed in Rome."

Championnet looked at Macdonald with infinite gentleness, and laying a hand on his shoulder, answered:

"My friend, you are wrong; not with bloody reprisals should Republicans reply to their enemies; return to your men and read to them this 'Order of

the day of General Championnet before the Battle of Civita Castellana'; for thus the battle you will gain to-morrow will be called, Macdonald," and he went on dictating to his secretary as folows:—

"Every Neapolitan soldier taken prisoner will be treated with the usual humanity and kindness of Republicans to their enemies.

"Every soldier who permits himself ill-treatment of any kind of a disarmed prisoner will be severely punished.

"Generals will be responsible for the carrying out of these two orders. . . ."

Championnet had just taken his pen to sign when a horseman, wounded and covered with blood, dashed up.

"General," said he, "the Neapolitans have surprised an advance guard of fifty at Baccano; have cut all their throats in the guard-house; and have set fire to it amid cries of joy from the people."

Championnet affixed his signature. "It is thus," said he, "that civilisation should reply to barbarism. Go, Macdonald, and publish this order of the day immediately."

These were the last great days of the Republic.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Championnet visited Lahure's advance posts and Macdonald's division, and mingled with the men, talking to them paternally and hopefully of the morrow. In the evening he had wine, bread and meat distributed to all; great fires were lit, and regimental bands played the "Marseillaise" and "Song of Departure," a celebration before battle astonishing to the peasants looking down on the scene from their mountain villages.

The night passed peacefully; but the rising sun shone on the whole army of Mack, advancing in three visible and two concealed columns. The central division, numbering twenty thousand, under Mack himself, was to attack Macdonald and his seven thousand.

Lahure drew the first fire, and twice repulsed the enemy, who came on very vigorously. They were the same men who had massacred the advanced post at Baccano the evening before. Micheroux, supporting them with artillery, brought them again to the charge, and they carried the village with a heavy fire. Upon this, Lahure, forming his men in square, withdrew them in excellent order on Civita Castellana and reached the bridge with his forces intact, fighting all the way. The hot pursuit had put some disorder into the Neapolitan ranks; and seeing this, Championnet, from the top of his rock, ordered Lahure to retake the offensive, sending him a reinforcement, which arrived at a run with fixed bayonets and drums beating. The Neapolitans, at this unlooked-for fresh attack, hesitated, broke ranks and fled.

Lahure pursued, made five hundred prisoners, killed seven or eight hundred, took two flags, four guns, and returned to his original position at Regnano.

In the meantime, the enemy's right fared no better at the hands of General Maurice Mathieu at Vignanello, which they evacuated, fleeing till they reached Borghetto, and leaving to the French five hundred killed, five hundred prisoners, a flag and four guns.

The attack of the centre, led by Mack with thirty thousand men, was more serious.

Macdonald's advance guard was com-

manded by General Duhesme, from the army of the Rhine, eager to distinguish himself, who, instead of awaiting an attack, ordered a charge, at the same time manœuvering some light guns on the enemy's flank. Taken thus unawares, Mack's advance column was thrown into confusion, and fell back on the second, abandoning guns, munitions, flags and six hundred prisoners. But even so, Duhesme's position was not a happy one, and he was forced to retreat step by step before the second column, the rally of the first and a swarm of peasants with rifles. Macdonald, seeing this, sent to tell him to return to his former position, halt, and form battalions in square to receive the enemy on the bayonet; place some artillery on a slight rise to take the Neapolitans crossways, and dividing his own men, passed to right and left of Duhesme's square and charged.

Championnet, dominating the immense chessboard, could not but admire the intrepidity of Macdonald, whom he loved as a brother, but he was considering that he should perhaps send a message ordering him to retreat and bring on to the Neapolitan flank Lahure and Maurice Mathieu, when he saw Macdonald begin to do so; and Duhesme, reforming, dash against the enemy's centre, forcing him to loosen his pressure on Macdonald. Then both Macdonald and Duhesme formed into square battalions, and the battlefield had the appearance of thirty thousand men besieging six redoubts, each composed of twelve hundred men, and vomiting torrents of fire.

Mack, finding it impossible to prevail thus, placed his numerous guns in such a position as to rake the French squares, and at the same time to protect a formidable column which he held in readiness to cut the Republican army in two. Against such a disposition of forces Championnet was uneasily aware neither courage nor genius could prevail. His eye was piercing Mack's wave-like masses on the horizon, when suddenly towards the left he saw, towards Rieti, a glitter of arms in a rapidly advancing whirlwind of dust. He thought it must be a reinforcement sent for by Mack, when turning to take counsel with his officers, he saw on the side diametrically opposite a second corps, even larger than the first, making towards the battlefield with equal speed. One would have thought it a pre-arranged race between the two bodies of men. Could it be General Naselli from Florence, and Mack a cleverer organiser than one had supposed?

But all at once Championnet's aide-de-camp, Villeneuve, uttered a cry of joy, and pointing to the clouds of dust on the Viterbo road:

"General," said he, "the tricolor flag!"

"Ah!" cried Championnet; "ours; Joubert has kept his word." Then, gazing at the other body from Rieti: "Oh!" he exclaimed, "but this would be too much luck!" while all around him shouted with one voice: "The tricolor flag! Pignatelli and the Roman Legion, Kniasewitch and his Poles! in short, Victory!"

Then, with a gesture of marvellous greatness, stretching out his hand towards Rome:

"King Ferdinand, of Naples," cried the Republican general, "you can now,

like Richard III., offer your crown for a horse."

But the day was yet to be won, and Championnet despatched Villeneuve to tell Macdonald to hold firm for another half-hour, sending with him two young officers with similar orders to Duhesme and the squares on the left. "Add," said he, "the General answers for everything." He watched them disappear, galloping into the fiery furnace; seeing, at the same time, the two Republican forces rapidly advancing quite unseen by the enemy, upon whose flanks their cavalry suddenly fell like avalanches, hewing a passage for their infantry protected by three pieces of light artillery.

Then happened what Championnet had foreseen. The Neapolitans, taken completely by surprise, began to leave their ranks; Macdonald and Duhesme saw that something extraordinary and unforseen had occurred by the confusion into which they were thrown, and seized the opportunity to break squares and unite like pieces of three immense serpents, and during a charge with fixed bayonets and cries of "Long live the Republic!" with irresistible impetus they drove the enemy before them.

"Come, friends," cried Championnet to the five or six hundred men he had kept as a reserve, "let it not be said that our brothers were conquering before our eyes and that we had no part in the victory. Forward!" And hurrying his men into the horrible struggle, he also made his breach in the living wall.

But in the midst of this immense disorder a great misfortune nearly happened. Kellerman's dragoons and Kniasewitch's Poles, having fallen on the enemy masses from opposite sides, and pierced them like wedges driven into an oak, met each other in the middle, and but for two young men from their separate ranks embracing with cries of "Long live the Republic," would have proceeded to exterminate one another by mistake. These young men were Hector Caraffa with Kellerman's force, who had been sent to demand help from Joubert; and Salvato Palmieri with Kniasewitch and Pignatelli, who had fallen in with them on his way to rejoin his regiment. This joyful embrace at the head of their respective columns, amid cries of "Victory! Victory!" from ten thousand voices, was thus happily in time to prevent French and Poles from firing on one another.

Indeed, the victory was complete; and Championnet came up to finish the rout; it was terrible, mad, unheard of. Thirty thousand Neapolitans defeated, dispersed, fleeing in all directions, were struggling amid twelve thousand French victors, combining their movements with implacable coolness to annihilate at one blow an enemy three times more numerous.

In the midst of this frightful *débacle* the French chiefs met; Championnet made Salvato Palmieri and Hector Caraffa chiefs of brigade on the spot; leaving to them, Macdonald and Duhesme, all the honours of the victory he had planned; and pressing the hands of Kellerman, Kniasewitch and Pignatelli, told them that they had saved Rome, must conquer Naples, and consequently continue the pursuit, and if possible cut off the enemy's retreat. Rome was to be re-occupied,

the Republic set up again, and the French army was to march on Naples.

After this council on horseback, the trophies of victory were gathered up.

There were three thousand dead, as many wounded, and five thousand prisoners, who were disarmed and taken to Civita Castellana; eight thousand rifles were picked up; thirty guns and sixty abandoned artillery wagons were found, and finally amid all the baggage two vans full of gold.

This was the treasure of the royal army, totalling seven million francs.

With this portion of cash from the bill drawn by Sir William Hamilton on the Bank of England, and endorsed by Nelson, a distribution of pay was made that same evening to the French army; a sum was set aside to purchase clothes and shoes for the men, and the remainder of nearly four millions was sent to France.

It was a night of general rejoicing; the wounded stifled their groans; the dead were forgotten.

During the night after the battle, the two vanguards, one led by Salvato Palmieri, the other by Hector Caraffa, had taken the road, one hoping to reach Sora, the other to reach Ceprano, and thus to close the pass of the Abruzzi to the Neapolitans.

As to Championnet, as soon as he had finished his business at Rome, he was to take the Velletri and Terracina road through the Pontine marshes.

At daybreak, after having despatched to Lemoine and Casabianca news of the victory, with the order to march on Civita Ducale, to join forces with the army corps of Macdonald and Duhesme, and with them to take the road to Naples, he set out with six thousand men to return to Rome, and next day at eight in the morning appeared at the People's Gate, re-entered the city amid joyful salvoes from the Castle of St. Angelo, took the left bank of the Tiber, and regained the Corsini palace, where, as Baron Riescach had promised, he found everything just where he had left it.

The same day the Republican government was set up again at Rome.

His Oath

Danton, Minister of Justice, was waiting for one of two things: if he turned to the Commune, he and Marat and Robespierre would rule, and he wanted neither of them. Unfortunately, the Assembly would not have him, and its support to rule alone was the other alternative.

He had been wrestling with his wife, who guessed that the massacre was determined upon. He had told her that she talked like a woman in asking him to die rather than let the red tide flow on.

"You say that you will die of the stain, and that my sons will blush for me. No; they will be men some day, and if true Dantons, they will carry their heads high; if weak, let them deny me. If I let them commence the massacre by me, for opposing it, do you know what will become of the revolu-

tion between that blood-thirsty maniac, Marat, and that sham utopist, Robespierre? I will stay the bloodshed if I can, and if not, I will take all the guilt on my shoulders. The burden will not prevent me marching to my goal, only I shall be the more terrible."

Entered, Dr. Gilbert, the physician of Mirabeau.

"Come, Dr. Gilbert, I have a word for you."

Opening a little study door, he led the visitor into it.

"How can I be useful to you?" he asked. "What do you desire?"

"The liberation of a woman prisoned in the abbey."

"The name?"

"The Countess of Charny."

Danton took a sheet of paper and wrote the release.

"There it is," he said; "are there others you would wish to save? Speak; I should like to save some of the unfortunates."

"I have all my desire," said Gilbert, bowing.

"Go, doctor," said the minister; "and when you need anything of me, apply direct. I am happy to do anything for you, man to man. Ah," he muttered at the door, in showing him out, "if I had only your reputation, doctor, as an honorable man!"

Bearer of the precious paper which assured the life of Countess Charny, wife of the queen's body-guard, the father of her son, for such in reality was this man whom Danton called honorable, hastened to the abbey. Though nearly midnight, threatening groups still hung round the door. Gilbert passed through the midst of them and knocked at it. The gloomy panel in the low arched way was opened. Gilbert shuddered as he went through—it was to be the way to the tomb.

The order, presented to the warden, stated that instant release was to be given to the person whom Dr. Gilbert should point out. He named the Countess of Charny, and the governor ordered a turnkey to lead Gilbert to the prisoner's cell.

The doctor followed the man up three flights of a spiral staircase, where he entered a cell lighted by a lamp.

Pale as marble, in mourning, a woman sat at a table bearing the lamp, reading a shagreen prayer-book adorned with a silver cross. A brand of fire burned in the fireplace. In spite of the sound of the door opening, she did not lift her eyes; the steps approaching did not move her; she appeared absorbed in her book, but it was absence of mind, for Gilbert stood several minutes without her turning a leaf.

The warder had closed the door, with himself on the outer side.

"My lady the countess," ventured Gilbert, after awhile.

Raising her eyes, Andrea looked without perceiving at first; the veil of her mind was between her and the speaker, but it was gradually withdrawn.

"Ah, and is it you, Doctor Gilbert—what do you want?" she inquired.

"Madame, very ugly rumors are afloat about what is going to happen in the prisons."

"Yes; it is said that the prisoners are to be slaughtered," rejoined Andrea; "but you know, Doctor Gilbert, that I am ready to die."

"I come to take you away, madame," he continued, bowing.

"Whither would you take me, doctor?" she asked, in surprise.

"Wherever you like, madame; you are free."

He showed her the release order signed by Danton, which she read; but instead of returning it, she kept it in her hand.

"I might have suspected this," she observed, trying to smile, but she had forgotten the way. "You were sure to try to prevent me dying."

"Madame, there is but one existence which would be dearer to me than my parents', had I ever known my parents —it is yours."

"In short, you have thought of me, Gilbert. So you entered the lion's den for my sake, and came forth with the talisman which unseals doors?"

"I told you, madame, that as long as I lived you should not die."

"Nay, Doctor Gilbert, I believe that this time I hold death by the hand," said Andrea, with something more like a smile than her previous attempt.

"Madame, I declare to you that I will stay you from dying, even though I have to employ force."

Without replying, Andrea tore the order into pieces and tossed them into the fire.

"Try it," she said.

Gilbert uttered an outcry.

"Doctor Gilbert," said she, "I have given up the idea of suicide, but not of dying. I long for death."

Gilbert let a groan escape him.

"All that I ask of you is that you will save my body from outrage after death—it has not escaped it in life. You know that." Gilbert blushed. "Count Charny rests in the family vault at Boursonnse. There I spent the happiest days of my life, and I wish to repose by him."

"Oh, in Heaven's name, I implore you—"

"And I implore you in the name of my sorrow—"

"It is well, lady; you were right in saying that I am bound to obey you in all points. I go, but I am not vanquished."

"Do not forget my last wish."

"If I do not save you in spite of yourself, it shall be accomplished," replied Gilbert.

Saluting her for the last time, he went forth, and the door banged to with that lugubrious sound peculiar to prison doors.

In the night, while Gilbert was vainly trying to save Andrea, the Commune, unable to secure Danton's help, formed a committee of vigilance, including Marat, though he was not a member of the Commune. But his name enthroned murder, and showed the frightful development of his power.

The first order of this committee was to have twenty-four prisoners removed from the abbey, and brought before them at the mayor's offices—now the police prefecture building.

It was expected that they would be set upon in the streets, and the butchery there begun would be introduced into the prisons.

Marat's "barkers," as they were called, in vain, however, shouted as the hacks went along:

"Look at the traitors—the accomplices of the Prussians! There they go who are surrendering our towns, slaying our wives and babes, and will do it here if you leave them in the rear when you march to the border."

But, as Danton said, massacres are a scarce bird, and the incitement only brought out more uproar.

Fortune came to the ruffians' assistance.

At a crossing was a stage run up for the voluntary enlistments. The cabs had to stop. A man pushed through the escort and plunged his sword several times inside a carriage, drawing it out dripping with blood. A prisoner had a cane, and trying to parry the steel, he struck one of the guards.

"Why, you brigands," said the struck man, "we are protecting you and you strike us! Lay on, friends!"

Twenty scoundrels, who only waited for the call, sprung out of the throng, armed with knives tied to poles in the way of spears, and stabbed through the carriage windows. The screams arose from inside the conveyances, and the blood trickled out and left a track on the road-way.

Blood calls for blood, and the massacre commenced which was to last four days.

It was regularized by Maillard, who wanted to have every act done in legal style. His registry exists, where his clear, steady handwriting is perfectly calm and legible in the two notes and the signature. "Executed by the judgment of the people," or "Acquitted by the people," and "Maillard."

The latter note appears forty-three times, so that he saved that number.

After the fourth of September he disappeared, swallowed up in the sea of blood.

Meanwhile, he presided over the court. He had set up a table and called for a blank book; he chose a jury, or rather assistant judges, to the number of twelve, who sat six on either side of him.

He called out the prisoner's name from a register; while the turnkeys went for the person, he stated the case, and looked for a decision from his associates as soon as the accused appeared. If condemned, he said: "To Laforce!" which seemed to mean the prison of that name; but the grim pun, understood, was that he was to be handed over to "brute force."

Beyond the outer door the wretch fell under the blows of the butchers.

If the prisoner was absolved, the black phantom rose, laid his hand on the person's head, and said, "Put him out!" and the prisoner was freed.

When Maillard arrived at the Abbey Prison, a man, also in black, who was waiting by the wall, stepped forward to meet him. On the first words exchanged between them Maillard recognized this man, and bowed his tall figure to him in condescension, if not submission. He brought him into the prison, and when the tribunal was arranged, he said:

"Stand you there, and when the person comes out in whom you are interested, make me a sign."

The man rested his elbow against the wall and stood mute, attentive, and motionless as when outside.

It was Honore Gilbert, who had sworn that he would not let Andrea die, and was still trying to fulfill his oath.

Between four and six in the morning, the judges and butchers took a rest, and at six had breakfast.

At half past the horrid work was resumed.

In that interval such of the prisoners as could see the slaughter out of a

window reported by which mode death came swiftest and with the least suffering; they concluded it was by a stab to the heart.

Thereupon, some took turn after turn with a pocket-knife to cheat the slaughterers.

In the midst of this dreadful antechamber of death, one woman in deep mourning was kneeling in prayer and smiling.

It was the Countess of Charny.

Two hours yet passed before she was called as "Citizeness Andrea of Taverney, previously known as the Countess of Charny."

At the name, Gilbert felt his legs yield under him and his heart weaken.

A life, more important than his own, was to be debated, tried, and doomed or spared.

"Citizens," said Maillard, "the person about to appear before you is a poor woman who was devoted formerly to the Austrian, but with truly royal ingratitude, she paid her with sorrow; to that friendship she gave all—her property and her husband. You will see her come in, dressed in mourning, which she owes to the prisoner in the temple. Citizens, I ask you for the life of this woman."

The bench of judges nodded; but one said the prisoner ought to appear before them.

"Then, look," said the chief.

The door opening, they saw in the corridor depths a woman clad wholly in black, with her head crowned with a black veil, who walked forward alone without support, with a steady step. She seemed an apparition from another world, at the sight of which even those justices shuddered.

Arriving at the table, she lifted her veil. Never had beauty less disputable but none more pale met the eyes of man; it was a goddess in marble.

All eyes were fixed upon her, while Gilbert panted.

"Citizen"—she addressed Maillard in a voice as sweet as firm—"you are the president?"

"Yes, citizeness," replied the judge, startled at his being questioned.

"I am the Countess of Charny, wife of the count of that house, killed on the infamous tenth of August; an aristocrat and the bosom friend of the queen, I have deserved death, and I come to seek it."

The judges uttered a cry of surprise, and Gilbert turned pale and shrunk as far as he could back into the angle by the door to escape Andrea's gaze.

"Citizens," said Maillard, who saw the doctor's plight, "this creature has gone mad through the death of her husband; let us pity her, and let her senses have a chance to come back. The justice of the people does not fall on the insane."

He rose and was going to lay his hands on Andrea's head as he did when he pronounced those innocent; but she pushed aside his hand.

"I have my full reason," she said; "and if you want to pardon any one, let it be one who craves it and merits it, but not I, who deserve it not and reject it."

Maillard turned to Gilbert and saw that he was wringing his clasped hands.

"This woman is plainly mad," he said; "put her out."

He waved his hand to a member of the court, who shoved the countess toward the door of safety.

"Innocent," he called out; "let her go out."

They who had the weapons ready parted before Andrea, lowered them unto this image of mourning. But, after having gone ten paces, and while Gilbert, clinging to the window bars, saw her going forth, she stopped.

"God save the king!" she cried. "Long live the queen, and shame on the tenth of August!"

Gilbert uttered a shriek and darted out into the yard. For he had seen a sword glitter, and swift as a lightning flash, the blade disappeared in Andrea's bosom. He arrived in time to catch her in his arms, and as she turned on him her dying gaze she recognized him.

"I told you that I would die in spite of you," she muttered. "Love the child for both of us," she added, in a barely intelligible voice, and still more faintly continued: "You will have me laid to rest by him—next my George, my husband, for time everlasting?"

And she expired.

Gilbert raised her up in his arms, while fifty blood-smeared hands menaced him all at once.

But Maillard appeared behind him and said, as he spread his hands over his head:

"Make way for the true citizen Gilbert, carrying out the body of a poor crazed woman slain by mistake."

They stepped aside, and carrying the corpse of Andrea, the man who had first loved her, even to committing crime to triumph over her, passed amid the murderers without one thinking of barring the way, so sovereign was Maillard's words over the multitude.

A Legend

Let us gaze on the somber edifice confining a king become mere man, a queen still a queen, a maid who would be a martyr, and two poor children innocent, from age if not by birth.

The king was in the temple, not the temple tower, but the palace of the Knights Templars, which had been used by Artois as a pleasure resort.

The Assembly had not haggled about his keep, but awarded a handsome sum for the table of one who was a hearty eater, like all the Bourbons. Not only did the judges reprimand him for his untimely gluttony during his trial, but they had a note made of the fact to be on record to our times.

In the temple he had three servants and thirteen attendants connected with the table. Each day's dinner was composed of four *entrées*—six varieties of roast meat, four fancy dishes, three kinds of stews, three dishes of fruit, and Bordeaux, Madeira, and Malvoisie wine.

He and his son alone drank wine, as the queen and the princesses used water.

On the material side, he had nothing to complain of; but he lacked air, exercise, sunshine, and shady trees.

Habituated by hunting in the royal forests to glade and covert, he had to content himself with a green yard, where a few withered trees scattered

prematurely blighted leaves on four parterres of yellowed grass.

Every day at four, the royal family were "walked out" here, as if they were so many head of stall-fed cattle.

We are not excusing the Commune, and not excusing kings; we are bound to say that the temple was a retaliation, terrible and fatal, but clumsy, for it was making a prosecution a persecution and a criminal a martyr.

What did they look like now—those whom we have seen in their glory?

The king, with his weak eyes, flabby cheeks, hanging lips, and heavy, carefully poised step, seemed a good farmer upset by a great disaster; his melancholy was that of an agriculturist whose barn had been burned by lightning or his fields swept by a cyclone. The queen's attitude was as usual, stiff, proud, and dreadfully irritating. Marie Antoinette had inspired love of grandeur in her time; in her decline, she inspired devotion, but never pity; that springs from sympathy, and she was never one for fellow-feeling.

The guardian angel of the family was Princess Elizabeth, in her white dress, symbol of her purity of body and soul; her fair hair was the handsomer from the disuse of powder. The princess royal, notwithstanding the charm of youth, little interested any one; a thorough Austrian like her mother, her look had already the scorn and arrogance of vultures and royal races. The little dauphin was more winning from his sickly white complexion and golden hair; but his eye was a hard raw blue, with an expression at times older than his age. He understood things too well, caught the idea from a glance of his mother's eye, and showed politic cunning which sometimes wrung tears from those who tormented him.

The Commune were cruel and imprudent; they changed the watchers daily, and sent spies, under the guise of town officers. These went in sworn enemies to the king and came out enemies to the death of Marie Antoinette, but almost all pitying the king, sorrowing for the children, and glorifying the Lady Elizabeth. Indeed, what did they see at the prison? Instead of the wolf, the she-wolf and the whelps—an ordinary middle-class family, with the mother rather the gray mare and spitfire, who would not let any one touch the hem of her dress, but of a brood of tyrants not a trace.

The king had taken up Latin again in order to educate his son, while the queen occupied herself with her daughter. The link of communication between the couple was the valet, Clery, attached to the prince royal, but from the king's own servant, Hue, being dismissed, he waited on both. While hairdressing for the ladies, he repeated what the king wanted to transmit, quickly and in undertones.

The queen would often interrupt her reading to her daughter by plunging into deep and gloomy musing; the princess would steal away on tiptoe to let her enjoy a new sorrow, which at least had the benefit of tears, and make a hushing sign to her brother. When the tear fell on her ivory hand, beginning to yellow, the poor prisoner would start back from her dream, her momentary freedom in the immense domain of thought and memories, and look round her prison with a lowered head and broken heart.

Weather permitting, the family had a walk in the garden at one o'clock, with a corporal and his squad of the National Guard to watch them. Then the king went up to his rooms on the third story to dine. It was then that Santerre came for his rigorous inspection. The king sometimes spoke with him; the queen never; she had forgotten what she owed to this man on the twentieth of June.

As we have stated, bodily needs were tyrannical in the king, who always indulged in an after-dinner nap; during this, the others remained silent around his easy-chair. Only when he woke was the chat resumed.

When the newsboys called out the news items in the evening, Clery listened, and repeated what he caught to the king.

After supper, the king went into the queen's room to bid her good-night, as well as his sister, by a wave of the hand, and going into his library, read till midnight. He waited before going off to sleep to see the guards changed, to know whether he had a strange face for the night-watcher.

This unchanging life lasted till the king left the small tower—that is, up to September 30th.

It was a dull situation, and the more worthy of pity as it was dignifiedly supported. The most hostile were softened by the sight. They came to watch over the abominable tyrant who had ruined France, massacred Frenchmen, and called the foreigners in; over the queen who had united the lubricities of Messalina to the license of Catherine II.; but they found a plain old fellow whom they could not tell from his valet, who ate and drank heartily and slept soundly, playing piquet or backgammon, teaching Latin and geography to his boy, and putting puzzles to his children out of old newspapers; and a wife, proud and haughty, one must admit, but calm, dignified, resigned, still handsome, teaching her daughter tapestry-work and her son his prayers, speaking gently to the servants and calling them "friends."

The result was that the more the Commune abased the prisoner, and the more he showed that he was like any other man, the more other men took pity on their fellowman.

Still, all who came into contact with the royal family did not feel the same respect and pity. Hatred and revenge were so deeply rooted in these, that the sight of the regal misery supported with domestic virtues, only brought out rudeness, insults, and actual indignities.

On the king saying that he thought a sentry was tired, the soldier pressed his hat on the more firmly, and said, in the teeth of the monarch:

"My place here is to keep an eye on you and not for you to criticise me. Nobody has the right to meddle with my business, and you least of all."

Once the queen ventured to ask a town officer where he came from.

"I belong to the country," he loftily replied, "at least, as much of it as your foreign friends have not taken possession of."

One day a municipal officer said to Clery, loud enough for the king to overhear: "I would guillotine the lot of them if the regular executioner backed out."

The sentinels decked the walls, where the royals came along to go into the garden, with lines in this style:

"The guillotine is a standing institution and is waiting for the tyrant Louis."—"Madame Veto will soon dance on nothing."—"The fat hog must be put on short rations."—"Pull off the red ribbon he wears—it will do to strangle his cubs with."

One drawing represented a man hanging, and was labeled: "Louis taking an air-bath."

The worst tormentors were two lodgers in the temple, Rocher, the sapper, and Simon, the notorious cobbler. The latter, whose harsh treatment of the royal child has made him noted, was insult personified. Every time he saw the prisoners, it was to inflict a fresh outrage.

Rocher, the man placed by Manuel to prevent harm befalling the captives, resembled those boys who are given a bird to keep—they kill time by plucking out the feathers one by one.

But, however unhappy the prisoners were, they had yet the comfort that they were under the same roof.

The Commune resolved to part the king from his family.

Clery had an inkling of the intention, but he could not get at the exact date until a general searching of the prisoners on the twenty-ninth of September gave him a hint. That night, indeed, they took away the king into rooms in the great tower which were wet with plaster and paint and the smell was unbearable.

But the king lay down to sleep without complaining, while the valet passed the night on a chair.

When he was going out to attend to the prince, whose attendant he strictly was, the guard stopped him, saying:

"You are no longer to have communications with the other prisoners; the king is not to see his children any more."

As they omitted to bring special food for the servant, the king broke his bread with him, weeping while the man sobbed.

When the workmen came to finish the rooms, the town officer who superintended them came up to the king with some pity, and said:

"Citizen, I have seen your family at breakfast, and I undertake to say that all were in health."

The king's heart ached at this kind feeling.

He thanked the man, and begged him to transmit the report of his health to his dear ones. He asked for some books, and as the man could not read, he accompanied Clery down into the other rooms to let him select the reading matter. Clery was only too glad, as this gave an opportunity of seeing the queen. He could not say more than a few words, on account of the soldiers being present.

The queen could not hold out any longer, and she besought to let them all have a meal in company.

The municipal officers weakened, and allowed this until further orders. One of them wept, and Simon said:

"Hang me if these confounded women will not get the water-works running in my eyes. But," he added, addressing the queen, "you did not do any weeping when you shot down the people on the tenth of August."

"Ah!" said the queen; "the people have been much misled about our feelings toward them. If you knew us

better, you would be sorry, like this gentleman."

So the dinner was served in the old place; it was a feast, for they gained so much in one day, they thought. They gained everything, for nothing more was heard of the Commune's new regulation; the king continued to see his family daily, and to take his meals with them.

One of these days, when he went in, he found the queen sweeping up the dauphin's room, who was unwell. He stopped on the sill, let his head sink on his breast, and sighed:

"Ah, my lady, this is sorry work for a Queen of France, and if they could see from Vienna what you are doing here! Who would have thought that, in uniting you to my fate, I should ever bring you so low?"

"Do you reckon it as nothing," replied Marie Antoinette, "this glory of being the wife of the best and most persecuted of men?"

This was spoken without an idea there were hearers; but all such sayings were picked up and diffused to embroider with gold the dark legend of the martyr king.

Some Prussian History

Least German of all Germanic states, Prussia is habited by a mixture of races. Besides Germans proper, numbers of Slavonians are found there. There are also descendants of the Wends, Letts, Lithuanians, Poles, and other early tribes, and a mixture of Frankish refugees. The prosperity, though not perhaps the grandeur of the House of Hohenzollern, began with Duke Frederic, the greatest usurer of his day. It is as impossible to calculate the enormous sums wrung from the Jews as to narrate the means by which they were extorted. At first a vassal of the Emperor Wenceslaus, when that monarch's impending fall became evident Frederic deserted his camp for that of his rival Otho, and when Otho's crown began to totter, he passed over to Sigismund, brother of Wenceslaus.

In 1400 A.D., the same year in which Charles VI ennobled the goldsmith Raoul, as a reward for financial help, Sigismund, equally embarrassed, borrowed 100,000 florins from Frederic, giving him the Margravate of Brandenburg as security. Fifteen years later, Sigismund having had to provide for the extravagance of the Council of Constance, found himself in debt to Frederic for 400,000 florins. Utterly unable to pay, he sold, or granted in compensation, both the Marches of Brandenburg and the dignity of Elector. In 1701 the electorate rose into a kingdom and the Duke Frederic III became the King Frederic I of Prussia.

The Hohenzollerns display the faults and the characteristics of their race. Their exchequer is admirably managed, but the moral balance-sheet of their administration can rarely be compared with the financial one. They have advanced on the lines of Duke Frederic, with more or less hypocrisy, but with ever-increasing rapacity. Thus in 1525, Albert of Hohenzollern, Grand Master

of the Teutonic knights, then lords of Prussia, forsook his faith and became a Lutheran, receiving in return the rank of Hereditary Duke of Prussia, under the over-lordship of Poland. And in 1613, the Elector John Sigismund, wishing to obtain the duchy of Cleves, followed Albert's example and became a Calvinist.

The policy of the Great Elector has been summed up by Leibnitz in a single phrase: "I side with him who pays best." To him is due the formation of the European permanent standing army, and it was his second wife, the famous Dorothea, who started shops and taverns in Berlin for the disposal of her beer and dairy produce. The military genius of the Great Frederic is beyond dispute, but it was he who, in order to curry favour with the Russian Court, offered to "supply" the Grand Dukes with German princesses "at the lowest reasonable rate!" One lady thus "supplied," a princess of Anhalt, is known as "Catherine the Great." We may remark incidentally that he also is chiefly responsible for the partition of Poland, a crime which has weighted the Prussian crown with the malediction of nations, and which he celebrated by this scandalously impious summons to his brother Henry, "Come, let us receive the Eucharist of the body of Poland!" To Frederic also, we owe the economical maxim, "He dines best who eats at another's table!"

Frederic died childless, a fact for which, oddly enough, historians have seen fit to blame him. His nephew and successor, William II, invaded France in 1792. His entry, preceded by the famous manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, was ostentatious to a degree, but his departure, accompanied by Danton and Dumouriez, was accomplished without sound of trumpet or drum.

He was succeeded by the "Man of Jena," Frederic William III. Among the numerous stupid and servile letters received by the Emperor Napoleon in the days of his prosperity, must be counted those of William III.

Frederic William IV—we are rapidly approaching our own times—came to the throne in June, 1840. According to the Hohenzollern custom, his first ministry was a liberal one, and on his accession he remarked to Alexander von Humbolt:

"As a noble I am the first gentleman in the kingdom; as a king I am only the first citizen."

Charles X had said much the same on succeeding to the crown of France, or, rather, M. de Martignac had said it for him.

The first proof the king gave of his liberalism was an attempt to drill properly the intellectual forces of the kingdom, which duty he entrusted to the Minister Eichhorn. The name—it means "squirrel"—was quite prophetic. At the end of ten years the project had not advanced a step, although the minister himself had done wonders of perpetual revolution. On the other hand, reaction had progressed. The press was persecuted, promotion and rewards were obtained only by hypocrites and informers. High office could only be acquired by becoming a servile instrument of the pietistic party, which was headed by the king.

Frederic William and King Louis of Bavaria were the two most literary of contemporary sovereigns. But Louis

encouraged Art under whatever form it appeared, whereas Frederic William wished it to be drilled into a sort of auxiliary to despotism. Feeling himself constrained, like our great satirist Boileau, to give an example of good manners to both court and city, he began a correspondence with Louis, in the course of which he sent the latter a quatrain commenting on the scandal caused by his intimacy with Lola Montes. The King of Bavaria replied in another which made the round of all the courts of Europe.

"Contempteur de l'amour, dont j'adore
l'ivresse,
Frère, tu dis que, roi sans pudeur, sans
vertu,
Je garde à tort Lola, ma fille enchan-
teresse.
Je te l'enverrai bien.—Oui; mais qu'en
ferais-tu?"

And, by general consent of the wits, the laugh remained on the side of the versatile King Louis.

After six years of domiciliary visits, suppressions, and summary expulsions of offending journalists, the Prussian Diet at length assembled at Berlin. In his opening speech the king addressed the deputies thus:

"Recollect, gentlemen, that you are here to represent the *interests of the people,* but not their *sentiments.*"

A little later in the year, Frederic William inaugurated his Divine Right by observing as he tore up the Constitution:

"I shall not allow a scrap of paper to stand between my people and their God!" meaning, though he did not dare to say it, "between my people and me."

Then the revolution of 1848 burst forth, and did not spare Berlin, which was soon in full revolt. The king lost his head completely. In leaving the town he had to drive past the dead bodies of rioters killed in the struggle. There was a shout of "Hats off!" and the king was obliged to remain uncovered while the people sang the famous hymn composed by the Great Electress.

"Jesus, my Redeemer, lives."

Every one knows how Absolutism succeeded in dominating the National Assembly, and how presently reaction brought the following leaders into power:

Manteuffel, whose policy led to the unfortunate Austrian triumph at Olmutz.

Westphalen, who revived provincial councils, and brought the king to the famous Warsaw interview.

Statel, a converted Jew and Protestant Jesuit, a Grand Inquisitor who had missed his vocation.

And, lastly, the two Gerlachs, intriguers of the first water, whose history belongs to that of the two spies, Ladunberg and Techen.

Although the Constitution, establishing two Chambers, was sworn to by William IV, February 6th, 1850, it was not until his successor, William Louis, was on the throne that both Upper and Lower Chambers began to legislate.

A league was now formed by the bureaucracy, the orthodox clergy, the provincial squirearchy, and some of the proletariat. This was the origin of the famous association inappropriately

designated the *Patriotic* Association, which had for its aim the annihilation of the Constitution.

There now appeared as First President of the Association at Königsberg, the Count von Bismarck, who has played so great a part in Prussian history. We cannot do less for him than we have done for the Hohenzollerns, that is to say, we must devote an entire story to him and to the Prussia of to-day. For is not the Count von Bismarck a much greater monarch than the King of Prussia himself?

Count von Bismarck

MANY have sought, and some profess to have found, the reasons of the remarkable royal favour enjoyed by Count Bismarck, but the chief, and to our thinking the only one, is the extraordinary genius which even his enemies dare not dispute, notwithstanding the fact that genius is usually anything but a passport to the favour of kings.

We will relate one or two little anecdotes concerning the Prime Minister, beginning with one which does not refer to him personally, but may serve as a sort of preface to another. Every one knows the absurd point to which military etiquette is carried in Prussia.

A Pomeranian general—Pomerania may be called the Prussian Bœotia—being in garrison at Darmstadt and being bored even to the fullest possibility of Darmstadt boredom, was standing at his window, wishing for a conflagration, a revolution, an earthquake—anything—when he beheld an officer in the distance—an officer minus his sword! An awful breach of discipline! "Ah!" thought the delighted general, "here is a lieutenant to make a scapegoat of. Ten minutes' lecture and a fortnight's arrest! What luck!"

The unsuspecting officer drew nearer, and when within hail: "Lieutenant Rupert," shouted the general. The officer looked up, saw the general, and immediately remembering his missing sword, understood his terrible position. The general had seen him; he could not go back, and he felt he must brave the storm. The general beamed and rubbed his hands cheerfully at the prospect of some amusement at last. The lieutenant plucked up courage, entered the house, and arriving at the anteroom, beheld a regulation sword hanging on the wall. "What a mercy!" he murmured, unhooking the sword and quickly buckling it on. Then looking as innocent as possible, he entered the room, and standing at attention by the door,

"The general did me the honour to call," he said.

"Yes," said the general with severity, "I have to enquire——" he stopped suddenly, observing that the culprit's sword was at his side. His expression changed, and he said smiling:

"Yes, I wanted to ask, I wanted to ask—— What on earth was it? Ah, yes. I wanted to ask after your family, Lieutenant Rupert. I particularly wished to enquire after your father."

"If my father could hear of your kind feeling towards him, general, he

would be greatly gratified. Unhappily, he died twenty years ago."

The general looked considerably taken aback.

The young officer continued: "Have you any further commands, sir?"

"Why, no," said the general. "Only this. Never be seen without your sword. Had you been without it to-day, I should have given you a fortnight's arrest."

"I will take the greatest care, sir! You see?" answered the lieutenant, boldly indicating the sword which hung at his side.

"Yes, yes, I see. It is all right. You can go now."

The young man lost no time in profiting by the permission; he saluted, left the room, and carefully hung up the sword as he went through the anteroom. As he left the house the general, being again at the window, again saw that he had no sword. He summoned his wife:

"Look here," he said, "do you see that officer?"

"Certainly I do," she replied.

"Has he a sword or not?"

"He has not."

"Well then, you are mistaken; he looks as if he hadn't one, but he has."

The lady made no remark, being accustomed to accept whatever her husband said. The young officer escaped with the fright, and took good care not to forget his sword a second time.

Well, a similar misfortune—more, a real humiliation of this kind very nearly happened to the King of Prussia, when he was only the Prince Royal. Von Bismarck was then merely an attaché at the Frankfort Legation without any handle to his name. When the prince stopped at Frankfort on his way to a review at Mayence von Bismarck had the honour of being told off to accompany him.

It was a hot day in August and the railway carriages were stifling. Etiquette notwithstanding, every one from the prince downward, unbuttoned his coat. On arriving at Mayence, where the troops were drawn up at the station to receive him, the prince refastened his coat but left one button undone. He was just leaving the carriage, when, luckily, von Bismarck noticed the oversight.

"Good heavens, prince!" he exclaimed, "what are you about?"

And, for once forgetting etiquette, which forbids the royal person to be contaminated by profane fingers, he sprang forward and fastened the offending button. Hence, according to some, came the royal favour, for the king, greatly embarrassed by the events of '58, reflected that the man who had saved his credit at Mayence might also save his crown at Berlin.

The count now became the leader of the "Junker" faction, voiced by the "Kreuz Zeitung." He was, in fact, the fittest man for the position, possessing oratorical eloquence, great mental and physical activity, and a complete conviction that any sort of means is justified by the end. And the end accomplished, he flung from the height of his tribune this epigram in the face of an astonished Chamber: "Might is Right!" in three words summing up both his political creed and the direct consequences which followed.

The life-giving principles of humanity should be exemplified by three nations:

Commercial activity by England.
Moral expansion by Germany.
Intellectual brilliance by France.

If we ask why Germany does not occupy the great position assigned to her we find the answer in this: France has attained freedom of thought, but Germany is allowed only the freedom of a dreamer. The sole atmosphere in which she can breathe freely is that of the fortress or the prison. And if we wonder why the rest of Germany is ruled by the rod of Prussia the explanation may be found in this: German *manners* do not exist, but there is a national *genius;* a genius which desired no revolution, but peace and liberty, and above all—intellectual independence. This desire was Prussia's greatest difficulty; she fought it, she weakened it, and she hopes to conquer it entirely. She boasts of her compulsory education; her children are indeed taught all they can be taught, but once out of school they are never permitted to think for themselves.

The Junker faction is composed chiefly of younger sons who have to seek either an official career or a military one. Failing this, they must depend on the head of the family for a decent maintenance. With very few exceptions there is no "old nobility" in Prussia, the aristocracy is not distinguished by either wealth or intellect. A few names here and there recall ancient Germanic history; others belong to Prussian military annals. But the rest of the nobility can claim no distinction, and have only owned their estates for a century or two.

Consequently, nearly all the liberal and progressive members of the Chamber depend, either by position or office, on the Government, and not one of them was strong enough to fight against a despotism which seizes a child at the moment of his birth, guides him through adolescence, and escorts him for the rest of his life. Therefore Count von Bismarck could insult both Chamber and deputies with impunity, knowing that their complaints would rouse no answering echo in the country, while at Court they were considered as being next door to the servants. On one occasion the President Grabow, being present at a state concert, was going to occupy a chair in one of the less crowded rooms, when a footman stopped him with "These chairs are meant for Excellencies, sir."

"Indeed, my friend," answered the President, "I am evidently out of place here."

From the advent of Hohenzollern supremacy may be dated the decay of moral independence, both in Prussia and the other Germanic states. Not only have the Hohenzollerns failed to exercise any civilizing influence by encouraging literature and purifying the language, but they have changed Minerva into Pallas, and the beneficent deity of knowledge and wisdom has become the Medusa-brandishing goddess of war.

The Chalice

THE voting of the Convention on the 16th of January, 1793, was on three points:

Is Louis guilty? Shall there be an appeal from the Convention to the people? State the penalty.

To the first question was the answer of 683 voices, "Yes."

To the appeal question, 281 ayes and 423 noes.

The third decision of the penalty was subdivided into death, imprisonment, banishment, or death, with the people allowed to reduce it to imprisonment.

All tokens of approval or displeasure were prohibited, but when a member said anything but death, murmurs arose.

Once there were groans and hisses when a member spoke for death—when Philippe Egalite cast his vote for the execution of his kinsman.

The majority for death was seven, and Vergniaud uttered the sentence with deep emotion.

It was three on the morning of the twentieth, Sunday.

The illustrious culprit was up when Malesherbes bore him the news.

"I was sure of it," he said, shaking hands with his defender. "For two days I have been trying to find if I have merited my subjects' reproach for what I have done in the course of my reign. I swear to you in all sincerity, as a man about to appear before his Maker, that I have always wished the happiness of my people, and have not framed a wish contrary to it."

The death-warrant was officially read to him, and he was allowed to choose his own confessor.

The name of one had been already written down by Princess Elizabeth, whose confessor this Abbe Edgeworth was.

This worthy priest, of English origin, had escaped the September massacres and was hiding out at Choisy, under the name of Essex, as the Princess Elizabeth knew, and where to find him.

He came to the call, though he believed that he would be killed within an hour of the dreadful scene.

He was not to quit the prisoner till he quitted the world.

The king was allowed to take farewell of his family in the dining-room, where the glass door allowed the guards still to keep him in sight. They knew the trial had taken place, but not the particulars, with which he supplied them. He dwelt particularly on the fact that one had not pressed for the death penalty, and that another had voted to spare his life.

Heaven owed the poor prisoner some comfort, and it came in the love of the queen.

The queen easily let the picturesque side of life attract her. She had that vivid imagination which makes women imprudent even more than disposed; she had been imprudent all her life in her friendship and in her loving.

Her captivity saved her in a moral point of view; she returned to the pure and holy domestic virtues from which youthful passions had led her; and as she could do nothing without extravagance, she fell to loving passionately,

in his distress, this royal consort whose vulgar traits were all she could see in the days of felicity. In their first disasters she saw a dullard, almost cowardly, without impulse or resolution; at the temple she began to see that the wife had not only misjudged the husband, but the queen the monarch. She beheld one calm and patient, meek but firm under outrages; all the worldly dryness in her was melted, and turned to the profit of better sentiments.

The same as she had scorned too deeply, she loved too fondly.

"Alas!" the king said to his confessor, "to think that I love so dearly and am loved so much."

In their last interview, the queen seemed to yield to a feeling akin to remorse. When she found that she could not be alone with her lord, she drew him into a window-recess, where she would have fallen on her knees at his feet; but he understood that she wanted to ask his forgiveness, so he stayed her and drew his will from his pocket to show her the lines:

"I pray my wife to forgive all the woes I have led her to suffer and the sorrows caused her in the course of our union, as she may be sure that I cherish no ill feeling toward her, if she should think that she had reason to blame herself in any way."

Marie kissed his hands, for while there was full pardon, there was great delicacy, too, in the rest of the phrase.

So this royal Magdalen might die tranquil, late as came her love for her husband, it won her divine and human mercy, and her pardon was bestowed on earth, not in a mysterious whisper as an indulgence, of which the king felt ashamed, but openly and publicly.

Who would reproach her who went toward posterity with the double crown of the martyr and her husband's forgiveness?

The poignant farewell lasted nearly two hours before the condemned went out to his priest.

As day began to break, the drums were beaten throughout the town; the bustle and the sound penetrated the old tower and chilled the blood of the priest and the noble attendant.

At nine o'clock the noise increased and the doors were loudly flung open. Santerre came in, followed by town officers and soldiers, who formed a double row.

The king received the priest's blessing and a prayer for support, and called for his hat, as all the others had kept their hats on. Seeing that the noble had his overcoat ready for fear he would be cold, and the shiver would be taken for that of fright, he said:

"No; nothing but my hat."

He took advantage of the act to shake his hand for the last time.

"Let us go, gentlemen," he said, with the tone of command so rarely used by him.

In crossing the first yard, he turned two or three times to wave a farewell to his dear ones.

With the priest he stepped into a hack, and the procession started, leaving the queen no hope save for a rescue on the road. That of a respite had already vanished.

She fell into a chair, sobbing: "To think of his going without saying goodbye!"

The streets were foggy and deserted,

as all citizens were forbidden to be about unless belonging to the armed militia, and there were no faces up at the windows.

All the prisoner saw was a forest of pikes and bayonets, with a large drum corps before the party and cavalry around.

The clamor prevented the king talking with the confessor, who read his prayer-book.

At St. Denis Gate the king lifted his head, for the uproar was marked by a change in the shouts. A dozen young men, sword in hand, rushed through the retinue and shouted:

"Rescue! This way, those who would save the king!"

One Baron de Batz, an adventurer, had engaged three thousand bravoes to make this attempt, but only a handful responded when he sounded the signal-cry. This forlorn hope of royalty, meeting no reply, retreated and slipped away in the confusion.

The incident was of such slight importance that the carriage did not stop; it was at its journey's end when it did.

One of the three brothers Sanson, the Paris executioners, came to open the door.

Laying his hand on the abbe's knee, the king said, in the tone of a master:

"Gentlemen, I recommend this gentleman to you. Take care of him after my death, for he has done nobody harm."

He threw off his coat, not to be touched by the headsman. One had a rope to bind his hands, but he said he would not submit to it. A hand-to-hand fight would rob the victim of all the merit of six months' calmness, courage, and resignation, so the confessor advised him to yield, particularly as one of the Sansons, moved with pity, offered to substitute a handkerchief.

He held out his hands resignedly, saying:

"Do as you like. I shall drain the chalice to the dregs."

The scaffold steps were high and slippery, and he had the priest's arm for support, but on the top step he escaped, so to say, from the spiritual guide, and went to the further end of the platform.

He was flushed in the face, and had never appeared more hale or animated.

The drums began to beat, but he imposed silence by a look as, with a lusty voice, he said:

"I die innocent of all the crimes imputed to me. I forgive the authors of my death, and I pray God that this blood shall not fall on France."

"Strike up, drums!" roared a voice long believed to be Santerre's, but was that of Beaufranchet, Count Oyat, illegitimate son of Louis XV., and a courtesan, the prisoner's natural uncle.

The drums beat, and the king stamped his foot in vain.

"Do your duty!" yelled the pikemen to the executioners, who threw themselves on the king.

He returned with slow steps under the knife, of which he had designed the proper shape only a year ago.

He glanced at the priest who was praying at a corner of the scaffold.

Behind the two upright beams a scuffle went on. The tilting flap fell into place, and the prisoner's head appeared in the ominous gap. A flash, a dull, chopping sound was heard, and a large jet of blood spouted forth.

Then, one of the death's-men taking

up the head, sprinkled the by-standers with the dripping fluid. At this sight the pikemen whooped and rushed to dye their weapons in the blood, which they ran to show the town, with shouts of "Long live the Republic!"

For the first time this cry found no echo, though it had oft thrilled hearers with joy. The Republic had a stain on the brow which nothing ever could efface. As a great diplomatist said, it had committed worse than a crime—a blunder.

Thus died, on the 21st of January, 1793, King Louis XVI. He was aged thirty-nine years. He had reigned eighteen, and was over five months a prisoner. His last wish was not accomplished, for his blood not only fell on France, but over the whole of Europe.

The Avalanche

About eleven in the morning, a small party, which had left Doulx at daybreak, appeared at the end of the houses of the little town of Exilles, situated on the farthermost frontier of France, and separated from the Prince of Piedmont's states by Chaumont only, the last hamlet belonging to French territory.

This caravan was composed of four persons mounted on mules. Two were men and two women. In the former whose faces were uncovered, wearing a Basque dress, it was easy to see young men, whose elder was scarce three-and-twenty and the younger not eighteen.

It was more difficult to make out the ages of the females, clad as they were in pilgrim's gowns with ample cowls which entirely hooded their heads, a precaution to be attributed as much to the frost as to any desire not to be noticed.

At this period, the Alps were not furrowed by the fine roads of the Simplon, Mount Cenis and Saint Gothard, and Italy was reached by mere pathways, along which rarely could two men walk abreast. The mules, however, trotted on, a pace of theirs which is not only usual to them but very exciting.

For the time being the elder of the men was afoot, holding by the bridle the mule carrying the youngest woman who, seeing no one on the road (save a pedestrian, a sort of hawker who preceded the party by some five hundred paces, whipping before him a pony laden with packs) had thrown her cowl back, and was hardly over seventeen or eighteen years of age, as far as her very light, fair and fresh complexion bespoke.

The second female rode on, her visage wholly shrouded in the hood. Her head was bowed, either by weight of thought or by excess of fatigue, she appeared to be perfectly heedless what course her steed took on the extreme edge of a rock, on one side towering over an abyss and on the other scowled upon by the snow-capped mountains. Her mule, thinking a great deal more of his footing than she, now and anon dropped his head, snuffed at the yawning gulf and

appeared to understand, by the care he took not to move one hoof till the other three were firmly planted, the whole extent of the danger that lay in making a mistake.

This peril was so real that, not to think of it and perhaps not to yield to the devil of vacancy whose name is vertigo, so hard to resist, the fourth traveler, a youth with light hair and a lithe, neat figure, and eyes aglow with youth and life, sat round sidewise in woman's fashion with his back to the precipice, and sang to the accompaniment of a mandoline, slung from his neck by a sky-blue ribbon, some love verses, while the last mule, relieved of its rider, freely followed the singer's mount.

The elder of the two young men played no viol, nor did he sing. He was all too busy for that. All his cares were centered on the girl whose guide he was, and on the dangers which menaced her and her steed in that narrow way, while she looked round on him with a spell-binding sweetly soft eye.

In a short time, in one of the turns of the track, the party halted.

The check was occasioned by a serious dilemma they were in.

As previously stated, they were nearing Chaumont, the last French village, for they had passed Exilles and its fort two hours since. They were therefore but half a league from the line between Dauphiny and Piedmont.

Beyond that bourne they would be in an enemy's country, for not only was Charles Emanuel aware of the vast preparations the cardinal Richelieu was making against him, but he had been moreover, officially notified that if he did not give passage to the troops going to relieve Cazal, and add his forces to them, war was instantly proclaimed against him.

The grave question was this: Should they boldly attempt to go through the Pass of Suza, at the risk of being recognised and arrested by Charles Emanuel, or should they take a guide who could lead them by some out-of-the-way path so as to avoid Suza and even Turin, and reach Lombardy direct? The girl, with the charming trust which loving woman has in the man beloved, gave herself wholly up to her conductor's courage and prudence. She could only look at him with her bright black eyes, and say with her sweet smile:

"You know better than me what must be done. Do whatever you like."

The man, terrified at such responsibility with respect to the woman he loved, turned round to question her whose features were concealed under her hood.

"What is your opinion, madam?" he inquired.

The person addressed lifted her cowl and displayed the countenance of a woman between forty-five and fifty years old prematurely, thin, wrinkled by long suffering, only the eyes, grown immoderately large through peering into darkness, seeming to live on the pale face which appeared that of a corpse already.

"What's that?" she asked.

She had heard nothing, and hardly had remarked that a halt had been made. The young man raised his voice for the rushing of the Doire at the foot of the chasm, prevented words being audible which were uttered in not only

low tones but in an ordinary key. The man repeated the inquiry.

"Since you kindly ask my advice," said she, "it is, that we had better stop in the next village, where, being on the boundary line, all local information can be obtained. If there are side roads, they will point them out; a few hours more or less are of no importance, but it is of the utmost that we, or you rather, should not be recognised."

"My dear countess," answered the young man, "Wisdom herself speaks with your lips, and we follow your advice."

"Well?" said the girl.

"All is settled, but what are you looking at?"

"Oh, see how wonderful, in the snow!"

The man's eyes turned in the direction indicated.

"What!"

"Flowers in this season!"

In fact, almost immediately under the tier of snow, a few bright red buds were blooming.

"Here, dear Isabelle," said the man, "there are no seasons, for winter is almost perpetual. Yet to gladden the eye and to show that nature is always young in its inexhaustible blossom, some beautiful fairy, in flying by, drops from her hand the seed of the flower growing there in the flakes, called for that reason the Alpine rose."

"The lovely flower?" said Isabelle.

"Do you want it?" cried he.

Before she could give any answer, he had sprung up the rock and climbed towards the ledge where the plant was rooted.

"Count, count!" exclaimed the girl, "in heaven's name, don't be so foolish, or I'll never dare open my eyes to the beauty of anything."

But he who was given the title of count, by which we see no reason the Count of Moret, son of Henry of Navarre, should not be identified, had already reached the nook, plucked the flower and was sliding like a true mountaineer, down the face of the rock, though he wore, like a man who foresaw all sorts of eventualities, a rope rolled round his waist, as did his companion, which was intended to aid the traveler in difficult ascents and declivities.

He tendered the Rose of the Alps to the girl, who, blushing with pleasure, kissed it, opened her dress and slipped it in upon her bosom. This was the untainted bosom of Isabelle de Lautrec. A king would long for it.

At this moment, a rumble like thunder resounded above on the mountain summit. A cloud of snow darkened the atmosphere, and with the rapidity of lightning a white mass was to be seen sliding down the slope, increasing in speed as it glided.

"'Ware the avalanche!" shouted the younger of the men, jumping off his mule, while his companion, throwing his arms around Isabelle, pressed her against the rock as if he had expected it to open to him.

The pale woman threw back her hood again and tranquilly gazed on the sight.

But suddenly she emitted a scream.

The snow-slide had been but partial, covering an area of some five hundred yards or so, its edge one way coming to within two hundred paces of the little caravan, who felt the

ground rocking under their feet and the chilly breath of death blowing past them. But the cry of the pale woman was not one of personal fear. She alone had beheld what the others had not, for the page Galaor (the younger of the men) was too much bent in saving himself, and the Count of Moret too deeply enwrapt in care for Isabelle de Lautrec. She had seen the thundering ice-field overwhelm the man and animal moving forward some way in front of them, and hurl them over the verge into the abyss.

Upon her call, the Count of Moret and Galaor turned with anxiety, all the more poignant because, feeling instinctively that they were saved, they remembered, by a returning thought natural to men, the danger others might incur.

But they saw nothing but the pale woman who, with arm outstretched towards a point indexed by her finger, cried:

"There! there! there!"

Whereupon their gaze flew along the road, the narrowness of which had prevented any of the snow and ruin lodging on it. The mule and the peddler who had preceded them, had vanished. The path was swept clear.

The Count of Moret comprehended all.

"Come slowly," said he to Isabelle, "keep close to the rock, and Madame Coetman, follow Isabelle. Galaor, let's run. Perhaps there's a chance of saving the poor fellow."

Springing forward with a mountaineer's agility, the count, with Galaor behind him, hurried to the spot designated by the finger of the pale woman, who was no other, as has been said, than Madame de Coetman, whom Richelieu, however confident in the Count of Moret's respect and Isabelle's chastity, had deemed it proper to give them as travelling-companion, if only as a concession to social usages.

On reaching the place, the two, holding one another, looked over in terror into the opening.

They could see nothing at first, as their range was too wide. But they heard, directly under them these words, as sharply articulated as the profound terror of the speaker permitted them to be:

"If you are Christians, for the love of God save me!"

Their eyes turned to the direction whence rose the appeal, and they perceived, ten feet below them, overhanging a sheer depth of a thousand feet, a man, clinging to a half uprooted scrub pine, which bent under his weight.

His feet pressed into a chink of the jutting ledge, which aided him in staying where he was, but would be useless to him the moment the tree should wholly give way; a moment, not far distant, when it was clear the wretch would be hurled with his support into the precipice.

The Count of Moret comprised the whole in one sweep of the eyes.

"Cut a stick eighteen inches long," cried he, "and strong enough to bear up a man."

Galaor bred on the highlands himself, like his master, understood the latter's intention on the instant.

He drew his broad double-edged dagger from its sheath, caught hold of a broken cedar, and very shortly had done what was desired by the count, that is, made a sort of ladder round.

In the meantime, the count had unwound the rope which girdled him, which was double the length of the distance between the man in peril and those undertaking to rescue him. In a few seconds, the crosspiece was firmly bound to the end of the cord, and after cheering words had been given the man suspended between life and death, the rope and wood was let down to him, none too soon, for the uprooted pine fell from under him into the immensity. One fear remained.

The rock, over whose edge the rope was stretched, was sharp and hard and might sever the rope pulled over it. Luckily, the two females had come up, with the mules. One of the latter was led to the brink, but far enough back to let the man when hauled up get a footing there. The rope was passed up over the saddle, and, while Isabelle prayed with her eyes turned on the rock, and Mme. Coetman held the mule by the bridle with almost masculine strength, the two men began to haul on the rope. It slipped on the saddle as in a pulley-block, and in a brace of seconds, the pale face of the man was to be seen above the edge of the precipice, which he had been so miraculously saved from perishing in.

A shout of joy saluted the sight, and only then did Isabelle turn round and join her voice to her companions' in saying:

"Good heart! good cheer! you're safe!"

The man scrambled upon the rock and letting go the cord, clutched at the mule's girths. The animal was drawn back, and the man, spent, let go that support, waved his arms with a kind of gasp, and fell swooning into the arms of the Count of Moret. The latter put to his lips a flask full of one of the fiery liquors antedating alcohol by a hundred years, and made in the Alps from time out of mind, and forced him to swallow several drops. The strength which had upheld him so long as there was danger, had fled the moment he was sure that he was delivered.

The count laid him down with his back against the rock, and while Isabelle plied him with her bottle of smelling salts, Moret untied the stick, which he had tossed aside with the thanklessness men generally show to a Jack who has done his day's work, and coiled the rope around his body again.

On his part Galaor was sheathing his hunting-knife, with the carelessness of boyhood.

After awhile, at the end of two or three convulsive spasms, the man opened his eyes. The expression on his lineaments revealed that he had no recollection of what had occurred to him; but gradually memory returned, he felt what he owed to those who stood around him, and his words were full of gratitude.

The Little Dog Jet

THE queen was alone with her sister and child, in the Temple prison. They all three regarded each other. Then Madame Royale threw her arms round the queen, and warmly embraced her. Madame Elizabeth approached her sister, and held out her hand.

"Let us offer up our prayers to God," said the queen, "but in a manner that no one may hear us."

It was one of those fatal epochs when prayer, that natural hymn of praise which God has implanted in every human heart, became suspicious in the eyes of these men, since prayer is an act of praise and acknowledgment for mercies received. But in the ideas of their guardians hope and gratitude afforded subject for inquietude, since the queen could hope only for flight, and could thank God only for affording her the means of effecting it. This mental prayer concluded, all three remained without uttering a word.

Twelve o'clock struck, then three-quarters, then one. But the moment when the last stroke resounded from the bronze timbrel, the noise of arms was heard on the spiral staircase ascending to the queen.

"They are relieving sentinels," said she; "they come to seek us."

She saw her sister and daughter turn very pale.

"Courage!" said she, trembling herself with emotion.

"It is one o'clock," said a voice from below. "Let the prisoners descend."

"We are here, gentlemen," replied the queen, who, with a sentiment almost of regret, embraced at a glance the black walls and the rude appurtenances which had been more or less the companions of her captivity.

The first wicket opened, they gained the corridor which, being dark, enabled the three captives to conceal their emotions. Before them frolicked little Jet, the dog; but when they arrived at the second,—that is to say, the door from which Marie Antoinette endeavoured to turn her eyes,—the faithful little animal first placed his nose to the ground, then laid his head upon his paws, and gave utterance to a succession of plaintive cries, which terminated in a prolonged howl. The queen passed on quickly, not having strength sufficient to recall her dog, and supported herself against the wall; then essaying to advance again a few steps, her limbs refused their office, and she felt herself compelled to stop. Her sister and daughter approached her, and for a few moments the three females remained motionless, forming a melancholy group, the mother resting her face upon the head of her daughter, when little Jet rejoined them.

"Well!" cried the voice, "do you or do you not mean to come down?"

"We are coming," said the municipal, who had remained standing, respecting this grief in all its simplicity.

"Let us go now," said the queen, as she prepared to descend.

When the prisoners had reached the bottom of the staircase opposite the door, under which the sun shed his rays of bright gold, the rolling of the drum was heard summoning the guard; then a profound silence, the effect of curi-

osity, ensued, and the massive door opened, revolving slowly upon its creaking hinges. A woman was seated on the ground, or rather on the corner of the stone contiguous to this door. It was the woman Tison, whom the queen had not seen for four-and-twenty hours, and whose absence at supper the preceding evening, and at their morning's meal, had excited her surprise. The queen already saw the light, the trees, the garden, and beyond the barrier which enclosed the garden her eyes eagerly sought the little hut of the canteen, where her friends so impatiently awaited her coming; when, at the sound of footsteps, the woman removed her hands, and the queen beheld a pale and careworn face beneath a mass of gray, dishevelled locks. The change wrought in these few hours was so great that the queen stood overwhelmed with astonishment. Then, with the deliberation peculiar to those deficient in reason, the woman knelt down before the door, impeding the passage of Marie Antoinette.

"What do you want, my good woman?" demanded the queen.

"He said it was necessary that you should pardon me."

"Who said so?" demanded the queen.

"The man in the mantle," replied the woman Tison.

The queen looked at Madame Elizabeth and her daughter, surprised at this appeal.

"Go along, go," said the municipal; "let the Widow Capet pass. She has permission to walk in the garden."

"I know it," said the old woman; "that is why I came to wait for her here, since they will not allow me to go up, and I ought to ask her forgiveness. I was obliged to wait for her coming out, to see her."

"But why, then, are you not permitted to go up?" demanded the queen.

The woman began to laugh.

"Because they pretend that I am mad," said she.

The queen looked at her, and saw indeed that the wild eyes of the unhappy being reflected a strange light,—that vague expression denoting all absence of intellect.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" said she. "Poor woman! what has happened?"

"Happened! Do you not know?" said the woman; "but if— You know very well, since it was on your account she was condemned."

"Who?"

"Héloïse."

"Your daughter?"

"Yes, she,—my poor child!"

"Condemned! by whom? How? Why?"

"Because she sold a bouquet."

"What bouquet?"

"A bouquet of carnations. There were papers hidden in it. She is not a flower-girl," continued the old woman, as if endeavouring to collect her thoughts; "then how could she sell this bouquet?"

The queen shuddered; she felt an invisible link connected this scene with her present situation, and convinced her the time must not be lost in useless conversation.

"My good woman," said she, "allow me to pass, I entreat you; you can tell me all this by-and-by."

"No, now; you must pardon me, and I must assist you to escape, that he may save my daughter."

The queen turned pale as death. "*Mon*

Dieu!" murmured she, raising her eyes to heaven, then turning towards the municipal, "Monsieur," said she, "have the kindness to remove this woman; you see that she is mad."

"Go, go, mother," said the municipal; "decamp."

But the woman clung to the wall, still reiterating, "She must pardon me, that he may save my daughter."

"But who is he?"

"The man in the mantle."

"Sister," said Madame Elizabeth, "try to console her."

"Oh, willingly," said the queen; "I believe indeed, that will be the shortest way;" then, turning towards the mad woman, "What do you desire, good woman?" said she.

"I wish you to pardon me all the suffering I have caused you by my unjust behaviour,—all the denunciations I have made; and trust that when you see the man in the mantle, you will command him to save my daughter; for he will do all that you desire."

"I do not know whom you mean by the man in the mantle," said the queen; "but that is not the question. If it is necessary to your peace of mind to obtain my pardon for all the offences you imagine you have committed against me, I freely forgive you, my poor woman, from the depths of my heart, and trust only that any one I may have offended will as sincerely pardon me."

"Oh!" cried the woman Tison, with an indescribable accent of joy, "he will save my child, since you have forgiven me. Your hand, madame! your hand—"

The queen, astonished, and at a loss to comprehend the meaning, presented her hand to the woman, who seized it, and ardently pressed her lips upon it. At this moment the hoarse voice of a hawker was heard in the Temple resounding from the street.

"This," cried he, "is the judgment and decree condemning Héloïse Tison, daughter of the jailer, to the penalty of death for the crime of conspiracy."

Scarcely had these words reached the ears of the woman Tison than, rising from her knees, with an air of dogged resolution, she extended her arms to impede the passage of the queen.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!"* cried the queen, who had not lost one word of this sentence, so dreadful to her ears.

"Condemned to death!" cried the mother,—"my child condemned! my Héloïse lost! He has not then saved her, and now he cannot save her! Too late! too late!"

"Poor woman!" said the queen, "believe me, I feel for you."

"You!" said she, looking at her fiercely with her bloodshot eyes. "You pity me? Never, never!"

"You are mistaken. I pity you from my heart; but do pray allow me to pass."

The woman burst into a hoarse laugh.

"Let you pass? No, no! I would have assisted you to escape, because he promised if I did so, he would rescue my daughter; but since she is condemned to death, you shall not alone be saved."

"Messieurs!" cried the queen, "come to my aid. Do you not see that this woman is quite mad?"

"No, I am not mad; I know well what I am saying!" cried the woman. "It is the truth,—there was a conspiracy, and Simon discovered all. It was my poor daughter who sold the bouquet. She confessed it before the Revolution-

ary tribunal— A bouquet of carnations —they had some papers concealed in them."

"Madame," said the queen, "in the name of Heaven!"

The voice of the crier was again heard, repeating,—

"This is the judgment and decree condemning the girl Héloïse Tison to the punishment of death for the crime of conspiracy."

"Do you hear it?" screamed the lunatic to the groups of National Guards scattered around; "do you hear? Condemned to death; it is you who have killed my daughter—you, Austrian, you!"

"Messieurs," said the queen, "if you will not release me from this mad woman, allow me at least to return to my apartments. I cannot support the reproaches of this woman, unjust as they are; it crushes my heart," and she turned away, sighing deeply.

"Yes, yes! weep, hypocrite!" cried the maddened wretch; "your bouquet will cost you dear— She must have suspected you. Thus it is you doom all those to death who serve you. You carry misery, Austrian, everywhere! Your friends are dead; your husband and your defenders have all perished; and now they will sacrifice my unhappy child! When will your turn come, that no more may die for you?" And the miserable creature accompanied these last words with threatening gestures. The queen hid her face between her hands.

"Unhappy woman," observed Madame Elizabeth, venturing to speak, "are you aware that she whom you address is the queen?"

"The queen!" repeated the maniac, whose madness every moment increased, "if she is the queen, let her defend my poor girl against the hangman, who seeks her life— Who will show mercy to my poor Héloïse?—Kings can show mercy—Render me back my child, and I will acknowledge her as queen. Till then she is only a woman, and a woman who brings misery upon all, and kills all—"

"Oh, have pity, madame!" cried Marie Antoinette; "you see my tears and distress"; and she again made an attempt to pass, not from any hope of escape, but to free herself from this cruel attack.

"You shall not pass!" roared the old woman. "You want to escape, Madame Veto— I know it all, the man in the mantle told me you want to go and rejoin the Prussians. But you shall not escape," continued she, clasping the robe of the queen. "I will prevent you. *A la lanterne,* Madame Veto! To arms, citizens! let us march—"

And with her arms wrestling, her grizzled locks dishevelled and hanging over her haggard countenance, her bloodshot eyes, the unfortunate creature fell to the ground, in her fall tearing the robe she still held in her hand. The queen, terrified, but disembarrassed at least of the maniac, was flying to the side of the garden, when all at once a terrible cry resounded, mingled with loud barking, and accompanied with a strange uproar, arousing the National Guards from their stupor, who, attracted by the scene, immediately surrounded Marie Antoinette.

"To arms! to arms! Treason!" shouted a man, whom from his voice the queen recognised as the shoe-maker

Simon. Near this man, who, sword in hand, guarded the threshold of the cabin, little Jet was barking furiously.

"To arms! every one to his post!" cried Simon; "we are betrayed! Compel the Austrian to turn back. To arms! to arms!" An officer ran forward, when Simon spoke to him, pointing with enraged gestures to the interior of the hut. The officer in his turn then cried, "To arms!"

"Jet! Jet!" called the queen, advancing some steps. But the dog only continued to bark more furiously. The National Guard ran to arms, and rushed towards the hut, whilst the municipals took possession of the queen, her daughter and sister, and compelled them to re-enter the wicket, which they closed behind them.

"Prepare your arms!" cried the municipals to the sentinels. And the sound of firearms was heard.

"It is there, it is there!" cried Simon; "under the trap. I saw it shut again.—I am certain of it. Besides, the Austrian's dog, a good little animal, who was not in the plot, barked at the conspirators, who are no doubt still in the cellar. Hold! he barks again."

Indeed, Jet, instigated by Simon's cries and shouts, began to bark again more strenuously than before. The officer seized the ring of the trap; but, seeing he was unable to raise it, two of the grenadiers went to his assistance, but without the slightest success.

"You perceive they hold the trap-door from below. Fire through the trap-door, my friends, fire!" said Simon.

"Oh," cried Madame Plumeau, "you will break my bottles."

"Fire!" repeated Simon, "fire!"

"Be silent, brawler," said the officer, "and bring some hatchets, and begin to open the planks. Now let a few men hold themselves in readiness, and fire into the trap-door the instant an opening is made." The groaning of planks and a sudden jerk informed the National Guards that some movement was taking place in the interior. Directly afterwards they heard a motion under ground, like an iron portcullis being closed.

"Courage!" said the officer to the sappers, who worked indefatigably. The hatchets entered the planks. Twenty guns were lowered in the direction of the opening, which enlarged every moment. But through the aperture no one could be seen. The officer lighted a torch and threw it into the cave. It was empty. They then raised the trap-door, which now offered no resistance. "Follow me!" said the officer, bravely descending the ladder.

"En avant! en avant!" cried the National Guards, following the example of their officer.

"Ah, Madame Plumeau," said Simon, "you lent your cellar to the aristocrats."

The wall was broken down, the humid soil was trampled by numerous feet, and a conduit of three feet wide and five feet high, like the branch of a trench, plunged in the direction of "La Rue de la Corderie." The officer ventured into this opening, resolved to follow these aristocrats into the bowels of the earth; but when he had advanced three or four steps, he found all further progress impeded by an iron grating.

"Stop!" said he to those who were closely pressing behind him; "we can proceed no longer, here is a physical impediment."

"Well," said the municipal, who, having placed the prisoners in security, anxiously awaited the news; "well, what have you discovered?"

"Parbleu!" said the officer, reappearing, "it was doubtless a conspiracy; the aristocrats wanted to carry off the queen, and of course she connived with them."

"Peste!" cried the municipal, "send some one after the Citizen Santerre, that he may inform the Commune."

"Soldiers," said the officer, "remain in this cellar, and if any one presents himself, kill him."

And the officer, having issued his orders, remounted to make his report.

"Ah, ah!" said Simon, rubbing his hand; "ah, ah! will they still say I am a fool? Brave Jet! Jet is a famous patriot; Jet has saved the republic. Come here, Jet, come." And the brute, who had coaxed the poor little dog, the moment he approached him, raised his foot and kicked him to a distance of several feet. "I like you, Jet," said he; "ah! you will cut your mistress's throat. Come here, Jet, come." But instead this time of obeying him Jet ran away howling on the road towards the keep.

King Cobbler

Maurice Lindey was born in that semi-aristocracy accorded the legal fraternity. His ancestors were remarkable during two hundred years by that undying opposition in Parliament which made the names of Mole and Maupeou illustrious. His father, who had spent his life inveighing against despotism, was seized with dread on the 14th of July, 1789, when the Bastile fell into the power of the populace, at despotism being replaced by militant liberty; dying of the shock, he left his son independent in fortune and a republican by feeling.

The Revolution, so rapidly following this great event, had found Maurice in all the conditions of virile vigor and ripeness suiting the athlete ready to enter the arena, his republican education fortified by assiduous attendance at the clubs and reading all the pamphlets of the epoch, deep and well-reflected scorn of rank, absolute negation of all nobility not personal, and impartial appreciation of the past, ardor for new ideas, sympathy for the toilers, mingled with the most aristocratic of organizations—such was the character of our hero.

Bodily speaking, he was about six feet high, age five-and-twenty, muscular as a Hercules, and of olden Frankish beauty —that is, with pure forehead, blue eyes, curly chestnut hair, rosy cheeks, and ivory teeth.

Independent if not rich, Maurice bore a respected and popular name, and was more known for his principles even than his liberal education. He was placed at the head of the young spirits of the lower middle class. Perhaps some of the Radicals thought him lukewarm, and some rough fellows too much of a fop. But he made the thorough-goers forgive his faintness when they saw him snap thick cudgels like dry reeds, and the ruffians overlooked his daintiness after he had sent an antagonist rolling twenty feet away from a blow with the fist between the eyes, when those eyes had quizzed him in an unseemly manner.

As for physique, character, and patriotism combined, Maurice had helped in the taking of the Bastile, the march to Versailles to bring back the king, and the storming of the Tuileries, where he had fought like a lion. On that memorable tenth of August, he had killed almost as many patriots as Swiss Guards, for he could no more endure murderers and plunderers under the red shirt than the enemy of the Republic under the red coat.

With a reputation worthy of the finest days of Rome and Greece, he had gone to the war on the declaration, with the rank of lieutenant, with those fifteen hundred volunteers sent by the capital against the invaders, which were followed each day by the same number.

In his first battle, Jemappes, he was hit by a bullet which cleft the steel muscles of his shoulder and flattened on his arm-bone. He was sent home to be healed, when January found him commanding virtually, if not by name, the Thermopylæ Club, a hundred young blades of the mercantile class, united to oppose any attempt in favor of the

tyrant Capet, *alias* Louis XVI. With an angrily frowning brow, pale front, dilated eye, and his heart strangely racked by hatred and pity, Maurice witnessed, with sword in hand, the execution of the deposed king, and was perhaps the only one in the crowd who remained mute when the head of the royal martyr fell, whose priest was supposed to bid him go up into the skies. But when the head had been lopped off, he swung his dread saber in the air, and his friends shouted "Liberty forever!" without noticing that his voice, for once and exceptionally, was not mingled with theirs.

One day he had rescued a beautiful woman from the hands of ruffians. She was Genevieve Dixmer, wife of the Tanner.

Lindey had fallen in love with her and Dixmer, in secret, a Royalist conspirator, had used his innocent wife as a messenger to Marie Antoinette in captivity. He had then betrayed her, this whole vile plot fulminated by jealousy. The revolutionists arrested Genivieve and sought her friends as accomplices.

Grenadier Lorin was Lindey's friend in all his adventures and the two lived at Lorin's house, where Lindey made it a habit to go out early and come in after dark, not to draw attention upon Lorin.

He made it a practice to go the rounds of the prisons to see the cartloads start for the executions; but he was not long in perceiving that ten men's activity would not suffice thus to watch the thirty-three prisons Paris possessed at that period, and he went to the tribunal to see the cases tried.

His despair was setting in; for what resources had the sentenced prisoner? Sometimes, the court, commencing the sittings at ten, condemned twenty or thirty by four o'clock; the first sentenced enjoyed six hours' life, while the last almost immediately went under the steel.

To resign himself to such a fate for Genevieve was to tire of wrestling with destiny.

Oh! if he had but known in time of Genevieve's incarceration, how Maurice would have mocked at the very blind justice of that epoch! how easily and swiftly he would have taken her out of her prison! Never were escapes more simply managed, though never were they so rare. When the nobles were locked up, they made the jail their castle, and made merry ere they died. To fly was to run from the consequences of the duel with the Republic, and even women blushed to earn liberty at that price.

But Maurice would not have shown himself so dainty. What plainer than to kill watch-dogs, corrupt warders, and oil the locks? Genevieve was not one of the wearers of those splendid names which drew the world's eyes upon them. She would not be disgraced by taking to flight; and what cared he if she were?

Oh! how he regretted that she was not in one of the prisons whose defects he had studied! But where was she? One morning, when Maurice Lindey had gone out to watch in the Revolutionary Tribunal, Lorin was sleeping.

He was awakened by the uproar at his door of female voices and the thump of musket-butts. He threw around that hasty glance of the man

who hopes that nothing incriminatory has been left about.

Four ward officers, two soldiers, and a clerk of the police courts entered his room at the same time. Their visit was so significant that he hastened to dress himself.

"Arresting me, I guess?" said he.

"Yes, Citizen Lorin."

"Any reason?"

"You are suspected of treason."

"Just so."

The clerk scribbled some notes on the report of the arrest. "Where is your friend?" asked he.

"Which one? I have such a shoal."

"The Citizen Maurice Lindey?"

"I suppose he is home," said Lorin.

"Not so, since he lives here."

"Does he? What are you telling me? Well, seek, and if you find any Lindeys, I will eat them for breakfast."

"Here is the denunciation," said the scribe; "it is full."

He offered Lorin a paper in a hideous scrawl and enigmatical spelling; it might have been traced in blacking with a skewer. It stated that Citizen Lindey, suspected of treason, was seen coming out of Citizen Lorin's every morning, and ought to be arrested.

It was signed Simon.

"Halloo! is this cobbler losing his customers, that he is going into business as a public informer?" said Lorin. "Sending bodies to jail and *soles* into the hell under his bench? Between the two stools this fellow will come to the ground."

He burst into laughter.

"Citizen Lindey," said the clerk, "where is he? We summon you to deliver him up."

"Did I not tell you that he is not here?"

The police clerk went into the other room and hunted round without coming upon any traces of Maurice, except a note on a table, recently written. Maurice had dashed it off before he went out in the morning, not to disturb his friend, as they slept in the same room.

"I am going to the court; do not wait meals for me, as I shall not return till evening."

"Citizens," said Lorin, "whatever my haste to obey you, you must allow that I ought not to go with you in my night-shirt. Permit the fellow-citizen who deigns to help me dress to do his office."

"Aristocrat, who can not get his breeches on without assistance!" grumbled a voice.

"Well, mine are like Brian O'Lynn's so far as they are leather, and they are too tight for me to wriggle into alone. Alas! although we have disembarrassed ourselves of one queen, we shall not so easily get rid of her who rules over us, Queen Fashion. Remark, there is no treason in submitting to that sovereign," said Lorin to the clerk who had begun to "take him down."

"Have it so; perhaps the two will dress him quicker than he would alone."

Lorin's aim was not to be helped to dress, but to have the attendant see what happened, so he could tell Lindey all about it if they met.

"Now, gentle—I mean gentle citizens, I am ready and will follow you. But you might let me take this volume of new poetry, which I have begun, and which may soften the iron of captivity."

"Your captivity?" suddenly broke in Simon, who had become a town officer and had a squad of four underlings. "That will not last long; you figure in the prosecution of the woman who carried letters to the Austrian woman and tried to get her to escape. Tried to-day, you will be chopped in two at the neck to-morrow after they get your evidence."

"Cobbler, you cut out your work too much in a hurry," said Lorin, gravely.

"Yes; but how clean I make the finishing cut," replied Simon, with a horrible leer; "you will see, my handsome grenadier!"

Lorin snapped his fingers in his face, saying:

"Let us be going. This fellow is scenting my rooms with attar of tannery!"

As they all turned to go down-stairs, and he had Simon in front of him, he pretended to stumble, and kicked the cobbler where his apron would not have protected him, so that the luckless denouncer was shot howling over the hard and waxed steps all the way to the bottom. The others could not help laughing, while Lorin put his hands in his pockets.

"A blow in the exercise of my functions!" roared Simon, livid with rage.

"And I stumbled, also, in the exercise of my functions as an honest citizen," rejoined Lorin.

He was shoved into a hack and taken to the Palace of Justice.

Upon his return to Lorin's house Maurice heard the news and rushed to the prison. He passed ushers and warders, and reached the fatal door. Truth to say, there were two doors—a large one for the bearers of passes, and a smaller one out of which the condemned prisoners went to the scaffold. The hall he entered was divided into two: in one sat the clerk to book the arrivals, and in the other, on wooden forms, the only furniture, those who were arrested—which is the same as saying the sentenced—were kept.

It was a dark place, lighted only by glass windows in the partition.

In one corner sat a woman who was dressed in white. Before her a man was standing, with folded arms, shaking his head and fearing to speak to her, lest he should set her thinking again of what she might have forgotten.

Around the pair were the condemned, confusedly mingling, sobbing or singing patriotic songs. Others were striding up and down, as though to outrun the thoughts devouring them.

It was the ante-chamber of death. The bunks filled with straw resembled biers for the dead—temporary tombs.

Maurice caught it all with a glance. He took three steps and knelt at Genevieve's feet. She uttered a scream, which he smothered on her lips.

Lorin hugged his friend.

A strange thing! all those gathered unfortunates, going to die, scarcely looked at this touching sight. The three friends dwelt for a space, united in the mute, ardent, and almost joyful embrace.

Lorin was the first to detach himself.

"Are you also doomed?" he asked Lindey.

"Yes."

"What happiness!" said Genevieve.

After contemplating her with all his burning love, Maurice thanked her for this selfish and tender word before he turned to Lorin.

"Let us converse," he said, taking both the woman's hands in one of his.

"Yes, if we have any time."

"Lorin, you were arrested on account of me, sentenced on account of her, and yet have done no offense against the laws, like Genevieve and I, who are paying a debt. It is not just that you should suffer with us."

"I do not understand."

"You are free."

"I, free? You are mad."

"No; here is a pass-card. When they ask who you are, say you come from the clerks' office of the Carmes Prison to see your brother-clerk of the conciergerie, who gave you a pass to take a peep at the lady prisoners. You have seen them, you are satisfied, and you want to go home."

"Is this a joke of yours?"

"No, my dear friend; here is the pass—profit by it. You are not in love with a prisoner, and have no need of dying to pass a few minutes more with your heart's delight and lose a second out of your eternity."

"If one can get out of this so easily, let us try to save the lady. We will look to you afterward."

"Impossible," said Maurice, with a keen pang at the heart. "We might alter citizen to citizeness, but the gatekeepers will be sure to remember that none like her came in; besides, Genevieve would not go forth, knowing that she was leaving me here."

"But if she will not, why should I? Have I not more pluck than a woman?"

"I know that you are the bravest of men; but there is no excuse in the world for your obstinacy in such a plight. Haste, Lorin, snatch the time, and give us the sublime happiness of knowing that you are free and happy."

"Happy—without you? You are jesting again. Why," cried Lorin, "what the devil would you have me do in town without you, with all my habits broken up, no more to see you, not to have one who will let me try my verses on him? My head on it, I will not do it!"

"Lorin, my friend—"

"It is just because I am your friend that I hold out. With the prospect of joining you again and becoming a prisoner as I am, I could beat a hole in a stone wall; but to save myself all alone, sneaking through the streets with my head bent under reproaches, something saying 'Genevieve' and 'Maurice' in my ears; to go through part of the town where I used to see you, and now shall not see even your shadow; to fall into cursing the city which I loved so dearly —no! I am like King Dagobert, who would not part from St. Eloi because he was such good company. I am in good company, and I do not mean to quit it."

"Poor friend, my poor friend!" sighed Lindey.

Genevieve did not say anything, but she looked at him with her eyes bathed in tears.

"You mourn for life, you do?" said Lorin.

"On her account—yes."

"And I not a jot. Not even on account of my Goddess of Reason, who has run away with the carter who drove her chariot. So I shall go to the gibbet merrily, banter old Sanson and his fellows, amuse all the blackguard and knitting crones at the foot of the steps, say a pretty verse to the world, and—Stop, I have a regret! Zounds! I do want to go out! I am right in saying that I have lost my love; but I have a

grudge to settle with some one. Give me the card."

Maurice handed him the pass. Lorin kissed Genevieve's hand; and as a batch of condemned were drafted into the place, he clambered over the wooden benches and presented himself at the large door.

"Halloo," said a soldier, "this looks like one who has had enough of it and is taking leave!"

"Look at the paper, Citizen Hero, and better know a stranger from one of those customers," said Lorin.

Maurice had watched him with easily understood emotion; as soon as he had got through, he said to Genevieve with relief, almost gladness:

"He is saved; they tore up the pass, so that it should not be used again, and he will not think of coming back. Besides, it would be useless if he did, as the court session is over. If he does not return before five, we shall be no more."

Genevieve sighed and shuddered.

"Oh, press me in your arms, dear," she said; "and let us part no more. Oh, God! why may it not be that one stroke should slay us, that we might breathe our last together?"

They retired into the darkest corner, where she sat by him and wound her arms round his neck; thus interlaced, respiring alike, hushing their thoughts in advance, they subdued approaching death by their affection.

Half an hour passed, when a tumult was heard.

Soldiers trooped in by the low door, with Sanson and his assistants, who carried coils of rope.

"Oh, darling, this is a fatal moment—I feel I am sinking," said Genevieve.

"How very wrong of you!" shouted Lorin's ringing voice.

"Wrong I vow, as wrong can be,
Dying makes us truly free!"

"Lorin," said Maurice, in despair.

"I have some interesting news for you, as well as for the lady."

"God help us—to think you have come back!"

"Let me speak, or I may not have time to tell the news. I ran out to get a knife in Barillerie Street."

"What did you want with a knife?"

"To kill our good Monsieur Dixmer."

Genevieve started, and Lindey said: "I understand."

"I bought the knife, and while I sharpened it on a stone of the river parapet, I sharpened my wits. Thus I reasoned: Dixmer has got his wife into a scrape, and having come to court to see her tried, he will come to the execution place to see her arrive in the cart. I will place myself in the first row of sight-seers and when he comes up, I will say, 'Happy to see you again, Master Royalist Conspirator!' and smite him with my new rib-tickler."

"Lorin!" ejaculated Genevieve.

"Cheer up, pretty one; Providence has taken the contract off my hands. Just picture that the gapers who usually stare at the halls of justice were turned round and studying the river. 'A dead dog,' I thought to myself. 'Why has not Dixmer the sense of a dog and jumped into the river?' A dog floating helps to kill the time, and so I went to look. There was something they were dragging out of the muddy water. Guess what it was?"

"Dixmer," said Maurice, sullenly.

"Yes. Now, how did you guess that? Yes, Dixmer, who had laid his heart open—the villain had ripped himself up in remorse, no doubt."

"Is that what you thought?" said Lindey, with a gloomy smile.

Genevieve let her head sink upon her hand, too weak now to support so many emotions.

"Yes; that is what I thought, unless —unless—oh, he may have run up against somebody's toothpick."

Without saying anything, Maurice profited by a time when Genevieve was not looking to open his coat and show to Lorin that his shirt and waistcoat were sopped with blood.

"Oh, this puts another face on the matter," said his friend, holding out his hand to him. "I still have the whetted knife," he whispered to him, as he leaned toward him, "and if you dislike father Sanson's cheese-cutter—"

Maurice took the weapon with glee, but returned it, saying:

"No; it might make a lingering wound."

"You are quite right," said Lorin; "long live the machine of Doctor Guillotin! What is it, anyway? A slap across the neck, said Danton; and what is a slap?"

He threw the knife into the midst of the condemned. One picked it up, buried it in his bosom, and fell dead of the blow.

At the same time, Genevieve started and screamed, for Sanson had laid his hand on her shoulder. He was the headsman.

Love may exalt the soul to heroism and lead a human being to desire death, contrary to born instinct; but it can not extinguish apprehension of pain. It was evident that Genevieve accepted death more patiently and religiously than her lover; but resignation does not exclude suffering, and to quit this world is not merely to slide into the gulf of the unknown, but to suffer in the fall.

Lindey saw in one glance the groups of the wretched whom Sanson impressed by his age of fifty-four years as well as the gravity of his stern office; as gentle and kind as his duty allowed him to be, here he gave advice, there sad encouragement, and found Christian words to reply to bravado as to desperation.

"Citizeness," he said to Genevieve, "you must take off your fichu and fasten up your hair high on the head, or cut it short, as you please."

She trembled.

"Come, dear, keep up your heart," said Lorin, softly.

"Can I do it?" asked Maurice.

"Oh, yes; I entreat you, good Mon sieur Sanson," said Genevieve, "let him!"

"Do so," said the old headsman, turning aside his head.

She held up her head, fairer in sorrow than ever in gladness. When Maurice had finished the sinster operation, his hands were so shaking, and so much pain was on his features, that Genevieve cried:

"Oh, I shall have courage, dearest! Do you not think so, sir?" she asked of Sanson, who was turning round.

"Certainly, citizeness, and the right sort," said he, in a broken voice.

During this time the clerk had run over the list with the executioner's aid.

"Fourteen," said the latter to his father, the chief executioner.

"Fifteen, including the dead one," said the latter. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Oh, Maurice," said Genevieve, "you told a falsehood; you were not tried and sentenced!"

"Why wait till to-morrow, when I want to die to-day?" responded he.

"Dear one," she said, smiling, "you reassure me; I see now that it is easy to die."

"Lorin," said Maurice, "a last time! No one here knows you; say that you came to bid me farewell; that you were shut in by mistake. Call the man who let you out! I am the really guilty one, and ought to have been sentenced; but you, friend, I beseech, do us the pleasure of living to keep our memories green; there is time yet, and I entreat you!"

Genevieve clasped her hands in entreaty, too. Lorin took them and kissed them.

"I say no, and no it is!" replied he, in a steady voice. "Say no more about it, or I shall believe I am one too many."

"Yes, one too many," said Sanson; "is there no protest, no stranger here who can prove that he is not present by right?"

Perhaps some lips parted to catch at the hint, but they closed without uttering a word; those who were willing to lie were ashamed, and those who would not lie would not speak.

In a short silence the executioner's men finished the pinioning and hair-cropping.

"Citizens, we are ready," said old Sanson's deep and solemn voice.

A few sobs and moans responded.

"Here we go," said Lorin.

"For the country let us die,
'Tis the fate that ranks most high!

—when you die for the country; but upon my word I believe we are only butchered to make a sight for the crowd! Maurice, I am getting disgusted with the way of things."

"Call the roll of the condemned," said a clerk at the door.

But Maurice, who had spoken to the man who committed suicide, answered to his name, so that Lorin was easily included in "the batch for the oven," that is to be shoved into the gap of the guillotine, which resembles a baker's oven.

Maurice, Lorin, and Genevieve kept as well together as possible as all were pushed out into the yard.

Genevieve mounted into a cart with much dignity, Maurice sustaining her with his elbow as before, and rapidly climbing up after her.

Lorin did not hurry, but chose a place on Maurice's left.

When the doors of the yard opened and the mob surged in, the two friends spied Simon in the first ranks; he stood upon a horse-block to see them.

The first cart of the three started off —that with the three friends in it.

"How do you do, my handsome grenadier?" Simon hailed Lorin; "you are going to try the edge of my knife, I take it."

"Yes; but I hope not to dull it so that it will have any trouble to gash your neck clean through!"

The two other carts were drawn along at the tail of the first. A dreadful medley of shouts, cheers, curses, and blessings exploded round the condemned.

"Courage, Genevieve!" whispered Lindey.

"Oh, I am not regretting life, since I die with you. I only grieve that my hands are tied, so that I can not embrace you for the last time."

"Lorin," said Maurice, "search in my waistcoat pocket, where you will find a penknife. Get it out, and let us open it between us."

Holding it in his teeth, Maurice cut the rope around Lorin's hands, and he was enabled to release his friend.

"Make haste, for Genevieve is fainting!" said Lindey.

Indeed, to accomplish the operation, Maurice had to take his eyes off the young woman, who swooned and closed her eyes with sinking head.

"Genevieve, open your eyes, my dear," said he; "we have but a few instants in which to behold one another in this world."

"The cords hurt me," she muttered.

Maurice cut them loose, and the woman opened her eyes and rose to her feet with an excitement which made her beauty dazzling.

With one arm she encircled Maurice's neck, with her other hand she grasped Lorin's; and the three, standing in the cart, having at their feet two other victims, wrapped in the stupor of anticipated death, directed to Heaven, which had permitted them to stand by one another, a look and a gesture of gratitude.

The mob which had insulted them when they were seated, cheered them now that they were upright.

Maurice and Lorin saw the scaffold, but not so the woman, who had no eyes but for the loved one. The cart stopped.

"I love you!" said Maurice to Genevieve.

"The woman first!" shouted a thousand voices.

"I thank you, my lads!" said Maurice. "Now let them say that the people are cruel."

He took Genevieve up in his arms, and gluing his lips to hers, he carried her to the arms of Sanson.

"Courage!" said Lorin.

"I shall have it!" replied Genevieve.

"I love you!" said Maurice.

These were not victims whose throats were cut, but friends making a festival of death.

"Farewell!" said the woman to Lorin.

"Till we meet again," replied he.

She disappeared under the fatal swinging plank.

"Your turn," said Lorin.

"You next," said Lindey.

"Hark! she calls you."

Indeed, the last cry of Genevieve was: "Beloved, come!"

A loud shout was heard from the crowd; the lovely head was struck off.

Maurice Lindey sprung forward.

"This is only fair," said Lorin. "Do you still hear me, Maurice? She loved you, and they kill her the first; you were not even tried, and you die the second; I have not done a thing, and as I am the guiltiest of the lot, I am the last! Faith, Citizen Sanson, I meant to give you a four-line gem, but you must be content with a couplet."

"I love you!" said Maurice, bound to the deadly plank, but smiling on the head of his beloved. "I love—"

The knife descending cut the speech.

"My turn now!" cried Lorin, bounding upon the scaffold; "and look sharp,

for my head is spinning! Citizen Sanson, I did not give you good measure with the poetry, but I will make up with a pun."

Sanson bound him.

"Look here, it is the fashion to say hurrah for some one or something when one is turned off. In old times they cried, 'God save the king!' but we have no kings now. They cried 'Liberty forever!' a little later, but we have too much liberty now. In truth, the rule is going over to Simon, and I cry, '*Simon-y* forever!' and I thank him for uniting us three!"

With that, the head of the generous young man fell next those of Genevieve and Maurice.

A Sweet Smell

It was two o'clock in the afternoon, when a file of cavaliers, glittering with gold, jewels, and splendid garments, appeared in the Rue Saint-Denis.

Nothing can be imagined more splendid than this spectacle. The rich and elegant silk dresses, bequeathed as a splendid fashion by François I. to his successors, had not yet been changed into those formal and somber vestments which came into fashion under Henry III.; so that the costume of Charles IX., less rich, but perhaps more elegant than those of preceding reigns, displayed its perfect harmony. Pages, esquires, gentlemen of low degree, dogs, and horses—all were there, and formed of the royal cortege an absolute army. Behind this army came the people, or rather the people were everywhere.

That morning, in presence of Catherine de Medici, and the Duke de Guise, Charles had, as a perfectly natural thing, spoken before Henry of Navarre of going to visit the gibbet of Montfaucon. Henry's first movement had been to dispense with accompanying them; this Catherine had expected at the first words he said, expressing his repugnance, and she exchanged a glance and a smile with the Duke de Guise; Henry surprised both and understood them, then suddenly turning round, he said:

"But why should I not go? I am a Catholic, and am bound to my new religion."

Then, addressing the king:

"Your majesty may reckon on my company," he said; "and I shall be always happy to accompany you wheresoever you may go;" and he threw a sweeping glance around, to see whose brows might be frowning.

As the crowd and courtiers went forward, they at length saw the fearful outline of the gibbet, erected and first used by Enguerrand de Marigny.

The guards advanced and formed a large ring round the spot; at their approach, the crows perched on the gibbet flew away, croaking and angry.

The crowd advanced; the king and Catherine arrived first, then the Duke d'Anjou, the Duke d'Alencon, the king of Navarre, M. de Guise, and their followers; then Madame Marguerite, the Duchesse de Nevers, and all the women who composed what was called

l'escadron volant de la reine (the queen's flying squadron); then the pages, squires, attendants, and people—in all ten thousand persons.

To the principal gibbet was suspended a misshapen mass, stained with coagulated blood and mud, whitened by layers of dust. The carcass was headless, and they had hung it up by the legs, and the people, ingenious as they always are, had replaced the head with a bunch of straw, on which they had put a mask; and in the mouth of this mask some wag, knowing the admiral's habit, had introduced a toothpick.

It was a sight at once appalling and singular, as all these elegant lords and handsome ladies defiled in the midst of blackened carcasses and gibbets, and their long and sinister arms.

Many could scarcely support this horrible spectacle, and by his paleness might be distinguished, in the center of rallied Huguenots, Henry, who, however great his power over himself and his amount of dissimulation, could not bear it any longer.

He made as his excuse the strong smell which emanated from those human remains, and going toward Charles, who, with Catherine, had stopped in front of the admiral's dead body, he said:

"Sire, does not your majesty find that this poor carcass smells so strongly that it is impossible to remain near it any longer?"

"Do you find it so, Harry?" inquired the king, his eyes sparkling with ferocious joy.

"Yes, sire."

"Well, then, I am not of your opinion; the corpse of a dead enemy always smells sweet."

"Come, come, sire;" said Catherine, who, in spite of the perfume with which she was covered, began to be incommoded with the putrid odor. "Come, however agreeable company it may be, it must be left at last; let us therefore bid adieu to the admiral, and return to Paris."

She made with her head an ironical gesture, in imitation of a leave-taking from a friend, and, going to the front of the columns, regained the road, while the cortege defiled before the corpse of Coligny.

Citizen Bonaparte

At the time of which we write, 1795, the Convention of the French Republic, the Revolutionists, was already no longer hated; it was despised. And, in truth, what had the Sections, their enemies, to fear from it, spared because of its weakness? They had united during the night of the 11th, and on the 12th had sent detachments to support the Mother Section. They therefore felt that the National Convention would be annihilated, and were prepared to sing the *De Profundis* over its corpse.

Thus, on his way across Paris, General Barras, the Convention Leader, was constantly confronted by one or another of those Sections which had

come to the assistance of the Mother Section, and who accosted him thus: "Who goes there?"

To which he replied: "A Sectionist."

At every few steps he met a drummer beating a mournful recall or general on his relaxed drum, the lugubrious and sinister sound of his mournful performance being better suited to a funeral procession than to their actual purpose. Furthermore, men were seen gliding through the streets like shadows, knocking at doors, and calling upon other men to arm and repair to the Sections to defend their wives and children, whose throats the Terrorists had sworn to cut. Perhaps these attempts would have been less successful in broad daylight; but the mystery which clings to deeds of the night, entreaties in low tones, as if in fear lest assassins should overhear the whispered communication, the mournful and incessant beating of the drums and the ringing of the bells —all this caused anxiety and trepidation throughout the city, and foretold something indefinite but terrible that was impending.

Barras saw and heard all that. He was no longer judging of the city from mere reports; he was feeling its pulse with his own finger. Thus when he left the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, he hastened his steps almost to a run as he fled across the Place des Victoires; then gliding along the Rue Fosses-Montmartre, keeping in the shadow of the houses, he finally reached the door of the little hotel of "The Rights of Man." Having gone thus far, he stopped and took a few steps backward, in order to read the sign which he sought by the fitful light of the lamp; after which, approaching the door, he rapped vigorously with the knocker.

A man-servant was in attendance, and he, probably judging from the vigorous knocking that some one of importance was without, did not keep him waiting long. The door opened cautiously.

Barras slipped through the opening and shut the door behind him. Then, without waiting to enlighten the servant as to the cause of all these precautions, he asked: "Citizen Bonaparte lodges here, does he not?"

"Yes, citizen."

"Is he at home?"

"He returned about an hour ago."

"Where is his room?"

"No. 47, on the fourth floor at the end of the corridor."

"Right or left?"

"Left."

"Thanks."

Barras hastened up the stairs, soon reaching the top of the four flights, took the corridor to the left, and stopped before the door of No. 47. Once there, he knocked three times.

"Come in," said a curt voice, which seemed made to command.

Barras turned the handle and entered. He found himself in a room furnished with a curtainless bed, two tables, one large and the other small, four chairs, and a globe. A sword and a pair of pistols hung on the wall. A young man, completely dressed except for his uniform, was seated at the smaller of the two tables, studying a plan of Paris by the light of the lamp.

At the sound of the opening door, the occupant of the room turned halfway around in his chair to see who the unexpected visitor, who came at such

an hour, could be. As he sat thus the lamp lighted three-quarters of his face, leaving the rest in shade.

He was about twenty-three or -four, with an olive complexion, somewhat lighter at the temples and forehead. His straight black hair was parted in the middle and fell down below his ears. His eagle eye, straight nose and strong chin and lower jaw, increasing in size as it approached his ears, left no doubt as to the trend of his abilities. He was a man of war, belonging to the race of conquerors. Seen thus, and lighted in this way, his face looked like a bronze medallion. He was so thin that all the bones in his face were plainly discernible.

Barras closed the door and stepped within the circle of light cast by the lamp. Then only did the young man recognize him.

"Ah! is it you, citizen Barras?" he asked without rising.

Barras shook himself, for he was drenched, and tossed his dripping hat upon a chair. The young man continued to watch him attentively.

"Yes, it is I, citizen Bonaparte," said he.

"What wind has blown you to the poor soldier's cell at this hour. A mistral or a sirocco?"

"Mistral, my dear Bonaparte; a mistral of the most violent kind."

The young man gave a dry, harsh laugh, which showed his small, sharp, white teeth.

"I know something about it," he said. "I took a walk through Paris this evening."

"And what is your opinion?"

"It is that, as the Section Le Peletier intimated to the Convention, the storm will burst to-morrow."

"And what were you doing in the meantime?"

The young man rose, and pointing with his index finger to the map on the table, he said: "As you see, I was amusing myself by planning what I would do if I, instead of that imbecile Menou, were general of the interior, in order to put an end to all these talkers."

"And what would you do?"

"I would try to secure a dozen cannon which would talk louder than they."

"Did you not tell me one day at Toulon that you had witnessed the rising of the 20th of June from the terrace beside the ornamental waters?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Yes," he said, "I saw your poor King Louis XVI. put on the red cap, which did not prevent his head from falling, and which only disgraced it. And I even said to Bourrienne, who was with me that day, 'How could they admit that rabble to the château? They should have swept four or five hundred out with cannon, the rest would have run out of themselves.'"

"Unfortunately," resumed Barras, "to-day there are five thousand instead of five hundred to be swept out."

The young man smiled carelessly.

"A difference of number, that is all," he replied; "but what ultimate difference, so long as the result is the same? The rest is a mere matter of detail."

"So much so that you were defeating the insurgents when I came in?"

"I was making the endeavor."

"And you had your plan laid out?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"That depends. How many soldiers can you call upon?"

"Five or six thousand, including the Holy Battalion of Patriots."

"With that number it is useless to think of attacking forty-five or fifty thousand in the streets. I tell you that plainly."

"Would you evacuate Paris?"

"No, but I would convert the Convention into an intrenched camp. I would wait the attack of the Sections, and I would annihilate them in the Rue Saint-Honoré, the Place du Palais-Royal, and along the quays and the bridges."

"Well," said Barras, "I will adopt your plan. Will you attend to the execution of it?"

"I?"

"Yes, you."

"In what capacity?"

"As second general of the interior."

"And who is to be general-in-chief?"

"General-in-chief?"

"Yes."

"Citizen Barras."

"Then I accept," said the young man, holding out his hand, "but on one condition."

"What, you are making conditions?"

"Why not?"

"Go on."

"If we succeed, and order is restored by to-morrow evening, I can count upon you if war is declared with Austria, can I not?"

"If we succeed to-morrow, in the first place you shall have all the glory, and I shall ask the chief command of the Armies of the Rhine and the Moselle for you."

Bonaparte shook his head. "I will go neither to Holland nor to Germany," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because there is nothing to be done there."

"Where do you wish to go?"

"To Italy. It is only in Italy, on the battlefields of Hannibal, Marius, and Cæsar that there is anything to be done."

"If there is war in Italy you shall be placed in charge of it, I give you my word of that."

"Thank you. And now let us think of to-morrow. There is no time to lose."

Barras drew out his watch and looked at it.

"I should think not," he said; "it is already three o'clock in the morning.

"How many cannon have you at the Tuileries?"

"Six four-pounders, but no gunners."

"They can be found. Bronze is scarcer than flesh. How many rounds can be fired?"

"Oh! eighty thousand at the outside."

"Eighty thousand—just enough to kill eighty men, supposing that one shot out of a thousand does execution. Luckily we still have three hours of darkness left to us. We must have all the guns brought from the camp at Sabons, so that, in the first place, the enemy cannot seize them, and then because we need them ourselves. We must take enough men from the gendarmerie and from the battalion of '89 to man the guns, and we must send for at least a million cartridges from Meudon and Marly. Finally we must find officers upon whom we can depend."

"We have all those who were deposed by Aubry and who have enlisted in the Holy Battalion."

"Splendid! They are men of action rather than intelligence, and that is what we need." And the young officer rose, buckled on his sword, buttoned his coat, and blew out his light, murmuring, "Oh! Fortune, Fortune! do I at last hold you within my grasp?"

The two men went out and directed their steps toward the Convention. Barras noticed that the young man did not lock his door, which showed that he had nothing of value to lose.

Five hours later—that is to say, at eight in the morning—this is what the two officers had accomplished.

They reached the camp at Sablons in time to bring the artillery to Paris. They established a manufactory of cartridges at Meudon. They planted guns at every avenue, and masked batteries were erected in the event of any of the outlets being carried. A battery, consisting of two eight-pounders and two howitzers, was erected on the Place du Carrousel to cover the columns and to fire on the windows of the houses from which weapons could be brought to bear upon the place. General Verdier commanded at the Palais National. Means of subsistence for the Convention and its soldiers were thus assured for four or five days in case of blockade. Guns and troops were stationed in and around the building occupied by the Convention—in the cul-de-sac of the Dauphin, in the Rues de Rohan and Saint-Nicaise, at the Palais-Egalité, at the Pont de la Révolution, and the Place Vendôme. A small body of cavalry and two thousand infantry were kept in reserve at the Carrousel and in the garden of the Tuileries.

Thus this great Convention of France, which had overturned a monarchy that had endured for centuries; which had made every throne in Europe tremble; which had driven the English from Holland, and the Austrians and the Prussians from Champagne and Alsace; which had driven the Spanish troops one hundred and eighty miles beyond the Pyrenees, and destroyed the two Vendées—this great Convention of France, which had just united Belgium, Nice, Savoy, and Luxemburg to France, whose armies, passing like a whirlwind through Europe, had leaped the Rhine as though it had been a brook, and threatened to pursue the eagle of Hapsburg to Vienna; this National Convention possessed nothing in Paris but the banks of the Seine, from the Rue Dauphine to the Rue du Bac, and only those parts of the city on the other side of the river which were included between the Place de la Révolution and the Place des Victoires; and to defend itself against all Paris it had only five thousand men and a general who was almost unknown.

Ever since early morning the Republicans, provoked by the grossest insults and even by occasional shots, had obeyed with heroic patience the order not to fire. But attacked at one time by a volley from a court which the Sectionists had captured, and seeing one Republican drop dead, and others, wounded, totter and even fall, they replied by a volley.

Bonaparte at the first shot hastened into the court of the Tuileries.

"Who fired first?" he asked.

"The Sectionists," came the answer from all sides.

"Then all is well," he said. "And it will not be my fault if our uniforms are reddened with French blood."

He listened; it seemed to him that the firing was heaviest in the direction of Saint-Roch. He set out at a gallop, and found two pieces of artillery at the Feuillants, which he ordered to be limbered up, and advanced with them to the head of the Rue du Dauphin.

The Rue du Dauphin was a furnace. The Republicans held the street and were defending it. But the Sectionists occupied all the windows, and stood in groups upon the steps of the church of Saint-Roch, whence they were raining a hail of bullets upon their adversaries.

Bonaparte arrived at this moment, followed by his two pieces of artillery and the battalion of '89. He ordered the two officers of the battalion to advance into the Rue-Saint-Honoré, and in spite of the terrible fusillade, and wheel one to the right and the other to the left.

The officers called their men, executed the requisite manœuvre, and fired in the direction designated, one toward the Palais Royal and the other toward the Place Vendôme. At the same moment a hurricane of fire swept along behind them. It was caused by General Bonaparte's two cannon, which vomited fire simultaneously and covered the steps of the church of Saint-Roch with corpses and blood.

When the smoke from the cannon had cleared, the Sectionists who remained standing could see, not fifty paces from them, Bonaparte on horseback in the midst of his gunners, who were reloading their guns. They replied to the cannonade by a heavy fire. Seven or eight of the gunners fell, and Bonaparte's black horse sank to the ground, shot dead by a bullet in the forehead.

"Fire!" cried Bonaparte as he fell.

The cannon thundered a second time. Bonaparte had time to rise. He had concealed the battalion of '89 in the Cul-de-sac de Dauphine, which they had reached through the stables.

"This way, volunteers!" he cried, drawing his sword.

The battalion of volunteers rushed toward him with drawn swords. They were tried men who had seen all the first battles of the Revolution. Bonaparte noticed an old drummer standing in a corner.

"Come here," he said, "and beat the charge."

"The charge, my boy," said the old drummer, who saw that he had to do with a young man of twenty-five; "you want the charge? well, you shall have it; and a warm one."

And, placing himself at the head of the battalion of '89, he beat the charge. The regiment marched straight to the church steps, and, with their bayonets, pinned to the doors all the Sectionists who had remained standing.

"At a gallop to the Rue Saint-Honoré!" shouted Bonaparte.

The cannon obeyed as if they understood the command. The guns had been reloaded while the battalion of volunteers were marching against Saint-Roch.

"Wheel to the right!" said Bonaparte to the gunners in charge of one of the cannon.

"To the left," he cried to the others.

Then, to both at the same time, he shouted: "Fire!"

And he swept the whole length of the Rue Saint-Honoré with two charges of grape-shot.

The Sectionists, annihilated, without being able to tell whence the thunderbolt had fallen, took refuge in the church of Saint-Roch, in the Théâtre du Republique, now the Théâtre-Français, and in the Palais-Egalité. Bonaparte had put them to flight, had broken and dispersed their ranks; it was for others to drive them from their last intrenchments. He mounted another horse which was brought him, and shouted: "Patriots of '89, the honor of the day is yours! Finish what you have so well begun."

These men who did not know him were astonished at being commanded by a boy. But they had seen him at work and were dazzled by his calmness under fire. They scarcely knew his name; they certainly did not know who he was. They put their hats on the ends of their muskets and cried: "Long live the Convention!"

The wounded, who were stretched along the side of the houses, raised themselves upon the doorsteps or clung to the gratings of the windows, shouting: "Long live the Republic!"

The dead lay in heaps in the street, and blood poured through the gutters as in a slaughter-house, but enthusiasm hovered over the corpses.

"I have nothing more to do here," said the young general.

And putting spurs to his horse, he rode across the Place Vendôme, which was now empty, and reached the Rue Florentine almost in the midst of the fugitives whom he seemed to be pursuing, and from thence he passed into the Place de la Révolution.

There he directed General Montchoisy, who was in command of the reserves, to form a column, to take two twelve-pounders, and to advance by way of the Boulevard to the Porte-Saint-Honoré, in order to return to the Place Vendôme; from there he was to effect a junction with the guard attached to the staff in the Rue des Capucines, and with it to return to the Place Vendôme, and thus drive out all the Sectionists who might remain there.

At the same time General Brune, obeying General Bonaparte's order, passed through the Rues Nicaise and Saint-Honoré. All the Sectionists from the Barrière des Sergents to the Place Vendôme, attacked on three sides at once, were either killed or taken prisoners. Those who escaped by the Rue de la Loi, formerly the Rue Richelieu, erected a barrier at the head of the Rue Saint-Marc.

It was General Danican who made this attempt with some ten thousand men, whom he had gathered together at the point nearest the Convention, believing he had only to force the wicket of L'Echelle to reach the Assembly.

From the Place de la Révolution Bonaparte saw them advancing in close columns, on the one side from the garden of the Infanta and on the other from the Quai Malaquais. He sent two batteries to take up their positions on the Quai des Tuileries, and ordered them to commence firing at once diagonally across the river. He then set off at a gallop for the Rue du Bac, turned three guns, ready loaded, upon the Quai Voltaire, and cried "Fire!"

just as the column emerged from behind the Institute.

Obliged to march in a compact body, as they passed between the monument and the quai, the Sectionists massed into a deep but narrow body, and it was at this moment that the artillery commenced to fire, and the shot swept through their ranks, literally mowing down the battalions as with a scythe. The battery consisted of six guns, of which only three were fired at a time, the other three reloading and then firing again in turn; consequently the firing was incessant.

The Sections wavered and drew back. Then they rallied. The cannon thundered on their flank and in front.

They fell like an avalanche upon Cartaux's men. The movement was so rapid that the latter had not even time to present arms and fire. They aimed at random, and then received the enemy at the point of their bayonets.

The battery under the balcony of Charles IX. narrowly escaped capture, so unexpected was the attack. The Sectionists were not more than ten feet away from the guns when the gunners instinctively lowered their matches and fired.

It would be impossible to describe the horrible and bloody gap which these three guns, fired thus simultaneously, made in the closely packed ranks before them; it was like a breach in a wall. The advance of the Sectionists was so rapid, however, that even this breach did not check them. But at that moment bullets rained like hail upon the ranks of the Sectionists from the colonnade of the Louvre, which was covered with sharpshooters.

Meantime a hand-to-hand battle was being waged in the open space before the Louvre. The Sectionists were in fact caught between two fires. All the houses in the Rue des Poulies, the Rue des Fosses-Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, and the Rue des Pretres overlooking the garden of the Infanta, vomited forth fire and death.

For a moment it was a duel to the death all along the line. The Sectionists, repulsed by the bayonets, drew back a step, reloaded their guns, fired pointblank, and then, reversing their weapons, used them as clubs, and tried to fight their way out of the circle of fire which surrounded them. But nothing could break it.

Suddenly the artillery, which had continued its deadly work, had cut column in two, and it was obliged to incline to the right to maintain its position near the Louvre.

There was now a large open space between the Rue de la Monnaie and the Pont-Neuf; the Sectionists, not daring to risk themselves upon the Quai du Louvre, had sought shelter behind the houses in the Rue de la Monnaie and the parapet of the Pont-Neuf.

Here the same butchery recommenced. Bonaparte had taken his measures with admirable precaution, and the Louvre was impregnable. Artillery, muskets and shells rained death from every side. Folly alone could have continued such a struggle.

On the other hand, Cartaux, who saw the wavering of the Sectionists, who were in reality sustained by courage alone, ordered his men to fire for a last time, and then, forming in column, to advance at double-quick.

The Sectionists were annihilated.

More than half of them were lying on the pavement.

By half-past six everything was over, every column broken and dispersed. Two hours had sufficed to accomplish this tremendous defeat. Of the fifty thousand Sectionists who had taken part in the fight, scarcely a thousand were left, and they were scattered broadcast—some in the church of Saint-Roch, some in the Palais-Egalité, others behind the barricade in the Rue de la Loi, and others at the windows of the houses. As night was coming on, and Bonaparte wished to save the innocent from suffering with the guilty, he ordered his men to pursue the Sectionists as far as the Pont du Change and the boulevards, but with guns loaded with powder only. Their terror was so great that the noise alone would be sufficient to make them flee.

At seven in the evening Barras and Bonaparte entered the hall of the Convention together in the midst of the deputies, who laid down their weapons to clasp their hands.

"Conscript fathers," said Barras, "your enemies are no longer! You are free and the country is saved!"

Cries of "Long live Barras!" echoed on all sides. But he shook his head, and, commanding silence, continued: "The victory is not mine, citizen representatives. It is due to the prompt and skilful arrangements of my young colleague, Bonaparte."

And as the shouts of gratitude continued, gathering in vehemence because their terror had been so great, a ray of the setting sun shone across the vaulted ceiling, framing the calm, bronze head of the young victor in an aureole of purple and gold.

"Do you see?" said a leader, regarding the shaft of light as an omen. "If that were Brutus!"

A Grecian Slave-Girl

THE story was to be told in the apartment of Haydée, the Grecian slave-girl.

Ali, a Nubian, was stationed as a kind of advanced guard and the door was kept by the three French femmes-de-chambre. Haydée was awaiting her visitors in the first room of her suite, which was the drawing-room.

They were the Count of Monte-Cristo and Albert Morcerf, his friend. Her large eyes were dilated with surprise and expectation, for it was the first time that any man, except Monte-Cristo, had been accorded entrance to her. She was sitting on a sofa placed in an angle of the room, with her legs crossed under her in the Eastern fashion, and seemed to have made for herself, as it were, a kind of nest in the rich Indian silks which enveloped her. Near her was the instrument on which she had just been playing; it was elegantly fashioned, and worthy of its mistress. On perceiving Monte-Cristo, she rose and welcomed him with a kind of smile peculiar to herself, expressive at once of the most implicit obedience and also of the deepest love. Monte-Cristo advanced towards her and ex-

tended his hand, which she, as usual, raised to her lips.

Albert had proceeded no farther than the door, where he remained rooted to the spot, being completely fascinated by the sight of such surpassing beauty, beheld, as it was, for the first time, and of which an inhabitant of more northern climates could form no adequate idea.

"Whom do you bring?" asked the young girl, in Romaic, of Monte-Cristo; "is it a friend, a brother, a simple acquaintance, or an enemy?"

"A friend," said Monte-Cristo, in the same language.

"What is his name?"

"Count Albert; it is a man whom I rescued from the hands of the banditti at Rome."

"In what language would you like me to converse with him?"

Monte-Cristo turned to Albert.

"Do you know modern Greek?" asked he.

"Alas! no," said Albert, "nor even ancient Greek, my dear count; never had Homer or Plato a more unworthy scholar than myself."

"Then," said Haydée, proving by her remark that she had quite understood Monte-Cristo's question and Albert's answer—"then I will speak either in French or Italian, if my lord so wills it."

Monte-Cristo reflected one instant.

"You will speak in Italian," said he. Then turning towards Albert,—

"It is a pity you do not understand either ancient or modern Greek, both of which Haydée speaks so fluently; the poor child will be obliged to talk to you in Italian, which will give you but a very false idea of her powers of conversation."

The count made a sign to Haydée to address her visitor.

"Sir," said she to Morcerf, "you are most welcome as the friend of my lord and master."

This was said in excellent Tuscan, and with that soft Roman accent which makes the language of Dante as sonorous as that of Homer. Then, turning to Ali, she directed him to bring coffee and pipes; and when he had left the room to execute the orders of his young mistress, she beckoned Albert to approach nearer to her. Monte-Cristo and Morcerf drew their seats towards a small table, on which were arranged music, drawings, and vases of flowers. All then entered, bringing coffee and chibouques. Albert refused the pipe which the Nubian offered him.

"Oh, take it—take it," said the count; "Haydée is almost as civilised as a Parisian; the smell of an Havannah is disagreeable to her, but the tobacco of the East is a most delicious perfume, you know."

Ali left the room. The cups of coffee were all prepared with the addition of a sugar-glass, which had been brought for Albert. Monte-Cristo and Haydée took the liquor in the original Arabian manner, that is to say, without sugar. Haydée took the porcelain cup in her little slender fingers, and conveyed it to her mouth with all the innocent *naivete* of a child when eating or drinking something which it likes. At this moment two women entered, bringing salvers filled with ices and sherbet, which they placed on two small tables appropriated to that purpose.

"My dear host, and you, signora," said Albert, in Italian, "excuse my apparent stupidity. I am quite bewildered, and

it is natural that it should be so. Here I am in the heart of Paris; but a moment ago I heard the rumbling of the omnibuses and the tinkling of the bells of the lemonade-sellers, and now I feel as if I were suddenly transported to the East; not such as I have seen it, but such as my dreams have painted it. Oh! signora, if I could but speak Greek, your conversation, added to the fairy-scene which surrounds me, would furnish an evening of such delight as it would be impossible for me ever to forget."

"I speak sufficient Italian to enable me to converse with you, sir," said Haydée, quietly; "and if you like what is Eastern, I will do my best to secure the gratification of your tastes while you are here."

"On what subject shall I converse with her?" said Albert, in a low tone to Monte-Cristo.

"Just what you please; you may speak of her country and of her youthful reminiscences, or, if you like it better, you can talk of Rome, Naples, or Florence."

"Oh!" said Albert, "it is of no use to be in the company of a Greek if one converses just in the same style as with a Parisian; let me speak to her of the East."

"Do so then, for of all themes which you could choose that will be the most agreeable to her taste."

Albert turned towards Haydée.

"At what age did you leave Greece, signora?" asked he.

"I left it when I was but five years old," replied Haydée.

"And have you any recollection of your country?"

"When I shut my eyes and think I seem to see it all again. The mind has an organ of vision as well as the body, with this additional perfection, that the objects presented to its view are indelibly impressed."

"And how far back into the past does your recollection extend?"

"I could scarcely walk when my mother, who was called Vasiliki, which means royal," said the young girl, tossing her head proudly, "took me by the hand, and after putting in our purse all the money we possessed, we went out, both covered with veils to solicit alms for the prisoners, saying, 'He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' Then when our purse was full, we returned to the palace, and without saying a word to my father, we sent it to the convent, where it was divided amongst the prisoners."

"And how old were you at that time?"

"I was three years old," said Haydée.

"Then you remember all which was passing around you when you were but three years old?" said Albert.

"All."

"Count," said Albert, in a low tone to Monte-Cristo, "do allow the signora to tell me something of her history."

Monte-Cristo turned to Haydée, and with an expression of countenance which commanded her to pay the most implicit attention to his words, he said in Greek,—

"Tell us the fate of your father."

Haydée sighed deeply, and a shade of sadness clouded her beautiful brow.

"What are you saying to her?" said Morcerf, in an under tone.

"I again reminded her that you were a friend, and that she need not conceal anything from you."

"Then," said Albert, "this pious pilgrimage in behalf of the prisoners was your first remembrance; what is the next?"

"Oh! then I remember as if it were but yesterday, sitting under the shade of some sycamore-trees, on the borders of a lake in the waters of which the trembling foliage was reflected as in a mirror. Under the oldest and thickest of these trees, reclining on cushions, sat my father; my mother was at his feet, and I, childlike, amused myself by playing with his long white beard, which descended to his waist, or with the diamond-hilt of the scimitar attached to his girdle. Then from time to time there came to him an Albanian, who said something, to which I paid no attention, but which he always answered in the same tone of voice, either, 'Kill or pardon.' "

"It is very strange," said Albert, "to hear such words proceed from the mouth of any one but an actress on the stage; and one needs constantly to be saying to one's self, 'This is no fiction, it is all reality,' in order to believe it. And how does France appear in your eyes, accustomed as they have been to gaze on such enchanted scenes?"

"I think it is a fine country," said Haydée; "but I see France as it really is, because I look on it with the eyes of a woman, whereas my own country, which I can only judge of from the impression produced on my childish mind, always seems enveloped in a doubtful atmosphere, which is luminous or otherwise, according as my remembrances of it are sad or joyous."

"So young," said Albert, forgetting at the moment the count's command that he should ask no question of the slave herself, "is it possible that you can have known what suffering is except by name?"

Haydée turned her eyes towards Monte-Cristo, who, making at the same time, some imperceptible sign, murmured,—

"Go on."

"Nothing is ever so firmly impressed on the mind as the memory of our early childhood, and, with the exception of the two scenes I have just described to you, all my earliest reminiscences are fraught with deepest sadness."

"Speak, speak, signora," said Albert, "I am listening with the most intense delight and interest to all you say."

Haydée answered his remark with a melancholy smile.

"You wish me, then, to relate the history of my past sorrows?" said she.

"I beg of you to do so," replied Albert.

"Well! I was but four years old, when one night I was suddenly awakened by my mother. We were in the palace of Yanina, she snatched me from the cushions on which I was sleeping, and on opening my eyes I saw hers were filled with tears. She took me away without speaking. When I saw her weeping I began to cry too. 'Silence, child,' she said. At other times, in spite of maternal endearments or threats, I had, with a child's caprice, been accustomed to indulge my feelings of sorrow or anger by crying as much as I felt inclined; but on this occasion there was an intonation of such extreme terror in my mother's voice when she enjoined me to silence, that I ceased crying as soon as her command was given. She bore me rapidly away. I saw then that

we were descending a large staircase; around us were all my mother's servants carrying trunks, bags, ornaments, jewels, purses of gold, &c. &c., with which they were hurrying away in the greatest distraction. Behind the women came a guard of twenty men armed with long guns and pistols, and dressed in the costume which the Greeks have assumed since they have again become a nation. You may imagine there was something startling and ominous," said Haydée, shaking her head, and turning pale at the mere remembrance of the scene, "in this long file of slaves and women, only half aroused from sleep, or at least so they appeared to me, who was myself scarcely awake. Here and there, on the walls of the staircase, were reflected gigantic shadows, which trembled in the flickering light of the pine torches, till they seemed to reach to the vaulted roof above.

" 'Quick!' said a voice at the end of the gallery. This voice made every one bow before it, resembling in its effect the wind passing over a field of corn, by its superior strength forcing every ear to yield obeisance. As for me, it made me tremble. This voice was that of my father. He marched the last, clothed in his splendid robes, and holding in his hand the carbine with which your emperor presented him. He was leaning on the shoulder of his favorite Selim, and he drove us all before him, as a shepherd would his straggling flock. My father," said Haydée, raising her head, "was that illustrious man known in Europe under the name of Ali Tebelen, pacha of Yanina, and before whom Turkey trembled."

Albert, without knowing why, started on hearing these words pronounced with such a haughty and dignified accent; it appeared to him as if there was something supernaturally gloomy and terrible in the expression which gleamed from the brilliant eyes of Haydée at this moment; she appeared like a Pythoness evoking a spectre, as she recalled to his mind the remembrance of the fearful death of this man, to the news of which all Europe had listened with horror.

"Soon," said Haydée, "we halted on our march, and found ourselves on the borders of a lake. My mother pressed me to her throbbing heart, and, at the distance of a few paces, I saw my father, who was glancing anxiously around. Four marble steps led down to the water's edge, and below them was a boat floating on the tide. From where we stood I could see, in the middle of the lake, a large black mass; it was the kiosk, to which we were going. This kiosk appeared to me to be at a considerable distance, perhaps on account of the darkness of the night, which prevented any object from being more than partially discerned.

"We stepped into the boat. I remember well that the oars made no noise whatever in striking the water, and when I leaned over to ascertain the cause, I saw they were muffled with the sashes of our Palicares. Besides the rowers, the boat contained only the women, my father, mother, Selim, and myself. The Palicares had remained on the shore of the lake, ready to cover our retreat; they were kneeling on the lowest of the marble steps, and in that manner intended making a rampart of the three others in case of pursuit.

"Our bark flew before the wind.

"'Why does the boat go so fast?' I asked of my mother.

"'Silence, child! Hush! we are flying.'

"I did not understand. Why should my father fly?—he, the all-powerful—he, before whom others were accustomed to fly,—he, who had taken for his device—

'THEY HATE ME, THEN THEY FEAR ME!'

"It was indeed a flight which my father was trying to effect. I have been told since, that the garrison of the castle of Yanina, fatigued with long service——"

Here Haydée cast a significant glance at Monte-Cristo, whose eyes had been riveted on her countenance during the whole course of her narrative. The young girl then continued, speaking slowly like a person who is either inventing or suppressing some feature of the history which he is relating.

"You were saying, signora," said Albert, who was paying the most implicit attention to the recital, "that the garrison of Yanina, fatigued with long service—"

"Had treated with the Seraskier Kourchid, who had been sent by the sultan to gain possession of the person of my father; it was then that Ali Tebelen took the resolution of retiring, after having sent to the sultan a French officer in whom he reposed great confidence, to the asylum which he had long before prepared for himself, and which he called *kataphygion,* or the refuge.

"It was towards this kiosk that we were rowing.

"A ground-floor, ornamented with arabesques, bathing its terraces in the water, and another floor looking on the lake, was all which was visible to the eye. But beneath the ground-floor, stretching out into the island, was a large subterraneous cavern, to which my mother, myself, and the women, were conducted. In this place were together 60,000 purses and 200 barrels; the purses contained 25,000,000 of money in gold, and the barrels were filled with 30,000 pounds of gunpowder.

"Near these barrels stood Selim, my father's favorite, whom I mentioned to you just now. It was his duty to watch day and night a lance, at the end of which was a lighted match, and he had orders to blow up all—kiosk, guards, women, gold, and Ali Tebelen himself, at the first signal given by my father. I remember well that the slaves, convinced of the precarious tenure on which they held their lives, passed whole days and nights in praying, crying, and groaning. As for me, I can never forget the pale complexion and black eye of the young soldier; and whenever the Angel of Death summons me to another world, I am quite sure I shall recognise Selim. I cannot tell you how long we remained in this state, at that period I did not even know what time meant; sometimes, but very rarely, my father summoned me and my mother to the terrace of the palace; these were my hours of recreation; I who never saw anything in the dismal cavern but the gloomy countenances of the slaves and the fiery lance of Selim. My father was endeavoring to pierce with his eager looks the remotest verge of the horizon, examining attentively every black speck which appeared on the lake, whilst my mother, reclining by his side, rested her head on his shoulder, and I played at his feet, admiring every thing I saw

with that unsophisticated innocence of childhood which throws a charm round objects insignificant in themselves, but which in its eyes are invested with the greatest importance. The heights of Pindus towered above us; the castle of Yanina rose white and angular from the blue waters of the lake, and the immense masses of black vegetation which viewed in the distance, gave the idea of lichens clinging to the rocks, were, in reality, gigantic fir-trees and myrtles.

"One morning my father sent for us; my mother had been crying all the night, and was very wretched; we found the pacha calm, but paler than usual.

" 'Take courage, Vasiliki,' said he; 'today arrives the firman of the master, and my fate will be decided. If my pardon be complete, we shall return triumphant to Yanina; if the news be inauspicious, we must fly this night.'

" 'But supposing our enemy should not allow us to do so?' said my mother.

" 'Oh! make yourself easy on that head,' said Ali, smiling; 'Selim and his flaming lance will settle that matter. They would be glad to see me dead, but they would not like themselves to die with me.'

"My mother only answered by sighs to these consolations, which she knew did not come from my father's heart. She prepared the iced water which he was in the habit of constantly drinking, for since his sojourn at the kiosk, he had been parched by the most violent fever, after which she anointed his white beard with perfumed oil, and lighted his chibouque, which he sometimes smoked for hours together, quietly watching the wreaths of vapor, which ascending in spiral clouds, gradually mixed itself with the surrounding atmosphere. Presently he made such a sudden movement that I was paralysed with fear. Then, without taking his eyes from the object which had first attracted his attention, he asked for his telescope. My mother gave it him; and as she did so, looked whiter than the marble against which she leaned.

"I saw my father's hand tremble.

" 'A boat!—two!—three!' murmured my father;—'four!'

"He then rose, seizing his arms and priming his pistols.

" 'Vasiliki,' said he to my mother, trembling perceptibly, 'the instant approaches which will decide everything. In the space of half an hour we shall know the emperor's answer. Go into the cavern with Haydée.'

" 'I will not quit you,' said Vasiliki; 'if you die, my lord, I will die with you.'

" 'Go to Selim!' cried my father.

" 'Adieu! my lord,' murmured my mother, determining quietly to await the approach of death.

" 'Take away Vasiliki!' said my father to his Palicares.

"As for me, I had been forgotten in the general confusion; I ran towards Ali Tebelen; he saw me hold out my arms to him, and he stooped down and pressed my forehead with his lips. Oh! how distinctly I remember that kiss! it was the last he ever gave me, and I feel as if it was still warm on my forehead. On descending we distinguished through the lattice-work several boats, which were gradually becoming more distinct to our view. At first they appeared like black specks, and now they looked like birds skimming the surface of the waves.

"During this time in the kiosk, at

the feet of my father, were seated twenty Palicares, concealed from view by an angle of the wall, and watching with eager eyes the arrival of the boats; they were armed with their long guns inlaid with mother-of-pearl and silver, and cartouches, in great numbers, were lying scattered on the floor; my father looked at his watch, and paced up and down with a countenance expressive of the greatest anguish. This was the scene which presented itself to my view when I quitted my father after that last kiss. My mother and I traversed the gloomy passage leading to the cavern. Selim was still at his post, and smiled sadly on us as we entered. We fetched our cushions from the other end of the cavern, and sat down by Selim. In great dangers the devoted ones cling to each other; and young as I was, I quite understood that some imminent danger was hanging over our heads."

As to Haydée, these terrible reminiscences seemed to have overpowered her for the moment, for she ceased speaking, her head leaning on her hand like a beautiful flower bowing beneath the violence of the storm, and her eyes, gazing on vacancy, indicated that she was mentally contemplating the green summit of the Pindus and the blue waters of the lake of Yanina, which, like a magic mirror, seemed to reflect the sombre picture which she sketched. Monte-Cristo looked at her with an indescribable expression of interest and pity.

"Go on," said the count, in the Romaic language.

Haydée looked up abruptly, as if the sonorous tones of Monte-Cristo's voice had awakened her from a dream, and she resumed her narrative.

"It was about four o'clock in the afternoon; and although the day was brilliant out of doors, we were enveloped in the gloomy darkness of the cavern. One single solitary light was burning there, and it appeared like a star set in a heaven of blackness; it was Selim's flaming lance. My mother was a Christian and she prayed.

"Selim repeated from time to time these sacred words:—

" 'God is great!'

"However my mother had still some hope. As she was coming down, she thought she recognised the French officer who had been sent to Constantinople, and in whom my father placed so much confidence, for he knew that all the soldiers of the French emperor were naturally noble and generous. She advanced some steps towards the staircase and listened.

" 'They are approaching,' said she; 'perhaps they bring us peace and liberty!'

" 'What do you fear, Vasiliki?' said Selim, in a voice at once so gentle and yet so proud; 'if they do not bring us peace we will give them war; if they do not bring life we will give them death.'

"And he renewed the flame of his lance with an alacrity which reminded one of the Dionysian festivals among the ancient Cretans. But I, who was only a little child, was terrified by this undaunted courage, which appeared to me both ferocious and senseless, and I recoiled with horror from the idea of the frightful death amidst fire and flame which probably awaited us.

"My mother experienced the same sensations, for I felt her tremble.

"'Mamma, mamma,' said I, 'are we really to be killed?'

"And at the sound of my voice the slaves redoubled their cries, and prayers, and lamentations.

"'My child,' said Vasiliki, 'may God preserve you from ever wishing for that death which to-day you so much dread!'

"Then, whispering to Selim, she asked what were his master's orders.

"'If he send me his poniard, it will signify that the emperor's intentions are not favorable, and I am to set fire to the powder; if, on the contrary, he send me his ring it will be a sign that the emperor pardons him, and I extinguish the match and leave the magazine untouched.'

"'My friend,' said my mother, 'when your master's order arrives, if it is the poniard which he sends, instead of despatching us by that horrible death which we both so much dread, you will mercifully kill us with this same poniard, will you not?'

"'Yes, Vasiliki,' replied Selim, tranquilly.

"Suddenly we heard loud cries; we listened; they were cries of joy; the name of the French officer, who had been sent to Constantinople, resounded on all sides amongst our Palicares; it was evident that he brought the answer of the emperor and that it was favorable.

"The noise increased, steps were heard approaching nearer and nearer; they were descending the steps leading to the cavern.

"Selim made ready his lance.

"Soon a figure appeared in the grey twilight at the entrance of the cave, formed by the reflection of the few rays of daylight which had found their way into this gloomy retreat.

"'Who are you?' cried Selim. 'But whoever you may be I charge you not to advance another step.'

"'Long live the emperor!' said the figure. 'He grants a full pardon to the Vizier Ali; and not only gives him his life, but restores to him his fortune and his possessions.'

"My mother uttered a cry of joy and clasped me to her bosom.

"'Stop!' said Selim, seeing that she was about to go out, 'you see I have not yet received the ring.'

"'True,' said my mother. And she fell on her knees, at the same time holding me up towards heaven, as if she desired, whilst praying to God in my behalf, to raise me actually to His presence."

And for the second time Haydée stopped, overcome by such violent emotion that the perspiration stood upon her pale brow, and her stifled voice seemed hardly able to find utterance, so parched and dry were her throat and lips. Monte-Cristo poured a little iced water into a glass and presented it to her, saying, with a mildness in which was also a shade of command,—

"Courage."

Haydée dried her eyes and continued:—

"By this time our eyes, habituated to the darkness, had recognised the messenger of the pacha—it was a friend. Selim had also recognised him; but the brave young man only acknowledged one duty, which was to obey.

"'In whose name do you come?' said he to him.

" 'I come in the name of our master, Ali Tebelen.'

" 'If you come from Ali himself,' said Selim, 'you know what you were charged to remit to me?'

" 'Yes,' said the messenger, 'and I bring you his ring.'

"At these words he raised his hand above his head to show the token, but it was too far off, and there was not light enough to enable Selim, where he was standing, to distinguish and recognise the object presented to his view.

" 'I do not see what you have in your hand,' said Selim.

" 'Approach, then,' said the messenger, 'or I will come nearer to you if you prefer it.'

" 'I will agree to neither one nor the other,' replied the young soldier; 'place the object which I desire to see in the ray of light which shines there, and retire whilst I examine it.'

" 'Be it so,' said the envoy; and he retired after having first deposited the token agreed on in the place pointed out to him by Selim.

"Oh! how our hearts palpitated: for it did, indeed, seem to be a ring which was placed there. But was it my father's ring? that was the question.

"Selim, still holding in his hand the lighted match, walked towards the opening in the cavern, and aided by the faint light which streamed in through the mouth of the cave picked up the token.

" 'It is well!' said he, kissing it; 'it is my master's ring!' And throwing the match on the ground he trampled on it and extinguished it.

"The messenger uttered a cry of joy, and clapped his hands. At this signal four soldiers of the Seraskier Kourchid suddenly appeared, and Selim fell, pierced by five blows. Each man had stabbed him separately; and intoxicated by their crime, though still pale with fear they sought all over the cavern to discover if there was any fear of fire, after which they amused themselves by rolling on the bags of gold.

"At this moment my mother seized me in her arms, and bounding lightly along numerous turnings and windings, known only to ourselves, she arrived at a private staircase of the kiosk, where was a scene of frightful tumult and confusion. The lower rooms were entirely filled with the Tchodoars of Kourchid, that is to say, with our enemies. Just as my mother was on the point of pushing open a small door we heard the voice of the pacha sounding in a loud and threatening tone. My mother applied her eye to the crack between the boards, I luckily found an opening which afforded me a view of the apartment and what was passing within.

" 'What do you want?' said my father to some people who were holding a paper inscribed with characters of gold.

" 'What we want,' replied one of them, 'is to communicate to you the will of his highness. Do you see this firman?'

" 'I do,' said my father.

" 'Well, read it; he demands your head.'

"My father answered with a loud laugh, which was more frightful than even threats would have been, and he had not ceased when two reports of a pistol were heard; he had fired them himself, and had killed two men.

"The Palicares, who were prostrated at my father's feet, now sprang up and fired; and the room was filled with

fire and smoke. At the same instant the firing began on the other side, and the balls penetrated the boards all round us.

"Oh! how noble did the grand vizier, my father, look at that moment, in the midst of the balls, his scimitar in his hand, and his face blackened with the powder of his enemies! and how he terrified them even then, and made them fly before him!

"'Selim! Selim!' cried he, 'guardian of the fire, do your duty!'

"'Selim is dead!' replied a voice which seemed to come from the depths of the earth, 'and you are lost, Ali!' At the same moment an explosion was heard, and the flooring of the room in which my father was sitting, was suddenly torn up and shivered to atoms; the Tchodoars were firing underneath; three or four Palicares fell with their bodies literally covered with wounds.

"My father howled aloud, he plunged his fingers into the holes which the balls had made, and tore up one of the planks entirely. But immediately through this opening twenty more shots were fired, and the flame rushing up like fire from the crater of a volcano, soon gained the tapestry, which it quickly devoured. In the midst of all this frightful tumult and these terrific cries, two reports, fearfully distinct, followed by two shrieks more heart-rending than all, froze me with terror; these two shots had mortally wounded my father, and it was he who had given utterance to these frightful cries. However, he remained standing clinging to a window. My mother tried to force the door that she might go and die with him, but it was fastened on the inside. All around him were lying the Palicares, writhing in convulsive agonies; whilst two or three, who were only slightly wounded, were trying to escape by springing from the windows. At this crisis the whole flooring suddenly gave way; my father fell on one knee, and at the same moment twenty hands were thrust forth armed with sabres, pistols, and poniards—twenty blows were instantaneously directed against one man, and my father disappeared in a whirlwind of fire and smoke kindled by these demons, and which seemed like hell itself opening beneath his feet. I felt myself fall to the ground; it was my mother who had fainted."

Haydée's arms fell by her side, and she uttered a deep groan, at the same time looking towards the count as if to ask if he were satisfied with her obedience to his commands. Monte-Cristo rose and approached her; he took her hand and said to her in Romaic,—

"Calm yourself, my dear child, and take courage in remembering that there is a God who will punish traitors."

"It is a frightful story, count," said Albert, terrified at the paleness of Haydée's countenance, "and I reproach myself now, for having been so cruel and thoughtless in my request."

"Oh, it is nothing!" said Monte-Cristo.

Then patting the young girl on the head, he continued,—

"Haydée is very courageous; and she sometimes even finds consolation in the recital of her misfortunes."

"Because, my lord," said Haydée, eagerly, "my miseries recall to me the remembrance of your goodness."

Albert looked at her with curiosity, for she had not yet related what he most desired to know, namely, how she had become the slave of the count.

Haydée saw at a glance the same expression pervading the countenances of her two auditors; she exclaimed,—

"When my mother recovered her senses we were before the seraskier.

" 'Kill me,' said she, 'but spare the honor of the widow of Ali.'

" 'It is not me to whom you must address yourself,' said Kourchid.

" 'To whom then?'

" 'To your new master.

" 'Who and where is he?'

" 'He is here.'

"And Kourchid pointed out one who had more than any contributed to the death of my father," said Haydée, in a tone of chastened anger.

"Then," said Albert, "you became the property of this man?"

"No," replied Haydée, "he did not dare to keep us, so we were sold to some slave-merchants who were going to Constantinople. We traversed Greece, and arrived, half dead, at the imperial gates. They were surrounded by a crowd of people, who opened a way for us to pass, when, suddenly my mother having directed her eye to the object which was attracting their attention, uttered a piercing cry and fell to the ground, pointing as she did so to a head which was placed over the gates, and beneath which were inscribed these words,—

'THIS IS THE HEAD OF ALI TEBELEN, PACHA OF YANINA.'

"I cried bitterly, and tried to raise my mother from the earth, but she was dead! I was taken to the slave-market, and was purchased by a rich Armenian. He caused me to be instructed, gave me masters, and when I was thirteen years of age he sold me to the Sultan Mahmoud."

"Of whom I bought her," said Monte-Cristo.

"Oh! you are good! you are great! my lord!" said Haydée, kissing the count's hand, "and I am very fortunate in belonging to such a master."

Albert remained quite bewildered with all that he had seen and heard.

"Come! finish your cup of coffee," said Monte-Cristo; "the history is ended."

The Glove of Conde

THE surrender of the château of Noizai and the skirmish in the forest of Château-Regnault was not complete victory, for the Royalists of France in the 16th century.

Most of the Nantes Huguenot conspirators had not been notified of the two checks experienced by their party, and continued their march on Amboise, ready to assault the place that night.

But they were expected.

So the young king, Francis the Second, did not care to retire to rest, but, with feverish anxiety, kept walking up and down the vast, unfurnished hall, which had been reserved as a chamber for his use.

Mary Stuart, the Duke de Guise, and the Cardinal de Lorraine were with him, watching and waiting also.

"What an everlasting night!" exclaimed Francis the Second. "I am in

pain; my head is on fire, and these insupportable earaches torture me. What a night! what a night!"

"My poor, dear sire," answered Mary, gently, "do not excite yourself, I implore you. You only thus increase your bodily and mental sufferings. Will you not take a few moments' rest—for my sake?"

"Ah! Mary, how can I rest," said the king,—"how can I remain tranquil when my people are in arms and rebellion against me? Ah! all these troubles are sure to shorten the little life that God has granted me!"

Mary did not answer: but the tears flowed down her lovely cheeks.

"Your Majesty must not be so deeply affected," said the Balafré. "I already have had the honour to assure you that our measures were taken and that victory was certain. I answer for your safety, sire."

"Have we not begun well?" added the Cardinal de Lorraine. "Castelnau a prisoner, La Renaudie slain,—are not these happy auguries for the issue of this affair?"

"Very happy, indeed!" said Francis, bitterly.

"To-morrow all will be over; the other rebel chiefs will be in our power," continued the cardinal, "and we can, by a terrible example, frighten those who would try to imitate them. It is necessary, sire," he said, in reply to a gesture of repugnance on the part of the king. "A solemn act of faith, as they say in Spain, is essential to the outraged glory of religion and the threatened security of the throne. To begin with, Castelnau must die. M. de Nemours has taken it upon himself to promise him his life; but that does not concern us, and we have promised nothing. La Renaudie has escaped his just punishment by death; I have given orders, however, that his head be exposed at daybreak to-morrow on the bridge of Amboise, with this inscription: Leader of the rebels."

"Leader of the rebels!" repeated the young king. "But you said yourself he was not the leader, and that the confessions and correspondence prove that the real mover of the enterprise was the Prince de Condé alone."

"In the name of Heaven! do not speak so loud, I entreat you, sire," interrupted the cardinal. "Yes, it is quite true; the prince has conducted and directed everything from a distance. These wretches named him the *dumb captain;* and after the first success he was to declare himself. But as this success has not taken place, he has not declared himself, and will not declare himself. Let us not, therefore, drive him to any dangerous extremity. Let us not openly recognise him as the powerful head of the rebellion. Let us pretend not to see him, in order to avoid the necessity of pointing him out as such publicly."

"Still, M. de Condé is not the less a genuine rebel for that!" retorted Francis, whose youthful impatience was little in accord with these governmental fictions, as they have since been styled.

"Yes, sire," answered the Balafré; "but the prince, far from confessing his schemes, denies them. Let us feign to believe him on his word. The prince has come to-day to Amboise, where he is kept in sight; but in the same way he has conspired,—at a distance. Let us pretend to receive him as an ally; it is less perilous than to have

him as an enemy. The prince, in fine, will, if required, strike his accomplices this night along with us, and be present at their execution to-morrow. Is not the necessity to which he has to submit, then, a thousand times more painful than any imposed upon us?"

"Yes," said the king; "but will he do that? And if he does, can it be possible, that he is guilty?"

"Sire," said the cardinal, "we have in our hands, and will place in those of your Majesty, if you desire, all the proofs of the secret complicity of M. de Condé. But the more flagrant these proofs are, the more we must dissemble; and I regret keenly myself some words that have escaped me, and that, if reported to the prince, might offend him."

"To fear offending a criminal!" cried Francis. "But what is that noise outside? Good heavens! would it be the rebels already?"

"I will run and see," said the Balafré.

But before he had crossed the threshold of the door, Richelieu, the captain of the arquebusiers, entered, and said quickly to the king,—

"Pardon me, sire; M. de Condé believes he has heard certain words impugning his honour, and he demands eagerly permission to clear himself publicly, once for all, in presence of your Majesty, from these insulting suspicions."

The king would have refused perhaps to receive the prince; but the Duke de Guise had already made a sign. The arquebusiers of Captain Richelieu moved aside, and M. de Condé entered, with haughty mien and flushed cheeks.

He was followed by a few gentlemen and a number of the canons of St. Florentin,—ordinary denizens of the château of Amboise, whom the cardinal had for this night transformed into soldiers, in order to assist in the defence, and who, as was common enough at the time, carried the arquebuse along with the rosary, and wore the helmet under the hood.

"Sire, you will excuse my boldness," he said, after bowing to the king; "but this boldness is justified perhaps by the audacious nature of the accusations which my enemies bring against my loyalty in the dark, and which I wish to force them to bring in the daylight, so that I may refute and brand them as they deserve."

"To what do you allude, my cousin?" asked the king, gravely.

"Sire," answered the prince, "certain persons have dared to say that I am the real chief of the rebels whose mad and impious attempt has thrown the realm into confusion, and alarmed your Majesty."

"Ah! they have said this. And who, pray, have said it?" inquired Francis.

"Sire, I have heard these odious calumnies from the lips of these reverend brothers of St. Florentin, who, doubtless believing themselves in security, have not hesitated to repeat aloud what has been whispered to them by others."

"And do you accuse those who have repeated or those who have whispered the offensive words?" said Francis.

"I accuse both, sire," replied the prince; "but especially the instigators of those cowardly slanders."

Having said this, he looked the cardinal full in the face, who concealed

his embarrassment behind his brother as best he could.

"Well, my cousin," said the king, "we permit you to refute the slanders and the slanderers. Do so."

"Refute the slanders, sire!" repeated the Prince de Condé. "Do not my acts do so better than any words of mine? Have I not come, on the first summons, into this château, to take my place among the defenders of your Majesty? Is that the act of a criminal? I ask your Majesty yourself."

"Then accuse the slanderers!" said Francis, who did not wish to answer differently.

"I will do so, not by words, but by deeds, sire," said Condé. "If they have any courage, let them accuse me themselves openly. I here publicly fling my glove in the presence of God and the king. Let the man, be his quality or rank what it may, come forward and maintain that I am the author of this conspiracy! I offer to do battle with him when and how he wills; and, should he not be my equal, to accept him as my equal for this combat."

When the Prince de Condé finished, he threw his glove at his feet. His glance was a sufficient commentary on the meaning of his challenge; it was haughtily fixed on the face of the Duke de Guise, who did not move a muscle.

There was a moment of silence, every one doubtless meditating on this queer exhibition of mendacity given by a prince of the blood to the entire court, in which there was not a page who did not know him guilty, twenty times over, of the very crime from which he was exculpating himself with well-affected indignation.

But, to tell the truth, the young king was the only one, perhaps, artless enough to be astonished at it, and nobody suspected the virtue or the valour of the prince on this account.

The ideas of the Italian courts on politics, imported by Catherine de Médicis and her Florentines, were then fashionable in France. He who best deceived was reputed cleverest. To conceal one's thoughts and disguise one's deeds was the great art. Sincerity would have passed for folly.

The noblest and purest characters of the time—Coligny, Condé, and Chancellor Olivier—were tainted with this leprosy.

Consequently, the Duke de Guise did not despise the Prince de Condé; he admired him.

But he said to himself, with a smile, that he was at least quite as clever as he was.

Advancing a step forward, he slowly took off his glove, and dropped it beside that of the prince.

There was a moment of surprise; and it was at first thought he was going to accept the insolent challenge of M. de Condé.

But he would not have thus shown himself the great statesman he flattered himself he was.

In a loud and firm voice—a voice almost of sincerity, really!—he said,—

"I uphold and approve the words of M. le Prince de Condé; and I am so much his servant, having the honour of being his relative, that I myself here offer myself as his second, and I will take arms against all comers to assist him in so just a defence."

And he gazed around boldly and inquiringly upon those who were about him.

The Prince de Condé had to lower his eyes, abashed.

He felt more thoroughly beaten than if he had been conquered in the lists.

"Does nobody," said the Duke de Guise, "raise the Prince de Condé's glove or mine?"

In fact, no one stirred, as may be easily imagined.

"My cousin," observed Francis the Second, with a melancholy smile, "you are now, it seems, cleansed from all suspicion of felony, as you desired."

"Yes, sire," returned the *dumb captain*, with naïve impudence; "and I thank your Majesty for having aided me—"

He turned with some effort to the Balafré, and added,—

"I thank my good ally and relative, M. de Guise. I hope to prove to him and to prove to all again, by fighting the rebels to-night, if I am allowed to do so, that he did not act wrong in defending me."

Thereupon, the Prince de Condé and the Duke de Guise exchanged the most profound and courteous salutations.

Then the prince, being well and duly justified, and having nothing further to do, bowed to the king and withdrew, followed by the spectators who had accompanied him on his entrance.

This chivalrous scene discloses the fact that high politics dates from the sixteenth century, at least.

I. Luisa San Felice

In the House of the Palm Tree, at Naples, there dwelt the beautiful Luisa San Felice, and here, unknown to her husband, who might have been seriously compromised had he been aware of the shelter and protection afforded by his wife to a Republican officer, Salvato Palmieri, struck down by Queen Caroline's royal bravoes, and left for dead at the garden entrance, had been received and tenderly nursed back to life and health by Luisa, aided by the good doctor Cirillo. Before long his hostess became conscious that the presence of the handsome young officer was arousing emotions and feelings hitherto unknown, for her relations with her husband, many years older than herself, and who indeed had brought her up from infancy, were much more those of an affectionate father and daughter than of husband and wife. Salvato recovered, and rejoined the French army, to which the Italian Republicans were allied, but the mutual love remained, and Luisa sought vainly to escape its fatal influence by accompanying her husband to Palermo, whither his position as secretary to the Prince Royal compelled him to follow the Court. The stormy weather prevented this. The Chevalier succeeded in embarking, but he left Luisa on the shore in the care of her foster-brother, Michael. Excitement and misery had made her seriously ill. Michael took her home, and remained in the house all night. As soon as daylight appeared he fetched Cirillo.

Cirillo saw that she was suffering from brain-fever, and was not slow in guessing the cause. He asked no questions, but applied himself to subduing the malady, and in three days Luisa was, at least, out of danger. On the fourth day appeared her friend the Duchess Fusco, whose house joined that of the Palm Tree, but who had lately been in disgrace and banishment on account of her Liberal views. A door of communication existed between the two houses, and was now again in constant use. Luisa, who for the last three months had been compelled to observe absolute silence on the subject nearest her heart, experienced the relief of having a friend in whom she could confide. A great moralist has said that men will keep the secrets of others, and women will keep their own, but, this notwithstanding, in a quarter of an hour the Duchess knew everything.

On the first morning of Luisa's illness a letter had arrived bearing the postmark of Portici. Nina, her maid, had observed that whenever a similar letter had been received her mistress shut herself up in the room which had been Salvato's in order to read it, and bore traces of long weeping when she emerged. Consumed by a secret and bitter jealousy, Nina kept back the letter, thinking that if enquiries were made she could always say it had been put on one side in the anxiety caused by her mistress's illness, and then forgotten. When a second arrived on the day on which Luisa left her room, Nina watched anxiously to see if the first letter would be asked for, but apparently the second made no allusion to it. It was remarkable, however, that Luisa, who until lately had paid little heed to political events, was now better informed on one subject, the movements of the French army, than anyone else. Every third or fourth day she knew exactly where they were and all that could be known.

She had also received two letters from her husband. The first informed her of his safe arrival at Palermo and of his regret that she had not been able to embark with him, but said not a word of wishing her to follow him. Otherwise it was, as usual, affectionate, calm, and paternal in tone. The second was like it, only adding advice as to her actions in view of the expected political crisis, and telling her that the Bakers' Bank had orders to supply her with what money she might require.

The same day young Andrew Baker, son of King Ferdinand's banker, with the Chevalier's letter in his hand, appeared at the House of the Palm Tree. Luisa received him with all her habitual grace, thanked him for his ready attention, but added that she was living in complete retirement, and could receive no visitors during the absence of her husband. If she needed money she would either go herself to the bank or would send Michael. It was a plain and decided dismissal. Andrew understood, and took his leave with a sigh.

Luisa went with him to the door, and said to Nina as she returned from closing the garden gate:

"Remember that I am not at home if Signor Andrew Baker should call again and ask to see me."

"Oh, dear!" said Nina, with the sometimes impertinent familiarity of a Neapolitan servant, "how can such a

handsome young man have offended the Signora?"

"He has not offended me," answered Luisa with evident annoyance, "but I do not receive visitors during my husband's absence."

Nina, who, tortured with spite and jealousy, could hardly contain herself, nearly replied, "Except Don Salvato," but managed to repress the words, and only smiled doubtfully.

Salvato's last letter begged her in case of a bombardment, which would very likely happen if the Castle of St. Elmo did not declare for the French, to take shelter in the lowest cellar of the house. St. Elmo, however, displayed the French flag, and Luisa rejoiced, simply because it seemed to her to mean an enemy the less for her beloved Salvato.

The same day Michael paid a farewell visit. He was one of the principal popular leaders, ready to fight to the death for a cause which he did not half understand, but to which he belonged by birth and surroundings, and he came to ask Luisa, in case of accident, to care for his mother. Luisa wept much, but half her tears were for Salvato. Michael, between tears and laughter, tried to reassure her by reminding her of the prophecy of the old Albanian sorceress.

"I was to become a colonel and die on the gallows," he said. "I am only a captain, and if I died now it would be by shot or steel, and not by the rope."

But if Nanno's prediction held good for Michael it ought also to be realised for Luisa, and the idea was not consoling. The fate foretold for her had been death on the scaffold!

As Michael drew away from Luisa her hands held him back, and the words so long hovering on her lips escaped them:

"If thou shouldst meet Salvato!"

"My little sister!" exclaimed Michael, perfectly understanding. An hour later the first shot was fired.

Most of the Patriotic Party who were unable or unfit to bear arms were assembled at the Duchess's house, and there from hour to hour came news of the combat. But Luisa, too terribly anxious to endure society, remained in Salvato's room on her knees before the crucifix. The Duchess from time to time brought her news, to which she only answered with sighs. Would this terrible conflict endure for ever?

At length the firing ceased, and it was announced that the French had succeeded everywhere, but were not yet in possession of the town. Luisa might now hope soon to see either Michael or Salvato if they still lived. Michael first, who could come openly by day. Salvato would not venture to appear except secretly by night. Luisa remained at the window gaing fixedly on the road from Chiaja, by which she supposed he would come.

Salvato's duty as a soldier, however, kept him imprisoned below. When he held Michael in his arms he rejoiced doubly, first because he could now repay what he owed, and secondly because he would now hear news of Luisa. But General Championnet's prompt idea of putting Salvato in charge of the Cathedral, with Michael as a guide and support, prevented this for the moment. Only when his grenadiers were properly disposed of at the Archbishop's Palace could Salvato throw

his arm round Michael's neck, draw him into the church and whisper:

"And she?"

To which Michael replied by a full account of all that had happened, from Luisa's futile effort to accompany her husband down to her last words, "If thou shouldst meet Salvato!" In fact, he interpreted Luisa's sentiments with more truth and much more eloquence than she would ever have done herself, and repeated over and over again what she certainly would never have commissioned him to say, namely, that she loved Salvato with all her heart. And thus they communed together, while Luisa kept anxious watch on the road from Chiaja.

Night fell slowly, and still Luisa watched the road, even though it had long been impossible to distinguish anything at a distance. At length she discerned a figure at the garden gate.

"Michael!" she cried, not waiting for him to knock, and heard his reassuring answer, "Little sister." Without waiting for the door to be opened he easily climbed the wall, swung himself over the balcony, and entered the dining-room.

No words were needed to tell her that things had gone well with her foster-brother, for his countenance beamed with happiness; but what most astonished her was his remarkable attire, which, in fact, was the promised colonel's uniform, which Championnet had lost no time in sending to him. He wore a sort of hussar cap, surmounted by a plume, a blue tunic richly trimmed with gold braid, grey pantaloons, and over his left shoulder a short crimson dolman. A huge sabre, the gift of Salvato, completed the costume.

Michael had arrayed himself in these picturesque garments the instant he got them, and then had asked Salvato for an hour's leave, which, being granted, he lost not a second in rushing to the house of his fiancée, Assunta, where his dazzling and unwonted appearance completely stupefied both her father and her three brothers, two of whom were busy binding up their wounds. Michael wasted no time in explanations, but went straight to Assunta's wardrobe, picked out the finest costume he saw there, made a bundle of it, and, telling its owner he would come again to-morrow, departed with a series of joyous gambols and exclamations which would certainly have earned him the nickname of "Madcap" had he not already got it.

The distance from the Marinella to Mergellina is no trifle, but Michael spent only a quarter of an hour in traversing it, still further shortening matters on his arrival by entering by the window instead of the door. As he sprang in he exclaimed:

"He is alive, he is quite well, he is not even wounded, and he loves you madly!"

Luisa uttered a cry of joy, and then embraced Michael.

"Michael, dear Michael," she said, "how I rejoice in seeing you again!"

"And well you may. You have narrowly missed never seeing me at all. But for him I should have been shot!"

"But for whom?" asked Luisa, although she knew quite well whom Michael meant.

"But for *him*, of course, him!" said Michael. "Is there anyone else who could have prevented my being shot? Who the devil else would have troubled about seven or eight balls in the

body of a poor lazzarone? But he ran, he cried 'It is Michael! He saved my life; you must grant me his.' And he embraced me before them all, and the General has made me a colonel . . . which brings me so much nearer the gallows, my dear Luisa."

Then, seeing that Luisa did not in the least understand what he was talking about, he continued:

"But all that does not matter just now, little sister. What does matter is that when I was going to be shot I made a vow which concerns you. I vowed that, should I escape—I can tell you there didn't seem much chance of it—I would go with you before the day was out and we would both say a prayer to Saint Januarius. Now, there is no time to lose, and as it would not be seemly for a great lady like you to be seen running about the streets with 'Madcap Michael,' colonel though he is, I have brought you a costume in which no one will know you. Here it is," dropping his bundle at Luisa's feet as he spoke.

Luisa understood less than ever, but something told her that some pleasant surprise was at the bottom of all this, and possibly thought it wiser not to enquire too closely lest she should feel she ought to refuse.

"Well," said she, "since you have made a vow and think you owe your life to it, my poor Michael, the vow must be kept. It would bring evil otherwise. And indeed, I do not think I ever felt more need for prayer than at this moment. But——" she added, shyly.

"But what?"

"You remember that he told me to keep the window in the little passage open, as well as the doors leading to his room!"

"Then both windows and doors are open now?"

"Yes. What would he have thought had he come and found them closed?"

"No doubt he would have been much grieved. But now he is well he is no longer his own master, and as to-night he is on guard and may not leave his post before eleven to-morrow, we may close doors and windows and go and pay my vow."

"Very well," said Luisa, with a sigh, carrying off the costume, while Michael went to close doors and windows.

As he entered the room opening off the passage, Michael thought he saw a dark shadow which shrank into a corner of the room. As people who hide have generally some reason for so doing, Michael advanced towards the corner with outstretched arms, on which the shadow came forward, saying—

"It is only I, Michael; I had something to do here for Signora."

Michael knew Nina's voice, and, as there was nothing unreasonable in her statement, he let her alone and applied himself to shutting the windows.

"But," said Nina, "suppose Don Salvato came?"

"He will not come," said Michael.

"Is he hurt?" asked the girl in a tone which betrayed the unusual interest she felt, and of which she saw the imprudence, adding, "If so, we shall have to be extremely careful how we tell the Signora."

"The Signora," replied Michael, "knows already all she wants to know. No harm has come to Don Salvato,

but he will be kept at his post until to-morrow morning."

At that moment Luisa was heard calling for her maid. Nina went slowly and sullenly, and Michael, who was accustomed to the airs she gave herself and did not trouble about her, finished shutting up doors and windows.

When he returned to the dining-room, Luisa had finished dressing. Michael exclaimed in astonishment, never had he seen his foster-sister look so beautiful, and she wore Assunta's gala dress as though it had been her own. Nina looked on with jealousy in her heart. She could pardon her mistress for being beautiful in attire suited to her rank, but not for being more lovely in peasant costume. Michael's frank and simple admiration, and his constant "But, look, Nina, is she not lovely?" made her hate her mistress as she was forced to look on her exquisite fairness, lovely dark eyes and perfect figure. Involuntarily, she thought of Salvato's manly beauty, classic features and curly black hair. She saw the two lovers together and ground her teeth in despairing envy.

And indeed, an aureole, not merely of beauty, but of happiness, seemed to hover over Luisa. The reaction from days and weeks of anxiety and wretchedness had now the upper hand, and the passion so long repressed had broken bounds. She at length loved Salvato without misgiving, without regret, almost without remorse. For, had she not done her best to escape the bonds of this love and to accompany her husband? And was it Destiny which kept her chained to Naples or the inscrutable ordering of Providence itself?

So she said happily to Michael:

"I am quite ready and waiting, as you see," and was the first to descend the steps into the darkness without. Nina, unable to restrain herself, caught Michael's arm.

"Where is the Signora going?" she demanded.

"To thank St. Januarius for having deigned this day to save the life of his servant," said Michael, hastening down the steps.

There had been no fighting at Mergellina, and everything was quiet. The shore was illuminated, patrols of French soldiers were seen here and there, and the crowd, instead of being hostile, cheered them and cried "Vive la République." Further on the spectacle became more gloomy. Houses which had been either burnt or pillaged, still smoking ruins in the one case, in the other doorless and windowless, with heaps of broken furniture before them, gave some idea of what the reign of the lazzaroni would become could it continue. Elsewhere large patches of blood discoloured the pavement, and carts full of sand stood by waiting for it to be hastily spread over these woeful reminders of what had taken place. At the Mercatello, people, with angry cries, were breaking up a statue of King Ferdinand, and others were employed in removing the remaining dead bodies. Luisa shuddered and hastened on.

Arrived at the Cathedral, Michael sought the quietest and darkest corner, gave Luisa a Prie Dieu, and placed another beside her, then whispering:

"Say thy prayers, little sister, I will

come back," hastily disappeared. Outside he had caught a glimpse of Salvato leaning against a pillar. He went straight to him.

"Come with me, Commandant," he said. "I have something to show you which I know will please you."

"But you know I may not leave my post."

"That is all right; it is in the post."

"Very well, then," said the young man, following Michael out of complaisance. They entered the Cathedral, and Michael pointed out a kneeling female figure absorbed in prayer. Salvato started.

"Do you see that woman who prays so earnestly? Well, Commandant, while I keep watch for you here, you go and kneel beside her. I have somehow got an idea that she can give you news of my little sister Luisa."

And as Salvato gazed at him with astonishment:

"But go then! Go!" said Michael, pushing him forward.

Salvato did as he was told, but before he could kneel down, Luisa, hearing his step, turned round, and a suppressed cry of joy from both told Michael that his good intentions had succeeded.

II. Chevalier San Felice

THERE was a minute's awed silence in the clamorous hall of justice at Naples. All shuddered. Luisa San Felice threw herself into her lover Salvato's arms.

"Justice is done!" said Judge Speciale; and he turned to Salvato with:

"Tell us, Signor Frenchman, how you come to appear before us?"

"I appear before you," said Salvato, "because I am not French, but Neapolitan. My name is Salvato Palmieri. I am twenty-six years of age; I adore liberty, I detest tyranny. It is I whom the Queen wished to have assassinated by her assassin, Pasquale di Simone; it is I who had the audacity, while defending myself against six assassins, to kill two of them and to wound two. I have deserved death; condemn me."

"Come!" said Speciale, "it will not do to refuse this worthy patriot what he asks: death!"

"Death!" repeated the tribunal.

"There! Now," said Speciale, "the turn of the Signora, and it will be finished."

"Rise, Luisa, and lean on my shoulder," said Salvato in a low tone. Luisa rose.

The spectators involuntarily made a murmur of admiration and pity for one so young, so lovely, and so modest.

"Usher," said Speciale, "command silence!"

"Speak," said Salvato.

"I am called Luisa Molina San Felice," said the young wife in sweet and trembling tones. "I am twenty-three years of age; I am innocent of the crime of which I am accused, but I ask nothing better than to die."

"Then," said Speciale, impatient of the murmurs of sympathy, "you assert that it was not you who denounced the

bankers Baker, friends of the King of Naples, to the French forces?"

"She asserts it with the more justice," said Michael, "because it is I who denounced them; I who went to General Championnet; I who gave the advice to question Giovannina. She had nothing to do with it, poor little sister, saint as she is."

"Be quiet, Michael," murmured Luisa.

"On the contrary, speak, Michael, speak," said Salvato.

"Yes, and I will say that the Madonna at the foot of the Grotto is not purer than she. She returned from Pœstum expressly to warn those poor Bakers; and before he died the son wrote to her to say that he knew quite well it was I, and not she, who was the cause of his death. Give the letter here, little sister! These gentlemen will read it. They are too just to condemn you if you are innocent."

"I have not got it," murmured Luisa, "I don't know what I did with it."

"I have it," said Salvato quickly. "Take it out of my pocket."

"But if they pardon me, what of you?" whispered she.

"My father is there," he returned.

Luisa took the letter and held it out to the judge.

Speciale, trying to pooh-pooh it as written by a man madly in love with the accused, was forced to read it aloud, bequest to Luisa and all. The judges exchanged glances at such a complete vindication. But the King's order was positive; they had to condemn, and to condemn to death.

However, Speciale was not the man to be embarrassed for a trifle.

"It is well," said he; "the tribunal abandons this principal accusation; but you are charged with another crime, no less serious, of having given asylum to a man who came to Naples to conspire against the Government, of having kept him with you for six weeks, and of only letting him leave to go and fight against the troops of the legitimate Sovereign."

Luisa for all reply drooped her head and gazed tenderly at Salvato.

Then, as if in haste to conclude a matter which was attracting more public attention than he wished.

"So," said the judge, "you confess to having received, concealed and tended a conspirator who left you only to rejoin the French and the Jacobins?"

"I confess it," said Luisa.

"That is sufficient. It is treason, the crime is capital. To death!"

"To death!" dully repeated the tribunal.

A long and dolorous murmur rose from the spectators.

Luisa San Felice, calm, her hand upon her heart, turned to thank them; but suddenly she stopped, motionless, with fixed gaze.

"There, there! See!" said she to Salvato. "He! He!"

Salvato, leaning forward, saw a man from fifty-five to sixty years of age, elegantly attired in black, with the Cross of Malta embroidered on his coat, slowly advance towards the tribunal, the crowd parting before him. He unfastened the balustrade railing off the public, stepped within, and, addressing the astonished judges,

"You have condemned this woman to death," said he; "but I come to tell you that your sentence cannot be carried out."

"And why?" asked Speciale.

"Because she is *enciente*," he answered.

"And how do you know?"

"I am her husband, the Chevalier San Felice."

There was a cry of joy among the spectators, a cry of admiration on the platform of the accused. Speciale paled, feeling that his prey escaped him. The judges, uneasy, glanced at one another.

"Luciano! Luciano!" murmured Luisa, holding out her hand to the Chevalier, whilst great tears of emotion rolled down her cheeks.

The Chevalier stepped up to the platform. He took his wife's hand and kissed it tenderly.

"Ah, you were right, Luisa!" said Salvato in a low voice, "this man is an angel, and I am ashamed at my inferiority."

"Take the condemned to the Vicaria," said Speciale. "And," added he, "take back this woman to Castel Nuovo."

III. The Martyr San Felice

Luisa San Felice, the condemned prisoner of state, was taken from Palermo after her confinement and brought to Naples by the sloop of war *Siren*. On arriving at the Vicaria the unhappy woman was so weak and broken with fatigue that she had only sufficient strength to fall upon a mattress. The jailers no more feared her flight than a sportsman fears to lose the pigeon whose wings have just been broken by his shot. The two links which might have attached her to life were sundered; Salvato, her lover, who had died for her, and his child, just born, who had hastened to follow him. The execution was not fixed to take place till ten o'clock, but the prisoner, accused of having caused the deaths of the Bakers, Bankers of King Ferdinand, had to make public apology at the door of their house and at the place where they had been executed.

There was policy in this decision. For more than a month there had been no execution, and Ferdinand, King of Naples, counted on that of Luisa San Felice to keep the wild beasts of the Old Market, the mob fed by him for six months on human flesh and blood, in good humour.

We shall not attempt to paint the night of anguish in this ante-chamber to the scaffold through which so many martyrs had passed. Physically and morally prostrated, she emerged only from her drowsy agony when the striking of the clock, piercing her heart like a dagger, brought her hourly nearer to her doom.

Day broke at last, dark and rainy, a dismal November morn heralding the death of the year. The wind whistled in the corridors; the rain, falling in torrents, rattled against the windows.

Luisa, feeling that the hour drew near, dragged herself to her knees, and placed her head against the wall for support; but her failing heart inspired her lips only with the words, "My God! My God!"

At half-past seven the door into the

chapel opened, and she saw appear on the threshold a fantastic and hideous being such as is born in the grasp of a nightmare. It was the *beccaio* (butcher). A large cleaver was stuck in his belt, near his knife for killing goats.

He was laughing.

"Ah, ah!" said he, "there you are, the lovely creature! I did not know all my luck. I knew that you were the informer against the Bakers, the King's bankers, who were executed by the French forces, but I did not know that you were the mistress of that infamous Salvato. . . . He is dead, then," added he, grinding his teeth, "and I shall not have the joy of killing you both together!"

Then, coming down the three or four steps from the chapel, and seeing Luisa's magnificent hair spread about her shoulders:

"Ah," said he, "here is hair which must be cut; it is a pity. Come, get up," said he, "it is time." And with a brutal gesture he stretched out his hand to sieze her by the arm.

But before he could do so the other door opened, and a penitent, in his long white robe, with only his eyes showing, placed himself between the horrid wretch and his victim, and with an imperative gesture said:

"You will touch this woman only upon the scaffold."

At the sound of this voice, Luisa uttered a cry, and found strength to stand upon her feet against the wall, as if the gentle tones alarmed her more than the threatening, mocking ones of the *beccaio*.

"She must be in a shift, with bare feet, to make her apology, and her hair must be cut so that I can cut off her head. Who will see to this?" said the *beccaio*.

"I," said the penitent in the same gentle, firm voice. "You understand. Go out and wait for us in the chapel. You have no business here."

"I have every right to this woman!" cried the *beccaio*.

"You have a right to her life, not to her. You have received orders from men to kill her. I have received one from God to help her die. Let us each carry out the command he has received."

"Her effects belong to me, her money belongs to me, all that is hers belongs to me. Her hair alone is worth four ducats!"

"Here are a hundred piastres," said the penitent, throwing a purse of gold into the chapel to oblige the *beccaio* to go and find it there. "Hold your peace, and go."

In the unclean soul of this man there was a moment's struggle between greed and hatred. Greed gained the day. He went into the next room cursing and swearing.

The penitent pulled the door to after him, slowly returned and, drawing a pair of scissors from beneath his robe, approached Luisa, showing them.

"You or I?" asked he.

"You! Oh, you!" cried Luisa, and she turned, that he might accomplish his mournful task.

The penitent smothered a sigh, and beneath his mask tears rolled down his face, raised to Heaven.

"To whom do you wish me to give this hair?" said he when it was all cut.

"Keep it for love of me, I entreat you!" said Luisa.

The penitent raised it to his lips and kissed it secretly. Then he went into the robing room of the Confraternity, unhooked a penitent's costume, cut off the hood, and, bringing it back to Luisa,

"Alas!" said he, "this is all I can do for you."

The condemned woman uttered a cry of joy. She perceived that this cloak, covering her from head to foot, was a winding sheet effectually shielding her nakedness from every eye.

"Call me when you are ready," said the penitent, and he went out.

When he returned ten minutes later Luisa's delicate bare feet, on which she must tread the pavement of Naples to the scaffold, peeped from beneath the robe. Her clothes were folded on a stool.

"God does not wish anything to be missing from your passion. . . . Courage, martyr!" said the penitent, "you are on the road to Heaven." And, presenting to her his shoulder, upon which she leaned, he ascended with her the steps of the little staircase, and, pushing open the chapel door, "Here we are," said he.

"You took your time about it!" said the *beccaio*.

In the courtyard twelve priests, and the choir children, carrying the banners and crosses, were awaiting them. Twenty-four *bianchi* were in readiness also, with the monks of several Orders, to complete the procession.

The rain was falling in torrents.

Luisa looked about her; she seemed as if seeking something.

"What do you require?" asked the penitent.

"I should like a crucifix."

The penitent drew from his robe a little silver one, suspended from a black velvet ribbon, which he hung round her neck.

"Oh, my Saviour!" said she, "I shall never suffer what you have suffered; but I am a woman, give me strength!" She kissed the crucifix, and, as if fortified by this kiss, "Let us go," said she.

The procession started. First the priests, singing the prayers for the dead; then the *beccaio*, hideous in his joy, laughing, waving his cleaver in his right hand as if he were cutting off a head, and with his left leaning on a stick to help him along. After him, Luisa, leaning with her right arm on the penitent's shoulder, and with her left hand pressing the crucifix to her lips. Behind her came the twenty-four *bianchi*, and following them monks of every Order and of every colour.

As the procession came out into the piazza of the Vicaria the crowd was immense, and it was greeted with cries of joy, insults, and curses; but the victim was so young, so resigned, so beautiful, and there were so many rumours, some sympathetic, with respect to her, that gradually the hostile cries died away, giving place to silence. Spectators crowded all the windows along the route.

At length the Bakers' house, where Ferdinand's bankers had lived, was reached. At the door a temporary altar, adorned with paper flowers and tapers, extinguished by the wind, had been erected. The procession stopped, and formed in a large semi-circle round Luisa.

Her soaked robe clung to her limbs. She kneeled down, shivering with cold.

"Pray!" said a priest.

"Happy martyrs, my brothers," said

Luisa, "pray for a martyr like yourselves."

After a halt of nearly ten minutes, the procession moved on again. The next stopping place was in front of the high wall where the bankers had been shot. By this time Luisa's feet were bleeding and frozen. She moaned at each step; the penitent passed his arm round her and held her up. In an almost stifled voice, she fell on her knees in front of the wall and repeated the same prayer. It was evident that, after all the fatigues she had lately undergone, these last were completely exhausting her.

At this second halt she heard growling like a storm the twenty or thirty thousand lazzaroni who were blocking up the Old Market, added to those who were pouring into it from the network of little streets in the vicinity. She was walking with closed eyes, supported by her companion, when the trembling of his sustaining arm caused her to look up in spite of herself. . . .

She perceived the scaffold!

It was set up in front of the little church of Santa Croce, and was simply a platform, raised about ten feet, with a block upon it, and was reached by a flight of steps. Luisa reached these steps just as the church clock was striking ten.

"Courage!" said the penitent to her. "In ten minutes the mighty arm of God will sustain you instead of my feeble one. There is less distance between this scaffold and Heaven than between this pavement and the scaffold."

Luisa gathered up all her strength, and mounted the stairs.

The *beccaio* had preceded her, and his hideous and grotesque appearance had excited universal clamour. As far as eye could reach one saw only moving heads, open mouths, avid and flaming eyes. Through a single gap one saw the quay crowded with people, and beyond the quay the sea.

"Now then," said the *beccaio*, stumbling on his wooden leg and waving his cleaver, "are we ready at last?"

"When the moment comes, I will tell you," replied the penitent. Then, with infinite gentleness to Luisa, "Do you wish for anything?" said he.

"Your forgiveness! Your forgiveness!" she cried, falling on her knees before him.

The penitent stretched out his hand over her bowed head.

"Be you all witnesses," he said in a loud voice, "that in my name, in the name of men, and of God, I pardon this woman."

"Are you a priest, to give absolution?"

"No," replied the penitent, "but my right is no less sacred. I am her husband!" And, raising the victim, throwing back his hood, he opened his arms to her, and all could recognise, in spite of the stamp of grief upon it, the gentle face of the Chevalier San Felice.

Luisa fell sobbing on her husband's breast.

However hardened the spectators, very few eyes remained dry at this sight. Some voices, few, it is true, cried, "Pardon!"

It was the protest of humanity.

Luisa understood that the hour had struck.

She tore herself from her husband's arms, and tottering, made a step towards the executioner, saying:

"My God, I give myself into Your hands."

Then she fell on her knees, and, laying her head on the block,

"Am I well thus, sir?" said she.

"Yes," replied the *beccaio* roughly.

The *beccaio,* amid a death-like silence, raised his cleaver . . . but then a horrible thing happened. Whether his hand was unsteady, or his arm not weighty enough, the first blow, in falling, made a large gash in the sufferer's neck, but did not sever the vertebræ.

Luisa uttered a cry and raised herself, beating the air with her arms. The executioner seized her by what remained of her hair, bent her over the block, and struck a second and a third time, amid the imprecations of the multitude, without succeeding in separating the head from the trunk. At the third blow, mad with pain, calling on God and men, Luisa, dripping with blood, escaped from his hands, and springing away was going to throw herself among the crowd, when the *beccaio,* letting fall his cleaver and grasping his butcher's knife, a weapon more familiar to him, stopped the poor martyr, encircling her with his arm, and plunged in his knife above the collar-bone. The blood spurted out; the artery was cut. This time the wound was mortal.

Luisa uttered a sigh, raised her hands and eyes to Heaven, then sank back. The martyr was dead.

The Chevalier San Felice had fainted away at the first blow of the cleaver.

It was more than the people of the Old Market could put up with without taking a hand, habituated as they were to such spectacles. They rushed upon the scaffold, which they demolished in an instant, and on the *beccaio* (butcher) whom they tore in pieces in the twinkling of an eye. Then of the scaffold they made a bonfire, where they burned the executioner, while several pious souls were praying round the body of the victim, laid at the foot of the high altar of the Church of the Carmine.

The Chevalier, still unconscious, had been removed to the quarters of the *bianchi.*

The execution of the unfortunate Luisa San Felice was the last which took place at Naples. Bonaparte landed at Fréjus on October 8th; on November 9th he made the *coup d'état* known as the 18th Brumaire; on June 14th he gained the battle of Marengo, and, in signing a peace with Austria and the Two Sicilies, exacted from Ferdinand an end to executions, the throwing open of prisons, the return of the proscribed.

For nearly a year blood had flowed on all the public squares of the kingdom, and the victims of the Bourbon reaction are estimated at more than four thousand.

The State Junta, which believed its sentences without appeal, was mistaken. In default, of human justice, the victims appealed to Divine justice, and God quashed its convictions. The house of the Bourbons at Naples has ceased to reign, and, according to the Word of the Lord, the sins of the fathers are visited on the children to the third and fourth generations.

Only God is great.

A Mad Method

May I assume you, reader, to be a sportsman—*and* a poultry fancier to boot? Well, then, did it ever happen to you that your sporting dog, with the best intentions in the world, and fully believing he was after game, chivied and killed your fowls?

This is quite a likely thing to have occurred, and one you have no call to be ashamed of after all; so I will make bold to make all these several assumptions.

Such being the case, I have no doubt that, loving your dog and loving your fowls too, you deeply regretted you knew of no way of punishing the former adequately, short of beating him to death.

For beat your dog as you may, you cannot bring your poultry to life again. Besides which, the Bible expressly says that God desires not the death of a sinner, but his repentance.

You object that in this precept God was not thinking about dogs. I say you are puffed up with the insolence of your supposed human superiority.

I firmly believe God paid just as much attention as He did to man to every animal He endowed with life, from the tiniest insect to the elephant, from the humming-bird to the eagle.

However, I will make some concession to your prejudices, reader, and allow that *perhaps* God implanted a special liability to be tempted in this particular direction in the dog, which of all beasts is the one whose instinct comes nearest to human intelligence.

Perhaps we might even venture on the proposition that some dogs have more instinct than some men have intelligence.

Remember what Michelet said so pleasantly: "Dogs are candidates for humanity."

Finally, if the point is contested, we can allege this convincing proof—that dogs go mad, and bite.

This settled, let us to our story.

I owned a dog, and I once owned fowls.

There! Just think what it is to be a dramatic author, and with what an artful touch a dramatic author can broach a subject! "I own a dog, and I once owned fowls!" Why, that single sentence, those nine simple words, imply a whole catastrophe in the past, and give the actual state of things here and now into the bargain.

I own a dog—yes, I have one still; my dog, therefore, is alive. *I once owned* fowls, but I do so no longer; ergo, my fowls are dead.

Nay! it is plain that, if you have any powers of deduction at all,—even though I had not told you, perhaps rather prematurely,—by means of the phrase "I own a dog, I once owned fowls," you would know perfectly well not merely that my dog is alive and my poultry dead, but be able to guess, into the bargain, that in all probability it was my dog killed my fowls.

So you see there is a whole tragedy implicit in the words: *I own a dog, I once owned fowls!*

If I could ever hope to be elected a member of the Academy, I should

enjoy the certainty that one day at any rate my panegyric would be pronounced by my successor; and lauded by a great noble or a great poet of the future, a Noailles or a future Viennet, I could fall asleep in calm reliance on this one sentence: *I own a dog, and I once owned fowls,* confident that the fine implications involved would not be lost on an admiring posterity.

But, alas! I shall never join the Immortal Forty! A fellow-Academician will never pronounce my panegyric after I am dead!

The simplest plan, therefore, is for me to do it for myself while I am still alive.

Now you are aware, dear reader, or possibly you are not aware, that in dramatic art everything depends on the *preparation,* the working up.

To introduce and make known the *dramatis personæ* is one of the surest ways of forcing the reader to be interested in them.

To force—it is a hard word, I know, but it is the proper technical expression; we must always *force* the reader to be interested in some person or some thing.

Only there are several different means of arriving at this result.

Remember Walter Scott,—well, Walter Scott had a way of his own of attracting interest to his characters, one which, though it was with a very few exceptions always the same and of a kind to strike one at the first blush as very extraordinary, nevertheless proved highly successful.

His way was to be tiresome, deadly tiresome, often for half the first volume, sometimes for the whole of it.

But, in the course of this volume he was bringing his personages on the scene, and giving so minute and detailed a description of their personal appearance, their moral character, their habits and idiosyncrasies, the reader learnt so exactly how they dressed and walked and talked, that when at the beginning of volume II one of these individuals found himself in some danger or emergency, you could not help exclaiming—

"Ah, dear! that poor gentleman who wore an apple-green coat, and limped as he walked, and lisped in speaking, how ever is he going to get out of this difficulty?"

And you were quite surprised, after being bored to death for half a volume or a whole volume, sometimes even for a volume and a half, you were quite astonished to find yourself deeply interested in the gentleman who lisped in speaking, who limped as he walked, and who wore an apple-green coat.

You may possibly observe, reader—

"This method, sir, which I see you commend so highly, is the one you follow yourself, is it?"

In the first place, I do not commend it; I only explain and describe and discuss it. Secondly, my own is precisely the opposite.

"Ah! so you have a method of your own?" Mr. This or Mr. That will ask me, with a pretty air of polished sarcasm.

"Certainly—and why not, my good friends?"

Well, then, here is *my* method: I give it to you for what it is worth.

Only I am bound to begin by telling you I think it is a bad one.

"But," you naturally object, "if your way is a bad one, why employ it?"

Because one is not always in a position to employ or not to employ a method at will; and sometimes, I strongly suspect, it is the method uses us rather than we the method.

Men deem they have ideas; I have a shrewd notion myself it is ideas often possess men. There is many an idea has used up two or three generations of mankind and, before working itself out, is going to use up three or four more.

Anyhow, whether it is I own my method or my method me, here it is, such as it is:—

To begin by being interesting, instead of beginning by being tiresome; to begin with action, instead of beginning with preparation for action; to describe the characters after having brought them on the stage, instead of bringing them on the stage after describing them.

Well, you will likely enough say at the first go off—

"Really, I see nothing so very perilous about this way of going to work."

All I can say to that is: you are mistaken. In reading a book or watching a play,—comedy, tragedy, theatrical piece of any sort—any *Schauspiel*, as they say in German,—we must always be bored more or less.

There is no fire without smoke, no sunlight without shadow. Well, boredom, ennui, is the shadow, the smoke, in this case.

Now experience has shown this much: it is better to be bored at the start than the finish.

More than that: some of my fellow authors and dramatists, uncertain which of the two plans to adopt, have chosen that of boring the reader all through the story or the spectator all through the play.

And they have been quite successful; while I, I have found my method pretty nearly fatal to me, consisting as it does in being amusing at the start!

An Historic Fete

On September 22nd, 1798, the magnificent Bay of Naples, always smiling, incessantly furrowed by thousands of boats, always echoing the sound of music and the songs of mariners, was even more joyous, more noisy, and more animated than ever.

September at Naples is glorious, for neither the excessive heat of summer nor the capricious rains of autumn are then known, and this day on which our story opens was one of the most splendid of the month. A flood of golden sunlight bathed the vast amphitheatre of heights which extends one arm to Nisida and the other to Portici, enclosing the favoured town on the slopes of Mount St. Elmo, above which stands the ancient Angevin citadel—a mural crown adorning the brow of the modern Parthenope. The vast expanse of the Bay, resembling an azure carpet strewn with golden spangles, was slightly stirred by the morning breeze, perfumed

and balmy, so gentle as to bring a smile to every face it touched and yet keen enough to rouse in the breasts it stirred that yearning towards the Infinite which inspires Man with the proud thought that he also is, or may become, Divine, and that this world is merely the shelter of a day, a brief resting-place in the life eternal.

Eight o'clock resounded from the church of San Ferdinando, and the last vibration had hardly died away when all the thousand bells of the three hundred churches of Naples clanged a joyous peal from their various belfries, while the guns of the forts Del Ovo, Castel Nuovo and Del Carmine thundered forth as if attempting to out-do them and surrounded the town with a girdle of smoke. Above this, St. Elmo, flaming amidst clouds like a volcano in eruption, seemed a new Vesuvius confronting the old.

Both guns and bells were saluting a magnificent galley which at this moment left the quay, crossed the military harbour and, propelled by both sails and oars, glided majestically towards the open sea. She was followed by ten or twelve smaller but scarcely less magnificent craft and might well claim to rival the Bucentaur bearing the Doge to his nuptials with the Adriatic.

The whole of the deck was covered with a purple awning, emblazoned with the royal arms, intended to shelter the august passengers from the rays of the sun. They were disposed in groups differing widely in appearance and attitude.

The most considerable of these groups consisted of five men occupying the centre of the ship. Three stood outside the awning on the deck and two carried a golden key suspended from a coat button, indicative of the wearer's rank as chamberlain. All wore ribbons of various colours sustaining orders of every country, and their breasts were bedizened with stars and crossed with ribbons. The central figure was a man of about forty-seven, tall and slight, but well built. He stooped slightly in consequence of a habit of leaning forward to listen to those who conversed with him. But not the splendid coat richly embroidered with gold, nor the diamond stars of different orders which he wore, nor even the "Majesty," incessantly on the lips of his attendants, could obviate the vulgarity of his appearance. He had clumsy, large hands, thick ankles and wrists, a low forehead, and a retreating chin which accentuated an enormously thick and long nose. The eyes alone were lively and mischievous, but nearly always furtive, and sometimes cruel. This was Ferdinand IV., King by the Grace of God of the Two Sicilies and Jerusalem, an Infante of Spain, Duke of Parma, of Piacenza, of Castro and hereditary Grand Prince of Tuscany, but whom the lazzaroni of Naples qualified quite simply as "Il Re Nasone" ("King of the big nose").

The person most frequently addressed by the monarch and who, though wearing the embroidered coat of diplomacy, wore the most simple dress of the party, was Sir William Hamilton, foster-brother of George III., who for five-and-thirty years had represented Great Britain at the Sicilian Court. The remaining three were the Marquis Malespina, aide-de-camp to the King; John Acton, Irish by birth and

Prime Minister, and the Duke d'Ascoli, Ferdinand's friend and chamberlain.

Another group consisted of two women only, who might have formed a fitting subject for the brush of Angelica Kauffman, and whose appearance could not have failed to arouse interest and attention in even the most indifferent observer, however ignorant of their names and rank. The elder of the two ladies, although past her brilliant youth, still showed traces of remarkable beauty. Daughter of Maria-Theresa, sister to Marie-Antoinette, as could be guessed from her features, she was Maria-Carolina, Queen of the Two Sicilies, and wife of Ferdinand IV., whom for various reasons, she had first treated with indifference, which later became dislike and had now developed into contempt. Only political considerations brought the two together, otherwise they lived entirely apart, the King hunting in the royal forests or reposing in his harem at St. Leucio, while the Queen transacted business of state at Naples, Caserta or Portici, with her minister Acton, or rested in orange groves with her favourite Lady Hamilton, who at this moment was sitting at her feet in the attitude of a captive queen.

A single glance bestowed on the latter sufficed to explain not merely the favour with which the Queen regarded her, but also the frenzy of enthusiasm which she excited among the English artists, who depicted her in every possible attitude, and the Neapolitan poets, who sang of her in every metre. If human nature can arrive at the perfection of beauty, then certainly Emma Hamilton had attained this goal, and must have inherited some of that wonderful potion given by Venus to Phaon which endowed its possessor with an irresistible power of attraction.

This assembly of kings, princes, and courtiers, sheltered by their purple awning, glided over an azure sea to the melodious sound of music presided over by Domenico Cimarosa, the royal choir master and composer. The magnificent ship passed successively Resina, Portici and Torre-del-Greco, driven by that soft wind of Baïa which causes the roses of Pæstum to bloom twice in a year.

Far beyond Capri and Cape Campanella a man-of-war became visible on the horizon. Observing the royal fleet, she immediately altered her course and headed towards it. A slight puff of smoke appeared from a port-hole and the crimson flag of England unfurled gracefully from the mast, while a prolonged detonation like the roll of distant thunder resounded over the tranquil sea.

When the two ships were within a cable's length of each other, the royal musicians struck up "God save the King," to which the sailors of the other ship, the famous *Vanguard,* who were manning the yards, replied with the three traditional English cheers, due to each official compliment.

The officer in command of the *Vanguard* was Horatio Nelson. He had just destroyed the French fleet at Aboukir; by so doing depriving Bonaparte and the republican army of all hope of returning to France. He ordered his ship to lay to so as to allow the royal galley to come alongside, and the accommodation ladder, reserved for guests and officers, to be lowered. Standing hat in hand at the top he awaited his visitors, while all the crew,

even those still suffering from wounds, were drawn up three deep on deck ready to present arms. He expected, according to all etiquette, to see first the King, then the Queen, then the Prince Royal and others according to rank; but by a clever feminine piece of strategy, the Queen (Nelson himself mentions this in a letter to his wife) pushed Lady Hamilton to the front. Blushing at being thus forced to take precedence, Emma mounted the steps, and, was it real emotion, or only skilful acting? on seeing Nelson with bandaged head, pale with loss of blood, she turned pale herself, and exclaiming "O dear, dear Nelson!" sank fainting on his breast. Nelson dropped his hat with a cry of joy, and supporting her with his one arm, pressed her to his heart, for one instant forgetting the whole world in a momentary trance of ineffable delight. When he recovered his senses, the King, Queen, and all the Court were already on deck, and all emotion must be suppressed.

The King took Nelson's hand, and addressing him as the "Liberator of Europe" offered him the magnificent sword of Louis XIV., on the pommel of which were hung the letters patent of the Dukedom of Brontë, and the Grand Cross of the Order of Merit of St. Ferdinand. To this succeeded the Queen, who called him her friend, the "Protector of Thrones," the "Avenger of Kings," and taking his hand and that of Emma Hamilton in both her own, pressed them together.

The King himself girded on the historic sword, the Queen presented the title of Duke of Brontë, and Lady Hamilton hung the ribbon sustaining the Cross of St. Ferdinand round the hero's neck.

Then came all the rest, Prince and Princess Royal, Ministers, Courtiers, but what were their praises compared to those of the King and Queen, or to one touch of the hand of Emma Hamilton?

It was agreed that Nelson should go on board the royal galley, but first of all, Emma, by desire of the Queen, requested to be shewn all the details of the *Vanguard,* which, like her commander, still showed glorious and unhealed wounds. Nelson, with Lady Hamilton leaning on his arm, did the honours of his ship with all the pride of a sailor.

It was now two o'clock and the return to Naples would take three hours. Nelson desired his flag-captain to take command, and to the sound of music and of ordnance, descended into the royal galley, which, light as a sea-gull, shook herself free of the man-of-war, and glided gracefully over the waves on her return voyage.

The Commandants at Naples had kept their glasses fixed on the royal galley and when she was seen to tack and make for Naples, judging that Nelson must be on board, they ordered a salute of a hundred and one guns, such as announces the birth of an heir to the crown. The royal carriages and those belonging to the Embassy were in waiting, it having been agreed that for this day the Palace would cede its rights to the Embassy, that Nelson should be the guest of the Hamiltons, who would give the dinner and the fête which was to follow it, in which the town of Naples would join with illuminations and fireworks.

The King, Queen, Lady Hamilton, and Nelson entered the first carriage, the Prince and Princess Royal, Sir William, and Acton took their places in the second, the rest followed.

Then the assembly proceeded to the English Embassy, which occupied one of the largest and most beautiful palaces in Naples. The streets were so crowded that the progress was slow, and Nelson, unaccustomed to the noisy demonstrations of a southern race, was intoxicated by the cries of "Long live Nelson," shouted by thousands of voices, and dazzled by the multitudes of coloured handkerchiefs waved by as many arms.

But what more astonished him was the audacity of the lazzaroni, who climbed on the steps and on the box and back of the Royal carriage without the coachman, footman, or runners taking the smallest notice of them. They pulled the Royal queue and even tweaked the Royal nose, addressing the king as "Gossip Nasone!" asking when he would sell his fish at Mergellina, or eat maccaroni at St. Charles. It was something widely different from the respectful homage shown to the English kings, but Ferdinand seemed so happy, and replied so gaily to the jokes and rough speeches with which he was favoured, and bestowed such vigorous thumps on those who pulled his queue too rudely, that Nelson concluded it signified the excesses of spoilt children with a too indulgent father than any intentional rudeness or impertinence.

The entrance to the Embassy had been transformed into an immense triumphal arch crowned by the new Coat of Arms which the King of England had just conferred on Nelson along with the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile. At each side stood a gilt Venetian mast with a long, crimson pennon floating from the top bearing the legend, "Horatio Nelson," in letters of gold. And the staircase was an archway of laurels starred with bouquets of the costliest flowers forming the monogram H. N. These initials were seen everywhere, they adorned the livery buttons of the servants, the china dinner service, even the table napkins, and the immense palace appeared full of floating perfumes and invisible melody like the enchanted garden of Armida.

On the announcement, "Their Majesties are served," the dinner began, Nelson being placed facing the King between the Queen and Lady Hamilton.

The light of thousands of tapers was reflected in the mirrors, and shone from the candelabra upon gold and silver embroideries, bringing sparks of many colours from jewels, diamond crosses and stars, and seeming to invest the illustrious guests with the sort of aureole which, in the eyes of an enslaved nation, sets apart kings, queens, and princes as a race of demi-gods, or at least of superior and privileged beings.

A toast was given at each course, the King setting the example by proposing the "Glorious Reign, the cloudless prosperity, and the long life of his beloved cousin and august ally, George III., King of England." In defiance of etiquette, the Queen herself proposed the health of Lord Nelson, the "Liberator of Italy," to whom Emma Hamilton passed the glass which she had touched with her lips; and each toast was received with cheers and applause which seemed to rend the roof.

D'Orsay

The Count d'Orsay, brother of the beautiful Madame de Grammont, is one of those men whose name I, the author, love to find from time to time under my pen. I have always something new to say of him,—and, what is more, something good.

Well, one day I found him busy making a bust of Lamartine. For, besides being a great nobleman, d'Orsay was a great artist; both his drawings and his sculptures were marked with a consummate elegance. Possibly the technical qualities of his work might be open to criticism; but no one had a better grasp of the ideal.

The only portrait left us of Byron, the one the poet demanded should be prefixed to his works, was by d'Orsay.

This perfection of taste coloured all he did. Of only moderate fortune, and compelled towards the end of his life to look carefully after his expenditure after having long reigned as the leader of fashion in France and England, he had rented in some minor street, the name of which I have forgotten, a sort of garret, which he had transformed into the most elegantly appointed studio in all Paris.

For ten years he had dictated the mode to France and England. His tailor, whose fortune he made, was renowned for the extraordinary skill he displayed in dressing his customers according to the class of life they belonged to, marking distinctions with an almost magical sublety.

One day a country squire, a friend of d'Orsay's, was going to spend a month in London. He pays a visit to the Count, and thus addressed him—

"Look here, you are my friend. I am come to town, and I mean to spend some time there. I don't want to look ridiculous; I am neither a dandy nor a City merchant. I am a country gentleman. Take a good look at me, and tell your tailor how he ought to dress me."

D'Orsay looks him over, goes to his collection of walking sticks—d'Orsay possessed fifty or sixty of all sorts—picks out one the handle of which was a curved stag's foot shod with silver.

"There," he told his friend, "go and see Blindem, and tell him to dress you for that stick."

And Blindem dressed the gentleman for that stick, and with nothing else to guide him; and never, he owned it himself, was he better dressed.

D'Orsay's drawings were marvels. I remember one night at Masnef's, a young Russian and a friend of mine, where he spent the evening in making lead-pencil sketches of us all. I have never seen a more curious and interesting collection than these drawings formed, among which was the portrait of a young girl, a charming figure beyond all question, but whom he had made—an uncommon achievement—I will not say prettier, but more angelic than she really was. What has become of this portrait, to which he had only to add wings for it to pass as the work of Fra Angelico?

D'Orsay was not only elegant, but supremely handsome, too; not only supremely handsome, but charmingly witty into the bargain. And these qualities he retained to the end of his life.

The Chimney-Back

Toward nine o'clock one evening in the city of Nantes in the time of La Vendée a man with his clothes soaked in water and soiled with mud presented himself at the Prefecture, and on refusal of the usher in charge to take him to the prefect, he sent in to that official a card, bearing, as it appeared, some all-powerful name, for the prefect immediately left his employment to receive this man, who was Monsieur Hyacinthe (the Jew informer).

Ten minutes after their interview a strong force of gendarmes and police officers was on its way to the house occupied by Maître Pascal, Commissary General, in the rue du Marché, and soon appeared before the door of the house which opened on the street.

No precaution was taken to dull the sound of the column's advance, or to mislead any one as to its intentions; so that Maître Pascal, on becoming aware of its advance, had plenty of time to notice that the door into the alley was not guarded, and to escape in that way before the emissaries of the law could burst in the door on the rue du Marché, which was not opened to them.

He made at once for the ru du Château and entered No. 3. Monsieur Hyacinthe, whom he had not perceived, hidden as he was behind a stone block near the entrance of the alley, followed him with all the practised skill of a hunter stalking the game he covets.

During this preliminary operation, for the success of which Monsieur Hyacinthe had probably vouched, the authorities had taken strong military measures; and no sooner had the Jew made his report of what he had seen to the prefect of the Loire than twelve hundred men advanced upon the house into which the spy had seen Maître Pascal disappear. These twelve hundred men were divided into three columns. The first went down the Cours, leaving sentinels stationed along the walls of the Archbishop's garden and the adjoining houses, skirted the castle moat and came in front of No. 3 rue du Château, where it deployed. The second, following the rue de l'Evêché, crossed the place Saint-Pierre, went down the main street, and joined the first column by the rue Basse-du-Château. The third united with the two others from the upper end of the rue du Château, leaving, like the others, a long line of sentries with fixed bayonets behind it.

The investment was complete; the whole nest of houses, in the midst of which was No. 3, was securely surrounded.

The troops entered the ground-floor, preceded by the commissaries of police, who marched before them, pistol in hand. The soldiers spread themselves through the house and guarded all the exists; their mission was then fulfilled. That of the police began.

Four ladies were, apparently, the only occupants of the house. These ladies, who belonged to the upper aristocracy of Nantes, and were respected, not only for their social position, but for their honorable characters, were arrested.

Outside the house a crowd gathered, and formed another cordon behind that of the soldiers. The whole town seemed to have turned into the streets; but no sign of royalist sympathy was shown.

The crowd was grave and curious, that was all.

Investigations began inside the house; and their first result confirmed the authorities in the conviction that Madame la Duchesse de Berry, Marie Caroline, mother of Henri V., occupied it. A letter addressed to her Royal Highness was lying open on a table. The disappearance of Maître Pascal, who was seen to enter the house and known not to have left it, proved the existence of some hiding-place within its walls. That hiding-place must be found.

All articles of furniture were opened if the keys were in them; broken open if they were not. The sappers and masons sounded the walls and floors with their hammers; builders, who were taken from room to room, declared it impossible, comparing the internal with the external construction, that any hiding-place was made in the walls. In several of the rooms, however, articles were found, such as printed papers, jewels, articles of silver, which might, to be sure, have belonged to the owners of the house, but, under the circumstances, seemed to point to the presence of the princess within the walls. When the garret was reached the builders declared that there, less than elsewhere, was it possible for a hiding-place to exist.

The police then searched the neighboring houses, sounding the walls with such violence that fragments of masonry were detached, and at one time it was thought that the walls themselves were coming down.

While these things were happening about them the ladies of the house, who were under arrest, showed the greatest coolness; though kept in sight by their guards, they calmly sat down to dinner. Two other women,—and history ought, ere this, to have searched out their names and preserved them for posterity,—two other women were the special objects of police investigation; these women, the servants of the household, named Charlotte Moreau and Marie Boissy, were taken to the castle, thence to the barracks of the gendarmerie, where, finding that they resisted all threats, an attempt was made to corrupt them. Large and still larger sums of money were offered to them, but they answered steadily that they knew nothing whatever of the Duchesse de Berry.

After these ineffectual efforts the search relaxed; the prefect was the first to retreat, leaving, by way of precaution, a sufficient number of men to guard each room in the house, while the commissaries of police took up their quarters on the ground-floor. The house was still surrounded and the National Guard sent a detachment to relieve the troops of the line, who took a rest.

In distributing sentries, two gendarmes were placed in two attic rooms, which had, of course, been carefully searched. The cold was so sharp that these men suffered from it. One of them went downstairs and returned with an armful of peat-fuel, and ten minutes later a fine fire was blazing in the chimney, the iron back of which was soon red-hot.

Almost at the same time, although it was scarcely daylight, the work of the masons began again; their crowbars and mallets struck the walls of the attic rooms and made them tremble. In spite of this noisy racket, one of the gendarmes was fast asleep; his

companion, now comfortably warm, had ceased to keep up the fire, and the masons, satisfied at last, gave up the search in this part of the house, which, with the instinct of their trade, they had carefully explored.

The gendarme who was awake, profiting by the silence that followed the diabolical uproar which had continued since early on the previous evening, went to sleep himself. His companion soon after waked up cold. His eyes were scarcely open before he thought of warming himself, and relighted the fire; but as the peat did not ignite very readily, he threw into the fireplace a number of copies of the "Quotidienne" which lay pell-mell upon the table. The flames from the newspapers produced a thicker smoke and greater heat than the peat had done at any time. The gendarme, feeling comfortable, was occupying his time by reading the "Quotidienne," when all of a sudden his pyrotechnic edifice came tumbling down, and the peat squares which he had set against the chimney-back rolled into the room.

At the same instant he heard from behind that back a noise which gave him an odd idea; he fancied there were rats in the chimney, and that the heat of his fire had forced them to decamp. On this he woke up his comrade, and together they made ready to chase the rodents, sabre in hand.

While their attention was wholly fixed on this new species of game, one of them noticed a decided movement of the chimney-back, and he called out:—

"Who's there?"

A woman's voice replied:—

"We surrender,—we will open the door; put out your fire!"

The two gendarmes jumped to their fire and scattered it out with a few kicks. The chimney-back then slowly turned on a pivot and disclosed a hollow space, from which a woman, bareheaded, her face pale, her hair standing up from her forehead like that of a man, dressed in a simple Neapolitan gown of a brown color, scorched in many places, came forth, placing her feet and hands on the heated hearth.

This woman was Petit-Pierre, her Royal Highness Marie-Caroline, the Duchesse de Berry.

Her companions followed her. For sixteen hours they had been confined in that cramped place without food. The hole which was thus their asylum was made between the flue of the chimney and the wall of the adjoining house under the roof, the rafters of which served to conceal it.

At the moment when the troops surrounded the house her Royal Highness was listening to Maître Pascal, who gave her an amusing account of the scare which had led him to leave his house and come to hers. Through the windows of the room in which she sat the duchess could see the moon rising in the calm sky, and defining, like a brown silhouette, the massive towers, the silent, motionless towers of the old castle.

There are moments when nature seems so gentle, so friendly, that it is impossible to believe a danger lurks and threatens us from the midst of such perfect quietude.

Suddenly Maître Pascal, coming nearer to the window, saw the flash of bayonets. Instantly he threw himself back, exclaiming:—

"Escape! save yourself, Madame!"

The duchess at once rushed up the

staircase, the others following her. Reaching the hiding-place, she turned and called to her companions. As they knew the place could only be entered on their hands and knees, the men went first; then, as the young lady who attended on her Royal Highness was unwilling to pass before her, the duchess said, laughing:—

"Go in, go in! Good strategy requires that when a retreat is made the commander should always be in the rear."

The soldiers entered the door of the house just as that of the hiding-place was closed on the princess and her friends.

We have seen with what minute care the search had been made. Every blow struck on the walls resounded in the refuge of the duchess; the plaster fell in showers, the bricks were loosened, and the prisoners came near being buried in the mass of rubbish shaken down by the jar of the hammers and the iron-bars and joists of the searchers. When the gendarmes built their fire the back of the chimney and the wall gave forth a heat which made the little chamber almost insupportable. After a while those who were imprisoned in it could scarcely breathe, and they would have perished asphyxiated if they had not succeeded in getting a few slates off the roof, which made an opening that let in air.

The duchess suffered the most; for, having entered last, she was nearest to the chimney-back. Each of her companions begged her to change places, but she would not consent to it. To the danger of being suffocated was now added that of being burned alive. The door of the hiding-place was red-hot, and threatened at every moment to set fire to the clothing of the women. In fact, Madame's gown had been twice on fire and she had put it out with her hands, which were badly burned; the scars remained visible for many months.

Every minute exhausted the interior air, and the external air admitted through the tiny holes did not suffice to renew it. The breathing of the prisoners became more and more difficult; another ten minutes in that furnace might sacrifice the future life of the duchess. Her companions implored her to surrender; but she would not. Her eyes filled with tears of anger, which the scorching air dried upon her cheeks. The fire had again caught her gown and again she had extinguished it; but in the movement she thus made she chanced to touch the spring of the chimney-back, which moved and attracted the attention of the gendarme.

Supposing that this accident had betrayed her retreat, and pitying the sufferings of her companions, Madame consented to surrender, leaving the chimney as we have related.

As soon as the general's arrival was announced, Madame went hastily toward him.

"General," she said quickly, "I surrender to you; and I trust to your loyalty!"

"Madame," replied Dermoncourt, "your Royal Highness is under the safeguard of French honor!"

He led her to a chair, and as she seated herself she pressed his arm firmly and said:—

"General, I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have done my duty as a mother to recover my son's inheritance."

Her voice was clear and accentuated. Though pale, she was excited as if by fever. The general sent for a glass of water, in which she dipped her fingers; the refreshing coolness calmed her.

During this time the prefect and the commander of the National Guard were notified of what had happened. The prefect was the first to arrive. He entered the room in which Madame was sitting, with his hat on his head, ignoring that a woman was a prisoner there, —a woman whose rank and whose misfortunes deserved more respect than had ever been shown her.

He approached the duchess, looked at her, touched his hat cavalierly, and said:—

"Yes, that is really she."

Then he went out to give some orders.

"Who is that man?" asked the princess.

The question was a natural one, for the prefect had presented himself without any of the distinctive signs of his high administrative position.

"Madame can surely guess," said the general.

She looked at him with a slight laugh.

"I suppose it must be the prefect," she said.

"Madame could not have been more correct had she seen his license."

"Did that man serve under the Restoration?"

"No, Madame."

"I am glad for the Restoration."

When the prefect had finished his repast he turned round and asked the duchess for her papers.

Madame replied that he could look in her late hiding-place, where he would find a white portfolio she had left there.

The prefect went to fetch the portfolio and brought it back with him.

"Monsieur," said the duchess, opening it, "the papers in this portfolio are of very little consequence; but I wish to give them to you myself in order that I may explain their ownership."

So saying, she gave him one after the other the things that were in the portfolio.

"Does Madame know how much money she has here?" asked the prefect.

"Monsieur, there ought to be about thirty-six thousand francs; of which twelve thousand belong to persons whom I will designate."

The general here approached and said that if Madame felt better it was urgent that she should leave the house.

"To go where?" she said, looking at him fixedly.

"To the castle, Madame."

"Ah, yes, and from there to Blaye, no doubt?"

And so it turned out.

Hers was a gallant soul. She was privately married to an Italian nobleman of distinguished name and fame, and a child was born to her during her imprisonment at Blaye. The Bourbons never forgave her; they treated her, and so did the French people, as if she had disgraced herself. Justice has never been done to her brave, generous, gallant heart,—a royal heart that felt for others. Her second marriage was a most happy one. She survived her husband several years, and died in 1873.

A Modern Aspasia

One evening in Paris when royalist and patriot were at white heat, a group of young men crossed from the Rue de la Loi to the Rue Feydeau, shouting:

"Down with the Conventions! Down with the Two-thirds Men! Long live the Sections!"

At the corner they found themselves face to face with a patrol of patriot soldiers, on whom the last orders of the Convention enjoined the greatest severity against all nocturnal brawlers.

The group equalled the patrol in number, and they received the three summonses required by law with hoots and jeers: their only reply to the third was a pistol-shot which wounded one of the soldiers.

The latter retaliated by a volley which killed one of the young men and wounded several others. The guns being discharged, the two bands were now on an equal footing as regards weapons. Thanks to their enormous canes, which in hands accustomed to wield them became veritable clubs, the men of the Sections could turn aside the bayonets as easily as they could parry the point of a sword in a duel.

They could moreover strike blows which, when received on the chest, though they could not pierce like a sword-thrust, were equally dangerous, and when aimed at the head would fell a man as readily as a butcher fells an ox.

As usual, the brawl, which, owing to the number of persons engaged in it, assumed frightful proportions, set the whole neighborhood in a tumult. The uproar and turmoil were increased from the fact that it was the first night of a popular representation at the Théâtre Feydeau, then the fashionable theatre of Paris. They were playing "Toberne, or the Swedish Fisherman," the words by Patras, the music by Bruni; and "The Good Son," the words by Louis Henequin, and the music by Lebrun. Consequently, the Place Feydeau was thronged with carriages and the Passage Feydeau with playgoers on foot.

At the sound of the cries "Down with the Convention! Down with the Two-thirds Men!" and the firing, the carriages started off like so many arrows, some colliding with their neighbors; while the spectators on foot, fearing to be shot, arrested, or stifled in the narrow passage, broke through all barriers. Finally the windows opened, and men's voices could be heard raining imprecations upon the soldiers, while the softer tones of women encouraged the men of the Sections, who were among the handsomest, best-dressed, and wealthiest young men of Paris. The scene was lighted by the lanterns that swung from the arcades.

Suddenly a voice cried out in a tone of great anguish: "Citizen in the green coat, take care!"

The citizen in the green coat, who was face to face with two soldiers, at once realized that he was threatened from behind. He leaped aside with a haphazard blow of his cane, but to such good effect that it broke the arm of the soldier who was attacking him with his bayonet; then he thrust the iron-tipped stick in the face of a man who was just raising the stock of his gun

to bring it down on his head. Afterward he looked up at the window whence the warning had come, and threw a kiss at a graceful form that was leaning over the rail of the balcony, and turned just in time to parry a bayonet-thrust before it had time to more than graze his chest.

At that moment help arrived for the soldiers from the Convention. A dozen men from the guard-house rushed up, crying: "Death to the Muscadins!"

The young man in the green coat was at once surrounded, but whirling his stick vigorously around his head, he managed to keep the soldiers at a distance while he beat a retreat toward the arcades. This retreat, not less skilful because less successful than that of Xenophon, was directed toward a massive door with iron panels artistically wrought, which the porter had just darkened by extinguishing the lantern hanging over it. But before this had happened, the young man, with the swift glance of a military leader, had glanced at the door, and discovered that it was not latched. If he could once reach that door, he could spring through it, close it behind him, and be in safety, unless, indeed, the doorkeeper was sufficiently patriotic to refuse a gold louis, which at that time was worth more than twelve hundred francs in paper money—a patriotism which was somewhat problematic.

But as though his enemies had divined his object, the attack redoubled in intensity as he approached the door, and, while the young man was extraordinarily skilful and strong, the fight had already lasted a quarter of an hour and had greatly impaired both his skill and his strength. Still, as the door was now only some two feet distant, he made a last effort, felled one of his adversaries with his stick, sent another reeling with a blow from his fist that landed on the man's chest, and reached the door, only to receive a blow from a gun-stock (fortunately the flat side) just as he pushed it open.

Next blow was a violent one. Sparks danced before the young man's eyes, and his blood coursed wildly through his veins. But blinded as he was, his presence of mind did not desert him. He sprang back, propped himself against the door, which he closed with a bang behind him, and tossed a louis, as he had intended, to the porter, who had rushed out of his lodge on hearing the noise. Then, seeing a lighted staircase, he darted toward it, and, clinging to the balustrade, tottered up a dozen steps. Then it seemed to him that the walls of the house were falling and that the stairs were swaying beneath his feet, the staircase gave way, and he seemed to be rolling down a precipice.

Fortunately he had only fainted, but in doing so he had slipped gently down the stairs.

A cooling sensation brought him to. His glance, at first vague and undecided, gradually settled upon his surroundings. They were in no wise disquieting. He was in a boudoir, which was also used as a dressing-room, and was hung with pearl-gray satin dotted with roses. He was lying upon a sofa covered with the same material as the hangings.

A woman stood behind him, supporting his head with a pillow; another on her knees beside him was bathing his head with a perfumed sponge. This was what had caused that soothing sensation of coolness which had restored

him to consciousness. The woman, or rather the young girl, who was bathing his head, was pretty and well dressed; but it was the prettiness and elegance of the waiting-maid. The young man's eyes, therefore, did not linger long upon her, but were raised almost immediately to the woman who stood over him, and who could be none other than the mistress. He uttered a cry of delight, for he recognized the same person who had warned him from the window, and he started as though he would rise and go to her, but two white hands pressing his shoulders held him down upon the couch.

"Not so fast, citizen Coster de Saint-Victor!" said the young woman; "we must dress your wound first; and after that we will see how far your gratitude will be allowed to carry you."

"Ah! then you know me, citizeness," exclaimed the young man, with a smile that disclosed teeth of a dazzling whiteness and a glance that few women could withstand. He had used the democratic "thou" in this speech.

"In the first place," said the young lady, "I wish to remind you that it is becoming very bad form for a man who follows the fashion as you do to say 'thou,' especially to ladies."

"Alas!" sighed the young man, "it is especially with them that the old fashion had its uses. Brutal as it may be when addressed to a man, 'thou' has a tender charm when a lovely woman is its recipient. I have always contended that the English sustained an incalculable loss when they abandoned its use. But I am too grateful, madame, not to obey you; only allow me to repeat my question, though I change its form: Do you know me?"

"Who does not know the handsome Coster de Saint-Victor, who would be the king of fashion and elegance, if the title of king were not abolished."

Coster de Saint-Victor turned suddenly and looked the young lady full in the face.

"Obtain the restoration of kings, madame," said he, "and I will hail the beautiful Aurélie de Saint-Amour as queen."

"So you know me, too, citizen?" said the young woman, laughing.

"Who does not know our modern Aspasia? This is the first time though, that I have had the honor of seeing you so near at hand, madame, and—"

"And—you were saying?"

"That Paris has no need to envy Athens, nor yet Barras to envy Pericles."

"Come, come! that blow on the head was not as dangerous after all as I thought."

"What do you mean?"

"Because it has not impaired your wit."

"No," replied Coster de Saint-Victor, kissing her beautiful hand, "but it may have taken away my reason."

Just then the ball rang in a peculiar fashion, and the hand which Coster was holding trembled. Aurélie's waiting-maid rose and looked uneasily at her mistress.

"Madame," said she, "that is the citizen-general."

"Yes," replied the latter, "I recognized his ring."

"What will he say?" asked the maid.

"Nothing."

"What do you mean?"

"I shall not open the door." The courtesan shook her head rebelliously.

"You will not admit citizen-general Barras?" asked the terrified maid.

"What?" cried Coster de Saint-Victor, "was that citizen Barras who rang?"

"Yes," replied Mademoiselle Aurélie de Saint-Amour with a laugh, "and you see he is quite as impatient as ordinary mortals."

"But, madame—" persisted the maid.

"I am mistress in my own house," said the capricious courtesan, "and it pleases me to receive the citizen Coster de Saint-Victor, and it does not please me to receive citizen Barras. I open my door to the first, and I close it to the second, or rather I do not open it to the second."

"Pardon me, my generous hostess," cried Coster de Saint-Victor; "but I cannot permit you to make such a secrifice. Allow your maid to admit the general, I beg of you, and while he is in your salon I will withdraw?"

"And if I admit him only on condition that you do not withdraw?"

"Oh! then I will remain," said Coster, "and very willingly, too, I assure you."

The bell rang for the third time.

"Go and open the door, Suzette," said Aurélie.

Suzette ran out. Aurélie bolted the door of the boudoir behind her, extinguished the two candles which were burning on the dressing-table, and seeking Coster de Saint-Victor in the darkness, pressed her lips to his forehead, and went out murmuring: "Wait for me."

Then she went into the salon from the boudoir just as citizen-general Barras appeared in the door of the dining-room. "And what is this I hear, my beauty," said Barras, "have they been cutting throats under your window?"

"Yes, my dear general, and my foolish Suzette did not dare to open the door for you. I had to tell her three times, before she would obey me, she was so fearful lest one of the combatants had come to demand shelter. In vain I told her that it was your ring. I thought I should be obliged to open the door for you myself. But to what do I owe the pleasure of your visit this evening?"

"A first representation at the Feydeau this evening; and I will take you if you will go with me."

"No, thank you; all this firing and shouting has upset my nerves. I am not well and I prefer to remain at home."

"Very well; but as soon as the piece is over I shall come and ask you for some supper."

"Ah! you did not let me know in time, and I have nothing to offer you."

"Do not worry about that, pretty one; I will pass Carchi's on my way to the theatre and will leave an order for them to send a bisque, a bechamel, a cold pheasant, some shrimps, some ice-cream and fruit—a mere trifle, you perceive."

"My dear friend, you had much better let me go to bed. I warn you that I shall be very cross."

"I will not prevent your going to bed. You can take supper in bed and be cross as comfortably as possible."

"You insist?"

"No, I implore you. You know, madame, that you are sole mistress

here, and that you have but to order, and that I, as the first of your servants, will obey."

"Oh! can I refuse a man who speaks like that? Go to the theatre, my lord, and your humble servant will await your return."

"My dear Aurélie, you are simply adorable, and I do not see why I have not had bars put at your windows like those of Rosine."

"What would be the good! You are the Count of Almaviva."

"There is no Cherubino hidden in your boudoir?"

"I will not say 'Here is the key,' but 'It is in the door.' "

"Well, see how magnanimous I am; if he is there I am going to give him time to escape. Au revoir, my beautiful goddess of love; expect me in an hour."

"Very well. And when you come back you must tell me about the play. I shall like that better than if I had seen it myself."

"Certainly, only I do not promise to sing it to you."

"When I want to hear singing, my good friend, I will send for Garat."

"And let it be said in passing, my dear Aurélie that I think you send for him rather too often."

"Oh! do not be uneasy about that. He is protected by Madame Krüdener. She keeps as close to him as his shadow."

They are putting up a pretty romance between them."

"Yes, in action."

"Are you not a little malicious?"

"Faith, no; I do not care enough. I leave that sort of thing to the great ladies who are virtuous and ugly."

"Once more, won't you come with me to the Feydeau?"

"No."

"Then au revoir."

"Au revoir."

Aurélie accompanied the general to the door of the salon, and Suzette followed him to the outer door of the apartment, which she closed and trebly locked after him. When the beautiful courtesan turned round, Coster de Saint-Victor was waiting for her on the threshold of the boudoir. She sighed, for he was marvellously handsome.

Coster de Saint-Victor had not resumed the use of powder; he wore his hair in long, flowing curls, without comb or queue. It was jet-black like his eyelashes, which shaded eyes of a deep sapphire blue, which according to the expression he chose to give them, were at times gentle and again full of commanding power. His complexion, which was now rather pale owing to his recent loss of blood, was of a rich creamy white; his nose straight, clear-cut and irreproachable; his firm, red lips disclosed magnificent teeth; and the rest of the body, which, thanks to the fashion then in vogue, was clad to display it to the best advantage, was modelled on the lines of Antinous.

The two young people looked at each other for a moment in silence.

"You heard?" asked Aurélie.

"Alas! yes," replied Coster.

"He will sup with me, and it is your fault."

"How so?"

"You made me open the door."

"And you are vexed because he is to sup with you?"

"Of course!"

"Really?"

"I swear it. I am not in a humor to-night to be amiable to people I do not love."

"But to him whom you love?"

"Ah! for him I would be charming," replied Aurélie.

"And suppose," said Coster, "that I could find a way to prevent his supping with you?"

"And?"

"Who would sup with you in his place?"

"What a question. The man who kept him away."

"And then you would not be cross?"

"Oh, no!"

"Give me a pledge."

The beautiful courtesan held up her cheek to him, and he pressed a kiss upon it. Just then the bell rang again.

"Ah! this time I warn you that if it is he who has taken it into his stupid head to return, I shall go away," said Coster de Saint-Victor.

Suzette appeared.

"Shall I open the door, madame?" she asked timidly.

"Certainly, open it."

Suzette opened it. A man carrying a large flat basket on his head came in, saying: "Supper for citizen Barras."

"You hear?" said Aurélie.

"Yes," replied the incroyable; "but, on the word of Coster de Saint-Victor, he shall not eat it."

"Shall I get the table just the same?" asked Suzette.

"Yes," said the young man, darting from the room; "for if he does not eat it, some one else will."

Aurélie followed him with her eyes as far as the door, then, when it had closed behind him, she cried: "My toilet, Suzette, and make me look more beautiful than ever you did before."

"And for which of the two does madame wish to look beautiful?"

"I do not know myself; but, in the meantime, make me as beautiful as possible for myself."

Of the fashionable ladies of the day, Aurélie was first. A member of a good family of Provence, and playing the part which we have outlined, we have thought it best to leave her the name by which she was known at the time of which we write, and which appears in the police records. Her story was like that of nearly all the women of her class, for whom the Thermidorean reaction was a triumph. A young girl without fortune, she was led astray by a young nobleman, who induced her to leave her home, and who took her to Paris, then emigrated, enlisted in Condé's army, and was killed. She remained alone without other means of support than her beauty and her youth. Picked up by one of the farmers of the public revenues, she soon regained more luxury than she had lost. But the time came when the office of farmer of the revenue was suppressed. The beautiful Aurélie's protector was one of twenty-seven persons who were executed with Lavoisier on the 8th of May, 1794. At his death he left her a large sum of money, of which she had hitherto used only the interest; so that, without being wealthy, the beautiful Aurélie was beyond the reach of want.

Barras, hearing of her beauty and refinement, called upon her, and, after a suitable probation, was accepted as her lover. He was then a handsome man of forty, belonging to a noble family of Provence—a nobility that has been questioned, although those who remember the old saying, "Old as the rocks of Provence, and noble as the Barras," will not doubt the justice of the claim.

At the age of eighteen, Barras was a subaltern in the regiment of Languedoc, but left it to rejoin his uncle, who was governor of the "Ile de France." He was nearly lost in a shipwreck off the coast of Coromandel; but managing by good luck to seize the helm at the right moment, and showing great presence of mind and sound judgment, he reached an island inhabited by savages, where he and his companions remained a month. They were finally rescued and taken to Pondicherry. He returned to Paris in 1788, where a great future awaited him.

At the time when the States-General assembled, Barras, following Mirabeau's example, showed no hesitation; he presented himself as a candidate for the *Tiers Etat*, and was accepted. On the 14th of July he was noticed among the crowd that took the Bastile. As a member of the Convention, he voted the death of the king, and was sent to Toulon, after that city was recaptured from the English. His despatch to the Convention is well known.

He proposed simply to demolish Toulon.

When Barras returned to the Convention, he took an active part on all great occasions when the interests of the Revolution were at stake, and he was particularly prominent on the 9th Thermidor. So much so, that, when the new Convention was proposed, he was naturally elected as one of the directors.

We have told his age, and testified as to his personal charm. He was a man about five feet six, with a fine head of hair, which he powdered to conceal his premature grayness. He had remarkably fine eyes, a straight nose, and full lips which set off a sympathetic mouth. Without adopting the exaggerated fashions of the *jeunesse dorée*, he followed them to a degree of elegance suited to his years.

As for the beautiful Aurélie de Saint-Amour, she had just completed her twenty-first year, entering at the same time upon her majority, and the true period of a woman's beauty, which is in our opinion from her twenty-first year to her thirty-fifth. Her disposition was at once extremely refined, extremely sensual, and extremely impressionable. She possessed the attributes of flower, fruit, and woman—perfume, savor, and pleasure.

Two or three times at evening parties at the Hôtel Thélusson, at the Opéra, or at the Comédie Francaise, she had noticed Coster de Saint-Victor as he paid his court to the most beautiful and distinguished ladies of the period; and each time her heart seemed to leap in her bosom and fly to him. She felt within herself that some day, if she would make advances, this man would belong to her, or rather she to him. And so thoroughly was she convinced of this, that (thanks to the secret voice which oftentimes gives us

hints of what the future will bring forth) she was content to wait without much impatience, certain that one day the object of her dreams would pass near enough to her, or she to him, to join them each to each other by the irresistible law that binds steel to magnet.

At last, on the evening when she opened her window to watch the street brawl, she recognized in the thick of the fray the handsome figure which had haunted her solitary nights; and, in spite of herself, she cried out: "Citizen in the green coat, take care!"

Aurélie de Saint-Amour might very well have called Coster de Saint-Victor by his name, since she had recognized him; but the handsome young man had many rivals, and consequently many enemies, and to utter his name might have given the signal for his death.

Coster on his side, on regaining consciousness, had recognized her; for, celebrated as she already was for her beauty, she was becoming even better known for her charm of manner and wit—that indispensable complement to beauty that desires to be called queen.

Coster found her marvellously beautiful, but he could vie with Barras, neither in point of magnificence nor generosity. Charm and beauty stood him instead of fortune, and he often succeeded with tender words where the most powerful men failed with more material means. Coster was acquainted with all the shameful mysteries of Parisian life, and was incapable of sacrificing a woman's position to a moment of egotism and a mere spark of passion.

Perhaps the beautiful Aspasia, now mistress of an independent fortune sufficient to gratify her desires, and which she was sure of increasing with the notoriety she had already acquired, would have preferred less delicacy and more passion on the young man's part. But in any case she wished to appear beautiful, so that he should love her the more if he remained, and regret her doubly if he were obliged to go away. But whatever her motive, Suzette obeyed her to the letter, uniting all the mysteries of her art to the marvels of nature in making her beautiful.

The modern Aspasia, about to assume the dress of the Aspasia of antiquity, was lying on the same sofa on which they had placed Coster de Saint-Victor; but its position had been changed. It now stood between a small mantel-shelf covered with Sévres statuettes, and a Psyche in a round frame forming an immense wreath of roses in Dresden china. Enveloped in a cloud of transparent muslin, Aurélie had abandoned her head to Suzette, who was arranging a Greek coiffure; this fashion had been revived by political reminiscences, and particularly by the pictures of David, who was then at the height of his fame. A narrow, blue velvet ribbon covered with diamond stars was drawn about the forehead, and above the chignon, from which fell little curls so light that the faintest breath sufficed to set them waving.

Thanks to the flowers of youth which bloomed in her face, and the peach-like down of her complexion, Aurélie could afford to dispense with the powders and cosmetics with which

women in those days, as well as the present, plastered their faces.

She would indeed have lost by them; for the skin of her breast and throat had reflections like mother-of-pearl and silver, whose rosy freshness would have been destroyed by even the smallest touch of cosmetics. Her arms, molded in alabaster, slightly tinted by the rays of dawning day, harmonized marvellously with her bust. Each detail of her body, in fact, seemed like a defiance of the most beautiful models of antiquity and the Renaissance; only that Nature, that wonderful sculptress, seemed to have blended the severity of antique art with the grace and delicacy of the modern.

This beauty was so genuine that its possessor seemed herself not quite accustomed to it; and every time that Suzette took off an article of clothing, uncovering some new portion of her mistress's body, Aurélie smiled at herself complacently, but without pride.

She would sometimes remain hours lying on her couch in the warm atmosphere of her boudoir, like the Hermaphrodite of Farnese or the Venus of Titian. This admiration of herself, which was shared by Suzette, who could not refrain from looking at her young mistress with the admiring eyes of a young page, was this time shortened by the vibrating chimes of the clock, as well as by Suzette, who now approached with a chemise of that filmy fabric which is woven only in the East.

"Come, mistress," said Suzette, "I know you are beautiful, no one better. But half-past nine has struck. Never mind, your hair is done, and a very little will finish you."

Aurélie shook her shoulders, like a statue removing a veil, and murmured these two questions, addressed to the supreme power which is called Love: "What is he doing now? Will he succeed?"

What Coster de Saint-Victor was doing—for we will not wrong the beautiful Aurélie by implying that she meant Barras—we are about to inform you.

As we have already said, the Feydeau was giving the first representation of "Toberne, or the Swedish Fisherman," preceded by a little one-act opera called "The Good Son." Barras, when he left Mademoiselle de Saint-Amour, had only to cross the Rue des Colonnes. He arrived when the short piece was about half finished, and, as he was well known as one of the members who had most energetically supported the Constitution, and was likely to be one of the members of the future Directory, his entrance was greeted by murmurs and cries of: "Down with the Decrees! Down with the Two-thirds! Long live the Sections!"

The theatre was above all others the theatre of reactionary Paris. However, those who had come to see the play overcame those who wished to disturb it. Cries of "Down with the interrupter!" rose above the others and quiet was restored. The short piece was finished quietly enough. But the curtain had scarcely fallen, when a young man mounted upon an orchestra-chair, and pointing to the bust of Marat which was opposite that of Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, exclaimed: "Citizens, why do we suffer this monster with a human face, who

is called Marat, to pollute this spot, when, in the place which it usurps and defiles, we might see the citizen of Geneva, the illustrious author of 'Emile,' 'The Social Contract,' and 'The New Héloise'?"

Scarcely had the speaker finished this address, when, from balconies, gallery and pit, a thousand throats took up the cry: "It is he! It is Coster de Saint-Victor! Bravo, Coster, bravo!"

And thirty or more young men from the group which the patrol had dispersed rose and waved their hats and brandished their canes.

Coster drew himself up still higher, and, placing one foot on the back of the stalls, he continued: "Down with the Terrorists! Down with Marat! Down with the bloody monster with three thousand heads! Long live the author of 'Emile,' of "The Social Contract,' and 'The New Héloise'!"

Suddenly a voice shouted: "Here is a bust of Jean Jacques Rousseau!"

Two hands raised the bust above the audience. How did the bust of Rousseau come here just when it was wanted? No one knew; but its appearance was hailed none the less with shouts of enthusiasm.

"Down with the bust of Marat! Long live Charlotte Corday! Down with the Terrorists! Down with the assassin! Long live Rousseau!"

This was the manifestation that Coster de Saint-Victor anticipated. He clung to the base of the caryatides which supported the boxes, and pushed, pulled, and assisted by twenty persons, he succeeded in reaching the one occupied by Barras. Barras did not know what the young man wanted, and, although he was not aware of what had passed in Aurélie's apartments, he could not count Coster among his best friends. He therefore pushed back his chair. Coster saw the movement.

"Excuse me, citizen Barras," he said, laughing, "my business is not with you. But I am, like you, a deputy commissioned to dethrone this bust."

And standing upon the railing of the box he struck at the bust with his cane. It tottered, fell to the floor, and crashed into a thousand pieces amid the almost unanimous applause of the audience.

At the same time similar execution was done on the unoffending bust of Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, who was killed on the 20th of January by the guard of Paris. The same acclamations greeted its fall and destruction. Then two hands raised a bust above the orchestra, saying: "Here is a bust of Voltaire!"

The words were scarcely spoken before the bust flew from hand to hand, and, by a sort of Jacob's ladder, reached the empty niche. Rousseau's bust followed, and the two were installed amid the cries, shouts and acclamations of all present.

But Coster de Saint-Victor, standing upon the railing of Barras's box, waited until silence had fallen. He might have waited for a long time had he not made a motion that he wished to speak. The cries of "Long live the author of 'Emile,' of 'The Social Contract,' and 'The New Héloise'!" mingled with the others of "Long live the author of 'Zaïre,' 'Mahomet,' and the 'Henriade'!" died away and were

succeeded by shouts of "Coster wants to speak! Speak, Coster! we are listening. Hush! hush! Silence!" Coster made another sign, and, judging that he could at last make himself heard, he shouted: "Citizens, thank citizen Barras, who is here in the box!"

All eyes were turned upon Barras.

"The illustrious general has been good enough to remind me that the same sacrilege which we have just repaired here exists in the chamber of the Convention. In fact, the two commemorative tablets, representing the death of Marat and citizen Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, from the pencil of the Terrorist David, are still hanging upon the walls."

A cry burst from every throat: "To the Convention, friends, to the Convention!"

"The excellent citizen Barras will see that the doors are opened for us. Long live citizen Barras!"

And the whole audience, who had hooted Barras earlier in the evening, took up the cheer: "Long live Barras!"

Barras himself, bewildered by the part which Coster de Saint-Victor had allotted him in the comedy, a part in which it is needless to say he was a nonentity, he rose, and seizing his hat, cane, and overcoat, hastened from his box and ran downstairs in search of his carriage.

But rapidly as he had made his exit from the theatre, Coster, jumping from balcony to balcony, disappeared behind the curtain with a last cry of "To the Convention!" and reached Aurélie's door before Barras had called his carriage.

Suzette hurried to the door, although she had not recognized the general's ring; perhaps she hurried all the more for that reason, and Coster slipped through the half-open door.

"Hide me in the boudoir, Suzette," said he. "Citizen Barras will be here shortly to tell your mistress that he cannot sup with her. It is I who will sup with your mistress."

Scarcely had he uttered these words when a carriage drew up before the door of the house.

"Here! Quick, quick!" cried Suzette, opening the door of the boudoir. Coster de Saint-Victor darted in just as a hurried step sounded upon the stairs.

"Ah! there you are, citizen-general," said Suzette; "I guessed that it was you, and, as you see, I was holding the door open for you. My mistress is waiting impatiently for you."

"To the Convention! To the Convention!" shouted a band of young men who were passing through the street and striking at the pillars with their sticks.

"Oh! what is the matter?" asked Aurélie, appearing at the door, her color heightened with impatience and uneasiness.

"As you see, dear friend, a riot has occurred which deprives me of the pleasure of supping with you. I have come to tell you of it myself, so that you may not doubt my regret."

"Ah! how unfortunate!" exclaimed Aurélie. "Such a lovely supper."

"And such a sweet companion," added Barras, trying to bring forth a melancholy sigh. "But my duty as a statesman before all."

"To the Convention!" howled the mob.

"Au revoir, sweet friend; as you see, I have not a moment to lose if I am to get there before them." And faithful to his duty, as he said, the future director stopped only long enough to reward Suzette's fidelity by thrusting a handful of assignats in her hand, and then rushed down the stairs.

Suzette shut the door behind him, and as she was bolting and locking it, her mistress called out: "What are you doing?"

"As you see, madame, I am fastening the door."

"And Coster, you wretched girl?"

"Look behind you, madame," said Suzette.

Aurélie looked, and as she looked she uttered a cry of joy and surprise. Coster, who had come out from the boudoir on tiptoe, was standing behind her, with his arm held out to her.

"Citizeness," he said, "will you do me the honor to accept my arm and let me conduct you to the dining-room?"

"But how have you done it? What did you do? What did you devise?"

"I will tell you while we are eating citizen Barras's supper," said Coster de Saint-Victor.

A Royal Criminologist

A RECEPTION was being held in the court of Ferdinand of Naples. The period was one of Italian (aided by French) republican movements against all royalty and bitter intrigues between the King and his wife, Caroline, sister of Marie Antoinette, to secure home and foreign military support and personal aggrandizement of states.

Queen Caroline, in the early evening, suddenly rose, made a sign to Acton, her Prime Minister, to follow, and charging Emma and Sir William Hamilton, English Ambassador, to do the honours should any of the guests arrive before her return, went into her cabinet. Acton entered behind her.

She sat down and motioned him to do so.

"Well?" she asked.

"Your Majesty is probably questioning me about the secret letter?"

"I am. Did you not receive two notes from me asking you to experiment? I feel as if surrounded with daggers and plots, and I am in a hurry to get to the bottom of this affair."

"As I promised Your Majesty, I succeeded in removing the stains, and the writing has become clear enough for me to read it with a magnifying glass."

"And you have read it?"

"Yes, madame."

"Let us see the result," said she.

Acton handed to Caroline the letter he had received from her. The stains had, in fact, disappeared, but wherever they had been, the ink left such faint traces, that, at first sight, the Queen cried:

"It is impossible to read it, sir."

"Yes, indeed, madame," replied he, "but with a magnifying glass and a little imagination Your Majesty will

find that we shall reconstruct the entire letter," and he handed her a glass.

The Queen had been right; for with the naked eye, by the light of two wax candles, this was all one could read of the letter.

"Dear Nicolino,

"Excuse your poor friend for ing unable to go to the *dez-vous* where she was expecting so much happ

fault of mine, I swear to you; it was only aft I was notified by the Que must readiness with the other Court meet Admiral him nificently, and the Queen to him ll her glory; she me that I was on with she counted on dazzling of the Nile. an operation less him anyone else, since he has on e jealous; I shall always lo phemus.

"After to a word tell you the ay when I free.

"Your and faithful

"E.

21st September, 1798."

Although the Queen held the glass in her hand she tried at first to do without it; but, impatient as she was, she quickly tired; and, putting her eye to the glass, she soon succeeded in reading with some difficulty, and finally made out the following lines, giving the letter in entirety:

"Dear Nicolino,

"Excuse your poor friend for being unable to go to the *rendez-vous* where she was expecting so much happiness; it was no fault of mine, I swear to you; it was only after seeing you that I was notified by the Queen that I must hold myself in readiness with the other ladies of the Court to meet Admiral Nelson. They will fête him magnificently, and the Queen desires to show herself to him in all her glory; she has done me the honour to tell me that I was one of the sunbeams with which she counted on dazzling the victor of the Nile. It will be an operation less meritorious on him than on anyone else since he has only one eye; do not be jealous: I shall always love Acis better than Polyphemus.

"After to-morrow a word from me will tell you the day when I shall be free.

"Your tender and faithful

"E.

"21st September, 1798."

"Hum," said the Queen when she had read it, "all that doesn't tell us much, General. The lady has taken her precautions."

"But not enough," returned Acton, "for this very evening we shall know what to think of her."

"How so?"

"Has Your Majesty been good enough to invite this evening to Caserta, all the ladies of the Court whose baptismal names begin with an 'E,' and who had the honour of composing your train at the meeting with Lord Nelson?"

"Yes, there are seven."

"Which, please madame?"

"Princess Cariati, who is called *Emilie;* Countess San Marco, who is called *Eleonora,* the Marchioness San-Clemente, who is called *Elena;* the Duchess of Termoli, who is called *Elizabetta;* the Duchess of Tursi, who is

called *Elisa;* the Marchioness of Altavilla, who is called *Eufrasia,* and the Countess Policastro, who is called *Eugenia.* I do not include Lady Hamilton, who is called Emma. She loves Nelson; she would have nothing to do with such an affair. So you see we have seven people compromised."

"Yes, but of these seven," replied Acton, smiling, "there are two no longer of an age to sign with initials only."

"True! That leaves five. And then?"

"Then, it is quite simple, madame, and I do not understand why Your Majesty troubles to listen to the remainder of my scheme."

"Oh, my dear Acton! On some days I am really stupid, and this must be one of them. But go on, you make me impatient with all your circumlocutions."

"Alas, madame, one is not a diplomatist for nothing."

"Well, let's get on."

"I can say it in two words."

"Say them, then," cried the impatient Queen.

"Let Your Majesty find a means for putting a pen in the hand of each of these ladies, and, in comparing the handwritings . . ."

"You are right," the Queen said, laying her hand on his; "we shall soon discover the lover when we have found the mistress. Let us return." And she rose.

And the Queen, shaking her still lovely head, laden with care, as if to shake off the thousand pre-occupations weighing upon her, returned to the reception room with a light step, and a smile upon her lips.

Some of the guests had already arrived, and among them the seven ladies whose baptismal names began with an "E." Among the men were Admiral Nelson with two of his officers, or rather two of his friends, Captain Troubridge and Captain Ball, and others were the elegant Duke of Rocca-Romana, brother of Nicolino Caracciolo, who was far from suspecting—we speak of Nicolino—that a Minister and a Queen would be taking such trouble to discover his joyous and careless personality; the Duke of Avalos, more usually called the Marquis of Vasto, whose ancient family divided in two branches, and of whom an ancestor, one of Charles V.'s captains, who had been taken prisoner at Ravenna, who had married the famous Vittoria Colonna, and composed for her in prison his Dialogue de l'amour, received at Pavia, from the hands of the vanquished Francis I., his sword, of which only the hilt remained; whilst the other, under the name of Marquis del Guasto, became the lover of Margaret of France and fell assassinated; the Duke of Salandra, the King's Master of the Hounds, Prince Pignatelli, and several more besides descended from the noblest Neapolitan and Spanish families. All were awaiting the arrival of the Queen, and bowed respectfully as she came in. One thing was pre-occupying Caroline: She had to use Emma Hamilton to recognise by her handwriting the lady who had penned the note, in the hope that once that lady was known it would not be difficult to discover the man to whom it was addressed.

And the Queen embraced her, saying in a low tone as she did so:

"Be charming this evening, it is necessary." And throwing her arm round her favourite's neck she drew

her on to the sofa, around which each then pressed, the men to pay court to Emma in making court to the Queen, and the women to make court to the Queen in making court to Emma. At this moment Acton entered; the Queen exchanged a look with him intimating that everything was going as she wished.

She drew Emma into a corner, and, after having spoken to her awhile, in a low voice:

"Ladies," said she, "I have just been promised by my good Lady Hamilton that she will give us this evening a sample of all her talents, namely, that she will sing us some ballad of her country or some song of antiquity; that she will play a scene from Shakespeare for us, and that she will dance her shawl dance, which she had as yet danced for and before me only."

There was but one cry of curiosity and delight in the room.

"But," said Emma, "Your Majesty knows that it is on one condition . . ."

"What?" enquired the ladies, still more eager in their desires than the men.

"What?" repeated the men after them.

"The Queen," said Emma, "has just remarked to me that by a singular chance, except for her own, the baptismal name of the eight ladies who are assembled in this room begin with an E."

"True!" said the ladies, looking at one another.

"Well, if I do what I am asked, I desire that what I ask should be done."

"You will agree that that is right, ladies," said the Queen.

"Well, what do you want? Let us see, tell us, milady!" cried several voices. "I want to preserve a precious remembrance of this evening," said Emma. "Her Majesty is going to write her name, CAROLINA, on a scrap of paper, and each letter of this august and cherished name will be the initial of a line of verse written by each of us, I the first, to the greatest glory of her Majesty; each of us will sign her line, good or bad, and I expect that, mine assisting, there will be more bad than good ones; then, as a remembrance of this evening, on which I shall have had the honour of being in the company of the handsomest Queen in the world, and the most noble ladies of Naples and Sicily, I shall take this precious and poetic autograph for my album."

"Granted," said the Queen, "and heartily."

And the Queen, going to a table, wrote across a scrap of paper the name CAROLINA.

"But your Majesty," cried the ladies summoned to make verse instantly, "but we are not poets."

"You will invoke Apollo," said the Queen, "and you will become poets."

There was no possibility of withdrawing; besides, Emma, going to the table as she had said she would, wrote opposite the letter C the first line of the acrostic, and signed "Emma Hamilton." The other ladies resigned themselves, and one after the other approached the table, took the pen, wrote a line and signed their name.

When the last, the Marchioness of San Clemente, had signed hers, the Queen eagerly took the paper. The joint action of the eight muses had given the following result.

The Queen read aloud:

C *'est par trop abuser de la grandeur suprème,
Emma Hamilton.
A yant le sceptre en main, au front le diadéme,
Emilia Cariati.
R éunissant déjà de si riches tributs,
Eleanora san Marco.

O Reine! de vouloir qu'en un instant Phébus,
Elizabetta Termoli.
L orsque le mont Vésuve est si loin du Parnasse,
Elisa Tursi.
I nitie au bel art de Pétrarque et du Tasse,
Eufrasia d'Altavilla.
N os cœurs, qui n'ont jamais, pour vous jusqu' à ce jour,
Eugenia de Policastro.
A spiré qu 'a lutter de respect et d'amour,
Elena San Clemente.

* It is taking too great an advantage of supreme greatness, wielding the sceptre and crowned with the diadem, uniting in herself already such rich attributes, O, Queen, to desire that in a moment, Phœbus, when Mount Vesuvius is so far from Parnassus, should initiate in the beautiful art of Petrarch and Tasso, our hearts, which, till this day, have never aspired but to struggle with love and respect for you.

"See then," said the Queen, whilst the men were all amazement at the merits of the acrostic, and the ladies were surprised themselves at having done so well, "see then, General Acton, what a charming handwriting the Marchioness of San Clemente has."

General Acton took it, and withdrawing from the group to a candle as if he wished to re-read the acrostic, compared the writing in the letter with that of the eighth line. Then smilingly handing back the precious and terrible autograph to Caroline:

"Charming indeed," said he.

The double praise of the Queen and Captain General Acton with regard to the hand-writing of the Marchioness San Clemente passed without anyone, even the object, attaching to it its real importanee.

The Tenth Muse

THERE are misfortunes which have such a reverberation that they have awakened an echo through the whole world, and which, having attracted on their objects the gaze of their contemporaries, still attract on them the eyes of posterity whenever the utterance of some name recalls them.

Such are the misfortunes—misfortunes somewhat deserved, perhaps—of the fair Mary Stuart. They have so far surpassed the ordinary measure that the faults, even crimes, of the guilty queen have disappeared in presence of the exaggeration of the chastisement.

But, all the same, the little Queen of Scotland followed joyously her path in a life saddened at its beginning by the death of her father, the chivalrous

James V.; her mother wore for her that Scottish crown of thorns, which, according to the words of her father, "came with a lass and would go with a lass!" On the 20th of August, 1548, she arrived at Morlaix, and for the first time touched the soil of France, where her happiest days were passed. She brought with her that garland of Scotch roses called the Four Marys, who were of the same age, born in the same year and month as herself, and who were named Mary Fleming, Mary Seaton, Mary Livingstone, and Mary Beaton. She was at this time an adorable child, and, as she grew, became an adorable young girl. Her uncles, the Guises, who believed they saw in her the realisation of all their ambitious projects, and who, not content with extending their sway over France, dreamed of extending it by her means over Scotland, perhaps over England, made her the object of their ardent worship. Thus the Cardinal de Lorraine wrote to his sister, Marie de Guise:—

"Your daughter has increased, and is every day increasing in goodness, beauty, and virtue; the king spends his time conversing with her, and she addresses him in words as good and wise as would a woman of twenty-five years of age."

But it was now the bud of this impassioned rose that was opening to love and pleasure. Not knowing how to do anything which did not please her, she did, on the contrary, with ardour, everything that pleased her: did she dance, it was until she fell exhausted; did she ride, it was at a gallop, and until the best steed was worn out; did she attend a concert, the music sent through her electric thrills.

Sparkling with precious stones, flattered, caressed, and adored, she was, at the age of thirteen, one of the marvels of that court of Valois, so full of marvels. Catherine de Médicis, who was not specially fond of her son, said, "Our little Scottish queen has only to smile to turn all French heads."

Ronsard said:—

"Midst the lilies of Spring her fair body was born,
Of whose whiteness a copy the lily alone is,
And the bloom on her red cheeks laughed to scorn
The roses tinged with the blood of Adonis.
The darts in her eyes were Love's own darts,
And the heavenly Graces, with zeal and fervour,
Imparted to her all that heaven imparts
And left their abodes from a craving to serve her."

And of all these charming flatteries, the royal child could comprehend the delicate shades: prose and verse had no secrets from her. She spoke Greek, Latin, Italian, English, Spanish and French; and while poetry and science made for her a crown, the other arts had her protection. The court was constantly changing its place of residence; and so she was led with it from Saint-Germain to Chambord, from Chambord to Fontainebleau, from Fontainebleau to the Louvre. There she grew more fascinating every day beneath the ceilings of Primatice, in the midst of the canvases of Titian, the frescoes of

Rosso, the masterpieces of Leonardo da Vinci, the statues of Germain Pilon, the sculptures of Jean Goujon, the monuments, porticoes, chapels of Philibert Delorme; so that any one seeing her so poetic, so charming, so perfect among all those marvels of genius, would be tempted to believe that she was not a visible creation belonging to humanity, but rather some metamorphosis, like that of Galatea, some Venus detached from the canvas, some Hebe descended from the pedestal.

And now, as we lack the pencil of the painter, we can only try, with the pen of the romancer, to give an idea of that intoxicating loveliness.

She was, as we have said, about fourteen years old. Her complexion was a blending of the lily, the peach, and the rose, with a little more of the lily, perhaps, than of all the rest. Her forehead was high and rounded in the upper part, and seemed the fitting seat of lofty dignity, being at once—strange mixture—full of gentleness, intelligence, and daring. One felt that the will enclosed by that forehead, if directed towards love and pleasure, would leap beyond ordinary passions, and when its voluptuous and despotic instincts should need satisfaction, would not hesitate even at crime. Her nose, fine and delicate, yet firm, was aquiline, like those of the Guises. Her ear was small, and with the convolutions of a shell of mother of pearl, irised with rose under the palpitating temple. Her brown eyes, of that tint which wavers between chestnut and violet, were of a humid transparency, and, however, full of flame, under chestnut lashes and eyebrows designed with an antique purity. In fine, two charming curves formed a mouth with purple lips, tremulous and half-opened, which, in smiling, seemed to spread joy around her, and which surmounted a vigorous chin, white, rounded, and lost in contours which insensibly united with an undulating, velvety neck like that of a swan.

Such was the young girl whom Ronsard and Du Bellay named their *tenth Muse;* such was the head destined thirty-one years later to rest on the block of Fotheringay and to be separated from the body by the axe of Elizabeth's executioner.

Ball of the Victims—A Sketch

THE great gallery of the ball-room Rue de Bac No. 60 was transformed into an arsenal. It contained a complete collection of arms of all kinds, pistols, muskets, carbines, swords, and daggers. As the ball might at any moment be invaded by the police, it was necessary that every dancer be prepared to turn defender at an instant's notice.

We doubt if any pen could give the reader an adequate idea of the scene of the ball. Generally, as the name "Ball of the Victims" indicated, no one was admitted except by the strange right of having relatives who had either been sent to the scaffold by the Convention or the Commune of Paris, blown to pieces by Collot d'Herbois, or drowned by Carrier. As,

however, the victims guillotined during the three years of the Terror far outnumbered the others, the dresses of the majority of those who were present were the clothes of the victims of the scaffold. Thus, most of the young girls, whose mothers and older sisters had fallen by the hands of the executioner, wore the same costume their mothers and sisters had worn for that last lugubrious ceremony; that is to say, a white gown and red shawl, with their hair cut short at the nape of the neck. Some added to this costume, already so characteristic, a detail that was even more significant; they knotted around their necks a thread of scarlet silk, fine as the blade of a razor, which, as in Faust's Marguerite, at the Witche's Sabbath indicated the cut of the knife between the throat and the collar bone.

As for the men who were in the same case, they wore the collars of their coats turned down behind, those of their shirts wide open, their necks bare, and their hair cut short.

But many had other rights of entrance to this ball besides that of having Victims in their families; some had made victims themselves. These latter were increasing. There were present men of forty or forty-five years of age, who had been trained in the boudoirs of the beautiful courtesans of the seventeenth century—who had known Madame du Barry in the attics of Versailles, Sophie Arnoult with M. de Lauraguais, La Duthé with the Comte d'Artois—who had borrowed from the courtesies of vice the polish with which they covered their ferocity. They were still young and handsome; they entered a salon, tossing their perfumed locks and their scented handkerchiefs; nor was it a useless precaution, for if the odor of musk or verbena had not masked it they would have smelled of blood.

There were men there twenty-five or thirty years old, dressed with extreme elegance, members of the association of Avengers, who seemed possessed with the mania of assassination, the lust of slaughter, the frenzy of blood, which no blood could quench—men who, when the order came to kill, killed all, friends or enemies; men who carried their business methods into the business of murder, giving their bloody checks for the heads of such or such Jacobins, and paying on sight.

There were younger men, eighteen and twenty, almost children, but children fed, like Achilles, on the marrow of wild beasts, like Pyrrhus, on the flesh of bears; here were the pupil-bandits of Schiller, the apprentice-judges of the Sainte-Vehme—that strange generation that follows great political convulsions, like the Titans after chaos, the hydras after the Deluge; as the vultures and crows follow the carnage.

Here was the spectre of iron impassible, implacable, inflexible, which men call Retaliation; and this spectre mingled with the guests. It entered the gilded salons; it signalled with a look, a gesture, a nod, and men followed where it led. It was, as says the author from whom we have borrowed these hitherto unknown but authentic details, "a merry lust for extermination."

The Terror had affected great cynicism in clothes, a Spartan austerity in its food, the profound contempt

of a barbarous people for arts and enjoyments. The Thermidorian reaction was, on the contrary, elegant, opulent, adorned; it exhausted all luxuries, all voluptuous pleasures, as in the days of Louis XV.; with one addition the luxury of vengeance, the lust of blood.

Fréron's name was given to the youth of the day, which was called the jeunesse Fréron, or the *jeunesse dorée* (gilded youth). Why Fréron? Why should he rather than others receive that strange and fatal honor?

I cannot tell you—my researches (those who know me will do me the justice to admit that when I have an end in view, I do not count them)—my researches have not discovered an answer. It was a whim of Fashion, and Fashion is the one goddess more capricious than Fortune.

Our readers will hardly know to-day who Fréron was. The Fréron who was Voltaire's assailant was better known than he who was the patron of these elegant assassins; one was the son of the other. Louis Stanislas was son of Elie-Catherine. The father died of rage when Miromesnil, Keeper of the Seals, suppressed his journal. The other irritated by the injustices of which his father had been the victim, had at first ardently embraced the revolutionary doctrines. Instead of the "Année Littéraire," strangled to death in 1775, he created the "Orateur du Peuple," in 1789. He was sent to the Midi on a special mission, and Marseilles and Toulon retain to this day the memory of his cruelty. But all was forgotten when, on the 9th Thermidor, he proclaimed himself against Robespierre, and assisted in casting from the altar the Supreme Being, the colossus who, being an apostle, had made himself a god. Fréron, repudiated by the Mountain, which abandoned him to the heavy jaws of Moise Bayle; Fréron, disdainfully repulsed by the Girondins, who delivered him over to the imprecations of Isnard; Fréron, as the terrible and picturesque orator of the Var said, "Fréron naked and covered with the leprosy of crime," was accepted, caressed and petted by the Thermidorians. From them he passed into the camp of the royalists, and without any reason whatever for obtaining that fatal honor, found himself suddenly at the head of a powerful party of youth, energy and vengeance, standing between the passions of the day, which led to all, and the impotence of the law, which permitted all.

It was to the midst of this *jeunesse* Fréron, mouthing its words, slurring its r's, giving its "word of honor" about everything, that Morgan now made his way.

It must be admitted that this jeunesse, in spite of the clothes it wore, in spite of the memories these clothes evoked, was wildly gay. This seems incomprehensible, but it is true. Explain if you can that Dance of Death at the beginning of the fifteenth century, which, with all the fury of a modern gàlop, led by Musard, whirled its chain through the very Cemetery of the Innocents, and left amid its tombs fifty thousand of its votaries.

Conquest of Circe

In the period of the war between the French Republic and Naples, the latter supported by the English fleet, King Ferdinand of Naples and his wife, Queen Caroline, lived in perpetual fear of popular uprisings and mutual intrigue. Nelson, the English admiral, sided with the Queen whose friend was Emma Hamilton, wife of the English ambassador.

This day he was walking his room, tossed between passion and patriotism. He was not commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, but under the orders of Admiral Lord St. Vincent; not a galling inferiority; the admiral treating him rather as a friend than an inferior.

This intimacy between Nelson and his commander-in-chief comes out clearly in their correspondence which is preserved, which reveals in all its details the irresistible progress of Nelson's mad passion for Lady Hamilton, and which would be Nelson's excuse in the eyes of posterity, if posterity, which for two thousand years has condemned the lover of Cleopatra, could reverse its judgment.

He went to his desk, and troubled at thought of the changes, public and private, foreshadowed, began the following letter:—

"To Admiral Lord St. Vincent.

"My Dear Lord,

"The face of events has greatly changed since my last letter dated from Leghorn, and I much fear that His Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies may be on the point of losing one of his kingdoms, and perhaps both.

"General Mack, as I suspected, and as I think I even told you, was only a braggart who had gained his reputation as a great general, I don't know where, but certainly not on battlefields; to be sure he had under his command a sad army; but who would suppose that sixty thousand men would let themselves be beaten by ten thousand!

"The Neapolitan officers had not much honour to lose, but they lost all they had."

Nelson had got thus far with his letter when he heard behind him a noise as of butterfly's wings. He turned and beheld Lady Hamilton. He turned with a joyful exclamation, but Emma, with a charming smile, put a finger to her lips, and, laughing and gracious as a figure of happy silence, signed to him to be quiet. Then, coming to his armchair, she leaned over the back and said in a low voice: "Follow me, Horatio; our dear Queen is waiting for you and wishes to speak to you before seeing her husband again."

Nelson sighed, thinking that a few words from London, by changing his destination, might part him from this sorceress, whose every gesture, word and caress was a fresh link in the chain by which he was already bound; he rose unsteadily from his seat, attacked by that dizziness he always had, when, after a short absence he saw once more that dazzling beauty.

"Lead me," said he; "you know that I am blind to everything as soon as I see you."

Emma detached the gauze scarf

wound round her head which she used both as hood and veil, as one may see in Isabey's miniatures, and throwing him an end which he seized and carried feverishly to his lips:

"Come, my dear Theseus," said she, "here is the thread of the labyrinth if you must abandon me like another Ariadne. Only, I warn you that should such a misfortune happen, I should not let myself be consoled by anyone, even by a god!"

Nelson followed her; had she led him to hell he would have gone down into it with her.

The Queen was sitting on a sofa in the boudoir which separated Emma's room from hers. There was an angry light in her eyes.

"Come, Nelson, my defender." said she, indicating a place at her side, "I have need indeed that the sight of and contact with a hero may console me for our disgrace. . . . Did you see that crowned buffoon, the messenger of his own shame? Did you hear him mocking at his own cowardice? Ah! Nelson, Nelson, it is mournful when one is a proud and courageous woman to have for a spouse a King who knows how to wield neither sceptre nor sword."

Emma, seated on cushions at the Queen's feet, bent upon him whom it was her mission to fascinate her most magnetic looks, and fingered his cross and ribbons; while Nelson responded, "That fact is, madame, that the King is a great philosopher."

"What?" cried the Queen, "a man without dignity or heart who would have let d'Ascoli, his Chamberlain, be hanged in mistake for himself without saying a word? And that I, daughter of Marie Thérèse, should be his wife! It is enough to make one doubt of Providence. O, if I were a man, if I wore a sword!"

"It could not be better than this," said Emma, playing with Nelson's, "and, from the moment that this protects you, you have no need of another, thank God."

Nelson laid his hand on Emma's head and gazed at her with an expression of infinite love.

"Alas! dear Emma," said he; "I also have my fears."

"You?" demanded Emma.

"Oh, I guess what he desires to say," cried the Queen, carrying her handkerchief to her eyes; "Oh, I weep, but with tears of rage . . . ."

"Yes, but I do not guess," cried Emma. "Nelson, what do you mean by your fears; you must explain!" And, throwing an arm round his neck, and raising herself gracefully by it, she kissed his scarred forehead.

"I only think of one fear," she added; "that of being parted from you."

"You see then that you have guessed, Emma."

"To part!" cried she, with an admirably assumed expression of terror; "and who could part us now?"

"Oh, Admiralty orders; a caprice of Mr. Pitt; could they not send me to capture Martinique, as they sent me to Calvi, Teneriffe, Aboukir?"

"But you would not obey such an order, I hope? An order to leave me?"

"Emma! Emma! Do you not see that you are placing me between my duty and my love. . . . That is to make of me a traitor or to drive me to despair."

"Well," replied Emma, "I admit that you cannot urge our mutual passion to His Majesty George III., but you could say: 'My King, I do not wish to leave a Queen of whom I am the sole support, the sole defender;' and if you, a subject, cannot speak thus, his foster-brother, Sir William, can."

"Nelson," said the Queen; "perhaps I am very egotistical, but, if you do not protect us, we are lost; and when it is a question of saving a kingdom, do you not think a man of heart like you may risk something?"

"You are right, madame," replied Nelson; "I was thinking only of my love, my heart's polar star. Your Majesty makes me very happy in showing me devotion where I saw but a passion. This very night I will finish a letter to Lord St. Vincent begging and praying him to attach me to your service; he will understand, he will write to the Admiralty."

"Do you realise, Nelson," the Queen went on, "how much we need you, and what immense services you can render us! In all probability we shall be obliged to leave Naples and go into exile."

"But if the King wished . . . ."

The Queen shook her head, and smiled sadly.

"No, Nelson," she said. "The Neapolitans hate me; they are a race jealous of all talent, beauty and courage; they hate Acton because he was born in France; Emma because she was born in England; me because I was born in Austria. Suppose that if by a courageous effort of which he is incapable the King rallies the débris of the army and checks the Jacobins in the Abruzzi, the Jacobins here will profit by the absence of the troops and rise, and then the horrors of France in 1792 and 1793 will be repeated. The King is shielded by his nationality, his lazzaroni adore him, but we others are lost. Would it not be a great rôle reserved for you by Providence, dear Nelson, should you be able to do for me what none of her protectors were able to do for my sister the Queen of France."

"It would be glory too great, an eternal glory to which I do not aspire, madame," replied Nelson.

"Then should you not give due weight to this," the Queen went on, "that it is through our devotion to England that we are compromised? If, faithful to its treaties with the Republic, the Government of the Two Sicilies had refused you permission to take in water, stores and to repair your damage at Syracuse, you would have been obliged to revictual at Gibraltar, and would not have found the French fleet at Aboukir."

"True, madame, and in that case I should have been lost myself."

"Finally," continued the Queen, "was it not àpropos of the fêtes we gave in our enthusiasm for you that this war burst out? Ah, Nelson, the fate of the kingdom and sovereigns of the two Sicilies is bound up with you. It will be said in the future: 'They were abandoned by all, by their allies, by their friends, by their relations; they had the world against them; but Nelson was for them, Nelson saved them.'"

And, on pronouncing these words, the Queen held out her hand, which Nelson took, and kneeling, kissed.

"Madame," said he, becoming enthusiastic at the Queen's flattery, "will Your Majesty grant me one thing?"

"You have the right to ask everything from those who owe all to you."

"Then, I ask your royal word that on the day you leave Naples, Nelson's ship and no other shall guide to Sicily your sacred person."

"Oh, that, I swear it, Nelson; and I add that, wherever I shall be, my sole, my only, my eternal friend, my dear Emma will be with me." And the Queen took Emma's head in her two hands and kissed her upon the eyes.

"My word is pledged to you, madame," said Nelson. "From this moment your friends are my friends, and your enemies my enemies; and even had I to lose myself in saving you, I will save you."

"Oh!" cried Emma; "you are truly the knight of kings and the champion of thrones! You are truly such as I have dreamed, the man to whom I shall give all my love and all my heart!" And this time it was to her lover's lips that the modern Circe set her own.

At this moment there was a gentle tap at the door.

"Go in there, dear friends of my heart," said the Queen, pointing to Emma's room; "Some one is coming to see me."

Nelson, intoxicated with praise, love, and pride, drew Emma into that room with its perfumed atmosphere, the door seeming to shut upon them of itself.

An Inscription

In the period when Bonaparte was First Consul of France a grand review had been ordered to take place in the square of the Carrousel. Madame Bonaparte was to be present—not, to be sure, in the balcony of the clock-tower, that being evidently too royal, but at the window of Lebrun's apartment in the pavilion of Flora.

Bonaparte started at one o'clock precisely from the Luxembourg, escorted by three thousand picked men, among them the splendid regiment of the Guides, created three years earlier as a bodyguard to Bonaparte during the Italian campaign, in consequence of a great danger he had escaped on one occasion. He was resting in a small château, after the exhaustion attendant upon the passage of the Mincio, and was preparing to take a bath, when a retreating Austrian detachment, losing its way, invaded the château, which had no other guard than the sentries. Bonaparte had barely time to escape in his shirt.

A curious difficulty, which deserves to be recorded, arose on the morning of this removal, which took place the 30th Pluviose, year VIII. of the Republic. The generals, of course, had their horses and the ministers their carriages, but the other functionaries had not yet judged it expedient to go to such an expense. Carriages were therefore lacking. They were supplied from the hackney coach-stands, and slips of

paper of the same color as the carriages were pasted over their numbers.

The carriage of the First Consul alone was harnessed with six white horses, but as the three consuls were in the same carriage, Bonaparte and Cambacérès on the front seat, and Lebrun on the back, it was, after all, but two horses apiece. Besides, were not these six white horses given to the commander-in-chief by the Emperor Francis himself, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, a trophy in themselves?

The carriage crossed a part of Paris, following the Rue de Thionville, the Quai Voltaire, and the Pont-Royal. From the archway of the Carrousel to the great portal of the Tuileries the Consular guard lined the way. As Bonaparte passed through the archway, he raised his head and read the inscription it bore. That inscription was as follows:

AUGUST 10, 1792.
ROYALTY IS ABOLISHED IN FRANCE
AND SHALL NEVER RISE AGAIN

An almost imperceptible smile flickered on the First Consul's lips.

At the door of the Tuileries, Bonaparte left the carriage and sprang into the saddle to review the troops. When he appeared on his war-horse the applause burst forth wildly on all sides.

After the review was over, he placed himself in front of the clock-tower, with Murat on his right, Lannes at his left, and the glorious staff of the Army of Italy behind him. Then began the march past.

And now it was that one of those inspirations came to him which engrave themselves forever on the hearts of soldiers. As the flags of the 30th, the 96th, and the 33d demi-brigades were borne past him, and he saw that, of those banners, there remained but a stick and a few rags, riddled with balls and blackened with powder, he took his hat from his head and bowed.

Then, when the march was over, he dismounted from his horse, and, with a firm step, he walked up the grand stairway of the Valois and the Bourbons.

That night, when he was alone with Bourrienne, the latter asked: "Well, general, are you satisfied?"

"Yes," replied Bonaparte, dreamily, "everything went off nicely, didn't it?"

"Wonderfully well."

"I saw you standing near Madame Bonaparte at the ground-floor window of the Pavilion of Flora."

"I saw you, too, general; you were reading the inscription on the arch of the Carrousel."

"Yes," said Bonaparte, " 'August 10, 1792. Royalty is abolished in France, and shall never rise again.' "

"Shall I have it removed?" asked Bourrienne.

"Unless," replied the First Consul, "it will fall of itself."

Statistics

One day I was driving about Paris with one of my friends in one of the old-fashioned cabriolets then in vogue, where the passengers sit side by side with the coachman. I forget why, but I had occasion to mention to my companion that I came from the Department of the Aisne.

"Ah! so you come from the Aisne, do you?" the driver asked me.

"I do. Is there anything in that you object to?"

"Oh no, sir! quite the contrary."

The man's original question and his subsequent answer to mine were equally inexplicable to me. Why had the fellow exclaimed when he heard I came from that particular Department? and why did he prefer—his *quite the contrary* led me to suppose he did prefer—my belonging to that Department rather than to any of the eighty-five others?

I should certainly have asked him to explain these points if I had been alone with him; but, my thoughts being occupied with what I was saying to my friend, I let my curiosity gallop off ahead, and as our nag never got beyond a walk, it got so far away in front I never caught it up again.

A week afterwards I happened to hire a cabriolet at the same coach-stand.

"Ah ha!" cried my driver, "why, it's the gentleman who comes from the Aisne."

"Quite right; and you are the coachman who drove me a week ago?"

"Myself and no one else. Where am I to take you to-day, sir?"

"To the Observatoire."

"H'sh, sir! not so loud, please."

"But why?"

"Why, if my horse overheard you, you know. . . . Such a long way! . . . Hup! Bijou! . . . Ah, sir! there's a fellow, if ever he comes in for ten thousand a year, won't buy a cabriolet!"

I looked at the man curiously.

"Tell me, why did you ask me if I came from the Department of the Aisne?"

"Because, if Monsieur had been by himself and inclined to talk, we could have had a chat about the Department."

"So you know it?"

"Know it! I should think so! A noble Department! The Department of General Foy, of M. Méchin, of M. Lherbette, and M. Demoustier, author of the *Lettres à Emilie sur la Mythologie.*"

As you see, dear reader, I was entirely forgotten in the enumeration of the famous men of the Department.

This prejudiced me a good deal against the man.

"Well, what places do you know in the Department?"

"I know every place."

"What, you! Every one?"

"Every one."

"Do you know Laon?" only I pronounced it *Lan.*

"Laon, you mean, don't you?" and he called it *La-on.*

"Laon or Lan, it's the same thing; only, it's written Laon and pronounced Lan."

"Lord, sir! I say a word as it's written."

"You are in favour of M. Marle's phonetic spelling, eh?"

"I know nothing about M. Marle and his spelling; but I know Laon right enough—the *Bibrax* of the Romans and the *Laudanum* of the Middle Ages. . . . Come now, why do you look at me like that?"

"I don't merely look at you; I marvel at you, I admire you!"

"Oh! poke fun as much as ever you please; you won't hinder my knowing Laon and the whole Department of the Aisne, with its Prefecture and all. More by token, there's a tower there built by Louis d' Outre-Mer, and a vast trade in artichokes is carried on."

"I have not a word to say to the contrary. You speak God's own truth, my good fellow. And Soissons? do you know Soissons?"

"Soissons—*Noviodunum*—do I know *Noviodunum?* I should think I do!"

"I congratulate you; I used to know Soissons myself, but I never knew Noviodunum."

"But it's the same thing, six for one and half a dozen of the other. That's where the Cathedral is of the watery Saint—Saint Médard, you know. If it rains on Saint Médard's Day, why it rains forty days on end. He should be the patron of cab-drivers, for sure! Do I know Soissons? . . . Well, well, well, you ask me if I know Soissons—birthplace of Louis d'Héricourt, of Collot d'Herbois, of Quinette; where Clovis defeated Siagrius and Charles Martel vanquished Chilperic, where King Robert died; chief town of its arrondissement; six cantons—Braisne-sur-Vesle, Oulchy-le-Château, Soissons, Vailly-sur-Aisne, Vic-sur-Aisne, Villers-Cotterets——"

"Ah! and Villers-Cotterets, do you know it?" hoping to have him on toast when it came to my native place.

"*Villerii ad Cotiam retiæ.*—Do I know it? Villers-Cotterets, otherwise Coste de Retz, considerable village."

"No, no; small town," I protested.

"Large village, I say, and I stick to it."

In fact he said it with so much assurance that I saw I should gain nothing by contradicting him. Besides, I had a sneaking suspicion I might be wrong.

"Big village, so be it," I said, giving in.

"Oh! it's not a question of *so be it,* it's a fact. Do I know Villers-Cotterets!—forest of 25,000 acres; population 2,692; old castle of the time of François I., now a poor-house; birthplace of Charles Albert Demoustier, author of the *Lettres à Emilie sur la Mythologie . . .*"

"And of Alexandre Dumas," I added diffidently.

"Alexandre Dumas, author of *Monte Cristo,* and *The Three Musketeers?*"

I nodded assent.

"No," said the coachman decidedly.

"No? What do you mean?"

"I mean, no!"

"You say Alexandre Dumas was not born at Villers-Cotterets?"

"I repeat he was not born there."

"Come, come now, that's going a bit too far."

"Oh, say what you please; Alexandre Dumas does not come from Villers-Cotterets. Besides, he's a Negro."

I confess I was dumbfounded. The man seemed so exceedingly well informed about the whole Department I began to fear I must be mistaken.

Since he said so with such an air of certainty, and having the whole district at his finger-ends, it really seemed, after all, I might be a Nigger and have been born in the Congo or in Senegal.

"But *you* were born there," I said; "you were, in the Aisne?"

"No, I come from Nanterre."

"But you have lived there, at any rate?"

"Not I."

"But you have been there, surely?"

"Never once."

"Then how the devil do you come to know the Department as you do?"

"Oh! where's the puzzle? Look there," and he offered me a tattered book.

"What book is it?"

"It's my whole library, from garret to cellar."

"The deuce! you seem to consult it pretty often."

"I've read nothing else for twenty years."

"Yet, you are a great reader, by what I can see."

"What would you have a man do when he's on the stand? And times are so hard one is half the day there."

I opened the book, curious to know the name of a work which had enjoyed the privilege of serving for a man's amusement during twenty years.

And I read: STATISTICAL COMPENDIUM OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE AISNE.

A Bird of Prey

Two men, escorted by a couple of Spahis and several servants, native and European, were following, on their return from a long expedition they had just concluded, the road from Blidah to Algiers.

"It is a strange thing," one of the two travellers was observing to the other, "a very strange thing that the magnificent country we have lately been traversing should be so little known. Can you think of any way of popularizing it?"

The individual addressed seemed to ponder the question a moment or two; then suddenly—

"Do you know what *I* should do, Monsieur le Ministre, if I had the honour to be in your place? I should so arrange it that Dumas should make the same journey we have just terminated and then write two or three volumes about Algeria. Dumas is all the fashion at the moment; people will read his book, even though it *is* a book of travel, and out of the three million readers he will have, perhaps he will inoculate fifty or sixty thousand with a taste for Algeria."

"A good idea," said the Minister; "I will think it over."

The two who paid me the compliment of calling my name to mind on the road from Blidah to Algiers were, one M. de Salvandy, Minister of Public Instruction, the other our famous traveller and my own very good friend, Xavier Marmier.

Well, M. de Salvandy, on reflection, thought so well of the suggestion that one fine morning in September I received an invitation to dine with him at the Ministry. Thither accordingly I betook myself, not a little surprised at the honour done me. My only acquaintance with him was in consequence of his having been instructed by the Duc d'Orléans to bestow on us, Victor Hugo and myself, on Hugo the Officer's Cross of the Legion of Honour and on me the Chevalier's of the same noble Order.

At that period, to prevent our nomination giving rise to too excessive a scandal, he had deemed it judicious to complete the group by the addition of a worthy nonentity by name Grille de Bruzelin. As there was no conceivable reason for giving the decoration to this latter individual, M. de Salvandy had deemed he would by himself constitute an adequate counterpoise for Hugo and myself.

M. de Salvandy had likewise written, in his salad days, a sort of a romance entitled *Alonzo, or Spain in the,* I don't quite remember which, *Century;* still, this hardly constituted him a literary *confrère* to a sufficient degree to suggest his going out of his way to cultivate my acquaintance.

Then what *could* M. de Salvandy want with me? It was certainly not to raise me to the rank of Officer of the Legion of Honour; ideas of that sort never occur spontaneously to Ministers—least of all in connection with men who deserve the distinction!

Accordingly I set out for M. de Salvandy's dinner, not exactly anxious, I don't mean that, but with many thoughts running through my head.

The Minister received me with his most affable mien and blandest smile, and after our coffee, drawing me aside in the garden of the Ministry—

"My dear author," he began, "you must do us all a favour."

"What, an author do a Minister a favour! Nothing I should like better—if only because of the rarity of the thing. What is it?"

"Have you made your arrangements for the winter?"

"Arrangements, I! Now, do I ever make arrangements? I live like the birds, on a bough. If there's no wind, I stay where I am; if it blows, I spread my wings and fly away where the wind takes me."

"And would you have any objection to the wind taking you to Algeria?"

"None whatever; on the contrary, I have always had the strongest wish to visit Africa. I was ready to start for that continent on July 26, 1830, at five in the evening, when at five o'clock on the preceding morning the *Moniteur* published the famous Royal *'ordonnances.'* The result was that, when evening came, instead of taking the mail-coach, I took my gun, and three days later, instead of arriving at Marseilles, I was fighting my way into the Louvre."

"Well, if your wishes still point the same way, I can offer to help you to pay travelling expenses."

"Oh! as for that," I answered, "times are changed since then! Sixteen years ago I was a young man, a sort of roving student of Salamanca, tramping the high-roads afoot, knapsack on back and iron-shod staff in hand. But nowadays I drag a whole string of followers after me. I can do nothing unaccompanied

in these days; the journey you propose is a tremendous business."

"And that is why," the Minister said impressively, "I have set aside ten thousand francs to defray the cost."

"Now, look here, are you very much set on my going to Algeria?"

"Why, of course; else I should not have asked you."

"It will really gratify you?"

"It will, very much indeed."

"Well, then, I will add another forty thousand francs, out of my own pocket, to the ten thousand you offer me—and I will go."

M. de Salvandy looked at me in utter amazement.

"Egad, sir! that's how it is," I told him; "you don't suppose I am going to travel like a vagabond herb-doctor, I propose to invite three or four friends to go with me; as you are sending me to represent France, I wish to do my country honour."

At first M. de Salvandy had imagined I was joking; but he now came to see I was speaking with perfect seriousness.

"Then, that is not all," I went on. "If I am to go to Algeria, I wish to go with all the travelling facilities the Government can put at my disposal."

"Well, you *are* a hard man to please!" objected the Minister.

"As a man will naturally be when he can go perfectly well without you; so, going to please you, he lays down certain conditions, and no wonder. Don't you like my tone? Well, then, I will make the journey on my own account and as I please."

"But I gather you *will* make it?"

"'Pon my word, yes! You have given me the notion, and now I am dead set on going."

"But that is not the way I want you to go; I want you to go with a special commission from Government. Come now, what was it you were going to ask for when I interrupted you? Do you want us to make you Officer of the Legion of Honour?"

"No, thank you; I have no ambition in that line. I was made Chevalier by the poor dear Duc d'Orléans, whom I was devoted to with all my heart. If he were there to make me Officer, I would very likely agree; but he is not, to my deep regret, and I prefer to remain what he made me rather than become something else."

"Well, what *is* it you want, then?"

"I want a Government vessel to be put at my service and that of my travelling companions, to coast along the shores of Algeria at my own sweet will, and not as your officials may see fit to direct."

"Why, man, you are asking us to do what is only done for princes!"

"Exactly so. If you do no more for me than you are ready to do for Tom, Dick, and Harry, why trouble me at all? I have only to drop a line to the Head Offices of the *Messageries*, and I can secure on board their liners not merely a passage for Algeria, but for any part of the Mediterranean."

"Ah, well, so be it, then. You shall have your man-of-war. But if you imagine it will be any saving to you, you are very much mistaken!"

"Saving! any saving? Do you suppose *I* was thinking of saving? For a Minister of Public Instruction you are, let me tell you, very ill instructed."

"Now, when do you wish to start?"

"Whenever you please. I have two or three novels to finish, but that's a matter of a fortnight; I have some railway stocks to sell, but that's a question of an hour or two."

"In a fortnight, then, you will be ready?"

"Certainly."

"And your *Théâtre-Historique*?"

"They will finish building it while I am abroad."

I made my adieus to the Minister, and we parted the best of friends.

Next day I had the honour to dine at Vincennes with the Duc de Montpensier. I told him about the strange notion that had occurred to the Minister of Public Instruction—sending me on a journey to Africa by way of popularising our colony of Algeria.

"Well," the Duke declared, "it is a very capital idea—especially if you take Spain on your way."

"And why, pray, should I take Spain on my way?"

"Why, to attend my wedding; you know I am to be married on the 11th or 12th October."

"I thank you cordially, Monseigneur; you pay me the greatest compliment. But what will the King say to it? Your Highness is aware he does not altogether share the goodwill you are good enough to bear me."

"The King will know nothing about it till afterwards; then, finding you eligible to go to Algeria, why, he will think you good enough to go to Madrid. In one word, set your mind at rest; it is *I* who am getting married, and I invite you to my wedding."

"I accept, Monseigneur, gratefully."

We were then between the 20th and 25th September, and the Duke's marriage was fixed for the 11th or 12th October. There was not a moment, therefore, to be lost, if I meant to be at Madrid two or three days before the happy event.

I began by realising the money needful for the journey. I held 50,000 or so francs' worth of stock in the Lyons railway. The moment was favourable for selling, and the shares could be disposed of at a comparatively small loss —say 20 per cent. I instructed my broker, who duly disposed of my 50,000 francs of scrip for 40,000 francs in ready money.

As for the 10,000 francs contributed by Government, as this sum was for Algerian expenses, I would only touch the money in Algeria, and sent my letter of credit to Marshal Bugeaud to hold for me. These two precautions taken, the main thing was done; all that was left was to see about my travelling companions.

I wrote to my son and to Louis Boulanger—

"I am starting to-morrow evening for Spain and Algeria; will you come with me?

"If you say yes, you have only to think of packing your trunk. Only, pick out the smallest,—Yours ever,

"Alex. Dumas."

I wrote practically the same letter to Maquet, only making the wording a trifle more formal.

All three wrote back to say they accepted.

It only remained to find the model servant-man who was needed to take charge of the luggage and arrange, so

far as possible, that the four travellers should not die of hunger.

An Arabian, a black pearl, named Paul, was procured.

He was a drunkard but had been recommended by a creditor of mine.

What also made me something more indulgent to the offender than I should otherwise have been was the fact that a few days before that fixed for my departure to Spain, my friend De Saulcy had come to ask me to dinner, and had talked Arabic with Paul, informing me after the conversation that Paul spoke that language as well as Boabdil or Malek-Adel.

Accordingly, on the appointed day we duly set out, Alexandre, Maquet, Boulanger, and myself, attended by a black shadow that was none other than our friend Paul.

I have no intention in this place of relating my famous Spanish journey, which I was supposed to have undertaken in the capacity of historiographer of the marriage of the Duc de Montpensier, nor yet my still more famous African expedition, which, thanks to M. Léon de Malleville, and M. Lacrosse, raised such a startling echo in the Chamber of Deputies.

No, my intention is simply and solely to come to the story of a new inmate which the aforesaid African journey was to add to my menagerie of pets.

I was at Constantine, where, gun in hand, I was watching a number of vultures wheeling round and round above a charnel-house. I had already sent two or three shots amongst them, which had produced no sort of effect, when I heard a voice behind me saying—

"Ah, sir, if you want one, a live one, I can find you one for sale, I can—and very cheap."

I turned round and recognised a little ragamuffin of pure French breed, from the most populous European quarter of the town, a *Beni-Mouffetard,* as he called himself, who had on two or three occasions served me as guide, and who had had good reason to approve of my generosity each time.

"A fine bird?"

"Magnificent."

"How old?"

"Still got its milk teeth."

"But exactly?"

"Oh! eighteen months at the outside. You know they live to a hundred and fifty, vultures do?"

"I don't *insist* on his living to that advanced age, my lad. Well, how much will they sell your vulture for, eh?"

"Oh, ten *balls,* and you shall have him."

Needless to inform my readers that in street slang ten *balls* means ten francs.

"Very well, Beni-Mouffetard," I told the lad; "fix up the thing for a dozen, and there will be a couple of francs for yourself."

"Only," added the young scamp, as if seized with a touch of remorse, "I ought to warn you of one thing."

"Yes?"

"He's as dangerous as the pest, that damned vulture is. There's not a living soul but the man who caught him as a nestling and feeds him dare come near the creature."

"Very good!" I said; "if he is so dangerous as all that we will put a muzzle on him."

"Yes; but when you do it you'll have to look out for your fingers. Day

before yesterday he bit off a Kabyle's thumb, and only yesterday a dog's tail."

"We will take care, never fear!"

By next day I was owner of a superb vulture, a bird without a fault—except, as the Beni-Mouffetard had warned me, having the look of wanting to eat up every one and everything that came near.

He was christened at once with the name of his fellow-countryman, *Jugurtha*. Jugurtha, for greater security, was handed over to me in a large cage made out of bits of board, and, poor feathered prisoner, he had a chain two or three feet long attached to one leg, which to prevent chafing was wrapped round with a rag.

The hour of departure having come, we set out on our way back by the same vehicle that had brought us, to wit, the ordinary diligence that runs regularly between Philippeville and Constantine.

This mode of conveyance possessed one advantage at any rate; the coach travelled so slowly, and made so many detours, that lovers of sport could indulge their taste all along the road.

Jugurtha would fain have indulged *his* sporting instincts too. From the top of the *impériale*, where he travelled, he could see whole flocks of birds that he looked upon as his predestined victims, and which, as tyrant of the air, he evidently felt aggrieved at not being allowed to devour, flesh, bones, and feathers. He paid off a portion of his resentment on the finger of an outside passenger who had tried to get on friendly terms with him.

Philippeville was reached without further accident. There more difficulties arose; there was a league still to cover to arrive at the port of embarkation. Stora, and the diligence did not go on to that place.

True, the road from Philippeville to Stora affords a charming walk, running beside the shores of the bay as it does, with the sea on one side and fine hills and pretty woods on the other, and my companions had resolved to cover the intervening miles on foot.

But how was Jugurtha to get over the distance?

It was out of the question to put his cage on a porter's back; he would have devoured the man alive through the interstices between the bars. To hang him from a pole and have him carried as in a litter on the shoulders of two bearers would have cost a matter of fifty francs, and after buying a vulture for twelve francs, commission included, one does not feel disposed to pay fifty for transport. I thought of another method; this was to lengthen his chain to eight or ten feet by means of a rope, and drive him on foot in front of me with the help of a long switch—the same way turkey tenders drive their charges to market.

The first thing was to force our friend Jugurtha to leave his cage. To tear away the planks by hand was not to be thought of; Jugurtha would have torn the worker's hands all to pieces long before the planks gave way.

I began by fastening the rope to the end of the chain; then I stationed two men, armed with picks, one on each side of the cage. Each man stuck the point of his pick between the bars; then each pulled violently in opposite directions.

Two opposing and equal forces, in mechanics, neutralise each other when they are applied to the same object;

but if this object has solutions of continuity, it is bound to give way and go in the direction of the one that pulls the stronger.

The final result was that a plank yielded, then two, then three, and presently the whole of one side of the cage was open and exposed. As Jugurtha had not been docked of a single feather of his wings, his first movement was to dart out, spread his wings, and fly away. But he only flew as far as the length of his rope; cockchafer or vulture, if you have a string to your leg, you are bound to break the string or remain a prisoner.

So Jugurtha was forced to come down again. But Jugurtha was a very intelligent creature, and saw plainly enough where the obstacle came from, and that I was the enemy to be attacked. Accordingly he dashed at me, in the vain hope of either putting me to flight or eating me up if I refused to fly.

But Jugurtha had to do with a creature every bit as intelligent as himself. Foreseeing the attack, I had given Paul orders to cut me a nice, springy, dogwood stick, as thick as my forefinger and eight or ten feet long.

I let fly with my switch full tilt at Jugurtha, who seemed surprised, but continued to advance; I gave a second taste of the same, which stopped him; finally, I administered a third dose, which started him off in the reverse direction, that is on the road to Stora. Once on the way, I had only to manage my switch cleverly, and Jugurtha made his four or five kilometres just as fast as we did, to the huge admiration of my travelling companions and of everybody we met *en route*.

Arrived at Stora, Jugurtha made no difficulty about getting into the boat, and from the boat on board the *Véloce*, took up a position on the bowsprit, and calmly waited, took up a position on the bowsprit, and calmly waited, tied to the base of the foremast, till a new cage could be built for him. When this was ready, he walked into it of his own accord, allowed the bars to be nailed into position without an attempt to bite the men's fingers, and received with evident gratitude the scraps of meat which the ship's cook gave him with kindly regularity. Three days after his coming aboard, he would offer me his head to be scratched like any tame parrot, though on his arriving eventually at Saint-Germain, Michel tried quite fruitlessly to teach him to say the regulation: "Pretty Poll, scratch pretty Polly's head!"

So you have the story of how I imported from Algeria a vulture that cost me forty thousand francs and only cost the French Government a trifle of ten thousand.

Caracciolo's Capture

Caracciolo was Admiral of the Italian Republican Navy at the same period when Nelson was Admiral of the English Navy (leagued with Queen Caroline of Naples against the French Republic and Italian adherents).

The *Foudroyant,* English flagship, stationed in the Neapolitan port, received word a guest was to come on board.

Scipio Lamarra was announced and ushered into the cabin of Sir William Hamilton, English Ambassador at Naples. He was one of the Queen's most active and devoted agents.

His mission was to confer with Nelson as to the best means of seizing Caracciolo, Admiral of the Republican Navy, should he have taken flight when Nelson entered the port.

That he had fled and had taken refuge with an old retainer on a farm belonging to his family Lamarra had now obtained the information, which he had duly come to report to the English Admiral. He left the *Foudroyant* pledged to attempt the capture, for which a reward of four thousand ducats had been promised.

Disguised as a peasant, and posing as a hunted and proscribed patriot, Lamarra went straight to a farm belonging to Caracciolo, at Calvezzano, at the foot of mountains where he felt sure he must have taken refuge. Kindly received and given food and drink, he played his rôle so well that he actually got sight of Caracciolo himself, disguished as the farmer's brother, and not unnaturally anxious to hear by word of mouth the latest news from Naples.

Lamarra slept that night at the farm, saying that he was on his way to take ship for Corfu at Manfredonia instead of embarking with the patriots for France, where he had no friends. But on leaving his hospitable hosts next morning he made a détour, waylaid the farmer, and bribed him with half the promised reward to deliver up Caracciolo.

The two went together to Naples, thence on board the *Foudroyant,* and as a result of the interview with Nelson, Sir William Hamilton wrote to Sir John Acton, Minister of Naples.

> "Caracciolo and twelve of these *infamous rebels* will soon be in Lord Nelson's hands."

The twelve infamous rebels were Manthonnet, Massa, Bassetti, Cirillo, Ercole, d'Agnese, Borgo, Piati, Mario Pagano, Conforti, Bassi, and Velasco, who had been taken already on board the *Foudroyant.*

Caracciolo was to be given up in the morning.

And, in fact, in the night six sailors, disguised as peasants and armed to the teeth, landed at the Granatello, and, guided by Lamarra, arrived at Calvezzano at three o'clock in the morning.

Caracciolo, suspecting no evil, was asleep, his arms beside him. These were seized before he could reach them, and, seeing that defence was useless, he gave himself up. He was bound, placed in

a farm-cart, and Lamarra took the reins. The Granatello was reached at seven o'clock, and there the peasants, quickly becoming sailors again, transferred him to a boat, which set out at once for the *Foudroyant*.

As the boat drew near, Nelson and Lady Hamilton were seen watching its approach from the deck. They were presently joined by Sir William Hamilton, who was summoned when in the act of writing to Acton.

Here is the continuation of that interrupted letter:

"We have just had the spectacle of Caracciolo, pale, with a long beard, half dead, and with downcast eyes, handcuffed. He has been brought on board this vessel, where there already are not only those I have mentioned, but other infamous traitors. I suppose justice will be immediately executed upon the most guilty. In truth, it is a shocking thing; but I, who know their ingratitude and their crimes, am less impressed by the chastisement than the numerous persons present at this spectacle. Besides, I believe it to be a good thing that we have the chief culprits on board the *Foudroyant* just as we are going to attack St. Elmo, because we shall be able to cut off a head for every cannon ball that the French throw into the City of Naples."

"P. S.—Come, if possible, to arrange everything. I hope that we shall have finished with some matters which might affect their Majesties before their arrival. Caracciolo's trial is to be by officers of their Sicilian Majesties. If he is condemned, as is probable, the sentence will be carried out immediately. He seems already half-dead from fatigue. He asked to be judged by English officers.

Caracciolo's trial did not, indeed, take long. Here are Nelson's exceedingly speedy orders for it:

"Whereas Francesco Caracciolo, a commodore in the service of His Sicilian Majesty, has been taken, and stands accused of rebellion against his lawful Sovereign, and of firing at his colours hoisted on board his frigate, the *Minerva*, under your command.

"You are, therefore, hereby required and directed to assemble five of the senior officers under your command, yourself presiding, and proceed to inquire whether the crime with which the said Francesco Caracciolo stands charged can be proved against him; and if the charge is proved, *you are to report to me what punishment he ought to suffer.*

Given on board the *Foudroyant*, Naples Bay,

"29th June, 1799."

The Council of War, composed of Neapolitan officers, presided over by Count Thurn, was held, according to usage, with open doors in the officers' room on board the *Foudroyant*. Caracciolo, looking greatly aged, replied to the charges to this effect:

"I have not served the Republic, I have served Naples; I did not fight against Royalty, but against murder pillage, incendiarism. I had been acting as a simple soldier for a long time when I was in a manner forced to assume command of the Republican

navy, a command which it was impossible for me to decline."

Had Nelson been present at the interrogatory he could have supported this assertion, for not three months previously Troubridge had written to him:

> "I hear Caracciolo has the honour of mounting guard as a simple soldier. Yesterday he was seen doing sentinel at the palace. *He had declined to serve;* but it seems that the Jacobins oblige everyone."

Asked why, if forced to serve, he had not attempted flight, Caracciolo replied that perhaps he had been kept back by a false point of honour. If it was a crime, he avowed it.

There the interrogatory ended. A simple avowal had been required. The accused had made it calmly and with dignity. As the *proces verbal* says, "the manner in which Caracciolo had answered deserved the sympathy of the English officers speaking Italian who had been present," but the sitting was over; the crime was proved.

The *proces verbal* was carried to Nelson by Count Thurn. Nelson, taking a pen, wrote:

Whereas a board of naval officers of His Sicilian Majesty hath been assembled to try Francesco Caracciolo for rebellion against his lawful Sovereign, and for firing at His Sicilian Majesty's frigate *La Minerva*;

"And whereas the said board of naval officers have found the charge of rebellion fully proved against him, and have sentenced the said Caracciolo to suffer death:

"You are hereby required and directed to cause the said sentence of death to be carried into execution upon the said Francesco Caracciolo accordingly, by hanging him at the fore yardarm of His Sicilian Majesty's frigate *La Minerva,* under your command, at five o'clock this evening; and to cause him to hang there until sunset, when you will have his body cut down and thrown into the sea.

"Given on board the *Foudroyant,*
"Naples Bay, 29th June, 1799.
"Nelson."

Two persons were in Nelson's cabin when he delivered this order. True to her understanding with the Queen, Emma Hamilton, wife of the ambassador, remained impassive, and said not a word in favour of the condemned. Sir William Hamilton, though sympathising but moderately, after having read it, could not help saying:

"Mercy would grant twenty-four hours to the condemned to prepare for death."

"I have no mercy for traitors," replied Nelson.

"Then if not mercy, at least religion."

But, without responding, Nelson took the order from Sir William's hands, and handing it to Count Thurn,

"Have it carried out," said he.

There were, however, yet some hours to elapse between the sentence and the execution, and during that time Caracciolo twice asked the young English lieutenant, Parkinson, to intercede for him with Nelson; the first time to obtain a revision of the sentence, the second time that he should be granted the mercy of being shot. For though Caracciolo indeed expected

death, his rank of Prince gave him a right to the death of a noble; his rank of Admiral entitled him to the death of a soldier. Nelson had exceeded his rights, and to escape an infamous death Caraccilo did not hesitate to stoop to entreaty. But it was of no avail; Parkinson returned each time with a blunt refusal.

"Advise me, then," said Caracciolo to the young man. "Do you think that if I were to address myself to Lady Hamilton, she could succeed for me with Lord Nelson?"

"She has great influence with his Lordship," said Parkinson. "Let us try."

"Well, go. Beseech her. In happier hours I have perhaps erred in her regard; let her forget it, and, while being ordered to be shot, I shall bless her."

Parkinson went on deck, and not seeing Emma there, tried to see her in her cabin, but in spite of his entreaties the door remained closed.

After this Caracciolo made no further attempt.

Bound like a felon, he quitted the deck of the *Foudroyant* between two lines of sailors, and reached the deck of the *Minerva* at half-past one. The chaplain was in attendance. He had erected a little altar in his cabin, and Caracciolo stayed with him there till the fatal hour. On going up on deck again he saw on the poop of the *Foudroyant* a group of three persons, one of whom held a telescope in his hand.

"Move aside a little, friends," said Caracciolo to the sailors, who were formed up, "you prevent Lord Nelson from seeing."

The sailors moved. Shortly afterwards a cannon boomed, and the smoke rose into the rigging.

Lord Nelson's orders had been executed.

On that same day Sir William Hamilton wrote to Acton, after referring to Caracciolo's trial and execution:

"Everything Lord Nelson does is dictated by his conscience and his honour, and I believe that later his decisions will be recognised as the wisest that could have been made. But in the meantime, for the love of God, contrive that the King come on board the *Foudroyant*, and that his Royal standard be run up there. . . . The die is cast. We must not belie our firmness, and must persevere to the end."

It is clear that the Royal presence was longed for to consecrate this horrible drama.

It is thus recorded in Nelson's logbook, from which we copy it:

"Saturday, 29th June, a calm but cloudy day. His Majesty's ship *Rainbow* and the brig *Balloon*, have arrived. A court-martial has been formed, which has judged, condemned and hanged Francis Caracciolo on board the Neapolitan frigate, the *Minerva*."

By these lines the King was reassured, the Queen satisfied, Lady Hamilton made accursed, and Nelson dishonoured!

Nelson was a terrible enemy of France; yet let none of our countrymen feel astonished if we pronounce his eulogy. Men like the hero of the

Nile and of Trafalgar are the products of universal civilisation, posterity not desiring to give them any country in particular for their birth, and considering them as a part of human greatness which can be proudly loved, warmly embraced by the whole world. Once in the tomb, they are neither fellow-countrymen nor strangers, friends nor enemies; they are named Hannibal and Scipio, Cæsar and Pompey. Immortality naturalises these great geniuses for the benefit of the universe.

To the writer, therefore, the foregoing recital of the trial and execution of Caracciolo is indeed a melancholy one, for, as we have said, it stains the memory of that great seaman Horatio Nelson. In writing our tragic pages we have not drawn on our imagination, since possibly by so doing we should have made a more profound impression. Judging the judge as we have done, we have not wished to incur the responsibility of having recourse to aids which we have frequently invoked on other occasions. We have merely cited official documents, and those only which give the English version—that is, the one favourable to Nelson and hostile to Caracciolo.

Caracciolo's execution spread profound consternation and woe in Naples. In all parties the Admiral was acknowledged to be a great man both by birth and genius; his life had been irreproachable and free from all those moral stains from which a courtier's life is so rarely exempt.

A Wild Boar Hunt

A PAGE came out from the stables, leading a horse. Nemours leaped into the saddle with the elegance of a consummate cavalier, and rode at a gallop through the main alley of the park.

The young man, just come from Italy to France, had been careful to ask information as to the direction taken by the royal chase, and was told the animal would be attacked near the road to Passy.

He, therefore, rode towards that point in the expectation that the sound of the horn would guide him to the spot where the king of France, Henri II., happened to be. But when near the road to Passy, he saw and heard nothing.

He questioned a woodcutter, who told him that the hunt was now somewhere in the direction of Conflans. He immediately turned his horse towards the point indicated.

At the end of an hour, while crossing a transverse path, he perceived, in the middle of a neighbouring cross-road, a rider who was standing up in the stirrups, in order to see farther, and was holding his hand to his ear in order to hear better.

This rider was a hunter, evidently trying to find his way.

However astray this hunter might be, he was better likely to have an idea

of the probable situation of the king than the young duke, who had arrived from Italy hardly half an hour before. So M. de Nemours rode straight up to the hunter.

The latter, seeing a horseman approaching, and thinking he might learn something from him about the progress of the chase, also advanced some steps.

But soon both, with a similar movement, set spurs to their horses; they had recognised each other.

The strayed hunter, who tried to find his way by standing up in his stirrups in order to see, and holding his hand to his ear in order to hear, was the captain of the Scotch Guard.

The two cavaliers approached with that courteous familiarity which distinguished the young lords of the period.

Moreover, although, it is true, the Duc de Nemours was of a princely house, the Comte de Montgomery belonged to the oldest Norman nobility, a descendant of that Roger de Montgomery who helped William the Bastard to conquer England.

Now, at this period, there existed in France some old names that believed themselves the equals of the most puissant and glorious names, in spite of the inferiority of the titles they bore. It was so with the Montmorencys, whose title was only that of baron; with the Rohans, who were only seigneurs; with the Coucys, who were only sires; and with the Montgomerys, who were only counts.

As Nemours had guessed, Montgomery had lost track of the hunt, and was trying to find his way.

For that matter, the place where they found themselves was well chosen for the purpose, since it was a cross-road situated on an elevation towards which every sound must ascend, and commanding five or six paths, by one of which the animal would not fail to pass, when driven by the beaters.

The two young noblemen, who had not seen each other for more than six months, had, besides, a thousand important questions to ask: Montgomery on the subject of the army and the deeds of high emprise which M. de Guise must have naturally assayed; the other on the subject of the French court, and the fine love-adventures that must have taken place there.

They were at the liveliest part of this interesting conversation when Comte Montgomery laid his hand on the arm of the duke. He fancied he heard the baying of the pack in the distance.

Both listened. The Comte was not deceived: at the extremity of an immense alley they saw an enormous boar pass as swiftly as an arrow; then, some fifty paces behind him, the most eager of the hounds, then the bulk of the pack, then the stragglers.

At the same moment Montgomery put his horn to his lips and sounded the sighting of the game, in order to rally such as, like himself had gone astray; and the number must have been great, for three persons only were on the track of the animal, —a man and two women.

From the ardour with which he urged his steed, the two believed it was the king; but the distance was so great that it was impossible to tell who were the bold Amazons follow-

ing him so closely. All the rest of the hunt seemed completely out of its reckoning.

Nemours and Montgomery galloped to an alley which, in view of the direction taken by the animal, allowed them to cut the chase at a right angle.

The king had, in fact, attacked the beast, which, in terms of venery, was what was called a *ragot*. It had made for one direction with the obstinacy of the older animals, and was dashing straight along on the road to Conflans. The king was at once on its track, and at the sound of his horn all the court followed the king.

But boars are bad courtiers: the one with whom, for the moment, they had to do, instead of choosing the way through the great old forest-trees and along the easy paths, had dashed into the thickest copses and closest briars; hence it resulted that, at the end of a quarter of an hour, only the most enthusiastic hunters were near the king, and that of all the ladies only three held out. These were Madame Marguerite, the king's sister, Diane de Poitiers, the king's love, and Mary Stuart, the little *reinette*, as Catherine de Médicis called her.

In spite of the courage of the illustrious hunters and huntresses we have named, the difficulties of the ground, the thickness of the wood, which obliged the riders to make détours, and the height of the clumps of briars, which it was impossible to clear, soon caused them to lose sight of boar and hounds; but, at the extremity of the forest, the animal met a wall, and was forced to return on his traces.

The king distanced for an instant, but sure of his hounds, then halted. This gave a few hunters time to join him; the baying was soon heard again.

The portion of the forest for which the animal was now making a set was more open than the other; as a consequence, the king could resume the chase with a chance of soon having the boar at bay.

Only, the same thing happened that happened ten minutes before; each held out according as his own strength and courage allowed him. Moreover, in the midst of this court, entirely composed of fair lords and gallant dames, many, perhaps, stayed behind, without being absolutely forced thereto by the slowness of their horses, by the thickness of the wood, or the inequalities of the ground; and this was clearly proved by the attitude of the groups stopping at the corners of the alleys and in the middle of the crossroads, which seemed more attentive to the conversation that was going on than to the baying of the hounds or the horns of the whippers-in.

And so it happened, when the animal came in view of Montgomery and Nemours, it was followed by only a single horseman, in whom they recognised the king, with two ladies whom they did not know.

It was, in fact, the king, who, with his usual ardour, wanted to be the first at the death, to be present at the moment when the boar would make a stand backed against some tree or rock, and would face the hounds.

The two Amazons following the horseman were Madame de Valentinois and little Queen Mary,—the one the best, the other the boldest, rider in the entire court.

The boar, for that matter, was growing tired; clearly, he would have to come to a stand before long; the fiercest of the dogs were already breathing close to his hide.

For a quarter of an hour, however, he tried to escape his enemies by flight; but, feeling them nearer and nearer, he resolved to die bravely, like the courageous animal he was, and, finding a stump of a tree convenient, he planted himself there, growling and striking his immense jaws together.

No sooner had he stopped than the pack was on him, and indicated, by its redoubled baying, that the animal was making a stand.

With the baying, the sound of the horn was soon mingled. Henri arrived, following the dogs as closely as they followed the boar.

He looked around him while winding his horn in search of his arquebusier; but he had distanced even the most active whippers-in, even those whose duty it was never to lose sight of him, and saw, galloping up with all the speed of their horses, only Diane and Mary Stuart, who, as we have said, held out.

Not a ringlet of the fair duchess's head was out of place, and her velvet cap was fixed as firmly on the top as at the moment of setting out.

As for little Mary, she had lost veil and cap; and her beautiful chestnut hair, scattered to the breeze, as well as the charming flush on her cheeks, bore witness to the ardour of the chase.

At the prolonged notes the king drew from his horn, the arquebusier appeared, one arquebuse in his hand, and the other hanging from the bow of his saddle.

Behind him might be seen, through the thickness of the wood, golden broideries and the dazzling colours of robes, doublets, and mantles. It was the hunters and huntresses now approaching from all sides.

The animal was doing his best; attacked at the same time by sixty dogs, he made head against all his enemies. It is true that while the sharpest teeth were blunted on his wrinkled hide, every stroke of his tusks made a deadly wound in such of his adversaries as came within its reach; but, although mortally injured, although losing all their blood, and with their entrails dragging along the ground, the *king's greys*, as they were called, were such a noble breed that they only returned the more furiously to the combat, and it could not only be known that they were wounded by the stains of blood that streaked this moving carpet.

The king saw it was time to put an end to the butchery, if he were not to lose his best dogs. He threw away his horn, and made a sign for the arquebuse.

The match had been lit; the arquebusier had but to present the weapon to the king. Henri was a good marksman, and rarely missed his aim.

With the arquebuse in his hand, he advanced to within about twenty paces of the boar, whose eyes shone like two live coals. He aimed between the eyes, and fired.

The animal received the discharge

in his head; but by a movement he made when the king had his hand on the trigger, the animal slightly inclined his head, and the ball glanced off the bone, killing one of the dogs.

The track of the ball could be seen between the eye and the ear of the boar by the blood that indicated its passage.

Henri remained astonished for an instant at the circumstance that the boar had not at once fallen, while his horse, all quivering, his hind legs bending under him, was beating the ground in front of him.

He handed the arquebuse to the groom, and demanded another. The other was ready, with the match lit; the groom presented it.

The king took it, and raised the butt to his shoulder. But, before he had time to aim, the boar, doubtless unwilling to risk the chance of a second shot, scattered the dogs surrounding him by a violent thrust, opened a bloody pathway through the middle of the pack, and, quick as lightning, passed between the legs of the king's horse, which reared, giving an agonizing neigh, showed his belly, from which the blood and entrails were dropping, and suddenly fell down, with the king under him.

All this had been so instantaneous that not one of the spectators thought of rushing in front of the boar, which now turned on the king before he even had time to draw his hunting-knife.

Henri tried to reach it; it was impossible. The hunting-knife was under the king's left side, and so placed that it was useless to think of extricating it.

Brave as the king was, his mouth was already opened to cry for help—for the hideous head of the boar, its eyes of flame, its bloody jowl, and the teeth of steel were within a few inches of him—when suddenly he heard a voice in his ear whose firm accents there was no mistaking, saying to him,—

"Do not stir, sire; I answer for everything!"

Then he felt an arm, which raised his, and saw, like a flash of lightning, a broad, keen blade pass under his shoulder, and plunge up to the hilt in the body of the boar.

At the same moment two vigorous arms drew him back, leaving, exposed to the animal, only the new adversary who had stricken it to the heart.

He who pulled the king back was the Duc de Nemours. He who, with his knee on the ground and his arm extended, had just stricken the boar to the heart was the Comte de Montgomery.

Montgomery drew his sword from the body of the animal, wiped it on the green, grassy turf, returned it to the scabbard, and, approaching Henri II. as if nothing extraordinary had occurred,—

"Sire," said he, "I have the honour to present to you M. le Duc de Nemours, who has just come from beyond the mountains, and brings news of M. le Duc de Guise and his brave army of Italy."

An Historic Banquo

In celebration of a Neopolitan victory over the French and Italian Republican forces at St. Elmo, a great fete was to be held in the harbour of Naples, where the English fleet (*allies of the victors*) anchored, its flag-ship of Admiral Nelson, being the *Foudroyant*.

The idol of the Italian Republicans, Admiral Caracciolo, had been executed by order of Nelson and King Ferdinand of Naples, through a miscarriage of justice. He was loyal to his soveriegn but could not endure the oppression and slaughter of his native people by Royalty and a foreign power in quest of wealth.

But what was one dead man in the carnal reign of a dissolute monarch and his foreign ally, a sailor and a courtesan's tool.

The King, Ferdinand of Naples, had issued invitations to a ball and supper on board the *Foudroyant,* English vessel. In an instant the bulkheads between decks were removed, each gun became a flower-bed or a refreshment buffet, and at nine o'clock in the evening the vessel, illuminated from her main yards to her top-gallant royals, was ready to receive her guests.

One then saw, by the light of torches, hundreds of boats put off from the shore like moving illuminations, and laden with the chosen guests, musicians to serenade them, and curious spectators coming to see and to be seen. There were boats full of elegant women, covered with diamonds and flowers, and men speckled with ribbons and starred with crosses. All this had kept in hiding under the Republic, and seemed to spring out of the ground in the sun of Royalty. This moving fortress, lit up from top to bottom, unfurling to the breeze its thousand flags, with all its rigging lost beneath branches of laurel, must have been a magic sight.

Round this warship, where fear rather than love had united a Court of which the lovely courtesan Emma Hamilton, wife of the English Ambassador, was queen, crowded more than a hundred barges filled with musicians, who, playing the same airs as the orchestra on board, stretched, as it were, over the gulf, lighted by a splendid moon, a sheet of harmony.

Naples, was indeed, on that night, Parthenope of old, and her gulf, was indeed that of the sirens. In the voluptuous fêtes given by Cleopatra to Anthony on the Lake Maréotis, the sky had never furnished a canopy more constellated with stars, the sea a more limpid mirror, the atmosphere a more perfumed breeze.

It is true that, from time to time, some cry of pain, uttered by those who were being killed in the city, sounded in the air amid the tremors of harps, violins and guitars like a plaint from the spirit of the deep; but had not Alexandria also, on its fête days, the groans of slaves on whom poisons were being tried?

At midnight a rocket, bursting in the blue depths of the Neapolitan

night, gave the signal for supper. The ball ceased, while the music continued, and the guests descended to between-decks, where, accustomed as Ferdinand was to the luxurious repasts of his Royal palaces, he could not restrain a cry of admiration. It was a scene from Fairyland.

The King seated himself, and assigned places to Emma Hamilton on his right hand, Nelson on his left, and to Sir William Hamilton facing him. Some were absent. Shaking his head with a mocking smile habitual to him, he rubbed his hands, and, alluding to a tempest which he had passed through when on his flight into Sicily, he said:

"One is better here than on the way to Palermo!"

Perhaps Nelson then gave a thought to Caracciolo and his triumph on that crossing. He reddened, and his solitary eye flamed. The pilot had set out for that ocean where there is no harbour!

At the close of supper *"God Save the King"* was played, and toasts, to the sound of frenzied hurrahs, were drunk first to King George, then to Ferdinand. Ferdinand bit his lips. Bethinking himself then of all those devoted subjects who, assembled round the vessel in boats, were rending the air with their frenzied acclamations, the King went out on to the gallery to return his thanks. At sight of him cries of "Long live the King!" seemed to spring from the abyss and mount to the sky.

The King bowed, and was raising his hand when suddenly it was stayed, his gaze became fixed, his eyes horribly dilated, his hair rose on his head, and a hoarse cry of mingled astonishment and terror, coming from his chest, rasped his throat. At the same time a great tumult arose in the boats, which scattered to right and left, leaving a large, empty space.

In the middle of that space appeared the horrible sight of a corpse emerging from the water as far as the waist, which in spite of the seaweed clinging to its hair, flattened over its temples, in spite of its bristly beard, in spite of its livid countenance, could be recognised as that of Admiral Caracciolo. Those cries of "Long live the King!" seemed to have drawn him from the bottom of the sea, where he reposed for thirteen days, to come and mingle his cry of vengeance with the cries of flattery and baseness.

It was impossible to doubt the reality of this apparition, recognised by all; the corpse, in obedience to the undulating motion of the sea, was bowing as if to salute him who was gazing mute and motionless from fright.

Gradually the King's contracted nerves relaxed, his hand trembled and let fall his glass, which broke, and he retreated pale, scared, gasping, hiding his head in his hands, crying:

"What does he want? What is he asking me?"

At the King's voice, at the terror clearly depicted on his features, all the guests rose in alarm and hastened to the gallery to see what sight had upset him. At the same moment these words, issuing from every mouth like an electric shudder, passed through every heart:

"Admiral Caracciolo!"

And at these words the King, falling into an easy chair, repeated:

"What does he want? What is he asking me?"

"That you will pardon him for his treason, Sire," replied Sir William, a courtier even in the face of the distracted King and of the threatening corpse.

"No!" cried the king, "no! He wants something else! He is asking for something else!"

"Christian burial, Sire," the Chaplain of the *Foudroyant* murmured in Ferdinand's ear.

"He shall have it," replied the King, "he shall have it." Then, stumbling up the stairs, and knocking up against the vessel's sides, he rushed into his cabin and slammed the door behind him.

The sailors and fishermen of the coast carried the body of Caracciolo, whom they greatly loved, to the little church of Santa Maria le Catena.

Daughter of the Caesars

On the twenty-third day of the month of the second year of the French Republic one and indivisible, corresponding to October 14th, 1793, old style, as they said then, a curious crowd filled, before dawn, the public seats in the Revolutionary Congress hall. The approaches were crammed with less lucky spectators, greedy and impatient, who passed on the news and the fables as waves surge upon each other the scum and the foam.

Near the tribunal door, a number of men fought for a few inches of ground; for that sufficed for one to get a glimpse of the judges between two heads, or to see over them the bust of the accused.

Dark night had succeeded the day, a few candles on the jury tables and some smoky lamps about the hall irradiated with ruddiness the noble countenance which had appeared so lovely in the blaze of Versailles festivals.

She was alone, replying curtly and haughtily to her chief judge, and bending down to whisper to her counsel. Her white and polished forehead had lost nothing of its habitual pride; she wore the black-striped dress adopted by her in mourning since her husband's execution.

The bench of judges rose to confer. There came a lull.

"Was I too scornful?" asked Marie Antoinette of her lawyer.

"Oh, madame, you are always at your best when most yourself."

"Look how stuck-up she is!" cried a woman in the audience, as if replying truly to the question she had addressed her defender.

The queen turned toward this speaker.

"Yes; you are altogether too proud, and it will be your ruin, Antoinette," said the same woman.

The queen flushed red.

It was half past three in the morning. Great gaps were visible in the audience. Some lights had gone out, throwing part of the hall into darkness.

The news of the judges returning spread among the audience, and the mob rushed anew into all the places;

the very lights seemed to liven up at this solemn and decisive instant.

The queen was brought in; she stood upright, still and haughty, with fixed gaze and pressed lips.

The sentence was read to her, dooming her to death.

She listened intently without flinching or turning paler, no facial muscle indicating an appearance of emotion. Leaning on the keeper, she went out of the court-room, calm and dignified.

On leaving the court, the royal prisoner was taken to the conciergerie, which she reached as four o'clock was striking.

When in her room, she took scissors and cut her long and fine hair, become all the handsomer since the use of powder had been abolished a year before; she did up the tresses in a paper, and wrote on it: "For my son and daughter to divide."

She sat, or rather sunk, upon a chair, as the examination had lasted eighteen hours, and, exhausted by fatigue, she fell asleep.

At seven o'clock, the noise of the screen being moved made her spring up abruptly. Turning, she saw a complete stranger.

"What is wanted?" she asked.

The man approached her, and bowing as politely as if she still were the sovereign, he said:

"I am Sanson."

The queen slightly shuddered and rose; the name of the executioner of Paris told her more than a long speech.

"You come extremely early, sir," she said; "could you not make it a little later?"

"No, madame; I had my orders to come," said the headsman.

He took another step toward her. At that time, and under such circumstances, everything that the death's-man did was expressive and terrible.

"Oh, I understand, it is necessary to cut off my hair."

"It is necessary, madame," said the man.

"I knew it, sir, and I wished to spare you the trouble. My hair is there on the table. But I wish it given to my children this evening."

"Madame, this is not included in my duty," said Sanson.

"But I thought—"

"My perquisites are the wearing apparel and trinkets of the—the prisoners; and even then they have to be formally given me. In the other case they go to the hospitals, for distribution among the poor; a decree of the government has regulated all such matters."

"But, still, I may rely on my hair being given to my children?" insisted Marie Antoinette.

Sanson remained mute.

"As I came to see that your hair was cut, and the task is done, I have some time to spare; I can leave you alone for awhile if you desire it."

"I do request it, sir; for I have need to collect my thoughts and pray."

Sanson bowed and went out. The queen was alone.

Meanwhile, some fifty persons gathered in the clerk's office to see the queen pass by, from duty or curiosity; they were the jail staff, deputies or commissioners.

The queen refused the priest, on the ground of his having taken the oath of allegiance to the state.

"I can not have trust in one who has sworn faith to the Republic which puts

me to death," she said. "We do not adore the same God."

"But, madame," said Abbe Girard, "a dying Christian ought to die without hate in her heart, and not repulse God under whatever form He presents himself."

"Go, sir," she said, "and leave me. Since we live in France, under a rule of freedom, I choose to die in my own fashion. I will have this so," she concluded, with a gesture worthy of her mother, Maria Theresa.

The priest accompanied her, in spite of her prohibition.

As eleven o'clock rang from the Palace of Justice clock, all babble ceased in the town; a hundred thousand persons counted the beats, and they corresponded with those of their hearts. On the last vibration dying away, a great noise rose behind the gates, at the same time as a cart cleft the mass, followed by guards, and it was stopped at the foot of the stairs.

Presently the queen appeared on the top of the lofty flight. All passion was concentrated in the eyes; breath was suspended.

Her hair cut off, most of it blanched by captivity, this silvery whiteness made her pearly pallor still more delicate, almost celestial, and well becoming at this momentous instant the daughter of the Cæsars.

She was clad in a white dress, and her hands were bound behind her back.

When she stood on the top of the steps, having Abbe Girard on her right —for he would accompany her in spite of her will—and the executioner on her left, both garbed in black, the murmur in the throng was of a nature which only God, who readeth all hearts, could understand and sum up.

A man passed between her and the headsman; it was the adjutant-major of the military force, Grammont, who had been an actor of the Comedie Française. He came forward to point out the cart to her; she receded a step in spite of herself.

"Get up into that," he said.

Everybody heard the words, for emotion kept all expressions of feeling hushed in the lookers-on. They saw the blood mount to the queen's cheeks and to the roots of her hair; then her face became of deathly paleness, and her blanched lips parted to say:

"A common cart for me—why, when the king went to the scaffold in a carriage?"

The priest whispered some words inculcating the quenching of the last spark of royal pride. The queen was silent, and wavered so that Sanson put out both arms to sustain her; but she drew herself up erect before he could touch her.

She descended the steps while Sanson's assistant set a pair of wooden steps against the tail of the cart. She got into it with the priest. Sanson made them both sit down.

Armed to the teeth, the procession was led by a man whom the mob hailed with a nod as one of the takers of the Bastile. He wore the sash of a representative over a suit of mourning. His face was set hard, but his eyes were animated and roved the sea of faces; he was looking for a rescuing party.

When the cart moved on, the masses thrilled. The soldiery did not know why they stirred, and made a rush for

fear of being overwhelmed; this cleared a space at the head of the column.

In this space sounded a mournful wail. The queen shuddered and rose to her feet to see what it was.

It was her dog, a spaniel named Jet, lost for two months, which had not been able to get into the conciergerie, and now, in spite of shouts, kicks, and blows, sprung to the cart; but it disappeared under the horses' feet, poor thing!

The queen watched it with distress; it was useless to speak, as her voice would be drowned by the uproar; and she could not point, as her hands were tied. Could she have begged for it, she would not have been gratified.

On Revolution Place, the crowd was waiting. The other sight-seers having gone to the Palace of Justice Place, to say nothing of those strewn along the road—for the cart carrying the queen to the place of execution. As a queen domineers over her subjects, the guillotine—horrible thing! worn by wind and weather, by the executioner's hands, by its victims—towered over the mass of heads.

A prolonged and increasing shiver ran through the concourse, like one of those gusts which become a gale.

The other machine, hideous as the guillotine itself, the condemned prisoner's cart, was looming up. On right and left gleamed the escorts' weapons, and Grammont's sword flashing before them in salute to several whoops from fanatics. But as the cart drew near, these yells died away suddenly under the culprit's cold and darksome glance.

Never did a face more energetically impose respect; never had Marie Antoinette been more utterly the queen. She carried her pride of courage so far as to impart terror.

Indifferent to the priest's exhortations, her brow bent to neither side. The thought living in her brain seemed immutable as her gaze. The jolting of the cart on the wretched pavement only set off her rigidity of carriage. It was like a marble statue on wheels; but this statue of royalty had luminous eyes and its hair waved in the wind.

All at once a silence, as in a desert, fell on the multitude of three thousand spectators, which the sun shone on clearly for the first time.

There could be heard the cart-wheels squeaking and the guards' horses snorting. The vehicle stopped at the foot of the scaffold.

The queen was not thinking of it at this moment, for she awakened and understood; she let her haughty glance survey the crowd.

She carefully stepped down from the cart, supported by Sanson, who showed her the utmost attention up to the final moments in accomplishing his task, as if he felt condemned too.

While she was walking toward the scaffold stairs, some horses reared and plunged and several soldiers on foot were knocked about; a sort of shadow seemed to dart toward the scaffold; but calm was immediately re-established, for no one wanted to lose his place at this critical second, or the least incident in the great tragedy on those boards, where all eyes were centered on the heroine.

The queen was already on the platform, with the priest still speaking to her. One of the executioner's men

gently pushed her forward and another removed her neckerchief from her shoulders. On feeling this shame-dealing hand touching her neck, she started so abruptly as to step on old Sanson's foot, as he was engaged without her seeing him in binding her to the fatal plank on which the condemned lies when the axe descends.

"Excuse me, sir; I did not do that on purpose," said the lady.

These were the last words spoken by the daughter of the Cæsars, the Queen of France, the widow of Louis XVI.

The Tuileries palace clock struck the quarter after noon as Marie Antoinette was launched into eternity.

Three Madames—A Portrait

About two-thirds of the way along the Rue du Bac, Paris, between the Rue de Grenelle and the Rue de la Plance, stands a massive dwelling which can be recognized to-day by the four Ionic columns which support, two by two, a heavy stone balcony. This was the Swedish embassy, and the celebrated Madame de Staël, daughter of Monsieur de Necker, and wife of the Swedish ambassador, Baron de Staël-Holstein, resided there.

Madame de Staël is so well known that it would perhaps be superfluous to draw her portrait, physical, moral, and intellectual. We will, however, say a few words concerning her. Born in 1766, Madame de Staël was then in the zenith of her genius—we will not say beauty, since she was never beautiful. A passionate admirer of her father, who was only a mediocre man, whatever else may be said for him, she had followed his fortunes, and emigrated with him, although the position of her husband as Swedish ambassador insured her safety.

But she soon returned to Paris, when she drew up a plan for the escape of King Louis XVI., and in 1793 addressed the revolutionary government in the queen's defence, when the latter was brought to trial. Gustavus IV.'s declaration of war with Russia recalled the ambassador to Stockholm, and he was absent from Paris from the day of the queen's death to that of Robespierre's. After the 9th Thermidor, M. de Staël returned to Paris, still as Swedish ambassador, and Madame de Staël, who could not live out of sight of "that gutter of a Rue du Bac," returned with him.

She had but just returned when she opened her salon, where she naturally received all men of distinction, whether they were Frenchmen or foreigners. But, although she had been among the first to espouse the principles of 1789, whether because the voice of reason dictated the course, or the march of events had modified her ideas, she advocated the return of the émigrés with all her might, and so frequently did she ask that their names be erased from the list of the proscribed, particularly that of M. de Narbonne, that the famous butcher Legendre denounced her to the tribune.

Her salon and that of Madame Tal-

lien divided Paris, only Madame de Staël was in favor of a constitutional monarchy, that is to say, something between the Cordeliers and the Girondins.

On this particular evening of the night of the 12th and 13th Vendémiaire, when the Convention was in the greatest uproar, Madame de Staël's salon was crowded with company. The gathering was very brilliant, and no one, looking at the apparel of the women and the easy carriage of the men would have imagined that people were about to cut each other's throats in the streets of Paris. And yet amid all this gayety and wit, which is never so great in France as in hours of danger, one might have discovered certain clouds, such as summer casts over fields and harvests.

Every new-comer was hailed with bursts of curiosity and eager questioning, which revealed the extent of the interest which the company took in the situation. And then for the moment the two or three ladies who shared the honors with Madame de Staël, either by reason of their wit or beauty, were left alone.

Every one ran to the new-comer, gathered from him whatever he knew, and then returned to his own circle, where the reports were eagerly discussed. By tacit agreement, each lady, who, as we have said, was admitted to the salon by reason of her wit or beauty, held a little court of her own in the reception-room of the Hôtel de Suède; so on this particular evening there was, besides Madame de Staël, Madame de Krüdener and Madame Récamier.

Madame de Krüdener was three years younger than Madame de Staël. She was a Courlandaise, born at Riga, the daughter of a rich landowner, Baron de Witinghof. She married Baron de Krüdener at the age of fourteen, and accompanied him to Copenhagen and Venice, where he filled the rôle of Russian ambassador. Separated from her husband in 1791, she had regained the liberty which had been for a time curtailed by her marriage. She was very charming and very witty, speaking and writing French extremely well. The only thing with which she could have been reproached in that exceedingly unsentimental age, was a strong tendency to solitude and revery. Her melancholy, which was born of the North, and which made her look like a heroine of a Scandinavian saga, lent her a peculiar character in the midst of her surroundings, which tended toward mysticism. Her friends were sometimes angered by a sort of ecstasy which occasionally seized upon her in the midst of a brilliant gathering. But when they drew near her in her inspired moments, and saw her beautiful eyes raised to heaven, they forgot Saint Thérèse in Madame de Krüdener, and the woman of the world in the inspired being. But it was common belief that those beautiful eyes, so often raised to heaven, would deign to regard things earthly the moment that the singer Garat entered the room where she was. A romance which she was then writing, entitled "Valérie, or the Letters of Gustave de Linard to Ernest de G." was nothing more than the history of their love.

She was a woman of twenty-five or six, with that light hair peculiar to northern latitudes. In her moments of ecstasy her face assumed a marble-like

rigidity of expression, and her skin, as white as satin, gave an appearance of truth to the illusion. Her friends, and she had many, although she had as yet no disciples, said that in her moments of lofty abstraction, and communion with supernatural beings, disconnected words escaped her, which nevertheless, like the Pythonesses of ancient times, had a meaning of their own. In short, Madame de Krüdener was a forerunner of modern spiritualism. In our day she would have been called a "medium." The word not being invented at that time, the world contented itself with calling her inspired.

Madame Récamier, the youngest of all the women of fashion of the day, was born at Lyons, in 1777, and was named Jeanne-Françoise-Adélaïde-Julie Bernard. She married, in 1793, Jacques-Rose Récamier, who was twenty-six years older than she. His fortune was derived from an immense hat factory founded at Lyons by his father. When he was still quite young, he travelled for the house, after receiving a classical education which enabled him to quote either Virgil or Horace when occasion required. He spoke Spanish, for his business had taken him more particularly into Spain. He was handsome, tall, of light complexion, strongly built, easily moved, generous, and light-hearted; and but slightly attached to his friends, although he never refused to lend them money. One of his best friends, whom he had aided pecuniarily many times, died; he merely said with a sigh: "Another money-drawer closed!"

Married during the Terror, he was present at executions even on his wedding-day, just as he had been on the day previous, and would be on the following day. He saw the king and the queen die, together with Lavoisier and the twenty-seven farmers-general; Laborde, his most intimate friend; and, in short, almost all those with whom he had either business or social relations. When asked why he displayed such assiduity in attending the sad spectacle, he replied: "I wish to familiarize myself with the scaffold."

And in fact he escaped being guillotined almost by a miracle. He did, however, escape; and the sort of supernumerary time he had spent with death was of no value to him.

Was it in consequence of this daily contemplation of nothingness that he forgot his wife's beauty, so that he bore her only a paternal affection; or was it one of those imperfections by means of which capricious nature often renders sterile her most beautiful works? Be that as it may, the fact that she was a wife in name only remains a mystery but no secret.

And yet, at the age of sixteen, when Mademoiselle Bernard became his wife, her biographer tells us that she had passed from childhood into the splendor of youth. A supple, elegant figure, shoulders worthy of the Goddess Hebe, a perfectly shaped and exquisitely formed neck, a small red mouth, teeth like pearls, arms which were charming though a little thin, chestnut hair which curled naturally, a nose both regular and delicate, although thoroughly French, a complexion of incomparable brilliancy, a face replete with candor (though at times it sparkled with mischief), whose gentle expression lent it an irresistible charm, a manner at once insolent and proud, the best set head

in the world—with all these graces it might most truly have been said of her, as Saint-Simon said of the Duchesse de Bourgogne: "Her bearing was that of a goddess enthroned upon clouds."

The little courts appeared as independent of each other as though they had been held in separate houses; but the principal one, through which the others were reached, was ruled by the mistress of the dwelling. This lady, as we have said, was Madame de Staël, already known in politics through the interests she had brought to bear in order to obtain the appointment of M. de Narbonne as minister of war, and in literature through her enthusiastic letters concerning Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

She was not beautiful, and yet it would have been impossible to pass her unnoticed, or to come in contact with her without realizing that hers was one of those natures which sow words upon the field of thought as a laborer sows his grain in the furrows. She wore a dress of red velvet, opening at the sides over a petticoat of straw-colored satin; a turban of straw-colored satin with a bird of paradise, and she used to nibble a sprig of flowering heather between her thick lips, which nevertheless disclosed beautiful teeth. Her nose was somewhat too strong, and her cheeks too tanned, but her eyes, eyebrows and forehead were wonderfully beautiful. Matter or divinity, there was power there.

Vertigo

Fort Risbank—called also, on account of its eight sides, the Octagon tower—was built at the entrance of the port of Calais, fronting the dunes. Its black and formidable mass of granite rested on a mass of rock quite as gloomy and enormous.

The sea, when it was high, dashed its waves against this rock, but never reached the lowest blocks of stone in the fort.

Now, the sea was very strong and very menacing on the night of the 4th and 5th of January, 1558, towards four in the morning. Its loud and mournful lamentations made it resemble a soul that is always in pain and always in despair.

At a certain moment, a little after the sentinel, stationed on the platform of the tower from two to four, was replaced by the sentinel stationed there from four to six, a sort of human cry, uttered as it were by a throat lined with copper, was heard distinctly through the tempest, blended with the eternal moan of the ocean.

Thereupon, the new sentry might have been seen to start, listen eagerly, and place his arbalete against the wall, after he had recognised the nature of the strange sound. Next, when he had proved to himself that no eye could observe him, he raised up the sentry-box with his powerful arms, and drew from under it a pile of ropes forming a long ladder, which he fastened firmly to certain iron bolts in the battlements of the fort.

Finally, the man attached the differ-

ent fragments of rope to one another solidly, let them down over the battlements, and two leaden balls caused them to descend rapidly to the rock upon which the fort was seated.

The ladder measured two hundred and twelve feet in length and the Risbank fort two hundred and fifteen.

Hardly had the sentinel completed his mysterious operation when a roundsman appeared at the top of the stone staircase leading to the platform.

But the roundsman found the sentry standing near his sentry-box, received the countersign, and went off without seeing anything.

He recovered his tranquillity and waited. It was already a quarter past four.

On the sea, after superhuman struggle and effort, a boat, manned by fourteen men, at last succeeded in reaching Fort Risbank. A wooden ladder was planted against the rock. It reached an excavation of stone where five or six men could manage to stand.

Silently, one by one, the hardy adventurers climbed this ladder, and without stopping at the excavation, clambered still, using only their hands and feet, taking advantage of all the peculiarities of the rock.

Their aim was certainly to reach the foot of the tower.

But the night was dark, the rock was slippery. Their nails were torn off, their fingers were cut by the sharp stones. One of them missed his footing, could not hold on, and fell into the sea.

Fortunately, the last of the fourteen men was still in the boat, which he was vainly trying to moor before ascending the ladder.

The man who had fallen, and who, when falling, had the courage to repress a single cry, swam vigorously to the boat, and the other had the satisfaction of pulling him in, although the pitchings of the little craft under him rendered the task difficult.

"What! it's you, Martin Guerre!" cried the boatman, thinking he recognised him in the darkness.

"It is myself, Gabriel Montgomery, I acknowledge, monseigneur," replied the squire.

"How did you manage to slip, you awkward fellow?"

"Better that this should happen to me than to another."

"Why?"

"Another might have cried."

"All right; since you are here, help me to pass this rope round yon big root. I sent Anselme with the others, and I was wrong."

"The root won't hold, monseigneur. A shock would break it, the boat destroyed, and we should be destroyed with it."

"But we can't do anything better; so no more talk, but to work."

When they had fastened the boat as well as they could:

"Mount," said Gabriel to his squire.

"After you, monseigneur. Who would hold the ladder for you, if I did?"

"Mount, I say!" cried Gabriel, stamping his foot impatiently.

It was not a time for discussion and ceremony. Martin Guerre clambered up to the excavation, and from there held the uprights of the ladder while Gabriel mounted in his turn.

He had his foot upon the last rung, when a violent wave shook the boat,

broke the cable, and carried the boat and cable away into the open sea.

Gabriel would have been lost, if Martin, at the risk of his own life, had not leaned over the chasm, and, with a movement quicker than thought, seized the collar of his master's doublet. Then, with all the energy of despair, the brave squire pulled Gabriel, uninjured like himself, up on the rock.

"You have saved me in your turn, my brave Martin," said Gabriel.

"Yes, but the boat has vanished!" replied the squire.

"Bah! it's paid for, as Anselme would say," replied Gabriel, in a light tone meant to hide his real anxiety.

"All the same," said the prudent Martin, shaking his head, "if your man isn't doing sentry duty yonder, if the ladder does not hang from the tower or breaks under our weight, if the platform is occupied by a superior force, all chance of retreat, all hope of safety is lost with that confounded boat."

"Well, so much the better?" answered Gabriel; "we must now succeed or die."

"Very true," said Martin, with his artless and unconscious heroism.

"To work!" cried Gabriel. "Your companions must be at the foot of the tower, for I no longer hear any noise. We must join them. See that you keep a resolute grip this time, Martin, and don't loose one hand until the other is firmly fixed."

"Do not be uneasy," said Martin, "I'll try."

They began their perilous ascent, and, at the end of ten minutes, after having vanquished dangers and difficulties innumerable, they joined their twelve comrades, who were waiting for them, full of anxiety, grouped on the rock at the bottom of the Risbank fort.

It was now less than a quarter to five.

Gabriel perceived with unspeakable joy the ladder of ropes hanging along the rock.

"You see, my friends," he said in a low voice, "we are expected yonder. Thank God for it, because we cannot turn back: the sea has carried off our boat. Forward, then! and God protect us!"

"Amen!" said Lactance, one of them.

Gabriel's followers must have been determined men indeed! The enterprise, which at any time was a rash one, became now almost insensate. And yet, at the news that all retreat was cut off, not one of them stirred.

Gabriel, by the aid of the dull glimmer that falls from the murkiest sky, examined their manly faces attentively: they were all equally impassive.

They all cried after him: "Forward!"

"You remember the order agreed upon?" said Gabriel. "You pass first, Yvonnet, then Martin Guerre, then each in the order arranged. I go last. I hope the ropes and knots of the ladder are firm?"

"Firm as iron, monseigneur," said Ambrosio, one of the group. "We have tested it. It would bear thirty as easily as fourteen."

"Forward then! my brave Yvonnet," returned the Viscount d'Exmès. "Your share in the enterprise is not the least dangerous. Forward, and courage!"

"As for courage, I don't think I

lack it, monseigneur, particularly when drums beat and cannon roar. But I confess I am as much a stranger to silent assaults as to swaying cordage. So I am very glad to be the first to mount and have the others behind me."

"A modest pretext to insure for yourself the post of honour!" said Gabriel, who did not care to enter upon a dangerous discussion. "Come! a truce to phrases. Although the wind and the sea drown your words, we must act and not talk. Up! Yvonnet, and remember you must not rest until you reach the hundred and fiftieth round. You are ready? You have your musket on your back and your sword between your teeth?—Look up and not down, and think of God and not of the danger. Forward!"

Yvonnet placed his foot upon the first rung.

It had just struck five; a second night patrol passed before the sentinel of the platform.

Then, slowly and silently, these fourteen fearless men ventured, one after another, on that frail ladder moving backwards and forwards in the wind.

It was nothing as long as Gabriel, who was the last to mount, remained within a few feet of the ground. But as they advanced, and as this living cluster swayed more and more, the peril assumed incredible proportions.

It would have been a superb and terrible spectacle for any one who saw it,—these fourteen demons, amid storm and darkness, scaling the black wall, at the top of which death was possible, at the bottom of which death was certain.

At the one hundred and fiftieth rung, Yvonnet stopped. All did the same. It was agreed that they should rest there, while they recited two *Paters* and two *Aves*.

When Martin Guerre had finished his prayers, he saw with astonishment that Yvonnet did not stir. He had made a mistake as to the number of *Paters* and *Aves* he said, and began them again conscientiously.

But Yvonnet still never stirred.

Then, although they were not more than a hundred feet off the platform, and it was dangerous to speak, Martin Guerre struck Yvonnet on the leg and said,—

"Go on!"

"No, I cannot," said Yvonnet, in a stifled voice.

"You cannot, wretch, and why?" asked Martin, with a shudder.

"I'm dizzy," said Yvonnet.

A cold sweat bedewed the face of Martin.

For a moment he did not know what to do. If Yvonnet became a prey to vertigo and fell, all fell with him. To descend was quite as hazardout. Martin felt himself unequal to the task of accepting any responsibility whatever in this terrible crisis. He contended himself with saying to Anselme, who was next to him,—

"Yvonnet has the vertigo."

Anselme shuddered as Martin had shuddered, and said to his neighbour Scharfenstein,—

"Yvonnet has the vertigo."

And each of them, taking his poniard for a moment from between his teeth, said,—

"Yvonnet has the vertigo, Yvonnet has the vertigo."

Until at last the news reached Gabriel, who turned pale and trembled in his turn on hearing it.

It was an agonizing moment, and a supremely critical one as well.

Gabriel saw himself face to face with three dangers: beneath him a howling sea that seemed to be calling for its prey with its awful voice, before him twelve frightened, motionless men who could neither retreat nor advance, and who barred the way to the third peril,—the English pikes and arquebuses perhaps awaiting them yonder.

Terror and death were present at every point of this swaying ladder.

Happily, Gabriel was not a man to hesitate long amid dangers, however menacing, and he came to a resolution in a minute.

He did not stop to ask himself if he should lose his hold or dash his brains against the rock below. He raised himself up, grasping the rope at his side, by the mere strength of his wrists, and passed in succession the twelve men before him.

Thanks to his marvellous vigour of soul and body, he reached Yvonnet without accident, and could place his feet beside those of Martin Guerre's.

"Will you go on?" said he to Yvonnet, in a sharp imperious voice.

"I have—the vertigo," replied the unfortunate adventurer, his teeth chattering and his hair standing on end.

"Will you go on?" repeated Viscount d'Exmès.

"Imp—ossible—I feel—that if I—once move, I shall—fall," said Yvonnet.

"We shall see!" said Gabriel.

He lifted himself up as far as the waist of Yvonnet and pricked him with his poniard.

"Do you feel the point of my poniard?" he asked.

"Yes, monseigneur. Mercy! mercy! I am afraid!"

"It is sharp and keen," continued Gabriel, with marvellous coolness. "The slightest exertion will plunge it into your body. Listen attentively, Yvonnet. Martin Guerre will pass in front of you, and I shall remain behind. If you do not follow Martin, if you even seem to shrink, I swear by God you shall not fall or cause others to fall. I will nail you with my poniard to the wall, so that all may pass over your corpse."

"Mercy, monseigneur, I will obey," said Yvonnet, cured of one fear by another still stronger.

"Martin," said Gabriel, "you have heard me. Pass forward."

Martin Guerre executed the same movement he had seen his master perform, and took the first place.

"Forward!" said Gabriel.

Martin began to climb up bravely, and Yvonnet, whom Gabriel, using only his left hand and his feet, continued to menace with the poniard, forgot his dizziness and followed the squire.

So the last one hundred and fifty rungs were cleared.

"Parbleu!" thought Martin, *"parbleu!* my master has discovered a sovereign remedy against the vertigo!" For Martin's gaiety returned as soon as he saw the distance which separated him from the tower diminish.

He had finished making his pleasant reflection when his head had reached the level of the edge of the platform.

"Is that you?" cried an unknown voice.

"Faith, yes!" answered Martin in a free-and-easy tone.

"It was time," returned the voice. "In five minutes the patrol would have been round again."

"Well, we'll receive him this time," said Martin Guerre.

And he planted one knee triumphantly upon the ledge of stone.

Yvonnet, who followed him, and who, as soon as he felt himself on firm ground, had recovered his daring and audacity, leaped on the platform, then Gabriel and the others. Pierre Peuquoy, the armourer, was awaiting them.

"You are disposed to serve us?" asked Gabriel of the armourer, with some abruptness.

"I am devoted to France and to you," replied Pierre Peuquoy.

"Well!" said Gabriel, "what have we to do next?"

"A night patrol," replied the armourer, "consisting of four men, is about to make the rounds; they must be gagged and bound. But," he added, "the time for taking them unawares is past. Here they are!"

While Pierre Peuquoy was speaking, the urban patrol filed out on the platform by an inner staircase. If it gave the alarm, all was, perhaps, lost.

Happily, the two Scharfensteins, Lutheran strong men of the army, uncle and nephew, very curious and inquisitive people they were by nature, happened to be rambling in that very direction. The roundsmen had not time to utter a cry. A big hand from behind closed each of their mouths and hurled them violently on their backs also. Piletrousse and two others ran up, and it was an easy task to gag and disarm the four stupefied militiamen.

"Well begun!" said Pierre Peuquoy. "Now, monseigneur, we must make sure of the other sentinels and then boldly attack the guards. We have two posts to carry. But do not be afraid of being outnumbered. More than half of the urban militia have been gained by Jean, the other Peuquoy, and myself; they are devoted to France, and only wait for an opportunity to serve her. I shall now go and inform these allies of your success. Meanwhile do you attend to the sentries. When I return, my words shall have effected three-fourths of the business!"

Everything happened as Pierre Peuquoy had foreseen. The sentinels, for the most part, were on the French side. One of them, who attempted resistance, was soon bound and rendered harmless. When the armourer came back to the platform, accompanied by Jean Peuquoy and some trusty friends, the entire summit of Fort Risbank was already in the power of the Viscount d'Exmès.

The task to be accomplished now was the capture of the guard-house. With the reinforcement brought by the two Peuquoys, Gabriel did not hesitate to descend thither at once.

There was skilful advantage taken of the first moments of surprise and indecision.

At this early hour, most of those who held for the English by birth or self-interest were sleeping upon their camp beds. Before they were

awake, they were, so to speak, seized by the throat.

The tumult, for it was not a battle, lasted only some minutes. The friends of Peuquoy cried *"Vive Henri II! Vive la France!"* The neutral and indifferent ranged themselves, as is their habit, on the side of success. Such as offered resistance had to yield to numbers. There were in all but two killed and five wounded, and only three shots were fired. The pious Lactance had the pain of being responsible for one of the dead and two of the wounded. Fortunately, he had left himself a margin!

Before it struck six, all Fort Risbank was in the hands of the French.

Those who showed themselves unfriendly or were suspected were secured, and all the rest of the urban guard hailed Gabriel as their deliverer.

And so, almost without firing a shot, in less than an hour, by an effort strange and superhuman, was carried that fort which the English did not even dream of fortifying, so potent a defender did it appear to have in the sea! That fort which was the key of the port of Calais, nay, even the key of Calais itself!

La Fontaine's First Fable

THE superintendent of state of Louis XIV., Fouquet, was in the habit of receiving his select confederacy of epicureans at Saint-Mandé. For some time past the host had met with nothing but trouble. Every one in the house was aware of and felt for the minister's distress. No more magnificent or recklessly improvident *réunions*. Money had been the pretext assigned by Fouquet, and never was any pretext, as more fallacious, for there was not even a shadow of money to be seen.

He was resolutely painstaking in keeping up the reputation of the house, and yet the gardeners who supplied the kitchens complained of ruinous delays. The agents for the supply of Spanish wines sent drafts which no one honored; fishermen, whom the superintendent engaged on the coast of Normandy, calculated that if they were paid all that was due to them, the amount would enable them to retire comfortably for life. However, on the ordinary reception days, Fouquet's friends flocked in more numerously than ever. Treasurer Gourville and Fouquet talked over money matters—that is to say, Fouquet borrowed a few pistoles from Gourville; Pélisson, seated with his legs crossed, was engaged in finishing the peroration of a speech with which Fouquet was to open the parliament; and this speech was a masterpiece, because Pélisson wrote it for his friend—that is to say, he inserted all kinds of clever things the latter would most certainly never have taken the trouble to say of his own accord. Presently Loret and La Fontaine would enter from the garden, engaged in a dispute about the art of making verses. The painters and musicians, in their turn, were hovering near the dining-room. As soon as eight o'clock struck the supper would be announced,

for the superintendent never kept any one waiting. It was already half-past seven, and the appetites of the guests were beginning to declare themselves in an emphatic manner. As soon as all the guests were assembled, Gourville went straight up to Pélisson, awoke him out of his reverie, and led him into the middle of a room, and closed the doors. "Well," he said, "anything new?"

Pélisson raised his intelligent and gentle face, and said: "I have borrowed five and twenty thousand francs of my aunt, and I have them here in good sterling money."

"Good," replied Gourville; "we only want one hundred and ninety-five thousand livres for the first payment."

"The payment of what?" asked La Fontaine.

"What! absent-minded as usual! Why, it was you who told us the small estate at Corbeil was going to be sold by one of M. Fouquet's creditors; and you, also, who proposed that all his friends should subscribe—more than that, it was you who said that you would sell a corner of your house at Château-Thierry, in order to furnish your own proportion, and you come and ask—*'The payment of what?'*"

This remark was received with a general laugh, which made La Fontaine blush. "I beg your pardon," he said, "I had not forgotten it; oh, no! only——"

"Only you remembered nothing about it," replied Loret.

"That is the truth, and the fact is, he is quite right, there is a great difference between forgetting and not remembering."

"Well, then," added Pélisson, "you bring your mite in the shape of the price of the piece of land you have sold?"

"Sold? No!"

"Have you not sold the field, then?" inquired Gourville, in astonishment, for he knew the poet's disinteredness.

"My wife would not let me," replied the latter, at which there were fresh bursts of laughter.

"And yet you went to Château-Thierry for that purpose," said some one.

"Certainly I did, and on horseback."

"Poor fellow!"

"I had eight different horses, and I was almost bumped to death."

"You are an excellent fellow! And you rested yourself when you arrived there?"

"Rested! Oh! of course I did, for I had an immense deal of work to do."

"How so?"

"My wife had been flirting with the man to whom I wished to sell the land. The fellow drew back from his bargain, and so I challenged him."

"Very good, and you fought?"

"It seems not."

"You know nothing about it, I suppose?"

"No, my wife and her relations interfered in the matter. I was kept a quarter of an hour with my sword in my hand; but I was not wounded."

"And your adversary?"

"Oh! he wasn't wounded either, for he never came on the field."

"Capital!" cried his friends from all sides, "you must have been terribly angry."

"Exceedingly so; I caught cold; I returned home and then my wife began to quarrel with me."

"In real earnest?"

"Yes, in real earnest. She threw a loaf of bread at my head, a large loaf."

"And what did you do?"

"Oh! I upset the table over her and her guests; and then I got on my horse again, and here I am."

Every one had great difficulty in keeping his countenance at the exposure of this heroi-comedy, and when the laughter had subsided, one of the guests present said to La Fontaine: "Is that all you have brought back?"

"Oh, no! I have an excellent idea in my head."

"What is it?"

"Have you noticed that there is a good deal of sportive, jesting poetry written in France?"

"Yes, of course," replied every one.

"And," pursued La Fontaine, "only a very small portion of it is printed."

"The laws are strict, you know."

"That may be; but a rare article is a dear article, and that is the reason why I have written a small poem, excessively free in its style, very broad, and extremely cynical in its tone."

"The deuce you have!"

"Yes," continued the poet, with assumed indifference, "and I have introduced the greatest freedom of language I could possibly employ."

Peals of laughter again broke forth, wthile the poet was thus announcing the quality of his wares. "And," he continued, "I have tried to excel everything that Boccaccio, Arétin, and other masters of their craft have written in the same style."

"Its fate is clear," said Pélisson; "it will be suppressed and forbidden."

"Do you think so?" said La Fontaine, simply. "I assure you I did not do it on my own account so much as M. Fouquet's."

This wonderful conclusion again raised the mirth of all present.

"And I have sold the first edition of this little book for eight hundred livres," exclaimed La Fontaine, rubbing his hands together. "Serious and religious books sell at about half that rate."

"It would have been better," said Gourville, "to have written two religious books instead."

"It would have been too long, and not amusing enough," replied La Fontaine tranquilly; "my eight hundred livres are in this little bag, and I beg to offer them as *my* contribution."

As he said this, he placed his offering in the hands of their treasurer; it was then Loret's turn, who gave a hundred and fifty livres; the others stripped themselves in the same way; and the total sum in the purse amounted to forty thousand livres. The money was still being counted over when the superintendent noiselessly entered the room; he had heard everything; and then this man, who had possessed so many millions, who had exhausted all the pleasures and honors the world had to bestow, this generous heart, this inexhaustible brain, which had, like two burning crucibles, devoured the material and moral substance of the first kingdom in Europe, was seen to cross the threshold with tears in his eyes, and pass his fingers through the gold and silver which the bag contained.

"Poor offering," he said, in a softened and affected tone of voice, "you will disappear in the smallest corner of my empty purse, but you have filled to overflowing that which no one can ever ex-

haust, my heart. Thank you, my friends—thank you." And as he could not embrace every one present, who were all tearful, too, philosophers as they were, he embraced La Fontaine, saying to him, "Poor fellow! so you have, on my account, been beaten by your wife and censured by your confessor."

"Oh! it is a mere nothing," replied the poet; "if your creditors will only wait a couple of years, I shall have written a hundred other tales, which, at two editions each, will pay off the debt."

A Glimpse of Paris

All great victories naturally had their echo in Paris—Paris, that short-sighted city which has ever had a limited horizon, save when some great national excitement has driven her beyond her material interests. Paris, weary of bloodshed, eagerly sought after pleasure, and was only too glad to turn her eyes toward the theatre of war, so glorious was the drama which was there being enacted.

Most of the players of the Comédie-Française and the Théâtre Feydeau, who had been imprisoned as royalists, had been liberated after the 9th Thermidor. Larive, Saint-Prix, Molé, Dazincourt, Saint-Phare, and Elleviou had been received with frantic applause at the Comédie-Française and at the Feydeau. Everybody rushed to the theatres, where the "Marseillaise" was beginning to give place to the "Reveil du Peuple." And at last the *jeunesse dorée* (gilded youth) of Fréron began to appear.

Every day we utter those words "Fréron" and "jeunesse dorée" without having a clear idea of what they mean. Let us see.

There have been two Frérons in France; one was an honorable man, an upright and severe critic, who may perhaps have been mistaken, but who erred in good faith. This was Fréron, senior — Elie-Catherine Fréron. The other knew neither law nor faith, his only religion was hate, his sole motive was vengeance, and his one god was self-interest. This was Fréron, junior—Louis-Stanislas Fréron.

The father saw the whole of the eighteenth century pass before him. He was opposed to every innovation in art, and, in the name of Racine and Boileau, he attacked all such in literature. He was opposed to all political innovations, and attacked them in the name of religion and royalty. He recoiled before none of the giants of modern philosophism.

He attacked Diderot, who had come from his little town of Langres in sabots and jacket, half priest, half philosopher. He attacked Jean-Jacques, who had come from Geneva, penniless and without a jacket. He attacked D'Alembert, a foundling discovered on the steps of a church, who was for a long time called Jean Lerond, from the name of the place where he was found. He attacked those great lords called Buffon and Montesquieu. Finally, surviving even the anger of Voltaire, who had tried to injure him with his

satire, "The Poor Devil," to kill him with his epigrams, and to annihilate him with his comedy of "The Scotchwoman," he stood up and cried out to Voltaire in the midst of his triumph, "Remember that thou art mortal!"

He died before his two great antagonists, Voltaire and Rousseau. In 1776 he succumbed to an attack of gout, occasioned by the suppression of his Journal, "The Literary Year." This had been his weapon, and when it was broken he no longer cared to live.

The son, who had for godfather King Stanislas, and who had been a schoolfellow of Robespierre, drank to the dregs the draught which public opinion had poured into the paternal cup.

The injuries accumulated during thirty years upon the father's head fell like an avalanche of shame upon the son; and as his heart held neither faith nor fidelity, he could not bear up under them. Belief in a duty nobly fulfilled had made the father invincible. The son, having no counterpoise to the scorn which overwhelmed him, became ferocious; wrongfully held in contempt, since he was not responsible for his father's acts, he resolved to make himself hated on his own account. The laurels which Marat culled in editing "L'Ami du Peuple" destroyed Fréron's rest. He founded "The Orator of the People."

Naturally timid, Fréron could not restrain his cruelty, being too weak and fearful. When sent to Marseilles he became the terror of the city. While Carlier drowned his prisoners at Nantes, and Collot d'Herbois shot his at Lyons with musketry, at Marseilles Fréron did better—he used grape-shot.

One day, after a discharge of artillery, suspecting that some had fallen unharmed with those who were struck, and were counterfeiting death, he called out, in order to save the time necessary to search for them: "Let those who are not harmed stand up, and they will be pardoned."

The unfortunates who were not hurt trusted in his word, and stood up.

"Fire!" said Fréron.

And the gunners began again, doing their work with more accuracy, for this time no one stood up.

When he returned to Paris, Paris had made a step on the road to mercy. The friend of Robespierre became his enemy. The Jacobin took a step backward and became a Cordelier. He scented the 9th Thermidor. He made himself a Thermidorian with Barras and Tallien, he denounced Fouquier-Tinville, and, like Cadmus, he sowed the teeth of the dragon which was called the Revolution, and they sprang up at once amid the blood of the old régime and the filth of the new, in the shape of that *jeunesse dorée* which took his name, and whose chief he was.

The *jeunesse dorée*, as distinguished from the *sans-culottes*, who wore short hair, round jackets, trousers, and the red cap, either wore long tresses of hair, revived from the time of Louis XIII., and called "cadenettes" (from the name of its inventor, Cadenet, a younger son of Luynes), or hair falling over their shoulders, in what was styled "dog's-ears." They also revived the use of powder, and wore it plentifully upon their hair, which was turned back with a comb. Their morning costume consisted of a very short frock-coat and small-clothes of black or green velvet. When in full-dress they wore,

instead of this frock-coat, a coat of light color cut square, buttoned over the stomach, with tails coming down to the calves of their legs. Their muslin cravat was high and had enormous ends. The waistcoat was of piqué or white dimity, with broad facings and trimmings; two watch-chains hung over small-clothes of gray or apple-green satin, which came down half-way over the calves of the legs, where they buttoned with three buttons, and were finished off with a knot of ribbon. Silk stockings, striped either red, yellow, or blue, and pumps, which were the more elegant in proportion to their lightness, an opera-hat under the arm, and an enormous cane in the hand, completed the costume of an *Incroyable.*

Now why did those scoffers, who seize upon everything, call the individuals who compose the gilded youth of Paris the *incroyables?* We are about to tell you.

Change of dress did not suffice to distinguish a man from the revolutionists, he must also change his pronunciation. A honeyed dialect was substituted for the rude speech of 1793 and the democratic thou; consequently, instead of rolling their *r*'s as the pupils of the conservatory do to-day, they suppressed them altogether, and the letter became very near being entirely lost, like the Greek dative. Its bones were taken out of the language, together with its strength, and instead, as formerly, of giving one another their *Parole d'honneur,* with a strong emphasis on the consonant, they contented themselves with giving their *Paole d'honneu.*

According to circumstances, they had a *gande paole d'honneu,* or a *petite paole d'honneu;* but whichever of these two was used to support something either difficult or impossible to believe, the listener, too polite to contradict the person with whom he was conversing, contented himself with saying: "It is incoyable" (incredible, suppressing the *r* in *incroyable.*

Whereupon the other would say: "I give you my solemn grande (or, as they said, *gande*) word of honor."

And then, of course, no doubt remained.

Hence the designation *Incroyable* changed to *Incoyable,* given to the *jeunesse dorée.*

The *incoyable,* that hybrid of the Revolution, had his feminine counterpart, like him born of the same epoch. She was called the meiveilleuse.

She borrowed her raiment, not from a new fashion like the *incoyable,* but from antiquity, from the Greek and Corinthian draperies of the Phrynes and the Aspasias. Tunic, peplum, and mantle, all were cut after the fashion of antiquity. The less a woman had on to conceal her nakedness the more elegant she was. The true meiveilleuse, or merveilleuses—for that of course was the real word—had bare arms and legs, the tunic, modelled after that of Diana, was often separated at the side, with nothing more than a cameo to catch the two parts together above the knee.

But this was not enough. The ladies took advantage of the warm weather to appear at balls and at the promenade with filmy garments more diaphanous than the clouds which enveloped Venus, when she led her son to Dido. Æneas did not recognize his mother until she emerged from the

clouds. *Incessu patuit dea,* says Virgil, "by her step was the goddess known." These ladies, however, did not need to emerge from their clouds in order to be seen, for they were perfectly visible through them, and those who took them for goddesses must have done so only out of courtesy. This airy tissue of which Juvenal speaks became all the rage.

Besides private parties they met at public balls. People gathered either at the Lycée-Bal or the Hotel Thélusson to mingle their tears and their plans of vengeance with their dancing. These assemblies were called the "Balls of the Victims," and, indeed, no one was admitted to them unless he or she had had relatives either drowned by Carrier, guillotined by Robespierre, shot by Collot d'Herbois, or blown to pieces by Fréron.

Horace Vernet, who designed costumes for a living, has left a charming portfolio of the costumes of that period drawn from life with that delightful wit with which Heaven had endowed him. Nothing could be more amusing than this grotesque collection, and it is difficult to imagine how an *incoyable* and a *meiveilleuse* could meet without laughing in each other's faces.

But some of the costumes adopted by the fops at these balls of the victims were terrible in character. Old General Piré has told me twenty times that he has met *incoyables* at these balls wearing waistcoats and trousers made of human skins. Those who mourned only some distant relative, like an aunt or an uncle, contented themselves with dipping their little finger in some blood-red liquid; when this was the case they cut off the corresponding finger of their glove, and carried their little pot of blood to the ball to renew the color, as ladies did their rouge-pots.

While dancing, they conspired against the Republic. This was easy, because the Convention, which had its national police, had no Parisian police. It is a singular fact that public murder seemed to have destroyed private murder; and never were fewer crimes committed in France than during the years of '93, '94, and '95. Passions had other outlets.

I. Odoardo, the Prisoner

It was in the year 1555 nephew of Emperor Charles V and commander of the Flanders army, Emmanuel Philibert, Prince of Savoy, was awaiting a prisoner in his tent.

It was time and with the usual military punctuality, the sergeant arrived, conducting his prisoner.

Emmanuel received him seated, and half lost in the shadow. From the midst of this shadow he cast a look, deep and prolonged, on the prisoner.

He was a young man of from thirty to thirty-five. His stature was so lofty and his face so distinguished that his appearance had not prevented Emmanuel Philibert from recognising him as a gentleman.

"Leave the gentleman alone with me," said the prince to the sergeant.

The sergeant could only obey; he went out with his three men.

The prisoner fixed his keen and piercing eye on Emmanuel Philibert.

The latter rose, and went straight up to him. "Sir," said he, "those people did not know with whom they had to do, and so they have bound you. You are going to give me your word of honour not to attempt to escape, and I am going to untie your hands."

"I am a peasant, and not a gentleman," said the murderer; "I cannot, consequently, give you my word of honour as a gentleman."

"If you are a peasant, that word of honour does not bind you to anything. Give it to me, then, since it is the only pledge I require of you."

The prisoner did not answer.

"Then," said Emmanuel, "I will untie your hands without the word of honour. I do not fear to find myself alone with a man, even though that man had no honour to pledge!"

And the prince began untying the hands of the unknown.

The latter took a step backward. "Wait," he said; "on the faith of a gentleman, I shall not attempt to escape!"

"Come, now," said Emmanuel, smiling, "what the mischief! dogs, horses, and men know each other;" and he finished loosening the cord. "There! you are free; now let us talk."

The prisoner gazed coldly on his bruised hands, and let them fall by his side. "Talk?" he repeated, with irony; "and of what?"

"Why," replied Emmanuel Philibert, "of the cause that led you to this crime."

"I have said nothing," replied the unknown, "and I have nothing to say."

"You have said nothing to the emperor, whom you wished to kill, that is conceivable; you said nothing to the soldiers who arrested you, that I can easily understand; but to me, a gentleman who treats you, not as a vulgar assassin, but as a gentleman,—to me you will tell everything."

"For what good?"

"For what good? I am about to tell you: because I do not regard you as a man paid by some coward who has placed your arm at the end of his own, not daring to strike himself. For what good? Because you must not be hanged as some thief or lurking assassin, but decapitated as a noble and a lord."

"They have threatened to torture me to make me speak," said the prisoner; "let them do it!"

"Torture would be a useless cruelty; you would undergo it, and you would not speak; you would be mutilated, and not vanquished; you would keep your secret and leave the shame to your tormentors. No, that is not what I want; I want you to speak to me, a gentleman and a prince, as you would speak to a priest. And if you judge it unsafe to speak to me, it is because you are one of those wretches with whom I did not wish to confound you; it is because you have acted under the influence of a base passion you dare not avow; it is because—"

The prisoner drew himself up to his full height, and, interrupting, said:—

"My name is Odoardo Maraviglia, monsieur! Revive your recollections, and stop insulting me."

On his part, Emmanual felt some-

thing vibrate strongly in his memory at the sound of that name. In fact, that name had served as a pretext for the war which had deprived him of his states.

"Odoardo Maraviglia!" he said. "Are you the son of Francesco Maraviglia, the French ambassador at Milan?"

"I am his son."

Emmanuel concentrated his thoughts on the distant recollections of his boyhood; he found that name among them, but it threw no light on the present situation.

"Your name," he said, "is surely the name of a gentleman; but it does not recall any memory connected with the crime of which you are accused."

Odoardo smiled disdainfully.

"Ask the most august emperor," said he, "if there is the same obscurity in his memory that there is in yours."

"Excuse me, sir," returned Emmanuel; "at the time when Comte Francesco de Maraviglia disappeared I was still a child; I was hardly eight years old. It is not astonishing, then, that I was ignorant of a disappearance which, as I think I can recall, remained a mystery for everybody."

"Well, monseigneur, I am about to throw some light on this mystery. You know what a wretched prince was the last Sforza, eternally wavering between François I. and Charles V., according as the genius of victory favoured the one or the other. My father, Frencesco Maraviglia, was appointed envoy extraordinary to him by François I. This was in 1534. The emperor was occupied in Africa; the Duke of Saxony, the ally of François, had just made peace with the King of the Romans; Clement VII., another ally of France, had just excommunicated Henry VIII., King of England. Everything turned to the detriment of the emperor in Italy. Sforza turned, like everybody, to whom he still owed four hundred thousand ducats, and intrusted all his political fortunes to the envoy extraordinary of King François I. It was a great triumph. Francesco Maraviglia had the imprudence to boast of it. The words he spoke crossed the seas, and startled Charles V. in presence of the Turks. Alas! fortune is fickle. Two months after, Clement VII., who was the strength of the French in Italy, died; Tunis was taken by Charles V., and the emperor, with his victorious army, landed in Italy. An expiatory victim was necessary. Francesco Maraviglia was marked by fate to be that victim. In a quarrel between the servants of Comte Maraviglia and some of the rabble of Milan, two of the latter happened to be slain. The duke only wanted a pretext for keeping his promise to the august emperor. The man who for a year had been more powerful in Milan than the duke himself was arrested as a vulgar malefactor, and conducted to the citadel. My mother was present; she had with her my sister, a child four years old. I was in Paris, at the Louvre; I was one of the pages of François I. The count was torn from the arms of my mother; he was dragged away without the poor woman being told what he was charged with, or where he was being taken. Eight days passed, during which, despite all their efforts, the countess could discover nothing as to the fate of her husband. Maraviglia was known to be immensely rich; his

wife was able to purchase his liberty at his weight in gold. One night a man knocked at the door of my mother's palace; it was opened for him; he asked to speak to the countess without witnesses. Everything was of importance under the circumstances. Through the agency of friends and Frenchmen my mother spread a report through the city that she would give five hundred ducats to whoever would tell her where my father was. Probably this man, who desired to speak to her alone, was bringing news of the count, and, fearing betrayal, wished, by excluding witnesses, to insure secrecy.

"She was not mistaken; this man was one of the jailers of the fortress of Milan, where my father was imprisoned. Not only did he come to tell where my father was, but he brought a letter from him. On recognising her husband's handwriting, she counted out the five hundred ducats.

"The letter of my father announced his arrest, and that he had been placed in solitary confinement, but did not express any keen anxiety as to the result. My mother, in her reply, told her husband to dispose of her; her life and fortune were his. Five days passed. In the middle of the night the same man knocked at the palace; it was opened, and he was immediately introduced to the countess. The situation of the prisoner had, in the meantime, been aggravated. He was placed in another dungeon, and his confinement was made more rigidly secret.

"'His life,' said the jailer, 'was in peril.'

"Did this man want to extract some large sum from the countess, or was he telling the truth? Either of these two hypotheses might be correct. But fear induced my mother to adopt the latter. Moreover, she questioned the jailer, and his replies, while giving evidence of cupidity, also bore the impress of frankness.

"She gave him the same sum as on the first occasion, and told him at all hazards to form some plan for the count's escape. As soon as such a plan was arranged, he would receive a sum of five thousand ducats; and, once the count was out of danger, twenty thousand more would be handed over to him.

"It was a fortune! The jailer left the countess, promising to think over what he had just heard. The countess, on her side, made inquiries into the situation; she had friends near the duke; she knew through them that the situation was even worse than it had been described by the jailer. It was intended to prosecute the count as a spy. She awaited impatiently the visit of the jailer; she did not even know his name; and, even though she knew it, would she not ruin the jailer and ruin herself, if she were rash enough to inquire after him?

"However, one thing reassured her somewhat: there was to be a prosecution. What accusation could they bring against my father? The death of these two Milanese? It was an affair between domestics and peasants, with which a gentleman, an ambassador, could have nothing to do. But some voices said, quite low, that there would be no prosecution; and these voices were the most sinister of all, for they let it be understood that the count would not the less surely be

condemned for all that. At last, my mother was startled one night by the noise of the knocker on the door; she was beginning to recognise the manner in which her nocturnal visitor knocked; she awaited him on the threshold of her bedchamber. He addressed her with even more mystery than usual; he had found a means of escape, and was come to propose it to the countess. This was the plan he adopted.

"The dungeon of the prisoner was separated from the lodging of the jailer by a single gallery, opening into the dungeon by means of an iron door barred at the top. The jailer had the key of his second dungeon as well as of the first. He proposed to bore through the wall behind his bed, at a spot concealed from every eye. Through this opening he would enter the empty cell, and from there pass into the count's dungeon. The fetters of the count knocked off, he could pass from his dungeon into the neighboring cell, and then into the jailer's room.

"There he would find a ladder of ropes, by the aid of which he would descend into the fosse, at the darkest and most solitary part of the wall; a carriage would wait for the count a hundred yards from the fosse, and would carry him out of the duke's states with all the speed of two horses. The plan was good; the countess accepted it, but, fearing some deception might be practised on her with regard to the count, and she might be told he was saved while still a captive, she required to be present at this flight. The jailer objected the difficulty of introducing her into the fortress; but by a single word the countess removed this difficulty. She had obtained permission for herself and her daughter to see her husband,—a permission she had not yet availed herself of, and could therefore still make use of it. On the day appointed for the count's flight, she would enter the fortress at nightfall; she would see the count; then, on leaving him, instead of quitting the fortress, she would enter the jailer's room. There she would await the moment for the prisoner's flight. The jailer, who would depart with the count, would receive from the latter the sum agreed on. The carriage awaiting them was to contain a hundred thousand francs.

"The jailer was sincere in his offers; he accepted. The flight was arranged for the day after the next day. Before leaving, the jailer received his five thousand ducats, and indicated the place where the carriage was to be stationed. The care of this carriage was confided by the countess to one of her servants, a man of tried fidelity.

"But, pardon, monseigneur," said Odoardo, interrupting himself. "I forget I am speaking to a stranger, and that all these details, full of emotion and life for me, are indifferent to my listener."

"You are mistaken, sir," said Emmanuel; "I desire, on the contrary, to make appeal to your memory, in order that I myself may be able to share in all your recollections. I am listening."

Odoardo continued:—

"The two days passed in all the anguish that precedes the execution of such a project. One thing, however, tranquillised the countess: it was that the jailer had such an overpowering interest in the success of the enter-

prise; a hundred years' fidelity would not give this man the reward to be obtained by a quarter of an hour's treason. Ten times the countess asked herself why she had not decided on making the attempt at the end of twenty-four hours instead of at the end of forty-eight. It seemed as if the last twenty-four hours would never end, or would lead to some catastrophe that would upset the plan, however well conceived and ingenious it might be. The time swept by, measured by the hand of eternity. The hours struck with their ordinary impassability. At last that one arrived that was to tell her the moment had come to enter the prison. In presence of the countess, the carriage was laden with all the objects necessary for the flight of the count, in order that he might not be forced to stop on the route; two horses had been led beyond Pavia, so that he could make about thirty leagues without any delay. At eleven o'clock the horses would be harnessed to the carriage, which at midnight would be at the spot agreed upon.

"Once out of danger, the fugitive would take steps to warn the countess, and the latter would join her husband, wherever he might be."

II. Odoardo, the Gentleman

THE prisoner of state, Odoardo Maraviglia, was relating his history to his warden, Prince Emmanuel Philibert. His father, the count, had been imprisoned. His mother was to attempt to rescue him. He sighed deeply and spoke with keen feeling.

Face to face with the moment of execution, the countess now thought it had come very soon. She took her little daughter by the hand, and directed her course toward the prison. One fear agitated her during the journey: it was that as the permit was dated eight days back, she might be refused entrance to the prison.

"The countess was mistaken; she was introduced, without any difficulty, to the prisoner, her husband. The reports she heard were not exaggerated; and the manner in which a man of the count's rank was treated showed there could be no illusion on the fate that awaited him. The ambassador of France had a chain on his foot, as if he were a vile felon. The interview would have been very painful, if escape had not been imminent and certain. During this interview all that was not yet arranged was finally settled.

"The count was resolved on everything; he knew he had no quarter to expect; the emperor had positively insisted on his death—"

His Highness, Prince Emmanuel Philibert, made a movement.

"Are you sure of what you say, sir?" he asked, severely. "Do you know this is a grave accusation you are making against so great a prince as the Emperor Charles V.?"

"Does you Highness order me to stop, or permit me to continue?" said Odoardo, the prisoner.

"Continue! but why not answer my question?"

"Because the progress of my narrative, will, I fancy, render that question useless."

"Continue, then, sir," said Emmanuel Philibert.

"A few minutes after nine," returned Odoardo, "the jailer came to warn the countess, my mother, that it was time to withdraw. The sentries were about to be changed, and it was well the sentinel who had seen her enter should see her leave. The separation was cruel; and yet in three hours they would see each other again, never more to be separated. The child uttered piteous cries, and refused to abandon her father. The countess had almost to tear her from his arms. They passed the sentinel again, and plunged into the darkest depths of the courtyard. From the place where they were they gained, with infinite precautions, and without being seen, the house of the jailer. Once there, the countess and her daughter were shut up in a cabinet, and bidden not to utter a single word or make a single movement, as an inspector might at any moment enter the jailer's residence. The countess and her child kept themselves dumb and motionless. One hazardous movement, one whispered word, might deprive a father and husband of life.

"The three hours that still remained till midnight appeared as long to the countess as the forty-eight hours that had slipped by. At last the jailer opened the door.

"'Come!' he said, in a low voice,—a voice so low that the countess and her daughter guessed what this man intended to say, rather than what he said.

"The mother had not wished to leave her child, in order that the father, on escaping, might give her a last kiss. Besides, there are moments when, for an empire, one would not separate from those one loves.

"Did she know what was about to happen, this poor mother who was fighting for the life of her husband with his executioners? Might she also not be forced to fly, either with her husband, or on her own account? And if she had to fly, could she part with her child?

"The jailer pushed the bed aside; an opening two and a half feet high and two feet wide had been made in the wall behind.

"It was more than was needed for all the prisoners in the fortress to escape, one after another. Preceded by the jailer, the mother and child entered the first dungeon. After their passage, the wife of the jailer replaced the bed, in which a boy of four years was sleeping. The jailer, as I have said, had the key of the first dungeon; he opened the door of it, having first taken good care to oil the lock and the bolts, and found himself in the dungeon of the count. The latter had received, an hour before, a file with which to cut through his chain; but, unaccustomed to such labor, and, besides, fearing to be heard by the sentry, who was walking in the corridor, he was hardly half through the work. The jailer took the file in his turn; and, while the count clasped his wife and child in his arms, began filing the chain. Suddenly he lifted his head, and remained listening, with one knee

on the ground, his body resting on the hand that held the file, and the other hand extended in the direction of the door. The count wished to question him.

"'Silence!' he said; 'something unusual is passing in the fortress!'

"'Oh, my God!' murmured the countess, frightened.

"'Silence!' repeated the jailer.

"Every one was silent; they held their breath as if they would never breathe again. These four individuals resembled a group of bronze, representing all the shades of fear, from astonishment to terror. A slow and deep noise was heard, increasing as it approached. It was that of several persons in line of march. By the measured footfall of the steps it might be gathered that among these persons was a certain number of soldiers.

"'Come!' said the jailer, taking the countess and the child each by the arm, and dragging them with him, 'come! It is doubtless some night visit, some round of the governor. But, in any case, you must not be seen. As soon as the visitors have quitted the dungeon of the count, if, indeed, they enter it, we can resume the work where we left off.'

"The countess and her daughter opposed a weak resistance. Besides, the prisoner himself pushed them towards the door. They passed out of it, followed by the jailer, who closed it after them. As I have told your Highness, there was in the second dungeon a grated door, opening into the first, and through which, thanks to the darkness and the closeness of the bars, one could see everything without being seen.

"The countess held her daughter in her arms. The mother and child, hardly breathing, glued their faces to the bars to see what was going to happen.

"The hope they had for a moment entertained, that the business of the new-comers was not with the count, was soon dissipated. The procession halted at the door of the dungeon, and the key was heard grating in the lock. At the spectacle presented to her eyes the countess could hardly refrain from a cry of terror; it was evident the jailer guessed as much.

"'Not a word, madame; not a syllable! not a gesture, whatever happens! or—'

"He thought for a moment what means he should adopt to impose silence on the countess; then, drawing a thin, sharp blade from his breast,—

"'Or I poniard your child!' he said.

"'Wretch!' stammered the countess.

"'Oh!' he replied, 'each one here must think of his own life; and that of a poor jailer is, in the eyes of the poor jailer, of as much value as that of a noble countess!'

"The countess placed her hand on the mouth of the child in order to silence the child. As to herself, after the threat of the jailer, she was sure she would not let a sound escape.

"This is what the countess saw from the other side of the door, and what had torn from her the cry stifled by the jailer.

"First, two men, clad in black, and having each a torch in his hand; behind them, a man bearing a parchment unfolded, from which hung a big red seal; behind this man, another man, masked, and muffled in a brown robe;

behind the man masked, a priest. They entered, one by one, into the dungeon, without the countess betraying her emotion by a word or by a gesture; and, however, when they entered, the poor woman saw, outlined in the shadow of the corridor, a group still more sinister! Facing the door was a man wearing a costume half black, half red, his two hands resting on the hilt of a long broad naked sword. Behind him were six Brothers of Mercy, clad in black-hooded cloaks, with openings for the eyes only, and bearing a bier on their shoulders. Finally, beyond them were seen the moustaches of a dozen soldiers drawn up against the wall. The two men holding the torches, the man holding a parchment, the man masked, and the priest entered, as I have said, into the dungeon. Then the door was shut, leaving outside the executioner, the Brothers of Mercy, and the soldiers.

"The count was standing, leaning against the gloomy prison-wall, from which loomed out his pale features. His eye sought, behind the bars of the door, the direction of the frightened eyes he could not see, but which he guessed were glued to those bars. Those spectral visitors, mute and unlooked for though they were, left him no doubt as to the fate that awaited him. Besides, if he had had the good fortune to have reason for doubting, his doubt would not have been of long duration.

"The two men bearing torches placed themselves, the one on his right, the other on his left; the masked man and the priest stayed near the door; the man holding the parchment advanced.

" 'Count,' he asked, 'do you believe that you are fit to meet God?'

" 'As fit as one can be,' replied the count, with a calm voice, 'who has nothing to reproach himself with.'

" 'So much the better!' replied the man with the parchment; 'for you are condemned, and I am come to read your sentence of death.'

" 'Pronounced by what tribunal?' asked the count, ironically.

" 'By the all-powerful justice of the duke.'

" 'On what accusation?'

" 'On that of the most august emperor, Charles V.'

" 'It is well. I am ready to hear the sentence.'

" 'On your knees, count! It is on his knees that a man about to die should hear the sentence that condemns him.'

" 'When he is guilty, but not when he is innocent.'

" 'Count, you are not beyond the common law: on your knees! or we shall be constrained to employ force.'

" 'Try!' said the count.

" 'Let him stand,' said the masked man; 'let him cross himself only, in order to place himself under the protection of the Lord!'

"The count started at the sound of this voice.

" 'Duke Sforza,' he said, turning toward the masked man, 'I thank you.'

" 'Oh, it is the duke,' murmured the countess; 'perhaps I might prevail on him to pardon.'

" 'Silence, madame, if you value the life of your child!' said the jailer, in a whisper.

"The countess gave utterance to a groan which was heard by the count,

and made him start. He hazarded a gesture with his hand, which meant 'Courage!' then, as the masked man had invited him, he said aloud, making the sign of the cross,—

"'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

"'*Amen!*' murmured those present.

"Thereupon the man with the parchment began to read the sentence. It was rendered in the name of Duke Francesco Maria Sforza, at the request of the Emperor Charles V., and it condemned Francesco Maraviglia, agent of the King of France, to be executed at night, in a dungeon, as a *traitor, spy, and betrayer of state secrets.*

"A second groan reached the ear of the count,—a groan so faint that he alone was able, not to perceive, but to divine it.

"He turned his gaze towards the spot from which this doleful sound came.

"'Unjust as is the sentence of the duke,' he said, 'I receive it without trouble and without anger. However, as the man who cannot defend his life ought to defend his honour, I appeal from the sentence of the duke.'

"'And to whom?' asked the masked man.

"'To my king and master, François I., in the first place, and then to the future and to God!—to God, in whose hands are all men, and particularly princes, kings, and emperors.'

"'Is it the only tribunal to which you appeal?' said the masked man.

"'Yes, and I summon you to appear before that tribunal, Duke Francesco Maria Sforza!'

"'And pray when?' retorted the masked man.

"'In the same time that Jacques de Molay, Grand Master of the Templars, assigned to his judge; that is to say, in a year and a day. To-day is the 15th of November, 1534; on the 16th of November, 1535, then—Do you hear me, Duke Francesco Maria Sforza!'

"And he stretched forth his hand toward the masked man to emphasize the menace and the summons. But for the mask hiding the face of the Duke, his paleness would have been visible to all; for it was he, beyond all doubt, who was present at the agony of his victim. For a moment it was the condemned who triumphed, and the judge who trembled before him.

"'It is well,' said the duke; 'you have a quarter of an hour to pass with this holy man before undergoing your sentence.'

"And he pointed to the priest.

"'Try to finish in a quarter of an hour, for you shall not have a minute longer.'

"Then, turning to the man of God,—

"'Father,' he said, 'do your duty.'

"And he left, with the two torch-bearers and the man with the parchment.

"But he left the door wide open behind him, in order that his eyes and the eyes of the soldiers might be able to see the interior of the dungeon, and follow all the movements of the condemned, whom he had only quitted through respect for the rite of compassion and so as not to hear the voice of the penitent.

"Another sigh passed through the bars, and touched gently the palpitating heart of the condemned. The

countess had hoped that the door might be shut on him and the priest, and—who knows?—perhaps by supplication and tears, the sight of a wife on her knees praying for her husband, of a child praying for her father, might prevail on the man of God to consent to turn aside his head, and let the count escape.

"It was the last hope of my poor mother; it failed her—"

Emmanuel Philibert started. Sometimes he forgot that this recital was made by a son who was relating the last moments of his father. It seemed to him as if he was reading the pages of some terrible legend.

Then, on a sudden, a word recalled him to reality, and made him comprehend that the recital did not issue from the pen of a cold historian, but fell from the lips of a son, a living chronicle of the agony of his father.

"Yes, it was the last hope of my poor mother; it failed her!" repeated Odoardo, pausing a moment in his narration, on seeing the movement of Emmanuel. "For," he continued, "on the other side of the door, lit by the two torches and by the glare of the smoky lamps of the corridor, the dismal spectacle was still there, terrible as a vision, deadly as reality. The priest alone remained near the count, as I have told you. The count, without disturbing himself as to from whom this last consoler came, knelt before him. Then began the confession,—a strange confession, in which the man about to die did not seem to think of himself, but to be preoccupied only with others; in which the words said to the priest were really addressed to the wife and child, and ascended to God only after having passed through the hearts of a mother and a daughter! My sister alone, if she still lives, could recount the tears with which this confession was received; for I was not there. I, a merry lad, was playing, laughing, singing, perhaps, ignorant of what was passing within three hundred leagues of me, at the very moment when my father, at the threshold of death, was speaking of his absent son to my weeping mother and sister!"

Oppressed by this memory, Odoardo stopped an instant; then he resumed, stifling a sigh:—

"The quarter of an hour was soon passed. The masked man, with a watch in his hand, followed the face of priest and penitent; but when the fifteen minutes had elapsed,—

"'Count,' he said, 'the time allotted you to remain among the living has expired. The priest has finished his task; it is for the executioner now to do his.'

"The priest gave the count absolution, and rose. Then, pointing to the crucifix, he retired backward towards the door, and as the priest retired, the executioner advanced. The count remained on his knees. 'Have you any last petition to address to Duke Sforza or to Charles V?'

"'I have no petition to address to any one but God,' replied the count.

"'Then you are ready?' asked the same man.

"'You see it, since I am on my knees.'

"And, in fact, the count was on his knees, his face turned towards the bars of that gloomy door through which his wife and child were looking

at him. His mouth, which seemed to continue to pray, sent them words of love, which was still a last prayer.

"'If you do not wish my hand to sully you, count,' said a voice behind the victim, 'pull down the collar of your shirt. You are a gentleman, and I have no right to touch you except with the blade of my sword.'

"The count, without answering, pulled his shirt down to his shoulders, and remained with the neck bare.

"'Good and Gracious Lord!' said the count, 'Almighty and Merciful God, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!'

"He had scarcely said the words when the sword of the executioner flamed and hissed in the darkness, like a flash of lightning, and the head of the victim fell from his shoulders, rolling, as if with a last impulse of love, to the foot of the grated door. A hoarse, muffled cry was heard at the same time, and also the noise of a body falling backward.

"But the bystanders believed this cry was the last sound uttered by the victim; the noise they thought was made by his body falling on the flagstone of the dungeon—

"Excuse me, monseigneur," said Odoardo, stopping; "but if you wish to hear the rest I must have a glass of water, for I feel faint."

Emmanuel Philibert saw that the narrator of this terrible history was pale and tottering. He ran forward to support him, placed him on a pile of cushions, and gave him the glass of water he asked for.

The sweat was running down the forehead of the prince, and soldier though he was, accustomed to fields of battle, he seemed as near fainting as he whom he was succouring.

At the end of ten minutes Odoardo recovered.

"Would you know more, monseigneur?" he asked.

"I wish to know everything, sir," said Emmanuel; "such narratives as yours are great lessons for princes who are some day to reign."

"Be it so," answered the young man; "besides, the most terrible part is finished."

He wiped the perspiration from his forehead with his hand, and perhaps, also, his eyes, wet with tears at the same time, and continued:—

"When my mother recovered her senses, everything had vanished like a vision, and she might have believed she had had a bad dream, if she had not found herself lying on the bed of the jailer. Such terrible orders had been given by her to my sister not to cry, for fear her sobs might be heard, that, although the poor child believed that she had lost both father and mother, she regarded the latter with wide, scared eyes, from which the tears were flowing; but these tears continued to flow from the eyes of the child as silently for the mother as they did for the father. The jailer was no longer there; there remained only his wife. She took pity on the countess, and made her put on one of her garments; she dressed my sister in a suit of her son's, and at daybreak she set out with them and guided them on the road to Novara; then she gave two ducats to the countess, and recommended her to God.

"My poor mother seemed pursued by a terrible vision. She did not

dream either of returning to the palace and taking some money out of it, nor of finding the carriage in which the count was to escape; she was mad with terror. Her only care was to fly, to cross the frontier, to quit the territories of the Duke of Milan. She disappeared with her child in the neighbourhood of Novara, and nothing further was heard of her. What has become of my mother? What has become of my sister? I am utterly ignorant of their fate! The news of the death of my father reached Paris. It was the king himself who informed me of it, at the same time telling me I should never want his protection, and that he was about to exact vengeance for the assassination of the count by war.

"I asked the king's permission to accompany him. Fortune, at the beginning, favoured the arms of France. We crossed the states of your father, of which the king took possession; then we arrived at Milan.

"Duke Sforza had taken refuge with Paul III., at Rome.

"An inquiry was made into the murder of my father; but it was impossible to find any one who had taken a share in this murder, or had been present at it. Three days after the execution the executioner suddenly died. The name of the usher who read the sentence was unknown. The jailer had taken flight with his wife and son.

"Thus, in spite of all inquiries, I could not even discover the spot where the body of my father rested. Twenty years had elapsed since those useless inquiries when I received a letter dated from Avignon.

"A man, who merely signed his initials, invited me to come at once to Avignon if I wished to gain reliable information on the fate of my father, Comte Francesco de Maraviglia. He gave me the name and address of a priest whose mission it would be to conduct me to him if I accepted the invitation.

"The letter offered me that which was the desire of my whole life; I had set out on the very instant. I went straight to the priest; the priest was prepared. He led me to the writer. It was the jailer of the fortress of Milan. Seeing my father dead, and knowing the spot where the carriage was waiting with two hundred thousand ducats, the evil spirit tempted him. He had placed my mother on his bed, recommending her to his wife; then he let himself down by means of a ropeladder, crept up behind the coachman, who was waiting for my father, saying that he came from the latter, stabbed him, and, after throwing his body into the fosse, continued on his way, taking the carriage with him.

"Once over the frontier, he took post-horses, gained Avignon, sold the carriage, and, as no one ever claimed its contents, he appropriated the two hundred thousand ducats. He then wrote to his wife and son to join him.

"But the hand of God was on this man. His wife died first; next, after wasting away for ten years, the son joined the mother; at last, he felt that his own turn would soon come for rendering an account to God of what he had done during his passage through this world. It was this

summons from on high that made him repent and think of me. You understand, therefore, what was his object in wishing to see me.

"It was to confess everything to me, and to ask my pardon, not for the death of my father, with which he had no concern, but for the murder of the coachman and the robbery of the hundred thousand ducats. As to the man assassinated, there was no remedy for the crime; the man was dead.

"But as to the hundred thousand ducats, he had purchased with them a castle and a magnificent property at Ville-neuve-lez-Avignon, on the revenues of which he lived.

"I began by making him relate to me all the details of the death of my father, not once, but ten times. For that matter, the night had appeared so terrible to him that no incident escaped him, and he recalled the slightest details of the sinister event as if it had passed the evening before. Unfortunately, he knew nothing of my mother and sister except what his wife had told him, who lost sight of them on the road to Novara. They must have perished of hunger and fatigue!

"I was rich, and had no need of this increase of fortune; but a day might arrive when my mother and sister would reappear. Not wishing to dishonour this man by a public declaration of his crime, I had him make a gift of his castle and estate to the Comtesse de Maraviglia and her daughter. Then, as far as in me lay, and as God gave me power, I pardoned him.

"But there my mercy ended. Francesco Maria Sforza died in 1535, a year and a day after the summons given him by my father to appear before the tribunal of God. I had nothing further, therefore, to do with him; he was punished for his weakness, if not for his crime.

"But there remained the Emperor Charles V.,—the emperor at the pinnacle of his power, at the summit of his glory, at the height of his prosperity! It was he who had remained unpunished; it was he I resolved to strike.

"You will say that the men who bear the crown and sceptre are to be judged only by God; but sometimes God seems to forget.

"It is for men then to remember. I remembered,—that is all. But I was ignorant that the emperor wore, under his clothes, a coat of mail. He, too, remembered! I am Odoardo Maraviglia, and I wished to slay the emperor, because he had my father assassinated by night, and caused my mother and sister to die of hunger and fatigue!

"I have spoken. Now, monseigneur, you know the truth. I wished to kill; I deserve to be killed; but I am a gentleman, and I demand the death of a gentleman."

Emmanuel Philibert bowed his head in token of assent.

"It is just," he said, "and your demand shall be granted. Do you desire to be free up to the moment of execution? By *being free*, I mean not being bound."

"What must I do for this?"

"Give your word of honour not to escape."

"You have it already."

"Renew it to me, then."

"I renew it; only make haste. The crime is public; the confession is complete. What is the use of making me wait?"

"It is not for me to fix the hour of the death of a man. It must be according to the good pleasure of the Emperor Charles V."

Then, summoning the sergeant,—

"Conduct this gentleman to a private tent," said Emmanuel, "and let him want for nothing! A single sentinel will suffice to guard him: I have his parole as a gentleman. Go!"

History tells us that the gentleman Odoardo found the good pleasure of the Emperor was, as we would expect, a pardon.

The Marseillaise

At six o'clock in the morning, while the sun was disputing with a thick fog the right to light the world; while the first column of the French Republican Army, commanded by Savary, which had left Dawendorff the night before at nine o'clock, was entering Jaegerthar, where it was to rest for five or six hours; while the thunder of the cannon was beginning to be heard at the bridge of Reichsoffen, which was the object of the attack of the column commanded by Abatucci—the second column, the strongest of the three, with Hoche and Pichegru at its head, crossed the stream which flows past Niederbronn, and took possession of the village without striking a blow.

They had marched twelve miles, and the troops were allowed a short rest at this, their first halting-place. With the cry of "Long live the Republic!" the column started at eight o'clock for Froeschwiller, scarcely two miles away, seat of the Prussians.

Meanwhile the unceasing roar of the cannon could be heard in the direction of Reichsoffen. After a quarter of an hour the firing ceased suddenly. Had the passage been forced, or had Abatucci been obliged to retreat?

The general called Doumerc.

"Have you a good horse, captain?" he asked.

"Excellent."

"Can he take ditches and fences?"

"He can take anything."

"Gallop off then to the bridge of Reichsoffen, and bring me news or die in the attempt."

Doumerc rode off; ten minutes later two horsemen were seen rapidly approaching from the direction that Doumerc had taken. They were the captain and aide.

The captain had ridden but half of the way when he met a chasseur, who had been despatched by Abatucci to announce that he had carried the bridge and was about to march upon Froeschwiller. The aide having taken a Prussian officer prisoner, Abatucci made him a corporal—a nomination he begged the general to confirm.

The aide returned to Abatucci with his nomination confirmed, and carried a verbal order to march upon Froeschwiller, and threaten the town, while the

general attacked the heights. He was also to hold himself in readiness to render any assistance that might be needed. The troops had meantime continued their march and the heights of Froeschwiller were coming into view.

A small wood covered the road between Niederbronn and Froeschwiller, and fearing lest it might conceal an ambuscade the general ordered a sergeant and twenty men to form in skirmishing line and to investigate it.

"Oh!" said Doumerc, "it is not worth while to trouble the men for a little thing like that." And he went through the wood at a gallop, saying, as he returned, "There is no one there, general."

They passed through the wood safely, but as the advance-guard arrived at the edge of a brook it was greeted by a volley. Two or three sharpshooters had been stationed along the windings of the stream and in the numerous thickets. The two generals formed their men to attack. Pichegru ordered Charles to remain in the rear, but at his earnest solicitation he was allowed to accompany the staff.

Froeschwiller lies at the foot of a little hill which was then bristling with cannon and redoubts; on the right they could see Abatucci's force driving before them into the town the men who attempted to defend the bridge.

"Comrades," said Pichegru, "shall we wait for our companions, who have already had their share of glory at the bridge, before attacking these redoubts, or shall we keep for ourselves alone the glory of the undertaking, which will be a difficult one, I warn you!"

"Forward! Forward!" shouted with one accord the battalion of the Indre, which formed the head of the column.

"Forward!" cried the men of Hoche's division, who had threatened insubordination the night before, and who had subsequently obtained permission to march second in the line.

"Forward!" cried General Dubois, who was in command of the rear-guard of the Army of the Moselle, which now formed the advance-guard, owing to the reverse movement which had been made.

The drums and trumpets beat the charge. The front ranks began to sing the "Marseillaise"; the quick-step of three or four thousand men shook the earth, and like a human cyclone the army advanced with levelled bayonets.

They had scarcely gone a hundred feet before the little hill vomited fire like a volcano, and bloody furrows were plowed through the thick ranks, which were closed as rapidly as they were broken. The "Marseillaise" and the cries of "Forward!" continued, and the distance between the first ranks of the French soldiers and the intrenchments was rapidly lessening, when a second volley burst forth, and again the balls plowed their way through the ranks. They closed again, but this time a dogged rage succeeded to the enthusiasm, and the song grew fainter, the steps slower.

As the first rank reached the intrenchment, a third discharge burst from the hostile guns; this time the artillery, loaded with grape-shot, sent a hurricane of lead through the attacking column. The assailants fell back before that fiery blast. This time Death did not mow in long swaths, but fell as hail among the wheat. The song ceased, the music was hushed, the wave of

humanity not only stopped but flowed backward.

Again the troops took up the music of the victorious hymn. General Dubois, commanding the attack, had his horse killed under him, and was believed to be dead; but he extricated himself from beneath the animal, rose, and putting his hat on the point of his sword, cried, "Long live the Republic!"

This cry was repeated by all the survivors, and even by those of the wounded who were able to make their voices heard. The momentary hesitation vanished; the charge sounded again. The bayonets were levelled, and a roaring as of lions succeeded the singing and the shouts. The first ranks had already reached the redoubts. The grenadiers had begun to scale the walls, when thirty pieces of cannon belched flame with a noise like that of an explosion in a powder-mill.

This time General Dubois fell to rise no more. A ball had cut him in two. The first ranks disappeared in the whirlwind of fire as if engulfed in an abyss. This time the column not only wavered but fell back, and a space of forty feet, piled with the dead and wounded, was cleared.

Then a heroic deed was done. Before Pichegru, who had sent two of his aides-de-camp to Abatucci to come to their assistance, could guess his purpose, Hoche, throwing his hat on the ground that he might the better be recognized by all, with his sword in hand, dashed at a gallop into the clearing and shouted: "Soldiers! six hundred francs apiece for the Prussian cannon!"

"Taken!" cried the soldiers with one voice.

The music, which had been silent for a second, began again, and, amid shot and crashing balls, which did deadly work with their hail-like rain, Hoche, followed by his men, mad with hate and revenge, reached the first redoubt, climbed over it, and urged his horse into the midst of the enemy.

Pichegru placed his hand on the shoulder of Charles, his secretary. The boy was watching the terrible spectacle with wide-opened eyes and quickened breath.

"Charles," said he, "did you ever see a demi-god?"

"No, general," replied the boy.

"Well, then," said Pichegru, "look at Hoche. Not even Achilles, son of Thetis, was grander or more beautiful."

And in truth, Hoche surrounded by enemies, his hair floating in the wind of death, his brow pale, his lip disdainful, with his tall figure and his beautiful face, looked like an ideal hero, at once dealing death and scorning it.

How would the men climb behind him? how would they scale those parapets eight or ten feet high? It would be impossible to describe how it was done, but in less than five minutes Hoche was followed by his men, the redoubt was carried, and the corpses of one hundred and fifty men were lying at his feet. Then Hoche sprang upon the redoubt, and counting the cannon, said: "Four cannon awarded, for two thousand four hundred francs, to the first ranks of the attacking column!"

Thus he stood for a moment, a living flag of the Revolution before the whole army, a target for bullets, none of which touched him. Then, in a terrible voice, he shouted: "At the others! Long live the Republic!"

And in the midst of rolling drums, the blare of trumpets, generals, officers and soldiers rushed pell-mell upon the intrenchments. At the first sound of the trumpets, the royalists, who were in readiness, rushed from their camp; but they were received by Abatucci's advance-guard, which came up at the double-quick, and kept them so busily engaged that they were unable to assist their allies, the Prussians. Abatucci, in obedience to Pichegru's orders, had even detached fifteen hundred men, which he sent with the two aides-de-camp to join the main army.

Pichegru took command of them, and seeing that Abatucci was fully able to take care of himself with his remaining men, he hastened to the assistance of his comrades, who were hard-pressed at the redoubts. These fresh troops, animated by their victory at the first charge, penetrated the battery. The gunners were cut down, and such guns as could not be turned upon the Prussians were spiked.

The two generals met in the midst of the fray, and standing upon the summit of a low hill, from which they could see the whole plain of Neschwiller, joined in a shout of triumph. A black mass of shining weapons, tricolored plumes, and flags bending like the masts of a ship in a tempest, were advancing at the double; it was Macdonald and the first column, who thus arrived, not in time to decide the victory, for that was already gained, but to share in the glory.

At sight of them the Prussians became panic-stricken and thought only of flight. They flung themselves over the parapets of the redoubts, and rolled, rather than ran, down a slope so steep that it had not been thought necessary to fortify it. But Macdonald by a prompt manœuvre had skirted the hill, and received the soldiers at the point of the bayonet.

The royalists, who alone had not fled, on seeing their comrades, knew that the day was lost. The infantry retreated slowly, covered by the cavalry, whose bold and frequent charges won the admiration even of those who were fighting against them.

Pichegru, under pretext that they were wearied, sent word to their conquerors to allow them to retreat slowly, while, on the contrary, the cavalry was to charge the fleeing Prussians, who did not rally until they had passed Woerth.

Then each of the generals, hastening to the top of the low hill to view the battlefield, met at the summit. They threw themselves into each other's arms, and waving, the one his bloody sword, the other his hat pierced by two bullets, looked like two gigantic statues through the smoke which still mounted to the sky like the expiring flame of an extinguished volcano.

A tremendous cry of "Long live the Republic!" resounded across the battlefield at this sight, until it gradually died away, and was merged in the groans of the wounded and the last sighs of the dying.

It was noon and the victory was complete. The conquered Prussians abandoned the battlefield covered with dead and wounded, twenty-four ammunition wagons, and eighteen cannon.

The cannon were dragged before the two generals, and their captors were paid for them at the price set upon them at the beginning of the conflict—six hundred francs apiece.

The battalion of the Indre had taken two. The soldiers were exhausted, first

from their night's march, and then from the three long hours of fighting. The generals decided that while one battalion took possession of Froeschwiller, the others should halt and breakfast upon the battlefield.

The trumpets sounded and the drums beat a halt. Arms were stacked. The French relighted the Prussian fires, some of which were not wholly extinguished. When they left Dawendorff they had all received their full rations, and as they had in addition their back pay for five months, each one had added a sausage, a roast fowl, a smoked tongue or a leg of ham to the regular fare. All had full canteens.

If one chanced to be less well provisioned, and had only dry bread, he opened a dead comrade's knapsack and found all he wanted.

In the meantime the surgeons were going over the field; those who could stand the transportation were sent to Froeschwiller to await attention there, the others were looked after at once. The generals established themselves in the redoubts previously occupied by General Hodge half way up the hill. A few chairs, knives and forks and glasses were discovered; they had hoped to find all other necessaries in the general's wagon, but a stray ball had shattered the caisson and all that it contained. The table was set with all the necessary dishes, but all kinds of food and drink were conspicuous by their absence.

Pichegru was about to ask tithes of his soldiers, when a voice, which seemed to come from the bowels of the earth, cried: "Victory! Victory!"

Some one had discovered a trap-door, a staircase, and a cellar containing a well-furnished pantry.

Ten minutes later the generals and their staff were dining at the same table. No words could describe these fraternal love-feasts, where soldiers, officers and generals broke the bread of the bivouac together. These men who were to conquer the world, and had started at the Bastile as Cæsar's soldiers had started at the Golden Mile, began to feel in themselves the supreme confidence which gives victory. They did not know whither they were to go, but they were ready to go anywhere. They had before them the whole world, and behind them France—the land which is more solicitous than all others, the only one which lives, breathes, and loves her children, which has a heart, which trembles with pleasure beneath their feet when they triumph, with sadness when they are vanquished, and with gratitude when they die for her.

Oh! he only knows her, this Cornelia among nations, he only can cherish her pride, who can place on her head a laurel-crown, and in her hand the sword of Charlemagne, of Philippe-Auguste, of François I., or of Napoleon—he alone knows what milk can be drawn from her bosom, what tears from her eyes, what blood from her heart!

In this genesis of the nineteenth century, with the mire of the eighteenth still clinging to its feet while its head was in the clouds—in these first battles, when a single people, in the name of liberty and the happiness of the human race, threw down the gauntlet to the whole civilized world—there was something grand, Homeric, sublime, which I feel myself powerless to describe. It is not the least of the poet's misfortunes to feel grandeur, and yet, breathless, stifled, discontented with himself, to fall far short of that which he feels.

I. D'Artagnan, the Gascon

M. DE TROISVILLE, captain of the Musketeers, as his family was yet called in Gascony, or M. de Treville, as he called himself in Paris, had actually begun life without being worth a sou, but with that fund of audacity, wit and resolution, which makes the poorest Gascon gentleman often inherit more in virtue of tact and thrift than the richest gentleman of Périgord or Berri receives in reality. His reckless bravery —cool and defiant, especially when blows were falling thick as hail—had raised him to the top of that difficult ladder called court favor, which he had mounted four steps at a time. He was the confidential friend of the king, who, as every one knows, greatly honored the memory of his father, Henry IV. In those unhappy days it was much the custom to surround one's self with men of Treville's stamp. Many could take for their device the epithet of "fortis," which formed the second part of the motto, but few men had any right to the epithet "fidelis" which formed the first part of it. Treville was one of the latter class; yet obedient as the mastiff, with a blind courage, and a ready hand, to whom the eye had been given only to see whether the king was dissatisfied with any one, and the hand but to strike the offending person—a Besme, a Maurevers, a Poltrot de Méré, a Vitry; in short, Treville only wanted an opportunity; but he watched for it, and was resolved to seize it by the hair of its head if ever it came within his grasp. Louis XIII therefore appointed Treville captain of the musketeers, who, by their devotion, or rather fanaticism, became what his ordinary troops were to Henry IV. and his Scottish guard to Louis XI. In this respect the cardinal was not behind the king; for when he saw the formidable picked guard with which Louis surrounded himself, this second, or rather this foremost king of France, wished also to have his own guard; he, therefore, as well as the king, had his guard; and these two rival powers selected for their service, from all the provinces of France, and even all foreign countries, men famous for their skill as swordsmen. And Richelieu and the king, over their game of draughts in the evening, often disputed concerning the merits of their respective followers. Each boasted of the firmness and courage of his own; and whilst openly inveighing against duels and quarrels, they secretly excited their respective partisans to fight, and experienced intense chagrin, or immoderate delight, at their respective victories or defeats. Thus, at least, says the memoir of one who had taken a part in some of these defeats and many of these victories.

Louis XIV. absorbed all the lesser stars of his court by his vast brilliancy; but his father, *Sol pluribus impar,* left to each of his favorites his own personal splendor—his individual valor to each of his courtiers. Besides the king's levee, and that of the cardinal, there were then at Paris at least two hundred smaller ones of some note: and amongst the two hundred lesser levees, that of M. de Treville was one of those most frequented. From six o'clock in the morning during summer,

and eight in the winter, the court-yard of his mansion in the Rue du Vieux Colombier resembled a camp. From fifty to sixty musketeers, who appeared to relieve each other, so as to present a number always imposing, were stalking about incessantly, armed to the teeth, and ready for anything. From one end to the other of one of those long staircases, on whose extent our modern civilization would build an entire house, ascended and descended those petitioners who sought favors; with provincial gentlemen, eager to be enrolled, and lackeys, liveried in every color of the rainbow, who came to deliver messages from their masters to M. de Treville. In the ante-chamber, on long circular benches, reclined the *élite*, that is, such of them as had assembled; a continual buzzing prevailed from morning to night; while M. de Treville, in his cabinet adjoining the ante-chamber, received visits, listened to complaints, gave his orders and, like the king in his balcony at the Louvre, had only to place himself at his windows to review his little army and their accoutrements.

On the day when D'Artagnan, a country youth seeking service, presented himself, the assembly was very imposing, especially to a provincial just arrived in Paris. It is true this provincial was a Gascon and at this period more especially, D'Artagnan's countrymen had the reputation of not being easily intimidated; in fact, as soon as any one had passed the threshold of the massive door studded with great iron nails, he found himself in the midst of a troop of swordsmen, who were cruising about the court, talking, quarreling, and jesting with each other. To clear a path through these wandering comets, it was necessary to be an officer, a man of rank, or a pretty woman. It was, therefore, in the midst of this crowd and disorder that our youth, holding his long rapier against his slender legs, and the rim of his beaver in his hand, advanced with palpitating heart, yet with that sort of half smile of rustic embarrassment which wishes to put the best face upon an awkward matter. When he had passed one group, he breathed more freely, but he perceived that they turned to look at him, and D'Artagnan, who to that day had invariably entertained a pretty good opinion of himself, for the first time in his life thought himself ridiculous. When he had reached the staircase it was still worse: on the first step were four musketeers, who amused themselves in the following manner, whilst ten or a dozen of their companions waited on the landing-place till it was their turn to have a share in the games. One of them, on a higher step, with a naked sword in his hand, prevented, or endeavored to prevent the other three from mounting the stairs, whilst these three skirmished with him D'Artagnan at first took these swords for foils, and thought they were buttoned; but he soon perceived, by certain scratches, that each weapon was as sharp as possible, and at every wound, not only the spectators, but the actors themselves, laughed heartily. The one who held the higher step at that time kept his opponents at bay in a dexterous manner. A circle was formed around them, the condition of the game being that at every hit, he who was struck should relinquish the pastime, and surrender his turn of re-

ception by M. de Treville to the one who had touched him. In five minutes three were slashed—one on the hands, one on the chin and another on the ear, by this defender of the staircase, who was himself untouched—a proof of his skill, which, according to the rules of the game, entitled him to three turns of favor. This sport surprised our young traveler, although he did not wish it to appear that he was astonished. He had seen in his own province (that province where, moreover, the fiery passions are so promptly roused) a good many provocatives to duels, and yet the gasconade of these four players appeared much stronger than any he had heard of even in Gascony. He fancied he was transported into that famous country of giants Gulliver penetrated, and where he was so greatly frightened.

Of course D'Artagnan dared not join in the conversation; he only kept his eyes and ears wide open, and every sense on the alert, that he might lose nothing; he found himself drawn by his tastes and instinct, rather to praise than blame the incredible things he heard around him. Nevertheless, as he was absolutely a stranger to the crowd of M. de Treville's courtiers, and it was the first time he had been seen there, some one came to inquire what he wanted. At this question he humbly gave his name, relying on his being a countryman, and requested the servant to solicit a moment's audience of M. de Treville.

Upon a signal from M. de Treville, every one now retired except D'Artagnan, who did not abandon his audience, but, with true Gascon tenacity, remained in the same place. When all the intruders had left the room M. de Treville turned round and found himself alone with the young man, and he now inquired what this persevering pleader wanted. D'Artagnan repeated his name; and M. de Treville recalling the past instantly became aware of his situation.

"Pardon," said he, smiling, "pardon, my dear countryman. What do you want? A captain is not merely the father of a family, but burdened with a heavier responsibility than an ordinary parent; for soldiers are great children; but it is my duty to see that the orders of the king, and more especially those of the cardinal, are carefully executed."

D'Artagnan could not repress a smile; and this smile satisfied M. de Treville that he was not dealing with a fool. Therefore he came at once to the point, and at the same time changed the conversation.

"I greatly esteemed your father," said he; "what can I do for the son? Tell me quickly, for my time is not my own."

"Sir," said D'Artagnan, "in quitting Tarbes, and coming here, I wish to ask from you, as a memorial of the friendship which you have not forgotten, the uniform of a musketeer; but from what I have seen during these last two hours, I more fully comprehend the extreme importance of the favor, and tremble lest I may not be deemed worthy of it."

"It is indeed a great favor, young man," said M. de Treville; "but it cannot be so far above you as you believe, or, at least, seem to believe. However, a decision of his majesty provides for these cases; and I regret to inform you

that no one is received among the musketeers who has not passed the ordeal of a campaign, performed some brilliant action, or served for two years in some less favored regiment than our own."

D'Artagnan bowed without replying, but at the same time feeling more eager to don the uniform of the musketeers, since that object could only be obtained with great difficulty.

Still D'Artagnan, ignorant as he was of the manners of the court, felt the coldness of this reception.

"Alas, sir," said he, "I now deeply feel the want of the letter of introduction which my father gave me."

"I am, in truth, somewhat surprised," replied M. de Treville, "that you should have undertaken so long a journey without that provision, so essential to every Béarnese."

"I had one, sir, in all proper form," cried D'Artagnan, "but was perfidiously robbed of it."

"Young man," said he, slowly, "as the son of my old friend—for I consider your story of the lost letter true—I wish, in order to compensate for the coolness which you perceived on my first reception, to reveal to you a secret of our politics. The king and the cardinal are the best of friends; their apparent disputes are merely to deceive simple folks; and I do not wish that my countryman, a handsome cavalier, a brave youth, formed to rise in the world, should be the dupe of all these pretenses, and, like a simpleton, rush headlong into the snare which has proved the destruction of so many others. Rest assured that I am entirely devoted to these two all-powerful masters, and that all my serious proceedings can never have any other object in view than the service of the king, and of the cardinal, who is one of the most illustrious geniuses that France has ever produced. Now, young man, regulate your conduct by this; and should you, through your family or connections, or from any feeling of your own, bear the slightest hostility toward the cardinal, such as you may have seen burst forth occasionally amongst our gentlemen, take your leave, and quit me. I can assist you in a thousand ways, without attaching you to my own person. At all events, I hope my frankness will make you my friend, for you are the first young man to whom I have ever spoken in this manner."

Treville ceased speaking, but he thought to himself, "If the cardinal has really sent me this fox, he would not surely fail—he who knows how much I loathe him—to tell his spy that the best mode of paying court to me, was to say everything bad of himself. Therefore in spite of my protestations, the cunning fellow will doubtless say that he holds his eminence in detestation."

The result, however, was far different from M. de Treville's anticipations. With the utmost simplicity D'Artagnan replied: "Sir, I am come to Paris with sentiments and intentions exactly similar to those you have just expressed. My father charged me to obey no one but the king, the cardinal, and yourself, whom he considers the three greatest men in France." D'Artagnan, it will be perceived, added M. de Treville to the two others, but he considered that this addition would do no harm. "Hence," he continued, "I have the

greatest veneration for the cardinal, and the most profound respect for his actions. It is, therefore, so much the better for me, since you will do me the honor to esteem this similarity of opinion; but if, on the contrary, as may be very natural, you entertain any feelings of distrust respecting me, so much the worse, as I shall then feel that I am ruined by speaking the truth. I hope, however, you will at least favor me with your esteem, which I value more than anything else."

M. de Treville was astonished. So much penetration, and yet so much candor, excited his admiration, although they failed to wholly remove his doubts. The more superior this youth was to other young men, the more formidable would he be if employed as a spy. Nevertheless, he grasped D'Artagnan's hand and said to him, "You are an honest fellow; but at present I can only do for you what I have promised. In the meantime, my house shall always be open to you; so that, having access to me at all times, and being ready to take advantage of every opportunity, you will probably hereafter obtain what you desire."

"That is to say," replied D'Artagnan, "that you will wait till I have become worthy of it. Very well," he added with Gascon familiarity, "rest assured that you will not have to wait long;" and he bowed to retire, as if from henceforth he must trust to himself only.

"But wait a moment," said M. de Treville, stopping him; "I promised you a letter to the director of the Academy. Are you too proud to accept it, young gentleman?"

"No, sir," replied D'Artagnan; "and I will further promise you that the fate that overtook my father's letter shall not befall this, which I will take good care shall reach its destination; and woe be to him who shall attempt to deprive me of it."

M. de Treville smiled at this rodomontade, and leaving his young countryman in the embrasure of the window, where they had been talking, sat down to write the promised letter of introduction. In the meantime, D'Artagnan, who had nothing better to do, beat a march on the window, looking at the musketeers, as they proceeded in order, and watching them till they disappeared round the corner of the street. M. de Treville, having written the letter, and sealed it, approached the young man to give it to him; but at the very moment when D'Artagnan held out his hand to receive it, M. de Treville was astonished to perceive his *protégé* cut a caper, redden with anger, and rush out of the cabinet, exclaiming:

"'Od's blood! he shall not escape me this time!"

"And who is he?" demanded M. de Treville.

"It is he—the thief, who stole my father's letter," replied D'Artagnan. "Oh, traitor!" and he vanished.

"A confounded madman!" murmured M. de Treville, "unless it is, after all, a clever mode of giving me the slip, seeing that he has failed in his attempts."

II. D'Artagnan Meets the Musketeers

D'Artagnan, raging had passed through the ante-chamber of the Captain of the Musketeers in three bounds, and reached the staircase, which he was about to descend by four steps at a time, when he suddenly ran full butt against a musketeer, who was leaving M. de Treville's dwelling by a private door, and dashing his head against his shoulder, made him utter a cry, or rather a howl. "Excuse me," said D'Artagnan, wishing to continue his course; "excuse me; I am in a great hurry."

But he had hardly descended the first step, before a hand of iron seized him by his cloak, and stopped him. "You are in a hurry!" exclaimed the guardsman, as pale as a sheet, "and under this pretext you dash against me. You say 'excuse me,' and think that is sufficient. But it is not so, my young man. Do you imagine, because you heard M. de Treville address us somewhat bluntly, to-day, that any one may speak to us as he speaks? Undeceive yourself, comrade; you are not M. de Treville!"

"Upon my word," said D'Artagnan, seeing that it was a wounded musketeer, who, after the attentions of the surgeon, was now returning to his apartments; "upon my word, I did not run against you on purpose, and not having done it on purpose, I said 'excuse me.' It appears to me, therefore, enough. Nevertheless, I repeat—and this time perhaps it is too much—that upon my honor, I am in a hurry, a prodigious hurry; loose me, therefore, I beseech you, and permit me to go about my business."

"Sir," said Athos, releasing him, "you are by no means polite; it is evident that you come from a distance."

D'Artagnan had already descended three or four steps, but at this remark of Athos he stopped short. "Sir," said he, "from whatever distance I may come, I assure you that you are not the individual from whom I should choose to receive a lesson in good manners."

"Perhaps not," replied Athos.

"Ah! would that I were not in such a hurry!" exclaimed D'Artagnan, "and that I were not running after some one!"

"Sir, you seem in a hurry; you will fine me without running; do you comprehend?"

"And where may it please you?"

"Near des Carmes-Deschaux."

"At what hour?"

"About twelve o'clock."

"Very well, I will be there."

"Take care that you do not make me wait too long," said Athos, "for I tell you plainly at a quarter past twelve it is I that will run after you and cut off your ears for you."

"Good!" exclaimed D'Artagnan; "but I will take special care to be there at ten minutes before twelve."

And he commenced running again as if the devil was behind him, hoping still to catch the unknown, whose tardy pace could not yet have carried him out of reach. But at the corner of the street another Musketeer, Porthos, was talking with one of the soldiers on guard, and between these two there was just space enough for a man to pass.

D'Artagnan fancied that this space was sufficient for him, and he shot forward to rush like an arrow between the two. He had not, however, made allowance for the wind, which, while he was passing, actually ingulfed him in the enormous cloak of Porthos, into which he fairly plunged. Doubtless Porthos had cogent reasons for not abandoning this essential portion of his dress; and so, instead of letting go the corner which he held, he drew it more closely toward him, so that D'Artagnan found himself rolled up in the velvet, by a rotary motion involved in this obstinate resistance.

D'Artagnan, hearing the musketeer swear, wished to escape from under the cloak, which completely blinded him, and sought for an outlet through the folds. Above all, he feared that he had injured the magnificent belt, of which we have heard so much; but on recovering his powers of vision he found his nose jammed against the shoulder of Porthos, that is, exactly on the belt. Alas! like the majority of fine things of this world which are only made for outward show, the belt was of gold in front, and a simple leather behind. In fact, Porthos, as proud as he was, being unable to afford a belt entirely of gold, had procured one of which the half at least was of that metal. And this may perhaps account for the cold from which Porthos had avowed himself suffering, and the consequent need of the cloak.

"'Od's-bodikins!" cried Porthos, making every effort to free himself from D'Artagnan, "you are mad to throw yourself in this manner upon people."

"Excuse me," said D'Artagnan, reappearing from beneath the shoulder of the giant, "but I was in a hurry; I am running after some one——"

"Do you shut your eyes when you run?" demanded Porthos.

"No," answered D'Artagnan, somewhat piqued; "no, and, thanks to my eyes, I can see what others do not see."

Whether Porthos understood him or not, he yet gave way to his anger. "Sir," said he, "you will get yourself curried, if you thus rub against the musketeers."

"Curried, sir!" said D'Artagnan; "your expression is rash."

"It is such as becomes a man who is accustomed to face his enemies."

"Ah, by St. Denis," said D'Artagnan, "I know well that you would not turn your back upon yours!" and the young man, delighted with his joke, marched off, laughing outrageously.

Porthos was foaming with anger, and was hastening after D'Artagnan when the latter cried out:

"By and by, by and by, when you are quit of your cloak."

"At one o'clock, then, behind the Luxembourg!" shouted Porthos.

"Very well, at one o'clock," answered D'Artagnan, as he turned the corner of the street.

But neither in the street which he had just traversed, nor in that down which he looked did he see any one. Slowly as he had walked the stranger had disappeared. Perhaps he had entered some house. D'Artagnan inquired after him of every one he met; he even went down to the ferry, returned by the Rue de Seine and La Croix Rouge, but no one in the least like the robber was to be seen. This racing about, however, was so far serviceable to him, that as

the perspiration bathed his forehead his heart grew cool, and he then began to reflect on the events which had just transpired. They were numerous and inauspicious. It was scarcely eleven o'clock and already the morning had brought with it the loss of M. de Treville's favor, who must have deemed the mode in which he left him extremely rude; besides this, he had entangled himself in a brace of duels with two men, each of them capable of slaying three D'Artagnans; and, lastly, these duels were with two musketeers, with two of those very men whom he esteemed so highly that in his own mind he ranked them above all the world. The state of his affairs was desperate; certain of being killed by Athos, it is clear our youth had not much need to trouble himself about Porthos. However, as hope is the last thing which is extinguished in man's heart, he began to hope he might survive—it might be, to be sure, with terrible wounds; and under the impression that he should survive, he gave himself the following rebukes as a guard for the future: "What a hair-brained fellow I am! What a booby! This brave and unlucky Athos was wounded on the shoulder, against which I must therefore run full butt like a ram. The only thing which surprises me is, that he did not kill me at once. He would have been justified in doing so, for the pain I caused him must have been excruciating. As for Porthos,—oh! as for Porthos, upon my word, it is even more droll." And in spite of all his efforts to restrain himself, the youth began to laugh, at the same time looking round lest his solitary laugh, which to those who might see him must appear causeless, should offend any one passing. "As to Porthos," he continued, "it is even droller; but I am none the less a miserable ninny to throw myself thus upon people, without saying 'Take care.' And, besides, does any one look under a person's cloak to search for what no one supposes to be there? He would doubtless have pardoned me, had I not spoken to him of that confounded belt. It was, it is true, only by insinuation—yes, insinuation. I' faith a pretty business! Foolish Gascon that I am—a pretty kettle of fish I have in hand. Come, my friend D'Artagnan," he continued, addressing himself with all the civility to which he thought himself entitled, "should you escape, which is not very probable, you must for the future be extremely polite; hereafter every one must admire you, and must quote you as a model. To be obliging and polite is not cowardly. Observe Aramis; he is softness and grace personified. And yet did any one ever pretend to say that Aramis was a coward? No; and for the future I will in all points make him my model. Ah! singular enough, here he is."

D'Artagnan, thus walking and soliloquizing, had arrived within a few paces of the Hôtel d'Aiguillon, and before this hotel he perceived Aramis, a musketeer. talking gaily with three gentlemen of the king's guard. D'Artagnan, full of his new-formed plans of conciliation and courtesy, approached the four young men, making them a profound obeisance, accompanied by a gracious smile. Aramis bowed slightly, but did not smile. All four, however, at once ceased their conversation. D'Artagnan had acuteness enough to perceive that

he was an intruder; but he was not sufficiently skilled in the ways of the gay world to withdraw himself dexterously from a false position, such as is generally that of a man who joins those he scarcely knows, and takes part in a conversation which does not concern him. He therefore sought about for some means of retreat which might be the least awkward, when he sudednly perceived that Aramis had dropped his handkerchief, and, inadvertently, no doubt, had put his foot upon it.

The moment appeared to be favorable for repairing his malapropos intrusion; he therefore stooped down with the most graceful air imaginable, drew the handkerchief from under the musketeer's foot, notwithstanding the efforts he made to retain it there, saying, as he presented it to Aramis, "I believe, sir, this is a handkerchief which you would be sorry to lose."

The handkerchief was, in fact, richly embroidered, and had a crown and arms in one of its corners. Aramis blushed deeply, and snatched rather than took, the handkerchief from the hands of the Gascon.

"Ha, ha!" laughed one of the guards, "will you say now, most discreet Aramis, that you are on bad terms with Madame de Bois Tracy, when that gracious lady condescends to lend you her handkerchief?"

Aramis threw such a glance at D'Artagnan as makes a man understand that he has gained a mortal enemy. Then resuming his soft air, "You mistake, comrades," said he; "this handkerchief is not mine, and I know not why this gentleman has taken a fancy to give it to me, rather than one of you; and as a proof of what I say, here is my own in my pocket." So saying, he drew from his pocket his own handkerchief, a very handsome one, of fine cambric, although cambric at the time was very dear; but it was without embroidery, without arms, and adorned with a simple initial, that of its owner.

This time D'Artagnan uttered not a syllable. He had discovered his mistake. But the friends of Aramis would not allow themselves to be convinced by this denial; and one of them, addressing the young musketeer with an air of affected solemnity, said:

"If the fact is as you assert, my dear Aramis, I shall be compelled to demand possession of the handkerchief, De Bois Tracy being, as you are aware, one of my most intimate friends, and I should not wish any one to display his wife's property by way of a trophy."

"You make the demand with a bad grace," replied Aramis; "and on this ground alone, even were I to admit its justice, I should still refuse compliance with your request."

"The fact is," modestly observed D'Artagnan, "I did not see the handkerchief fall from the pocket of M. Aramis; but he had his foot upon it, however, and hence my reason for supposing that it belonged to him."

"And you were mistaken, sir," coldly replied Aramis, not very grateful for the apology. Then turning to the guardsman who had avowed himself the friend of De Bois Tracy, he added, "Besides, on reflection, my worthy comrade, I am as much a friend of De Bois Tracy as yourself, and this handkerchief, strictly speaking, might have come from your pocket as well as mine."

"No, upon my honor," said the royal guardsman.

"You swear by your honor, and I pledge my word, therefore, the one or other of us lies. But come, Monterau, let us do something better than indulge in counter assertions and denials: let each of us take half."

"Of the handkerchief."

"Yes."

"Perfectly fair!" cried the other two guardsmen; "decidedly a judgment after Solomon. Aramis, you are an oracle!" exclaimed the young men, indulging in hearty laughter; and the affair, as may be imagined, was thus deprived of further importance. Immediately afterwards the conversation ceased, and the friends separated with a cordial shaking of hands, the three guardsmen going one way and Aramis another.

"Now is my opportunity for making my peace with this brave man," mentally ejaculated D'Artagnan, who had kept somewhat aloof during the latter part of the conversation, and who now, impelled by this good feeling, approached Aramis, who was departing without taking any further notice of the youth.

"I hope, sir, that you will excuse me," said he, addressing Aramis.

"Sir," rejoined the latter, "you must permit me to remark that you have not acted in this affair as a gallant man."

"What inference, sir, am I to draw from this remark?"

"Why, sir, I take it for granted that you are not a fool, and that, although coming from Gascony, you must be well aware that no one walks upon pocket-handkerchiefs without sufficient reasons for so doing. Zounds, sir, Paris is not paved with cambric!"

"You do me injustice, sir, in thus endeavoring to humiliate me," said D'Artagnan, in whom the inherent love of quarreling began to operate more forcibly than his previous pacific intentions. "I am a Gascon, it is true; and, as you do not require to be informed, the Gascons are not very largely endowed with patience; therefore, when they have once apologized, even should it be for some imprudence, they consider that they have done half as much again as they ought to have done."

"What I have said to you, sir," retorted Aramis, "is not for the purpose of seeking a quarrel with you. Thank God, I am no bully; and being a musketeer only for the time being, I never fight except when I am compelled, and then with the utmost reluctance. This, however, is a serious affair, for you perceive that a lady is compromised by your conduct."

"Say, rather, by *your* conduct," cried D'Artagnan.

"Why did you perpetrate such a rustic jest as to give me this handkerchief?"

"Why were you so awkward as to let it fall?"

"I have declared, and I repeat, sir, that this handkerchief did not come from my pocket."

"Well, then, you have twice lied; for I myself saw it fall from your pocket."

"Ah, is this the tone you choose to assume, Sir Gascon? Well, I must teach you how to behave better."

"Draw, please, and instantly."

"No, I thank you, my fine fellow; not here, at any rate. Do you not perceive that we are opposite the Hôtel

d'Aiguillon, which is full of the cardinal's creatures? In fact, who can say that it is not his eminence who has commissioned you to procure my head for him? Now, as it happens that I entertain what may appear a ridiculous affection for my head, provided it remains tolerably firm on my shoulders, I wish, before parting with it, to kill you. But keep yourself quite easy on that score; I will kill you very gently, in a retired and secret spot, where you may not be able to boast of your death to any one."

"I am quite agreeable," replied D'Artagnan, "but do not be too confident; and here, take your handkerchief, whether it belongs to you or not; probably you may have occasion for it."

"Spoken like a true Gascon, sir," said Aramis.

"Yes; but that is no reason why you should postpone our little affair, unless, indeed, you are influenced by prudential motives."

"I well know that prudence, although indispensable to churchmen, is a virtue unknown to musketeers," replied Aramis, "and being, as I have informed you, only a soldier for the nonce, I am resolved to remain prudent. At two o'clock I shall have the honor of awaiting you at M. de Treville's, where I will conduct you to a more convenient spot."

The two young men then bowed to each other and parted. Aramis proceeded toward the Luxembourg; whilst D'Artagnan, finding that the hour approached, took the road to the Carmes-Deschaux, all the while inwardly ejaculating,—"Positively, I cannot escape! but if I am killed, at all events it will be by a musketeer."

III. The Musketeers Meet D' Artagnan

D'Artagnan knew no one in Paris. He therefore went to meet Athos without being provided with a second, having made up his mind to be satisfied with those that accompanied his adversary. Besides, he fully intended to offer the brave musketeer an apology, which, whilst it should be suitable and proper, should at the same time bear no appearance of timidity. He also feared such a result from this duel as may be anticipated in an affair of this nature, where a young and vigorous man fights with an opponent who is wounded and enfeebled; and in which, should the former be vanquished, the triumph of his antagonist is doubled; whilst, should he prove the conqueror, he is not only accused of being brave at small risk, but even his courage is regarded as extremely doubtful. Moreover, D'Artagnan was not a man of the ordinary stamp. Therefore, although he could not divest himself of the idea that his death was inevitable, he had by no means resolved quietly to resign himself to his fate with that patience which one less courageous than himself might have displayed in similar circumstances. He pondered upon the different characters of those with whom he was about to fight, and at length began to obtain a clearer view of the situation. By means of the sincere apology

which he contemplated, he hoped to make a friend of Athos, whose aristocratic air and austere manner delighted him. Then he flattered himself that he might intimidate Porthos by the adventure of the belt, which, if he were not instantaneously killed, he might relate to every one, and, by an adroit management of the story, overwhelm him with ridicule. Lastly, as regarded the quiet Aramis, he entertained very slight apprehensions; for, supposing that he should survive to fight him, he entertained no doubt of his ability to dispatch him handsomely, or, at all events, by wounding him in the face (as Cæsar recommended his men to do with Pompey's soldiers), to mar forever the good looks of which he was so justly vain. In fine, D'Artagnan now brought into action those principles of unconquerable resolve which the counsels of his father had implanted in his heart—counsels which, as we know, had instructed him to submit to nothing approaching an indignity—unless it proceeded from the king, the cardinal, or M. de Treville.

Full of these ideas, he flew rather than walked toward the Convent des Carmes-Deschaux, as it was then called—a building without windows, adjoining a chapel of ease of the Pré-aux-Clercs, and surrounded by dry meadows, which generally served as a rendezvous for combatants who had no time to lose. As D'Artagnan came in sight of the small open space in front of the convent, it struck the hour of noon, and Athos had already been about five minutes on the ground. He was therefore most punctual, and the most rigorous casuist in the laws of dueling could have found, so far, nothing to censure.

Athos, who continued to suffer severely from his wound, although it had again been dressed by M. de Treville's surgeon, had seated himself on a large stone, where he awaited his adversary with that air of calmness and dignity which never forsook him. As D'Artagnan approached, he rose, and politely advanced some steps to meet him; whilst D'Artagnan, on his part, went toward his antagonist hat in hand, the plume trailing on the ground.

"Sir," said Athos, "I expect two of my friends who are to act as my seconds, but they have not yet arrived. I am surprised that they should be so late, as it is contrary to their custom."

"I have no second sir," said D'Artagnan; "I only arrived in Paris yesterday; consequently I am unknown to any one here except M. de Treville, to whom I was introduced by my father, who has the honor to claim his friendship."

Athos mused for an instant, and then said, "So you know no one in Paris except M. de Treville?"

"No, sir; I know no one but him."

"Oh, then," continued Athos, partly speaking to himself, and partly to D'Artagnan, "if I should kill you I shall acquire the reputation of a child-murderer."

"Not entirely so, sir," answered D'Artagnan, with a bow which was not devoid of dignity; "not quite so; since you do me the honor to draw your sword against me whilst suffering from a wound which must cause you great inconvenience."

"Inconvenience! Upon my honor I assure you that you gave me excessive

pain. But I will use my left hand, as I usually do under such circumstances. Don't imagine that I am doing you a favor, as I fight equally well with either hand. Indeed, it will be rather a disadvantage to you, a left-handed man being a very trying opponent to one who is not used to it. I regret, therefore, that I did not sooner apprise you of this circumstance."

"Really, sir," said D'Artagnan, again bowing, "you are so very courteous that I cannot be sufficiently grateful."

"You quite confuse me," replied Athos, with the air of a well-bred man. "If it be not disagreeable to you, pray let us converse upon some other subject. Ah! how you did hurt me! how my shoulder still burns!"

"Would you permit me—?" said D'Artagnan, somewhat timidly.

"To do what, sir?" inquired Athos.

"I have a salve which is a genuine panacea—a salve which my mother gave me, and the virtues of which I have tried upon myself."

"And what of it?" continued Athos.

"Why, sir, I am certain that in less than three days this salve would cure you; and at the end of that time, when your cure is completed, it would be a great honor for me to meet you."

D'Artagnan uttered these words with a simplicity which did honor to his courtesy, without in the slightest degree detracting from his courage.

"By my faith!" exclaimed Athos, "this is a proposition which much pleases me. Not that I should think of accepting it—but it savors of the perfect gentleman, and it was thus that, in the days of Charlemagne, those brave men spoke, whom every man of honor should make his model. Unfortunately, however, we do not live in the days of the great emperor, but in those of the cardinal, and three days hence, however well we might preserve our secret, it would be known that we were going to fight, and it would be prevented. But," he added, with some impatience, "these lazy fellows do not come."

"If you are in haste, sir," said D'Artagnan, with the same simplicity that had the moment before characterized his proposition to put off the duel for three days,—"if you are in haste, and should wish to dispose of me at once, do not hesitate, I beseech you."

"This speech of yours pleases me still more," said Athos, gracefully bowing to D'Artagnan; "it is not the speech of a man who lacks either head or heart. I admire men of your stamp, and should we not kill each other, I shall hereafter have great pleasure in your acquaintance. Meantime, let us wait for these gentlemen, I pray you. I have plenty of time, and it will be more correct. Ah! you see, here comes one of them."

And as he spoke, the gigantic form of Porthos was seen at the end of the Rue de Vaugirard.

"What!" exclaimed D'Artagnan, "is M. Porthos one of your seconds?"

"Yes; is that unpleasant to you?"

"Oh, certainly not."

"And here is the other."

D'Artagnan looked in the direction indicated by Athos and beheld Aramis.

"What!" cried he, in a tone of yet greater astonishment, "is M. Aramis also one of your seconds?"

"Certainly; you are not aware that one is rarely seen without the other, and that amongst the musketeers and

guards, at court and in town, we are known as Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, or the three inseparables? But as you come from Dax or Paix——"

"From Tarbes," said D'Artagnan.

"You may excusably be ignorant of all this."

"Really, gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, "you are well named; and should my adventure become known, it will at least prove that your union is not founded on contrasts."

In the meantime Porthos approached, shook hands with Athos, and turning toward D'Artagnan, he seemed lost in astonishment. We may mention, in passing, that he had changed his belt, and laid aside his cloak.

"Ah! ah!" said he, "what is the meaning of this?"

"It is with this gentleman that I am about to fight," said Athos, pointing toward D'Artagnan, and at the same time saluting him.

"And I also am going to fight him," replied Porthos.

"But not till one o'clock," interrupted D'Artagnan.

"And I also—it is with him that I am to fight," said Aramis, who at the moment had arrived on the ground.

"Our appointment, however, is for two o'clock," replied D'Artagnan, with the same coolness.

"But what are you going to fight about, Athos?" demanded Aramis.

"Upon my faith, I do not well know, except that he hurt my shoulder."

"And you, Porthos?"

"I fight because I choose to," replied Porthos, coloring.

Athos, whom nothing escaped, perceived a slight smile curling the lips of the Gascon.

"We had a dispute about dress," said D'Artagnan.

"And you, Aramis?" demanded Athos.

"I fight on account of a theological dispute," answered Aramis, making a sign to D'Artagnan not to betray the true cause of their duel.

"Really!" said Athos, who observed a second smile play round the lips of D'Artagnan.

"Yes, a point of St. Augustine, on which we could not agree," said the Gascon.

"Decidedly he is a man of sense," murmured Athos.

"And now that you are all arrived, gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, "permit me to offer my apologies."

A cloud passed over the features of Athos, a haughty smile glided over those of Porthos, and a negative sign was the reply of Aramis.

"You do not rightly understand me, gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, elevating his head, on which a sunbeam played, gilding its fine and manly lines. "I wish to apologize because it is improbable that I shall be able to pay my debt to all three; for M. Athos has the right to kill me first, which greatly decreases the value of your debt, M. Porthos, whilst it renders yours, M. Aramis, of scarcely the slightest value. Therefore, gentlemen, on that account alone, I again repeat my offer of apology. And now—*on guard!*"

And with the most gallant and reckless flourish he drew his sword. His blood was fairly roused, and at that moment he would have drawn his sword against all the musketeers in the kingdom with as little hesitation

as he then did against Athos, Porthos, and Aramis.

It was a quarter past twelve, the sun was at meridian, and the situation chosen for the encounter was exposed to all its influence.

"It is very hot," said Athos, drawing his sword, "and yet I cannot take off my doublet, for just now I perceived that my wound bled, and I fear to distress this gentleman by showing him blood which he has not drawn from me himself."

"As for that," replied D'Artagnan, "I assure you that, whether drawn by myself or by any other person, I shall always see with regret the blood of so brave a gentleman; I will therefore follow your example, and fight in my doublet."

"Come," said Porthos, "a truce to these compliments. Remember that we also await our turn."

"Speak for yourself only, Porthos, when you utter such nonsense," interposed Aramis. "As for me, I consider the courtesies which have passed between these gentlemen as worthy of men of the highest honor."

"At your service, sir," said Athos, placing himself on his guard.

"I await your orders," said D'Artagnan, crossing swords.

But the two rapiers had scarcely met, when a party of the cardinal's guards, commanded by M. de Jussac, appeared at the corner of the convent.

"The cardinal's guards!" exclaimed Porthos and Aramis at the same moment. "Your swords to their scabbards, gentlemen—your swords to their scabbards!"

But it was too late. The combatants had been seen in a position which left no doubt of their intentions.

"Halloo!" cried Jussac, advancing toward them, and giving a signal to his men to do the same. "Halloo! musketeers! What, fighting here? And the edicts—are they forgotten, eh?"

"You are extremely generous, gentlemen of the guards," said Athos, in a tone of the most bitter animosity, for Jussac had been one of the aggressors on the night before last. "If we saw you fighting, I promise you that we should not prevent it; therefore, let us alone, and you will reap the pleasure without any of the pain."

"Gentlemen," answered Jussac, "it is with regret I declare that what you request is impossible. Duty must take precedence of everything else. Put up your swords, therefore, if you please, and follow us."

"Sir," said Aramis, parodying Jussac's manner, "if it depended upon ourselves, we should accept your polite invitation with the utmost pleasure; but, unfortunately, it is impossible. M. de Treville has forbidden it. Move on, therefore; it is the wisest thing you can do."

This mockery exasperated Jussac. "We will charge you," said he, "if you disobey."

"They are five," said Athos, in a low voice, "and we are only three; we shall be beaten again, and we must die here; for I positively swear that I will not again appear before the captain a vanquished man."

Athos, Porthos, and Aramis closed in on each other, whilst Jussac drew up his men. This moment of delay sufficed for D'Artagnan to form his resolution. It was one of those mo-

ments which decide the whole of a man's future life; it was a choice between the king and the cardinal, and a choice, once made, must be adhered to. To fight was to disobey the law, to risk his head, and, by one blow, to make an enemy of a minister as powerful as the king himself. All this the young man plainly perceived, and we must do him the justice to declare that he did not hesitate a single instant.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you must allow me to correct one thing which you have said. You affirmed that you were but three; but it appears to me that there are four of us."

"You are not one of us," said Porthos.

"True," replied D'Artagnan, "I have not the dress, but I have the heart and soul of a musketeer; I feel it, sir, and it impels me along, as it were, by force."

"Hark ye, young man!" cried Jussac, who doubtless, from D'Artagnan's gestures and the expression of his countenance, had divined his intentions; "you may retire; we permit you; begone —and quickly."

But D'Artagnan moved not a step.

"You are unquestionably a brave lad," said Athos, pressing the young man's hand.

"Come, come, decide!" exclaimed Jussac.

"Let us do something," said Porthos and Aramis.

"You are truly generous," said Athos.

But all three thought of D'Artagnan's youth and feared his inexperience.

"We are but three, and one of us wounded, exclusive of this boy," remarked Athos; "and yet it will be said that we were four men."

"Ay, but to retreat!" said Porthos.

"It is difficult," said Athos.

"It is impossible!" cried Aramis.

D'Artagnan comprehended the cause of their irresolution. "Gentlemen," said he, "only try me, and I pledge you my honor that I will not leave this spot if we are conquered."

"What is your name, my fine fellow?" said Athos.

"D'Artagnan, sir."

"Well, then, Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan, forward!" exclaimed Athos.

"So you have made up your minds, gentlemen?" cried Jussac, for the third time.

"We have," said Athos.

"And what is your resolve?" demanded Jussac.

"We are about to have the honor of charging you," replied Aramis, raising his hat with one hand, and drawing his sword with the other.

"Ah! you resist?" cried Jussac.

"*Sangdieu!* does that surprise you?"

And the nine combatants rushed upon each other with a fury which did not, however, exclude a kind of method. Athos took Cahusac, one of the cardinal's favorites; Porthos selected Biscarrat; and Aramis found himself opposed to two adversaries. As for D'Artagnan, he discovered he had to contend against Jussac himself.

The heart of the young Gascon throbbed violently, not with fear, but eagerness. He fought with the fury of an enraged tiger, turning round his adversary, and every moment changing his guard and position. Jussac, as we have before said, was a most skillful swordsman, in constant practice; nevertheless he found the utmost difficulty in defending himself against his adversary, who, active and nimble, perpetually de-

viated from all the received rules of fencing, attacking on every side at once, and yet at the same time guarding himself like one who had the greatest respect in the world for his own person. At length the struggle was brought to a conclusion by Jussac's loss of temper. Furious at being thus held at bay by one whom he regarded as a mere boy, he became less cautious, and committed various indiscretions; whilst D'Artagnan, who, although deficient in practice, had a profound knowledge of the theory of the art, redoubled his agility. Jussac, eager to dispatch him, made a tremendous lunge, at the same time breaking ground; but D'Artagnan parried the thrust, and, whilst Jussac recovered himself, he glided like a serpent under his weapon, and passed his sword through his body. Jussac fell heavily on the ground.

D'Artagnan now cast a rapid glance over the field of battle. Aramis had already killed one of his adversaries, but the other pressed him sharply; he was, however, in very good trim; and could well defend himself. Biscarrat and Porthos had both received wounds, Porthos in the arm, and his adversary in the thigh; but as neither of these wounds was severe, they only fought the more fiercely. Athos, wounded afresh by Cahusac, looked very pale, but did not yield an inch; he had merely changed hands, and fought with his left. According to the laws of dueling at that period, D'Artagnan was at liberty to assist any one of his companions; and whilst he sought to ascertain which of them most required his aid, he caught a glance from Athos, which was eloquence itself. Athos would have died sooner than call for assistance; but his look plainly denoted how much he required support. D'Artagnan at once comprehended his meaning, and with a single bound he fell on Cahusac's flank, exclaiming, "Turn, sir guardsman, or I kill you!"

Cahusac did turn, and at the same instant Athos, whom his extreme courage had alone sustained, sank upon one knee. "Halloo, young man!" exclaimed Athos, "do not kill him, I beseech you; I have an old affair to settle with him when I am cured. Disarm him only; deprive him of his sword; that's it—good, good! magnificent!"

These exclamations escaped Athos on perceiving the sword of Cahusac flying from his hand a distance of twenty paces. D'Artagnan and Cahusac both rushed forward to secure the weapon; but D'Artagnan, being the more active, reached it first, and placed his foot upon it. Cahusac then seized the rapier of the guardsman who had been killed by Aramis and was returning to D'Artagnan; but on his way he encountered Athos, who during this momentary pause had recovered his breath, and who, fearing that D'Artagnan might kill his opponent, wished to renew the contest. D'Artagnan perceived that he would offend Athos if he did not permit him to have his own way; and in a few minutes Cahusac fell from a wound in the throat. At the same moment Aramis placed the point of his sword at the breast of his fallen adversary, and compelled him to sue for mercy.

Porthos and Biscarrat alone remained fighting. Porthos, whilst fighting, indulged himself in a thousand fantastic jests and humors, asking Biscarrat what time of day it was, and congratulating him on the company his brother had

just obtained in the regiment of Navarre. This jesting, however, gained him no advantage; for Biscarrat was one of those indomitable spirits who never yield except to death. It was time, however, to bring matters to a conclusion, as the guard might arrive, and arrest all the surviving combatants, whether wounded or not, whether royalists or cardinalists. Athos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan therefore surrounded Biscarrat, and summoned him to surrender. Although alone against four, and with a thrust which had passed through his thigh, Biscarrat refused to yield; but Jussac, who had raised himself on his elbow, ordered him to desist. Biscarrat, however, like D'Artagnan, was a Gascon: he therefore only laughed, and pretended not to hear; and finding time between the parries to point with his sword to the ground at his feet,——

"Here," said he, "will Biscarrat die, alone of those that were along with him."

"But they are four—four to one!" cried Jussac; "yield, I command you!"

"Ah, if you order me, it is another thing," said Biscarrat; "you are my commander, and I must obey."

And leaping suddenly backward, he broke his blade across his knee, in order that he might not have to give it up, threw the pieces over the wall of the convent, and then crossing his arms, he whistled a cardinalist air.

Bravery is always respected, even in an enemy. The musketeers saluted Biscarrat with their swords and returned them to their scabbards. D'Artagnan did the same; and then, assisted by Biscarrat, they carried Jussac, Cahusac, and the adversary of Aramis, who was only wounded, under the porch of the convent. The only wounded, under the porch of the convent. The fourth, as we have said, was dead. They then rang the bell, and carrying away four out of the five swords, they set off, intoxicated with joy, toward M. de Treville's hotel. They proceeded arm in arm, occupying the whole width of the street; and as they accosted every musketeer they met, the march soon became a triumphal procession.

Voice of Liberty

The 26th of October, 1795, at half-past two in the afternoon, the president of the Convention pronounced these words: "The National Convention declares that its mission is fulfilled, and that its sessions are at end." These words were followed by cries of "Long live the Republic!"

To-day, after the lapse of seventy-two years, and three generations, the man who writes these lines cannot forbear to bow his head in the presence of that memorable date.

The long and stormy career of the Convention ended with an act of clemency. It decreed that the death penalty should be abolished throughout the territory of the French Republic. It changed the name of the Place de la Révolution to the Place de la Concorde. And finally it pronounced an amnesty

upon all the deeds relating to the Revolution.

It did not leave a single prisoner in the prisons who had not had a trial, nor one confined for political offences. It was very strong, very sure of itself, this assembly that was resigning its power.

O terrible Convention! stern embalmer, who didst lay the eighteenth century in its blood-stained winding-sheet, thou didst find at thy birth, on the 21st of September, 1792, Europe in arms against France, a dethroned king, a constitution annulled, an administration overthrown, a discredited paper currency, and skeletons of regiments without soldiers!

Thou didst pause a moment, and perceive that, unlike the two assemblies that had preceded thee, it was not for thee to proclaim liberty before a worn-out monarchy, but to defend liberty against all the thrones of Europe!

On the day of thy birth thou didst proclaim the Republic in the face of two opposing armies, one of which was but one hundred and fifty, and the other not more than two hundred miles from Paris. Then, in order to burn thy bridges, thou didst bring to conclusion the king's trial!

When voices rising from thine own bosom cried out, "Humanity!" thou didst reply, "Energy!"

Thou didst make thyself absolute. From the Alps to the coast of Brittany, from the ocean to the Mediterranean, thou didst lay hold of everything and say, "I will answer for everything!"

Like the minister of Louis XII., for whom there were neither friends nor family, but only enemies of France, and who struck down with the same hand a Chalais and a Marillac, a Montmorency and a Saint-Preuil, thou didst not spare thine own members. And finally, after three years of such convulsions as people had never before experienced, after days which have come down to posterity as the 21st of January, the 31st of October, the 5th of April, the 9th and 13th Thermidor, and the 13th Vendémiaire, bleeding and mutilated, thou didst lay down thy functions, handing over to the Directory safe and flourishing that France which thou didst receive from the Constituent Assembly torn asunder and compromised!

Let those who accuse thee, dare to say what would have happened if thou hadst not followed thy course, if Condé had entered Paris, if Louis XVIII. had ascended the throne, if, instead of the twenty years of Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, there had been twenty years of restoration, twenty years of Spain instead of France, twenty years of shame instead of twenty years of glory!

The Dowry

Madame Faucheux kept her carriage. As the daughter of a president of accounts, she had brought a marriage portion of thirty thousand crowns to her husband, who was syndic of the goldsmiths. These thirty thousand crowns had become very fruitful during twenty years. The jeweler, though a *millionaire,* was a modest man. He had purchased a substantial carriage, built in 1648, ten years after the king's birth. This carriage, or rather house upon wheels, excited the admiration of the whole quarter in which he resided—it was covered with allegorical paintings, and clouds scattered over with stars. The Marquise de Bellière entered this somewhat extraordinary vehicle, sitting opposite the clerk, who endeavored to put his knees out of the way, afraid even of touching the marquise's dress. It was the clerk, too, who told the coachman, who was very proud of having a marquise to drive, to take the road to Saint-Mandé.

Monsieur Faucheux's horses were serviceable animals, with thickset knees, and legs that had some difficulty in moving. Like the carriage, they belonged to the earlier part of the century. They were not as fleet as the English horses of M. Fouquet, Superintendent of State, and consequently took two hours to get to Saint-Mandé. Their progress, it might be said, was majestic. Majesty, however, precludes hurry. The Marquise de Bellière stopped the carriage at the door. She drew a key from her pocket, and inserted it in the lock, pushed open the door, which noiselessly yielded to her touch, and directed the clerk to carry the chest upstairs to the first floor. The weight of the chest was so great that the clerk was obliged to get the coachman to assist him with it. They placed it in a small cabinet, anteroom, or boudoir. Madame de Bellière gave the coachman a louis, smiled gracefully at the clerk, and dismissed them both. She closed the door after them, and waited in the room, alone and barricaded. There was no servant to be seen about the rooms, but everything was prepared as though some invisible genius had divined the wishes and desires of an expected guest. The fire was laid, candles in the candelabra, refreshments upon the table, books scattered about, fresh-cut flowers in the vases. One might almost have imagined it an enchanted house.

The marquise lighted the candles, inhaled the perfume of the flowers, sat down, and was soon plunged in profound thought. Her deep musings, melancholy though they were, were not untinged with a certain vague joy. Spread out before her was a treasure, a million wrung from her fortune as a gleaner plucks the blue corn-flower from her crown of flowers. She conjured up the sweetest dreams. Her principal thought, and one that took precedence of all others, was to devise means of leaving this money for M. Fouquet without his possibly learning from whom the gift had come. This idea, naturally enough, was the first to present itself to her mind. But although, on reflection, it appeared difficult to carry out, she did not despair of success. She would then ring to

summon M. Fouquet and make her escape, happier than if, instead of having given a million, she had herself found one. But, being there, and having seen the boudoir so coquettishly decorated that it might almost be said the least particle of dust had but the moment before been removed by the servants; having observed the drawing-room, so perfectly arranged that it might almost be said her presence there had driven away the fairies who were its occupants, she asked herself if the glance or gaze of those whom she had displaced—whether spirits, fairies, elves, or human creatures—had not already recognized her. To secure success, it was necessary that some steps should be seriously taken, and it was necessary also that the superintendent should comprehend the serious position in which he was placed, in order to yield compliance with the generous fancies of a woman; all the fascinations of an eloquent friendship would be required to persuade him, and, should this be insufficient, the maddening influence of a devoted passion, which, in its resolute determination to carry conviction, would not be turned aside. Was not the superintendent, indeed, known for his delicacy and dignity of feeling? Would he allow himself to accept from any woman that of which she had stripped herself? No! He would resist, and if any voice in the world could overcome his resistance, it would be the voice of the woman he loved.

Another doubt, and that a cruel one, suggested itself to Madame de Bellière with a sharp, acute pain, like a dagger thrust. Did he really love her? Would that volatile mind, that inconstant heart, be likely to be fixed for a moment, even were it to gaze upon an angel? Was it not the same with Fouquet, notwithstanding his genius and his uprightness of conduct, as with those conquerors on the field of battle who shed tears when they have gained a victory? "I must learn if it be so, and must judge of that for myself," said the marquise. "Who can tell whether that heart, so coveted, is not common in its impulses, and full of alloy? Who can tell if that mind, when the touchstone is applied to it, will not be found of a mean and vulgar character? Come, come," she said, "this is doubting and hesitating too much—to the proof." She looked at the time-piece. "It is now seven o'clock," she said; "he must have arrived; it is the hour for signing his papers." With a feverish impatience she rose and walked towards the mirror, in which she smiled with a resolute smile of devotedness; she touched the spring and drew out the handle of the bell. Then, as if exhausted beforehand by the struggle she had just undergone, she threw herself on her knees, in utter abandonment, before a large couch, in which she buried her face in her trembling hands. Ten minutes afterwards she heard the spring of the door sound. The door moved upon invisible hinges, and Fouquet appeared. He looked pale, and seemed bowed down by the weight of some bitter reflection. He did not hurry, but simply came at the summons. The pre-occupation of his mind must indeed have been very great, that a man so devoted to pleasure, for whom indeed pleasure meant everything, should obey such a summons so listlessly. The previous night, in fact, fertile in melancholy ideas, had sharp-

ened his features, generally so noble in their indifference of expression, and had traced dark lines of anxiety around his eyes. Handsome and noble he still was, and the melancholy expression of his mouth, a rare expression with men, gave a new character to his features, by which his youth seemed to be renewed. Dressed in black, the lace in front of his chest much disarranged by his feverishly restless hand, the looks of the superintendent, full of dreamy reflection, were fixed upon the threshold of the room which he had so frequently approached in search of expected happiness. This gloomy gentleness of manner, this smiling sadness of expression, which had replaced his former excessive joy, produced an indescribable effect upon Madame de Bellière, who was regarding him at a distance.

A woman's eye can read the face of the man she loves, its every feeling of pride, its every expression of suffering; it might almost be said that Heaven was graciously granted to women, on account of their very weakness, more than it has accorded to other creatures. They can conceal their own feelings from a man, but from them no man can conceal his. The marquise divined in a single glance the whole weight of the unhappiness of the superintendent. She divined a night passed without sleep, a day passed in deceptions. From that moment she was firm in her own strength, and she felt that she loved Fouquet beyond everything else. She arose and approached him, saying, "You wrote to me this morning to say you were beginning to forget me, and that I, whom you had not seen lately, had no doubt ceased to think of you. I have come to undeceive you, monsieur, and the more completely so, because there is one thing I can read in your eyes."

"What is that, madame?" said Fouquet, astonished.

"That you have never loved me so much as at this moment; in the same manner you can read, in my present step towards you, that I have not forgotten you."

"Oh! madame," said Fouquet, whose face was for a moment lighted up by a sudden gleam of joy, "you are indeed an angel, and no man can suspect you. All he can do is to humble himself before you and entreat forgiveness."

"Your forgiveness is granted, then," said the marquise. Fouquet was about to throw himself upon his knees. "No, no," she said, "sit here by my side. Ah! that is an evil thought which has just crossed your mind."

"How do you detect it, madame?"

"By the smile that has just marred the expression of your countenance. Be candid, and tell me what your thought was—no secrets between friends."

"Tell me, then, madame, why have you been so harsh these three or four months past?"

"Harsh?"

"Yes; did you not forbid me to visit you?"

"Alas!" said Madame de Bellière, sighing, "because your visit to me was the cause of your being visited with a great misfortune; because my house is watched; because the same eyes that have seen you already might see you again; because I think it less dangerous for you that I should come here than that you should come to my house; and, lastly, because I know you to be

already unhappy enough not to wish to increase your unhappiness further."

Fouquet started, for these words recalled all the anxieties connected with his office of superintendent—he who, for the last few minutes, had indulged in all the wild aspirations of the lover. "I unhappy?" he said, endeavoring to smile: "indeed, marquise, you will almost make me believe I am so, judging from your own sadness. Are your beautiful eyes raised upon me merely in pity? I was looking for another expression from them."

"It is not I who am sad, monsieur; look in the mirror, there—it is yourself."

"It is true I am somewhat pale, marquise; but it is from overwork; the king yesterday required a supply of money from me."

"Yes, four millions; I am aware of it."

"You know it?" exclaimed Fouquet, in a tone of surprise; "how can you have learnt it? It was after the departure of the queen, and in the presence of one person only, that the king——"

"You perceive that I do know it; is not that sufficient? Well, go on, monsieur, the money the king has required you to supply——"

"You understand, marquise, that I have been obliged to procure it, then to get it counted, afterwards registered—altogether a long affair. Since Monsieur de Mazarin's death, financial affairs occasion some little fatigue and embarrassment. My administration is somewhat overtaxed, and this is the reason why I have not slept during the past night."

"So that you have the amount?" inquired the marquise, with some anxiety.

"It would indeed be strange, marquise," replied Fouquet, cheerfully, "if a superintendent of finances were not to have a paltry four millions in his coffers."

"Yes, yes, I believe you either have, or will have them."

"What do you mean by saying I shall have them?"

"It is not very long since you were required to furnish two millions."

"On the contrary, to me it seems almost an age; but do not let us talk of money matters any longer."

"On the contrary, we will continue to speak of them, for that is my only reason for coming to see you."

"I am at a loss to compass your meaning," said the superintendent, whose eyes began to express an anxious curiosity.

"Tell me, monsieur, is the office of superintendent a permanent position?"

"You surprise me, marchioness, for you speak as if you had some motive or interest in putting the question."

"My reason is simple enough; I am desirous of placing some money in your hands, and naturally I wish to know if you are certain of your post."

"Really, marquise, I am at a loss what to reply; I cannot conceive your meaning."

"Seriously, then, dear M. Fouquet, I have certain funds which somewhat embarrass me. I am tired of investing my money in land, and am anxious to intrust it to some friend who will turn it to account."

"Surely it does not press," said M. Fouquet.

"On the contrary, it is very pressing."

"Very well, we will talk of that by and by."

"By and by will not do, for my money is there," returned the marquise, pointing out the coffer to the superintendent, and showing him, as she opened it, the bundles of notes and heaps of gold. Fouquet, who had risen from his seat at the same moment as Madame de Bellière, remained for a moment plunged in thought; then suddenly starting back, he turned pale, and sank down in his chair, concealing his face in his hands. "Madame, madame," he murmured, "what opinion can you have of me, when you make me such an offer?"

"Of you!" returned the marquise. "Tell me, rather, what you yourself think of the step I have taken."

"You bring me this money for myself, and you bring it because you know me to be embarrassed. Nay, do not deny it, for I am sure of it. Can I not read your heart?"

"If you know my heart, then, can you not see that it is my heart I offer you?"

"I have guessed rightly, then," exclaimed Fouquet. "In truth, madame, I have never yet given you the right to insult me in this manner."

"Insult you," she said, turning pale, "what singular delicacy of feeling! You tell me you love me; in the name of that affection you wish me to sacrifice my reputation and my honor, yet, when I offer you money which is my own, you refuse me."

"Madame, you are at liberty to preserve what you term your reputation and your honor. Permit me to preserve mine. Leave me to my ruin, leave me to sink beneath the weight of the hatreds which surround me, beneath the faults I have committed, beneath the load, even, of my remorse, but, for Heaven's sake, madame, do not overwhelm me with this last infliction."

"A short time since, M. Fouquet, you were wanting in judgment; now you are wanting in feeling."

Fouquet pressed his clenched hand upon his breast, heaving with emotion, saying: "Overwhelm me, madame, for I have nothing to reply."

"I offered you my friendship, M. Fouquet."

"Yes, madame, and you limited yourself to that."

"And what I am now doing is the act of a friend."

"No doubt it is."

"And you reject this mark of my friendship?"

"I do reject it."

"Monsieur Fouquet, look at me," said the marquise, with glistening eyes, "I now offer you my love."

"Oh, madame," exclaimed Fouquet.

"I have loved you for a long while past; women, like men, have a false delicacy at times. For a long time past I have loved you, but would not confess it. Well, then, you have implored this love on your knees, and I have refused you; I was blind, as you were a little while since; but as it was my love that you sought, it is my love I now offer you."

"Oh! madame, you overwhelm me beneath a load of happiness."

"Will you be happy, then, if I am yours—entirely?"

"It will be the supremest happiness for me."

"Take me, then. If, however, for

your sake I sacrifice a prejudice; do you, for mine, sacrifice a scruple."

"Do not tempt me."

"Do not refuse me."

"Think seriously of what you are proposing."

"Fouquet, but one word! Let it be 'No,' and I open this door," and she pointed to the door which led into the streets, "and you will never see me again. Let that word be 'Yes,' and I am yours entirely."

"Elsie! Elsie! But this coffer?"

"Contains my dowry."

"It is your ruin," exclaimed Fouquet, turning over the gold and papers; "there must be a million here."

"Yes, my jewels, for which I care no longer if you do not love me, and for which, equally, I care no longer if you love me as I love you."

"This is too much," exclaimed Fouquet. "I yield, I yield, even were it only to consecrate so much devotion. I accept the dowry."

"And take the woman with it," said the marquise, throwing herself into his arms.

The Black Tulip

HAARLEM is a pleasant city, which justly prides itself on being one of the most shady in all the Netherlands.

While other towns boast of the magnificence of their arsenals and dockyards, and the splendour of their shops and markets, Haarlem's claims to fame rest upon her superiority to all other provincial cities in the number and beauty of her spreading elms, graceful poplars, and, more than all, upon her pleasant walks, shaded by the lovely arches of magnificent oaks, lindens, and chestnuts.

Haarlem,—just as her neighbour, Leyden, became the centre of science, and her queen, Amsterdam, that of commerce,—Haarlem preferred to be the agricultural, or, more strictly speaking, the horticultural metropolis.

In fact, girt about as she was, breezy and exposed to the sun's hot rays, she seemed to offer to gardeners so many more guarantees of success than other places, with their heavy sea air, and their scorching heat.

On this account all the serene souls who loved the earth and its fruits had gradually gathered together at Haarlem, just as all the nervous, uneasy spirits, whose ambition was for travel and commerce, had settled in Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and all the politicians and selfish worldings at the Hague.

We have observed that Leyden overflowed with scholars. In like manner Haarlem was devoted to the gentle pursuits of peace,—to music and painting, orchards and avenues, groves and parks. Haarlem went wild about flowers, and tulips received their full share of worship.

Haarlem offered prizes for tulip-growing; and this fact brings us in the most natural manner to that celebration which the city intended to hold on May 15th, 1673, in honour of the great black tulip, immaculate and perfect, which should gain for its discoverer one hundred thousand guilders!

Haarlem, having placed on exhibition its favourite, having advertised its love

of flowers in general and of tulips in particular, at a period when the souls of men were filled with war and sedition,—Haarlem, having enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of admiring the very purest ideal of tulips in full bloom,—Haarlem, this tiny town, full of trees and of sunshine, of light and shade, had determined that the ceremony of bestowing the prize should be a fête which should live for ever in the memory of men.

So much the more reason was there, too, in her determination, in that Holland is the home of fêtes; never did sluggish natures manifest more eager energy of the singing and dancing sort than those of the good republicans of the Seven Provinces when amusement was the order of the day.

Study the pictures of the two Teniers.

It is certain that sluggish folk are of all men the most earnest in tiring themselves, not when they are at work, but at play.

Thus Haarlem was thrice given over to rejoicing, for a three-fold celebration was to take place.

In the first place, the black tulip had been produced; secondly, the Prince William of Orange, as a true Hollander, had promised to be present at the ceremony of its inauguration; and, thirdly, it was a point of honour with the States to show to the French, at the conclusion of such a disastrous war as that of 1672, that the flooring of the Batavian Republic was solid enough for its people to dance on it, with the accompaniment of the cannon of their fleets.

The Horticultural Society of Haarlem had shown itself worthy of its fame by giving a hundred thousand guilders for the bulb of a tulip. The town, which did not wish to be outdone, voted a like sum, which was placed in the hands of that notable body to solemnise the auspicious event.

And indeed on the Sunday fixed for this ceremony there was such a stir among the people, and such an enthusiasm among the townsfolk, that even a Frenchman, who laughs at everything at all times, could not have helped admiring the character of those honest Hollanders, who were equally ready to spend their money for the construction of a man-of-war—that is to say, for the support of national honour—as they were to reward the growth of a new flower, destined to bloom for one day, and to serve during that day to divert the ladies, the learned, and the curious.

At the head of the notables and of the Horticultural Committee shone Mynheer van Systens, dressed in his richest habiliments.

The worthy man had done his best to imitate his favourite flower in the sombre and stern elegance of his garments; and we are bound to record, to his honour, that he had perfectly succeeded in his object.

Dark crimson velvet, dark purple silk, and jet-black cloth, with linen of dazzling whiteness, composed the festive dress of the President, who marched at the head of his Committee carrying an enormous nosegay, like that which a hundred and twenty-one years later, Monsieur de Robespierre displayed at the festival of "The Supreme Being."

There was, however, a little difference between the two; very different from the French tribune, whose heart was so full of hatred and ambitious vindictiveness, was the honest President, who

carried in his bosom a heart as innocent as the flowers which he held in his hand.

Behind the Committee, who were as gay as a meadow, and as fragrant as a garden in spring, marched the learned societies of the town, the magistrates, the military, the nobles and the boors.

The people, even among the respected republicans of the Seven Provinces, had no place assigned to them in the procession; they merely lined the streets.

This is the place for the multitude, which, with true philosophic spirit, waits until the triumphal pageants have passed, to know what to say of them, and sometimes also to know what to do.

This time, however, there was no question either of the triumph of Pompey or of Cæsar; neither of the defeat of Mithridates, nor of the conquest of Gaul. The procession was as placid as the passing of a flock of lambs, and as inoffensive as a flight of birds sweeping through the air.

Haarlem had no other triumphers, except its gardeners. Worshipping flowers, Haarlem idolised the florist.

In the centre of this pacific and fragrant cortége the black tulip was seen, carried on a litter, which was covered with white velvet and fringed with gold.

The handles of the litter were supported by four men, who were from time to time relieved by fresh relays,—even as the bearers of Mother Cybele used to take turn and turn about at Rome in the ancient days, when she was brought from Etruria to the Eternal City, amid the blare of trumpets and the worship of a whole nation.

This public exhibition of the tulip was an act of adoration rendered by an entire nation, unlettered and unrefined, to the refinement and culture of its illustrious and devout leaders, whose blood had stained the foul pavement of the Buytenhof, reserving the right at a future day to inscribe the names of its victims upon the highest stone of the Dutch Pantheon.

It was arranged that the Prince Stadtholder himself should give the prize of a hundred thousand guilders, which interested the people at large, and it was thought that perhaps he would make a speech which interested more particularly his friends and enemies.

For in the most insignificant words of men of political importance their friends and their opponents always endeavour to detect, and hence think they can interpret, something of their true thoughts.

As if your true politician's hat were not a bushel under which he always hides his light!

At length the great and long-expected day—May 15, 1673—arrived; and all Haarlem, swelled by her neighbours was gathered in the beautiful tree-lined streets, determined on this occasion not to waste its applause upon military heroes, or those who had won notable victories in the field of science, but to reserve their applause for those who had overcome Nature, and had forced the inexhaustible mother to be delivered of what had theretofore been regarded as impossible,—a completely black tulip.

Nothing, however, is more fickle than such a resolution of the people. When a crowd is once in the humour to cheer, it is just the same as when it begins to hiss. It never knows when to stop.

It therefore, in the first place, cheered Van Systens and his nosegay, then the corporation, then followed a cheer for

the people; and, at last, and for once with great justice, there was one for the excellent music with which the gentlemen of the town councils generously treated the assemblage at every halt.

Every eye was looking eagerly for the heroine of the festival,—that is to say, the black tulip,—and for its hero in the person of the one who had grown it.

In case this hero should make his appearance after the address we have seen worthy Van Systens at work on so conscientiously, he would not fail to make as much of a sensation as the Stadtholder himself.

But the interest of the day's proceedings for us is centred neither in the learned discourse of our friend Van Systens, however, eloquent it might be; nor in the young dandies, resplendent in their Sunday clothes, and munching their heavy cakes; nor in the poor young peasants, gnawing smoked eels as if they were sticks of vanilla sweetmeat; neither is our interest in the lovely Dutch girls, with red cheeks and ivory bosoms; nor in the fat, round mynheers, who had never left their homes before; nor in the sallow, thin travellers from Ceylon or Java; nor in the thirsty crowds, who quenched their thirst with pickled cucumbers;—no, so far as we are concerned, the real interest of the situation, the fascinating, dramatic interest, is not to be found here.

Our interest is in a smiling, sparkling face to be seen amid the members of the Horticultural Committee; in the person with a flower in his belt, combed and brushed, and all clad in scarlet,—a colour which makes his black hair and yellow skin stand out in violent contrast.

This hero, radiant with rapturous joy, who had the distinguished honour of making the people forget the speech of van Systens, and even the presence of the Stadtholder, was Isaac Boxtel, who saw, carried on his right before him, the black tulip, his pretended daughter; and on his left, in a large purse, the hundred thousand guilders in glittering gold pieces, towards which he was constantly squinting, fearful of losing sight of them for one moment.

Now and then Boxtel quickened his step to rub elbows for a moment with van Systens. He borrowed a little importance from everybody to make a kind of false importance for himself, as he had stolen Rosa's tulip to effect his own glory, and thereby make his fortune.

Another quarter of an hour and the Prince will arrive, and the procession will halt for the last time; after the tulip is placed on its throne, the Prince, yielding precedence to this rival for the popular adoration, will take a magnificently emblazoned parchment, on which is written the name of the grower; and his Highness, in a loud and audible tone, will proclaim him to be the discoverer of a wonder; that Holland, by the instrumentality of him, Boxtel, has forced Nature to produce a black flower, which shall henceforth be called *Tulipa nigra Boxtellea.*

From time to time, however, Boxtel withdrew his eyes for a moment from the tulip and the purse, timidly looking among the crowd; for more than anything he dreaded to descry there the pale face of the pretty Frisian girl.

She would have been a spectre spoiling the joy of the festival for him, just as Banquo's ghost did that of Macbeth.

And yet, if the truth must be told, this wretch, who had stolen what was the boast of man, and the dowry of a woman, did not consider himself as a thief. He had so intently watched this tulip, followed it so eagerly from the drawer in the dry-room of Cornelius van Baerle, the prisoner of state, to the scaffold of the Buytenhof, and from the scaffold to the fortress of Loewestein; he had seen it bud and grow in Rosa's window, and so often warmed the air round it with his breath, that he felt as if no one had a better right to call himself its producer than he had; and any one who would now take the black tulip from him would have appeared to him as a thief.

Yet he did not perceive Rosa; his joy therefore was not spoiled.

In the centre of a circle of magnificent trees, which were decorated with garlands and inscriptions, the procession halted, amidst the sounds of lively music; and the young damsels of Haarlem made their appearance to escort the tulip to the raised seat which it was to occupy on the platform, by the side of the gilded chair of his Highness the Stadtholder.

And the proud tulip, raised on its pedestal, soon overlooked the assembled crowd of people, who clapped their hands, and made the old town of Haarlem re-echo with their tremendous cheers.

At this solemn moment, and whilst the cheers still resounded, a carriage was driving along the road on the outskirts of the green on which the scene occurred; it pursued its way slowly, on account of the flocks of children who were pushed out of the avenue by the crowd of men and women.

This carriage, covered with dust, and creaking on its axles, the result of a long journey, enclosed the unfortunate prisoner of state, Cornelius van Baerle, who was just beginning to get a glimpse through the open window of the scene which we have tried—with poor success, no doubt—to present to the eyes of the reader.

The crowd and the noise and the display of artificial and natural magnificence were as dazzling to the prisoner as a ray of light flashing suddenly into his dungeon.

Notwithstanding the little readiness which his companion had shown in answering his questions concerning his fate, he ventured once more to ask the meaning of all this bustle, which at first sight seemed to be utterly disconnected with his own affairs.

"What is all this, pray, Mynheer Lieutenant?" he asked of his conductor.

"As you may see, sir," replied the officer, "it is a feast."

"Ah, a feast," said Cornelius, in the sad tone of indifference of a man to whom no joy remains in this world.

Then, after some moments' silence, during which the carriage had proceeded a few yards, he asked once more,—

"The feast of the patron saint of Haarlem? as I see so many flowers."

"It is, indeed, a feast in which flowers play a principal part."

"Oh, the sweet scents! oh, the beautiful colors!" cried Cornelius.

"Stop, that the gentleman may see," said the officer, with that frank kindliness which is peculiar to military men, to the soldier who was acting as postilion.

"Oh, thank you, Sir, for your kindness," replied Van Baerle, in a melancholy tone; "the joy of others pains me; please spare me this pang."

"Just as you wish. Drive on! I ordered the driver to stop because I thought it would please you, as you are said to love flowers, and especially that the feast of which is celebrated to-day."

"And what flower is that?"

"The tulip."

"The tulip!" cried Van Baerle, "is to-day the feast of tulips?"

"Yes, sir; but as this spectacle displeases you, let us drive on."

The officer was about to give the order to proceed, but Cornelius stopped him, a painful thought having struck him. He asked, with a faltering voice,—

"Is the prize given to-day, sir?"

"Yes, the prize for the black tulip."

Cornelius's cheek flushed, his whole frame trembled, and the cold sweat stood on his brow.

"Alas! sir," he said, "all these good people will be as unfortunate as myself, for they will not see the solemnity which they have come to witness, or at least they will see it incompletely".

"What is it you mean to say?"

"I mean to say," replied Cornelius, throwing himself back in the carriage, "that the black tulip will not be found, except by one whom I know."

"In this case," said the officer, "the person whom you know has found it, for the thing which the whole of Haarlem is looking at at this moment is neither more nor less than the black tulip."

"The black tulip!" replied Van Baerle, thursting half his body out of the carriage window. "Where is it? where is it?"

"Down there on the throne,—don't you see?"

"I do see it."

"Come along, sir," said the officer. "Now we must drive off."

"Oh, have pity, have mercy, sir!" said Van Baerle, "don't take me away! Let me look once more! Is what I see down there the black tulip? Quite black? Is it possible? Oh, sir, have you seen it? It must have specks, it must be imperfect, it must only be dyed black. Ah! if I were there, I should see it at once. Let me alight, let me see it close, I beg of you."

"Are you mad, Sir? How could I allow such a thing?"

"I implore you."

"But you forget that you are a prisoner,"

"It is true I am a prisoner, but I am a man of honor, and I promise you on my word that I will not run away, I will not attempt to escape,—only let me see the flower."

"But my orders, Sir, my orders." And the officer again made the driver a sign to proceed.

Cornelius stopped him once more.

"Oh, be forbearing, be generous! my whole life depends upon your pity. Alas! perhaps it will not be much longer. You don't know, sir, what I suffer. You don't know the struggle going on in my heart and mind. For after all," Cornelius cried in despair, "if this were my tulip, if it were the one which has been stolen from Rosa! my sweetheart, daughter of Gryphus, my jailer. Oh, I must alight, sir! I must see the flower! You may kill

me afterwards if you like, but I will see it, I must see it."

"Be quiet, unfortunate man, and come quickly back into the carriage, for here is the escort of his Highness the Stadtholder, and if the Prince observed any disturbance, or heard any noise, it would be ruin to me, as well as to you."

Van Baerle, more afraid for his companion than himself, threw himself back into the carriage, but he could only keep quiet for half a minute, and the first twenty horsemen had scarcely passed when he again leaned out of the carriage window, gesticulating imploringly towards the Stadtholder at the very moment when he passed.

William of Orange, impassable and quiet as usual, was proceeding to the green to fulfil his duty as chairman. He held in his hand the roll of parchment, which, on this festive day, had become his baton.

Seeing the man gesticulate with imploring mien, and perhaps also recognising the officer who accompanied him, his Highness ordered his carriage to stop.

In an instant his snorting steeds stood still, at a distance of about six yards from the carriage in which Van Baerle was caged.

"What is this?" the Prince asked the officer, who at the first order of the Stadtholder had jumped out of the carriage, and was respectfully approaching him.

"Monseigneur," he cried, "this is the prisoner of state whom I have fetched from Loewestein, and whom I have brought to Haarlem according to your Highness's command."

"What does he want?"

"He entreats for permission to stop here for a minute."

"To see the black tulip, Monseigneur," said Van Baerle, clasping his hands, "and when I have seen it, when I have seen what I desire to know, I am quite ready to die, if die I must; but in dying I shall bless your Highness's mercy for having allowed me to witness the glorification of my work."

It was, indeed, a curious spectacle to see these two men at the windows of their several carriages; the one surrounded by his guards, and all powerful, the other a prisoner and miserable; the one going to mount a throne, the other believing himself to be on his way to the scaffold.

William, looking with his cold glance on Cornelius, listened to his anxious and urgent request.

Then addressing himself to the officer, he said,—

"Is this person the mutinous prisoner who has attempted to kill his jailer at Loewestein?"

Cornelius heaved a sigh and hung his head. His good-tempered honest face turned pale and red at the same instant. These words of the all-powerful Prince, who by some secret messenger unavailable to other mortals had already been apprised of his crime, seemed to him to forebode not only his doom, but also the refusal of his last request.

He did not try to make a struggle, or to defend himself and he presented to the Prince the affecting spectacle of despairing innocence, like that of a child—a spectacle which was fully understood and felt by the great mind

and the great heart of him who observed it.

"Allow the prisoner to alight, and let him see the black tulip; it is well worth being seen once."

"Thank you, Monseigneur, thank you," said Cornelius, nearly swooning with joy, and staggering on the steps of his carriage; had not the officer supported him, our poor friend would have made his thanks to his Highness prostrate on his knees with his forehead in the dust.

After having granted this permission, the Prince proceeded on his way over the green amidst the most enthusiastic acclamations.

He soon arrived at the platform, and the thunder of cannon shook the air.

Van Baerle, led by four guards, who pushed their way through the crowd, sidled up to the thick tulip, towards which his gaze was attracted with increasing interest the nearer he approached to it.

He saw it at last, that unique flower, which he was to see once and no more. He saw it at the distance of six paces, and was delighted with its perfection and gracefulness; he saw it surrounded by young and beautiful girls, who formed, as it were, a guard of honour for this queen of excellence and purity. And yet, the more he ascertained with his own eyes the perfection of the flower, the more wretched and miserable he felt. He looked all around for some one to whom he might address only one question; but his eyes everywhere met strange faces, and the attention of all was directed towards the chair of state, on which the Stadtholder had seated himself.

William rose, casting a tranquil glance over the enthusiastic crowd, and his keen eyes rested by turns on the three extremities of a triangle formed opposite to him by three persons of very different interests and feelings.

At one of the angles, Boxtel, trembling with impatience, and quite absorbed in watching the Prince, the guilders, the black tulip, and the crowd.

At the other, Cornelius, panting for breath, silent, and his attention, his eyes, his life, his heart, his love, quite concentrated on the black tulip.

And thirdly, standing on a raised step among the maidens of Haarlem, a beautiful Frisian girl, dressed in fine scarlet woollen cloth, embroidered with silver, and covered with a lace veil, which fell in rich folds from her headdress of gold brocade; in one word, Rosa, daughter of the jailer, who, faint and with swimming eyes, was leaning on the arm of one of the officers of William.

The Prince then slowly unfolded the parchment, and said, with a calm clear voice, which, although low, made itself perfectly heard amidst the respectful silence, which all at once arrested the breath of fifty thousand spectators.

"You know what has brought us here?

"A prize of one hundred thousand guilders has been promised to whosoever should grow the black tulip.

"The black tulip has been grown; here it is before your eyes, coming up to all the conditions reequired by

the programme of the Horticultural Society of Haarlem.

"The hsitory of its production, nad the name of its grower, will be inscribed in the book of honour of the city.

"Let the person approach to whom the black tulip belongs."

In pronouncing these words, the Prince, to judge of the effect they produced, surveyed with his eagle eye the three extremities of the triangle.

He saw Boxtel rushing forward. He saw Cornelius make an involuntary movement; and lastly he saw the officer who was taking care of Rosa lead, or rather push, her forwards towards him.

At the sight of Rosa, a double cry arose on the right and left of the Prince.

Boxtel, thunderstruck, and Cornelius, in joyful amazement, both exclaimed—

"Rosa! Rosa!"

"This tulip is yours, is it not, my child?" said the Prince.

"Yes, Monseigneur," stammered Rosa, whose striking beauty excited a general murmur of applause.

"Oh!" muttered Cornelius, "she has then belied me, when she said this flower was stolen from her. Oh! that is why she left Loewenstein. Alas! am I then forgotten, betrayed by her whom I thought my best friend on earth?"

"Oh!" sighed Boxtel, "I am lost."

"This tulip," continued the Prince, "will therefore bear the name of its producer, and figure in the catalogue under the title, *Tulipa nigra Rosa Barlænsis,* because of the name Van Baerle, which will henceforth be the name of this damsel."

And at the same time William took Rosa's hand, and placed it in that of a young man, who rushed forth, pale and beyond himself with joy, to the foot of the throne, saluting alternately the Prince and his bride; and who, with a grateful look to heaven, returned his thanks to the Giver of all this happiness.

At the same moment there fell at the feet of the President van Systens another man, struck down by a very different emotion.

Boxtel, crushed by the failure of his hopes, lay senseless on the ground.

When they raised him, and examined his pulse and his heart, he was quite dead.

This incident did not much disturb the festival, as neither the Prince nor the President seemed to mind it much.

Cornelius started back in dismay, when in the thief, he recognised his neighbour, Isaac Boxtel, whom in the innocence of his heart, he had not for one instant suspected of such a wicked action.

Then, to the sound of trumpets, the procession marched back without any change in its order, except that Boxtel was now dead, and that Cornelius and Rosa were walking triumphantly side by side and hand in hand.

On their arrival at the Hôtel de Ville, the Prince, pointing with his finger to the purse with the hundred thousand guilders, said to Cornelius,—

"It is difficult to say by whom this money is gained, by you or by Rosa;

for if you have found the black tulip, she has nursed it and brought it into flower. It would therefore be unjust to consider it as her dowry; it is the gift of the town of Haarlem to the tulip."

Cornelius wondered what the Prince was driving at. The latter continued,—

"I give to Rosa the sum of a hundred thousand guilders, which she has fairly earned, and which she can offer to you. They are the reward of her love, her courage, and her honesty. As to you, Sir—thanks to Rosa again, who has furnished the proofs of your innocence——"

And, saying these words, the Prince handed to Cornelius that fly-leaf of the Bible on which was written the letter of Cornelius de Witt, and in which the third bulb had been wrapped,—

"As to you, it has come to light that you were imprisoned for a crime which you had not committed. This means, that you are not only free, but that your property will be restored to you; as the property of an innocent man cannot be confiscated. Cornelius van Baerle, you are the godson of Cornelius de Witt and the friend of his brother John. Remain worthy of the name you have received from one of them, and of the friendship you have enjoyed with the other. The two De Witts, wrongly judged and wrongly punished in a moment of popular error, were two great citizens, of whom Holland is now proud."

The Prince, after these last words, which, contrary to his custom, he pronounced with a voice full of emotion, gave his hands to the lovers to kiss, whilst they were kneeling before him.

Then, heaving a sigh, he said,—

"Alas! you are very happy, who, dreaming only of what perhaps is the true glory of Holland, and forms especially her true happiness, do not attempt to acquire for her anything beyond new colours of tulips."

And, casting a glance towards that point of the compass where France lay, as if he saw new clouds gathering there, he entered his carriage and drove off.

. . . . . .

Cornelius started on the same day for Dort with Rosa, who sent her lover's old housekeeper as a messenger to her father, to apprise him of all that had taken place.

As regards the jailer, old Gryphus, it was hard for him to become reconciled to his son-in-law. He had not forgotten the blows which he had received in that encounter; but at last, in order, as he declared, not to be less generous than his Highness the Stadtholder, he consented to make his peace.

Appointed to watch over the tulips, the old man made the rudest keeper of flowers in the whole of the Seven Provinces.

It was indeed a sight to see him watching the obnoxious moths and butterflies, killing slugs, and driving away the hungry bees.

Rosa, growing not only in beauty, but in wisdom also, after two years of her married life, could read and write so well that she was able to undertake by herself the education of

two beautiful children which she had borne in 1674 and 1675, both in May, the month of flowers.

As a matter of course, one was a boy, the other a girl, the former being called Cornelius, the other Rosa.

Van Bearle remained faithfully attached to Rosa and to his tulips. The whole of his life was devoted to the happiness of his wife and the culture of flowers, in the latter of which occupations he was so successful that a great number of his varieties found a place in the catalogue of Holland.

A Perennial Venus

Diane de Poitiers, Comtesse de Brézé, was the daughter of that Sieur de Saint-Vallier, who, as an accomplice of the Connétable de Bourbon, had been condemned to be beheaded on the Grève, and who, when kneeling under the sword of the executioner, had been pardoned,—if the thing can be called a pardon,—and had his sentence commuted to perpetual imprisonment "within four walls, the floor and roof both built of stone, and with one little window only, through which he was to receive whatever he ate and drank."

Everything connected with Diane was mystery and marvel. She was born in 1499, and had, at the period we are describing, reached the age of fifty-eight years; yet, by her apparent youth and real beauty, she threw the fairest and youngest princesses of the court into the shade; so that the king loved her before all and above all.

Some of the mysteries and marvellous things told of the fair Diane, who had been created Duchesse de Valentinois by Henri II. in 1548, were the following:—

In the first place, she was most undoubtedly descended from the fairy Mélusine, and the king's love and her wonderfully preserved beauty were both results of this descent. Diane de Poitiers inherited from her ancestress, the great sorceress, the double secret, a secret rare and magical, of being always beautiful and always beloved.

Diane, it was stated, owed this eternal beauty to soups composed of potable gold. We know what an important ingredient was potable gold in the chemical preparations of the middle ages.

This love without end was due to a magical ring the king had received from her, and which had the virtue of binding his love to her as long as he wore it.

The last report attained particular credit, for Madame de Nemours used to relate, to all who cared to listen, the anecdote we are about to relate in our turn.

The king having fallen sick, Queen Catherine de Médicis said to Madame de Nemours:—

"My dear duchess, the king has a great affection for you. Go to his chamber, sit near the bed, and, while talking with him, try to take from the third finger of the left hand the ring he wears on it; it is a talisman given him

by Madame de Valentinois to make him love her."

Now, nobody in the court felt any very deep affection for Madame de Valentinois, not that she was ill-natured, but the young did not like her because she was so obstinate in continuing young, and the old women detested her because she would not become old. Madame de Nemours willingly took charge of the commission; and, having made her way into the king's chamber, and sat down near the bed, she succeeded in sportively drawing the ring from Henri's finger, he himself being quite ignorant of its virtue. But the ring was scarcely off the sick man's finger when he begged Madame de Nemours to whistle for his *valet de chambre*. We know that, up to the time of Madame de Maintenon, who invented bells, the gold or silver whistle was used by kings, princes, and great lords for summoning their people. The sick man then had begged Madame de Nemours to whistle for his *valet de chambre,* who having entered immediately, received the king's offer to close his doors to all comers.

"Even to Madame de Valentinois?" asked the astonished valet.

"To Madame de Valentinois as to others," answered the king, sharply; "the order admits no exception."

A quarter of an hour afterwards Madame de Valentinois presented herself at the king's door, and was refused admittance.

She returned at the end of an hour: same refusal. Finally, at the end of two hours, in spite of a third refusal, she forced the door, entered, marched straight up to the king, took his hand, perceived that the ring was missing, made him confess what had passed, and insisted on Henri's getting the ring back from Madame de Nemours. The king's order to surrender the precious jewel was so peremptory that Madame de Nemours, who had not yet delivered it to Catherine de Médicis, grew frightened at the consequences, and sent it back. The ring once again on the king's finger, the fairy resumed all her power, which, indeed, since that day had gone on increasing.

In spite of the grave authorities who relate the history,—and note well that for the potable gold we have no less a witness than Brantôme, while to the truth of the affair of the ring, we have the solemn affirmations of De Thou and Pasquier,—we are tempted to believe that the beauty of Diane de Poitiers was unconnected with the miraculous, a beauty which was to have its counterpart a hundred years later in the case of Ninon de Lenclos; and we are disposed to accept, as the only and true magic used by her, that contained in the receipt she gave to any one for the asking; namely, a *bath of spring water* in all weathers, even the coldest. Besides, every morning she rose with the lark, rode for two hours, and on her return went to bed again, where she stayed till noon, reading, or chatting with her women.

But this has not been all: everything in connection with the fair Diane has been a subject of controversy, and the gravest historians would seem, in her regard, to have forgotten this first condition of history, which is to always have the proof standing behind the accusation.

Mézeray relates—and we are not sorry to catch Mézeray in a blunder

—that François I. granted the pardon of Jean de Poitiers, father of Diane, only after he had deprived the daughter *of the most valuable thing she possessed.* Now this took place in 1523; Diane, born in 1499, was twenty-four at the time, and had been married to Louis de Brézé for ten years. We do not say that François I., a monarch chary in exacting his dues, did not impose certain conditions on the fair Diane; but it was not, as Mézeray says, on a young girl of fourteen that he imposed these conditions, and unless we want to calumniate poor M. de Brézé, to whom his widow raised that magnificent monument still admired in Rouen, we cannot imagine he allowed the king to deprive a woman of twenty-four of the most valuable things she possessed at fourteen.

All we have written has, for that matter, only one object: to prove to our fair readers that the history written by romancers is far superior to the history written by historians; in the first place, because it is truer, and in the second, because it is more amusing.

To make a long story short, Diane, though at this period twenty-six years a widow, and twenty-one years King Henri's mistress, had, in spite of the fact that she was fully fifty-eight, the smoothest and loveliest complexion that could be seen, curly hair of the most bewitching black, a form of admirable symmetry, and a faultless neck and throat.

This was the opinion of old Connétable Montmorency, who, notwithstanding his sixty-four years, claimed to enjoy quite peculiar privileges in the case of the beautiful duchess,—privileges which would have rendered the king very jealous, if it were not an admitted fact that it is always the people interested in being the first to know a thing who know it last, and sometimes never know it at all.

If any woman in that graceful, lettered, and gallant court deserved a portrait, surely it was she who made her royal lover wear her colours as a widow,—black and white,—and adopt the crescent for an escutcheon inspired by her fine pagan name of Diane, with these words for a motto: *Donec totum impleat orbem!*

Straw!

It was three o'clock in the morning at St. Germain. Queen Anne of Austria walked first, every one followed her. About two hundred persons had accompanied her in her flight from Paris.

"Gentlemen," said the queen, laughing, "pray take up your abode in the château; it is large, and there will be no want of room for you all; but, as we never thought of coming here, I am informed that there are, in all, only three beds in the whole establishment, one for the king, one for me——"

"And one for the cardinal," muttered the prince.

"Am I—am I, then to sleep on the floor?" asked Gaston d'Orléans, with a forced smile.

"No, my prince," replied Cardinal Mazarin, "the third bed is intended for your highness."

"But your eminence?" replied the prince.

"I," answered Mazarin, "I shall not sleep at all; I have work to do."

Gaston desired that he should be shown into the room wherein he was to sleep, without in the least concerning himself as to where his wife and daughter were to repose.

"Well, for my part, I shall go to bed," said D'Artagnan; "come, Porthos."

Porthos, the other musketeer, followed the lieutenant with that profound confidence he ever had in the wisdom of his friend. They walked from one end of the château to the other, Porthos looking with wondering eyes at D'Artagnan who was counting on his fingers.

"Four hundred, at a pistole each, four hundred pistoles."

"Yes," interposed Porthos, "four hundred pistoles; but who is to make four hundred pistoles?"

"A pistole is not enough," said D'Artagnan; "'tis worth a louis."

"What is worth a louis?"

"Four hundred, at a louis each, make four hundred louis."

"Four hundred?" said Porthos.

"Yes, there are two hundred of them, and each of them will need two, which will make four hundred."

"But four hundred what?"

"Listen!" cried D'Artagnan.

But as there were all kinds of people about, who were in a state of stupefaction at the unexpected arrival of the court, he whispered in his friend's ear.

"I understand," answered Porthos, "I understand you perfectly, on my honor; two hundred louis, each of us, would be making a pretty thing of it; but what will people say?"

"Let them say what they will; besides, how will they know that we are doing it?"

"But who will distribute these things?" asked Porthos.

"Isn't Musqueton, your orderly, there?"

"But he wears my livery; my livery will be known," replied Porthos.

"He can turn his coat inside out."

"You are always in the right, my dear friend," cried Porthos; "but where the devil do you discover all the notions you put into practice?"

D'Artagnan smiled. The two friends turned down the first street they came to. Porthos knocked at the door of a house to the right, whilst D'Artagnan knocked at the door of a house to the left.

"Some straw," they said.

"Sir, we don't keep any," was the reply of the people who opened the doors; "but please ask at the hay dealer's."

"Where is the hay dealer's?"

"At the last large door in the street."

"Are there any other people in Saint Germain who sell straw?"

"Yes; there's the landlord of the Lamb, and Gros-Louis the farmer; they both live in the Rue des Ursulines."

"Very well."

D'Artagnan went instantly to the hay dealer and bargained with him for a hundred and fifty trusses of straw, which he obtained, at the rate of three pistoles each. He went afterward to the innkeeper and bought from him two hundred trusses at the same price. Finally, Farmer Louis sold them eighty

trusses, making in all four hundred and thirty.

There was no more to be had in Saint Germain. This foraging did not occupy more than half an hour. Musqueton, duly instructed, was put at the head of this sudden and new business. He was cautioned not to let a bit of straw out of his hands under a louis the truss, and they intrusted to him straw to the amount of four hundred and thirty louis. D'Artagnan, taking with him three trusses of straw, returned to the château, where everybody, freezing with cold and more than half asleep, envied the king, the queen, and the Duke of Orléans, on their camp beds. The lieutenant's entrance produced a burst of laughter in the great drawing-room; but he did not appear to notice that he was the object of general attention, but began to arrange, with so much cleverness, nicety and gayety, his straw bed, that the mouths of all these poor creatures, who could not go to sleep, began to water.

"Straw!" they all cried out, "straw! where is there any to be found?"

"I can show you," answered the Gascon.

And he conducted them to Musqueton, who freely distributed the trusses at the rate of a louis apiece. It was thought rather dear, but people wanted to sleep, and who would not give even two or three louis for a few hours of sound sleep?

D'Artagnan gave up his bed to any one who wanted it, making it over about a dozen times; and since he was supposed to have paid, like the others, a louis for his truss of straw, he pocketed in that way thirty louis in less than half an hour. At five o'clock in the morning the straw was worth eighty francs a truss and there was no more to be had.

D'Artagnan had taken the precaution to set apart four trusses for his own use. He put in his pocket the key of the room where he had hidden them, and accompanied by Porthos returned to settle with Musqueton, who, naïvely, and like the worthy steward that he was, handed them four hundred and thirty louis and kept one hundred for himself.

Musqueton, who knew nothing of what was going on in the château, wondered that the idea had not occurred to him sooner. D'Artagnan put the gold in his hat, and in going back to the château settled the reckoning with Porthos; each of them had cleared two hundred and fifteen louis.

Porthos, however, found that he had no straw left for himself. He returned to Musqueton, but the steward had sold the last wisp. He then repaired to D'Artagnan, who, thanks to his four trusses of straw, was in the act of making up and tasting, by anticipation, the luxury of a bed so soft, so well stuffed at the head, so well covered at the foot, that it would have excited the envy of the king himself, if his majesty had not been fast asleep in his own. D'Artagnan could on no account consent to pull his bed to pieces again for Porthos, but for a consideration of four louis that the latter paid him for it, he consented that Porthos should share his couch with him. He laid his sword at the head, his pistols by his side, stretched his cloak over his feet, placed his felt hat on the top of his cloak and extended himself luxuriously on the straw, which rustled under him.

Carnot and Conspiracy

WHILE Sothin, the minister of police, of Paris, was drawing up his placards, and proposing to have Carnot and forty-two deputies shot—while the directors were annulling the appointment of Barthélemy, the fifth director, and promising his place to General Augereau if they had reason to be satisfied with him when the evening of the next day arrived—two men were quietly playing backgammon in a corner of the Luxembourg.

One of these two men, the younger by two years only, had begun as an officer of engineers, and had published mathematical essays which had won him admittance into several societies of learning. He had also composed a eulogy on Vauban which had been crowned by the Academy of Dijon.

At the dawn of the Revolution he was a captain of engineers, and had been appointed Chevalier of Saint-Louis. In 1791 the department of the Pas-de-Calais had elected him deputy to the Legislative Assembly. His first speech there had been directed against the emigré princes at Coblentz, against the Marquis de Mirabeau, and against Monsieur de Calonne, who was intriguing with foreign kings to induce them to declare war upon France. He proposed that non-commissioned officers and sergeants should take the place of the officers belonging to the nobility who had emigrated. In 1792, he asked for the demolition of all the bastilles in the interior of France, and presented measures to abolish the passive obedience which had formerly been exacted from officers and soldiers.

In the days when the Revolution had been threatened by foreign powers, he had asked to have three hundred thousand pikes manufactured to arm the people of Paris. Elected a deputy to the National Assembly, he had unhesitatingly voted the death of the king. He had furthered the acquirement of the principality of Monaco and a part of Belgium by France.

Sent to the Army of the North in 1793, he had degraded General Gratien from his rank upon the field of battle, because he fell back before the enemy, and placing himself at the head of the French column, he won back the ground that had been lost.

In the month of August of the same year he had been chosen a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and, in that position, displayed an extraordinary talent which has become proverbial, by organizing fourteen armies and formulating plans of campaign, not only for each army by itself, but for operations including them all. It was at that time that the French armies won that astonishing series of victories, from the recovery of Toulon to the surrender of the four strongholds in the North.

This man was Lazare-Nicholas Marguerite Carnot, the fourth director, who, not having been able to agree with Barras, Rewbell, and La Reveillière-Lepaux, had just been condemned to death by them, being thought too dangerous to be allowed to live. His partner, who was shaking the dice with a nonchalance equal to Carnot's energy, was the Marquis François Barthélemy,

the last of the directors to be appointed, who had no other merit than that of being the nephew of the Abbé Barthélemy, the author of the "Voyage du jeune Anarcharsis."

As minister from France to Switzerland during the Revolution, he had concluded at Basel two years before the time of which we are now speaking, the treaties of peace with Prussia and Spain, which had put an end to the first coalition. He had been chosen because of the well-known moderation of his opinions; and it was this very moderation which had justly led to his dismissal by his colleagues, and was later to lead to his incarceration.

It was one o'clock when Carnot, by a brilliant play, ended the sixth game of backgammon. The two friends shook hands at parting.

"Au revoir," said Carnot to Barthélemy.

"Au revoir," replied Barthélemy. "Are you sure, my dear colleague? In these times I am never sure when I leave a friend at night that I shall meet him again in the morning."

"What the deuce do you fear?" asked Carnot.

"Hum" said Barthélemy, "a stroke of the dagger is soon given."

"Nonsense" said Carnot, "you need not worry about that. You are too good-natured for them to think of fearing you. They will treat you as one of the do-nothing kings; you will be shaved and shut up in a cloister."

"But then, if you fear that," said Barthélemy, "why do you prefer defeat to victory? For, after the propositions which have been made to us, it depends solely on ourselves whether we overthrow our three colleagues or not."

"My dear friend," said Carnot, "you cannot see beyond your nose, which is unfortunately not as long as that of your uncle. Who are the men who have made us these propositions? The royalists. Now do you think the royalists would ever pardon me for the part I have taken against them? It is only a choice of deaths; with the royalists I shall be hanged as a regicide, with the directors I shall be assassinated as a royalist. I would rather be assassinated."

"And with these ideas you can go willingly to bed in your own rooms?" said Barthélemy.

"Where should I go to bed?"

"In some place, no matter where, where you would be safe."

"I am a fatalist; if the dagger is to strike me, it will find me. Good-night, Barthélemy! My conscience is clear; I voted the death of the king, but I saved France. It is for France to take care of me."

And Carnot went to bed as composedly as he always did.

He was not mistaken. A German had received the order to arrest him, and, if he made the least resistance, to assassinate him. At three o'clock in the morning the German and his satellites presented themselves at the door of Carnot's apartments, which he shared with a younger brother.

Carnot's servant, when he saw the men, and heard their leader ask in bad French where citizen Carnot was, took them to his brother, and he, having nothing to fear for himself, left them in error at first.

Then the valet ran to warn his master that they had come to arrest him. Carnot, almost naked, escaped through

one of the gates of the Luxembourg garden to which he had the key. Then the servant came back. The brother, when he saw him, knew that the other had escaped, and he made himself known. The soldiers in a rage ran through the apartment, but they found only Carnot's empty bed, which was still warm.

Once in the garden of the Luxembourg, the fugitive paused, not knowing where to go. He finally went to a lodging-house in the Rue de l'Enfer, but was told that there was not a vacant room in the house. He set off again, seeking shelter at random, when suddenly the alarm-guns went off. At the sound several doors and windows were opened. What would become of him, half naked as he was? He would certainly be arrested by the first patrol, and troops were marching toward the Luxembourg from all directions.

While he was deliberating, a patrol appeared at the corner of the Rue de la Vielle-Comédie. A porter half-opened his door and Carnot sprang inside. Chance willed that the porter should be a worthy man who kept him concealed until he had time to prepare another hiding-place.

As for Barthélemy, although Barras, Commander of the Guard, had twice sent him warning during the day of the fate that awaited him, he took no precautions. He was arrested in his bed an hour after he had left Carnot. He made no resistance, and did not even ask to see the warrant, and the words "Oh, my country!" were the only ones he uttered.

His servant, Letellier, who had been with him for twenty years, asked to be arrested with him.

The two councils named a committee which was to sit permanently. The president of the committee was named Siméon. He had not yet arrived when the alarm guns sounded.

General Pichegru had passed the night with this committee, together with those of the conspiracy who were determined to meet force with force; but none thought the moment when the Directory would dare attempt its *coup d'état* was so near at hand. Several members of the committee were armed, among them Rovière and Villot, who, learning suddenly that they were surrounded, volunteered to go out, pistol in hand. But this Pichegru opposed.

"Our other colleagues assembled here are not armed," he said; "they would be massacred by those wretches, who are only waiting for an opportunity. Do not let us desert them."

Just then the door of the room occupied by the committee opened and a member of the councils, named Delarue, rushed in.

"Ah, my dear Delarue!" exclaimed Pichegru, "what on earth have you come for? We are all going to be arrested."

"Very well; then we will be arrested together," answered Delarue, calmly.

And indeed, in order that he might share the same fate as his comrades, Delarue had had the courage to force his way three times past the guard in order to reach the committee room. He had been warned at his own house of the danger he ran, but he had refused to escape, although it would have been easy for him; and, having kissed his wife and children without waking them, he had come, as we have seen, to join his colleagues.

Pichegru, when he had offered to

bring the directors bound to the bar of the Corps Legislatif, if they would give him two hundred men, had not been able to obtain them. They were now eager to defend themselves, but it was too late.

Delarue had scarcely exchanged these few words with Pichegru when the door was burst open and a crowd of soldiers, led by Augereau, entered. Augereau, finding himself near Pichegru, put out his hand to seize him. Delarue drew a pistol from his pocket, and attempted to fire upon Augereau, but on the instant a bayonet was thrust through his arm.

"I arrest you!" cried Augereau, seizing Pichegru.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the latter, "all you needed was to become a minion of Barras."

"Soldiers," cried a member of the committee, "will you dare lay hands upon Pichegru, your general?"

Without a word, Augereau flung himself upon him, and, with the assistance of four soldiers, succeeded, after a violent struggle, in securing his arms and binding them behind his back.

With Pichegru arrested, the conspiracy had no longer a head, and no one attempted further resistance.

General Mathieu Dumas, the same man who was Minister of War at Naples under Joseph Bonaparte, and has left such interesting memoirs, was with the committee when it was surrounded. He wore the uniform of a general. He left through the door by which Augereau had entered and went downstairs.

In the vestibule he was confronted by a soldier, who thrust a bayonet in his face and said, "No one is allowed to go out."

"I know it," said he, "for it was I who just gave the order."

"I beg your pardon, general," said the soldier, lowering his weapon.

And the general passed out without further hindrance. He was obliged to leave Paris in order to insure his safety.

Mathieu Dumas summoned his two aides-de-camp, ordered them to mount their horses, galloped to the barrier, gave his orders to the guard, and passed outside the walls, to go, as he said, to another post, and disappeared.

The Burgomaster

In Frankfort all was sorrow and dismay. The inhabitants were deeply apprehensive of their treatment by the Prussians since seeing what had occurred in Hanover. The conviction that its occupation would be immediate had cast an aspect of mourning over the town. Not a single person was to be seen on the fashionable promenade. The Prussians, so it was said, would make their entry on the 16th after mid-day.

Night came, and with it a strange solitude in the streets, where, if one met a wayfarer it was evident from his hurry that he was on urgent business, carrying perhaps jewels or valuables for deposit at one of the foreign legations. At any early hour the houses had been shut up. Behind the bolted doors and windows one guessed that the inmates were silently digging holes for the concealment of their treasures.

Morning came and everywhere might be seen affixed placards of the Senate, reading as follows:

"The King of Prussia's royal troops will make their entry into Frankfort and its suburbs; our relations with them will therefore be materially changed from what they were when they were in garrison here. The Senate deplores this change which has been brought about in the relations in question, but the national sacrifices we have already made will render our inevitable pecuniary losses easy in comparison with what we have already lost. We all know that the discipline of the King of Prussia's troops is admirable. In circumstances of great difficulty the Senate exhorts all alike, of whatever rank or position, to give a friendly reception to the Prussian troops."

The Frankfort battalion received orders to hold itself ready, with band in front, to march out and meet the Prussians and do them honour. From ten o'clock in the morning every advantageous spot, all the belfries and housetops from which the suburbs, and particularly the road from Aschaffenburg could be seen, were crowded with curious spectators. Towards noon the Prussians were descried at Hanau. The railway brought them by thousands and they were seen occupying as if by magic all the strategic points along the line, not without certain precautions which indicated their uneasiness as to what might portend.

Suddenly the music of the battalion of Frankfort broke out, coming from the further side of the town. It met the Prussians at the top of the Zeil, drew up in ranks and presented arms to the beating of the drums.

The Prussians did not appear to notice these friendly advances. Two cannons arrived at a gallop. One was trained on the Zeil, the other on the Ross-market. The head of the Prussian column was formed on the Schiller Square and commanded the Zeil: for a quarter-of-an-hour the cavalry remained in line on horseback, then they dismounted and stood awaiting orders. This kind of encampment during which expectation grew tenser lasted until eleven. Then, all at once as the clocks

struck, groups of ten, fifteen, or twenty men detached themselves, struck on the doors and invaded the houses.

The whole night passed in the same terrors as if the town had been taken by assault. If doors opened slowly, they were broken; cries of terror were heard in the houses and no one dared to ask what caused them. As the house of Hermann Mumm appeared one of the most important, he had to lodge and board two hundred soldiers and fifteen officers this first night. Another house, that of Madame Luttereth, lodged fifty men, who amused themselves with breaking the windows and furniture, on the alleged pretext that she had given evening parties and balls without inviting the Prussian officers in garrison. Accusations of this kind, accusations which served as the pretext for unheard of violence were preferred against all classes of society. And the Prussian officers said to their men: "You have a right to get all you can from these Frankfort rascals, who have lent Austria twenty-five millions without charging interest."

It was vain to say that the town had never had twenty-five millions in its coffers; that had it had them such a loan could not have been made without a decree of the Senate and the Legislature, and that the most skilful investigator would fail to find a trace of such a decree. The officers persisted, and as the soldiers had no need to be encouraged in a preliminary pillage while waiting the great day of plunder which had been promised them, they gave themselves up to the most brutal disorders, believing themselves authorized by the hatred of their chiefs towards the unhappy town. From this night commenced what was rightly called *the Prussian Terror at Frankfort.*

One day while at breakfast with his family towards ten o'clock, Fellner, Burgomaster of Frankfort, received a letter from the new commander. It was addressed: "To the Very Illustrious Herren Fellner and Müller, proxies of the town of Frankfort." He turned it and turned it about between his hands without unsealing it. Madame Fellner trembled, Herr Kugler, his brother-in-law, grew pale, and seeing the drops of perspiration on their fathers' forehead as he sighed deeply, the children began to cry. At last he opened it, but seeing his pallor as he read, all rose to their feet awaiting his first words. But he said nothing, he let his head fall on his breast and dropped the letter on the floor. His brother-in-law picked it up and read:

"To the Very Illustrious Herren Fellner and Müller, proxies of the government in this town.

"You are invited by these presents to take the necessary measures for a war indemnity of twenty-five millions of florins to be paid within twenty-four hours to the pay office of the Army of the Main in this town.

"The Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Main.

"MANTEUFFEL."

Within two hours bills which Messrs. Fellner and Müller had had printed were posted all over the town. They consisted of General Manteuffel's letter to them with this addition:

"The Burgomasters Fellner and Müller declare that they will die rather than

assist in the spoliation of their fellow citizens."

The citizens dared not complain, for the soldiers whatever they did were always found to be in the right. But when they heard of this new exaction of General Manteuffel, used as they were to theft and rapine on the part of the Prussians, the Frankfortians, mute with astonishment, looked at each other, not being able to grasp the extent of their misfortune. As soon as the news was actually billed they rushed in crowds to see it with their own eyes. Hours were spent in deploring the enemy's greed, but nothing was done towards obeying the order. In desperation the Senate of Frankfort met and decreed to send a deputation to the king to remit the tax.

General von Roeder assumed active command of the Prussian forces. Ruthless in methods he never brooked delay in pillage or slaughter.

Roeder was furious at the Senate's decision. He determined to have recourse to his old tactics. He took a pen and wrote:

"To Herren Fellner and Müller, burgomasters of Frankfort and government administrators.

"I have to request you to supply me by ten o'clock to-morrow morning with a list of the names and addresses of all members of the Senate, of the permanent house of representation, and of the Legislative Assembly, house-property owners being identified as such.

"VON ROEDER.

"P.S.—Scales for weighing gold are waiting at General von Roeder's address. An answer to this despatch is requested."

Then he directed an orderly to deliver the document to Fellner as the senior burgomaster.

Councillor Kugler burst into the presence of Herr Fellner, General Roeder's letter in his hand. Fellner opened it at once, read it, meditated. After a few seconds of contemplation, he murmured: "It is not only the soldier who knows how to die."

Supper time came. Supper is an important meal in Germany. It is the cheerful repast, at which, in commercial towns especially, the head of the family has time to enjoy the society of his wife and children; for dinner at two o'clock is only an interval hastily snatched in business hours. But by eight o'clock business people have thrown off their harness; the hour of domestic pleasure has come. Before refreshing sleep descends to prepare men for another day there is an interval in which to enjoy all that they hold dear within the four walls of home.

Nothing of the sort was possible on this evening of July 22nd at the Fellners'. The burgomaster showed perhaps even more than his customary fondness for his children, but it was touched with melancholy. His wife, whose gaze never left him, was unable to speak a word; tears stood in her eyes. The elder children observing their mother's sadness sat silent; and the little ones' voices like the chirping of birds, drew for the first time no smiling response from their parents.

Herr von Kugler was mournful. He was one of those men who act promptly

and vigorously, without deviating from the straight course of honour. No doubt he had already said to himself: "Were I in his place, this is what I should do."

Supper dragged on. All seemed reluctant to rise from the table. The children had dropped asleep, no summons having come from the nurse. At last, Mina, the eldest girl, went to the piano to close it for the night and unconsciously touched the keys.

The burgomaster shivered.

"Come Mina," he said, "play Weber's 'Last Thought'; you know it's my favourite."

Mina began to play, and the pure melancholy notes poured forth like golden beads dropped on a salver of crystal. The burgomaster propped his bowed head in his hands as he listened to that sweet poetic melody, the final note of which expired like the last sigh of an angel exiled to earth.

Fellner rose and kissed the girl. She exclaimed in alarm:

"What is the matter with you, father? you are crying."

"I?" said Fellner quickly. "What nonsense, my child," and he tried to smile.

"Oh!" murmured Mina, "you can say what you like, father, but I felt a tear; and see," she added, "my cheek is wet."

Fellner put a hand on her mouth. Mina kissed it.

At this the father nearly gave way, but Kugler murmured in his ear:

"Be a man, Fellner!" He grasped his brother-in-law's hand.

Eleven o'clock struck—never except for a dance or evening party had the family sat up so late. Fellner kissed his wife and the children.

"But, surely you are not going out?" said Madame Fellner.

"No, my dear."

"Your kiss was like a goodbye."

"Goodbye for a little while," said the burgomaster, trying to smile. "Don't be uneasy, I am going to work with your brother, that is all."

Madame Fellner looked at her brother and he gave a sign of assent. Her husband took her to her bedroom door:

"Go to sleep, dear one," he said, "we have much work before us that must be done before morning." She stood where she was until she had seen him enter her brother's room.

Madame Fellner spent the night in prayer. This simple woman, whose only eloquence was to say "I love you," found words to implore God for her husband. She prayed so long and ardently, that at length sleep came to her where she knelt; for great was her need of it.

When she opened her eyes the first light of the dawn was filtering through the window blinds. Everything seems strange, fantastic, at such an hour. It is neither night nor day and nothing looks as it does at any other time. She gazed around. She felt weak and chilly and afraid. She glanced at the bed—her husband was not there. She rose, but everything danced before her eyes. "Is it possible," she thought, "that sleep overtook him also while he worked? I must go to him." And, groping her way through the passages, which were darker than her own room,

she reached his. She knocked on the door. There was no answer. She knocked louder, but all was silent. A third time she knocked and called her husband's name.

Then, trembling with anguish, under a premonition of the sight that awaited her, she pushed open the door. Between her and the window, black against the sun's first rays, hung her husband's body suspended above an overturned chair.

Sack of the Tuileries

It was February, 1848. The carriages conveying the Royal family had disappeared on their flight toward St. Cloud. The whole mass of the populace poured as with one simultaneous purpose into the deserted palace. The Palais Bourbon had already been sacked; a like fate might be supposed to await the Tuileries; but the Tuileries belonged to France, not to the House of Orléans, and a certain respect was observed for everything but the insignia of Royalty. For these was shown no regard. The throne itself of the state reception-room —that throne on which sat Louis Philippe for the first time, as King of the French, ere the Tuileries became his throne—was torn from its base, and, having been hurled first in derision from the windows into the court, was borne in mock triumph on the shoulders of men, who shouted that now the throne was indeed supported by the people, to the Place de la Bastille, and there consumed to ashes. In the courtyard, in the Rue de Rivoli and on the quays, huge fires roared, fanned into fury by a hurricane of wind, and fed by richly carved furniture, gilded chairs, canopies, pianos, sofas, beds, costly paintings, splendid works of art and the Royal carriages glittering with gold. The magnificent tapestries of the Gobelins were borne as streamers, in a frantic fury, along the boulevards; mischievous gamins were frolicking about in the long scarlet robes worn upon Court occasions, which they had filched from the Royal wardrobe; the escritoire of the King, the key having been found in a tea-cup, was ransacked, and private letters, books and the garments of ladies were strewn about the court and gardens of the Tuileries. The cellars of the palace were soon filled with the insurgents; but they declared the wine bad, as it never remained long enough in the cellars of kings to get good! Destruction, not pillage, seemed the order of the hour, and to guard against robbery the people took upon themselves the arrest and punishment of offenders. The walls bore the menace, "Robbers shall die!" In several instances the threat was carried into immediate execution, and bodies, suffered to lie on the spot upon which they had been cut down, bore on their breasts the label "Thief!" in terrible warning. Sentinels also stood at the gates, and no one was allowed to leave the palace without rigorous search.

In the apartments of the Duchess of Orléans, the table was found spread for the dinner of herself and her children; upon the table were the little sil-

ver cups, forks and spoons of the young Princes, and on the floor were scattered their costly toys. The latter were gathered carefully up by a workman in a blouse, and as carefully concealed in a corner. The former, together with all jewels and other valuables found in the apartments of the Duchess, were deposited in a bathing-tub, on which a workman seated himself as guard and suffered no one to approach until the aforesaid valuables could be conveyed by a detachment of the Polytechnic School to the Government treasury. The story runs that, on the night succeeding the sack of the Tuileries, the conquerors chose a king and queen, and that, in the palace hall, was spread a banquet composed of the viands found in the Royal kitchen and the wines found in the Royal cellars. The queen who was a soubrette more noticeable for beauty than for cleanliness of person, garbed in Royal robes which she well became, and with a coronet upon her stately brow, was seated in a chair of state and received the most extravagant homage from her willing subjects, while groups of gamins, in the long crimson liveries of the Royal household, boisterously frolicked before the sans culotte court amid roars of merriment.

Murat

DURING the period of the French Consulate one evening there was a grand reception at the Luxembourg, Paris. During the ceremony a rumor was spread that the First Consul contemplated removing to the Tuileries. Persons who were either bold or curious ventured on a few words to Josephine. She, poor woman, who still saw before her the tumbrel and the scaffold of Marie Antoinette, had an instinctive horror of all that might connect her with royalty; she therefore hesitated to reply and referred all questions to her husband.

Then another rumor began to be bruited about which served as a counterpoise to the former. Murat, it was said, had asked the hand of Mademoiselle Caroline Bonaparte in marriage. But this marriage was not without its obstacles; Bonaparte had had a quarrel, lasting over a year, with the man who aspired to the honor of becoming his brother-in-law. The cause of this quarrel will seem rather strange to our readers.

Murat, the lion of the army; Murat, whose courage had become proverbial; Murat, who might well have been taken by a sculptor as a model for the god of war; Murat, on one occasion, when he must have slept ill or breakfasted badly, had a moment of weakness.

It happened before Mantua, in which city Wurmser, after the battle of Rivoli, was forced to shut himself up with twenty-eight thousand men; General Miollis, with four thousand only, was investing the place. During a sortie attempted by the Austrians, Murat, at the head of five hundred men, received an order to charge three thousand. Murat charged, but feebly. Bonaparte, whose aide-de-camp he then was, was so irritated that he would not suffer

him to remain about him. This was a great blow to Murat, all the more because he was at that time desirous of becoming the general's brother-in-law; he was deeply in love with Caroline Bonaparte.

Let us tell how this love, which had so glorious and, possibly, so fatal an influence on his destiny, came to him.

In 1796, Murat was sent to Paris, charged with the duty of presenting to the Directory the flags and banners taken by the French army at the battles of Dego and Mondovi. During this voyage he made the acquaintance of Madame Bonaparte and Madame Tallien. At Madame Bonaparte's house he again met Mademoiselle Caroline Bonaparte. We say *again*, for that was not the first time he had met the woman who was to share the crown of Naples with him. They had met in Rome, at her brother's house, and, in spite of the rivalry of a young and handsome Roman prince, she had shown him a marked preference.

The three women combined to obtain for him the rank of general of brigade from the Directory. Murat returned to the Army of Italy, more in love than ever, and, in spite of his new rank, he solicited and obtained the favor of remaining with the general-in-chief as aide-de-camp. Unhappily, the fatal sortie took place soon after, in consequence of which he fell in disgrace with Bonaparte. This disgrace had for a while all the characteristics of actual enmity. Bonaparte dismissed him from his service as aide-de-camp, and transferred him to Neille's division, and then to that of Baraguey-d'Hilliers. The result was, that when Bonaparte returned to Paris after the treaty of Tolentino, Murat did not accompany him.

This did not at all suit the female triumvirate, who had taken the young general under its direction. The beautiful intriguers entered into the campaign, and as the expedition to Egypt was then preparing, they induced the minister of war to send Murat with it. He embarked in the same ship as Bonaparte, namely, the "Orient," but the latter did not address a single word to him during the voyage. After they reached Alexandria, Murat was at first unable to break the icy barrier opposed to him by the general, who more to put him at a distance from his own person than to give him an opportunity to distinguish himself, confronted him with Mourad Bey. But, during that campaign, Murat performed such prodigies of valor that he effaced, by such bravery, the memory of that momentary weakness; he charged so intrepidly, so madly at Aboukir, that Bonaparte had not the heart to bear him further malice.

Consequently Murat had returned to France with Bonaparte. He had powerfully co-operated with him on the 18th and especially on the 19th Brumaire. He was, therefore, restored to full favor, and as a proof of that favor, had received the command of the Consular guard.

He thought this the moment to declare his love, a love already well-known to Josephine, who favored it; for which she had two reasons. In the first place, she was a woman in the most charming acceptation of the word; that is to say, all the gentler passions of women were attractive to her.

Joachim loved Caroline, Caroline loved Joachim; that was enough to make her wish to protect their love. In the second place, Bonaparte's brothers detested Josephine; Joseph and Lucien were her bitterest enemies, and she was not sorry to make herself two ardent friends in Caroline and Murat. She therefore encouraged the latter to approach Bonaparte on the subject.

Three days before the ceremony we have just described, Murat had entered Bonaparte's study, and after endless hesitation and circumlocution, had proffered his request.

It is probable that the love of the young pair was no news to Bonaparte, who, however, received it with stern gravity, and contented himself with replying that he would think it over. The matter, in fact, required thinking over. Bonaparte came of a noble family, Murat was the son of an innkeeper. The alliance at such a moment might have great significance. Was the First Consul, in spite of his noble birth, in spite of the exalted rank to which he had raised himself, not only sufficiently republican, but also sufficiently democratic to mingle his blood with that of the common people.

He did not reflect long; his strong, good sense, and his logical mind, told him that he had every interest in allowing the marriage, and he gave his consent to it the same day.

The double news of this marriage and of the removal to the Tuileries was launched on the public at the same time; the one was to counterpoise the other. The First Consul was about to occupy the palace of the former kings, to sleep in the bed of the Bourbons, as they said at that time, but he gave his sister to the son of an innkeeper!

And now, it may be asked, what dowry did the future Queen of Naples bring to the hero of Aboukir? Thirty thousand francs and a diamond necklace, which the First Consul took from his wife, being too poor to buy one. Josephine, who was very fond of her necklace, pouted a little; but the gift, thus obtained, was a triumphant reply to those who claimed that Bonaparte had made a fortune in Italy; besides, why had she taken the interests of the young couple so to heart? She had insisted on marrying them, and she ought to contribute to the dowry.

The result of this clever combination was that on the day when the Consuls left the Luxembourg for the "palace of the government," escorted by the *son of an innkeeper,* soon to be Bonaparte's brother-in-law, it did not occur to those who saw the procession pass to do otherwise than admire and applaud. And, in truth, what could be more admirable and worthy of applause than those processions, which had at their head such men as Murat, Moreau, Junot, Duroc, Augereau, and Masséna?

I. Diana de Castro

Lord Wentworth, the English governor of Calais in 1558, believed himself certain of two things: first, he had two full hours before the surrender of the city, then, he should find his hotel entirely empty, for he had taken the precaution to send all his people to the breach in the morning. Diana de Castro, the French captive, must be alone with one or two of her women.

Every place along the route of Lord Wentworth was, in fact, abandoned, and gave Calais the aspect of a dead city, for like unto a body from which life is slowly retiring, she had concentrated all her energies on the spot where the last struggle was made.

Lord Wentworth, gloomy, savage, and in some sort drunk with despair, went straight to the apartments occupied by Madame de Castro.

He did not cause himself to be announced, as was his custom, but entered abruptly as a master into the room where she sat with one of the attendants he had given her.

Without saluting the astonished Diana, he said imperiously to the attendant,—

"Leave the room at once! The French may enter the city this evening, and I have neither the means nor the desire to protect you. Go and find your father. Your place is by his side. Go immediately, and tell the two of three women who are here that I order them to do the same."

"But, my lord—" objected the attendant.

"Ah!" retorted the governor, stamping on the floor in his rage, "have you not heard then what I said to you? obey!"

"Still, my lord—" Diana was beginning in her turn.

"I have said to her: obey! madame," rejoined Lord Wentworth, with an inflexible gesture.

The attendant passed out in a state of terror.

"In truth, I do not recognise you, my lord," returned Diana. after a silence full of anguish.

"Because you have not seen me conquered until now, madame," answered Lord Wentworth, with a bitter smile. "For you have been an excellent prophetess of woe and malediction in my case, and I have been indeed a fool not to have believed you. I am conquered, quite conquered, conquered without hope or resources. Rejoice!"

"Is the success of the French really so fully assured?" said Diana, who had some trouble to hide her delight.

"Why not, madame? Fort Nieullay, Fort Risbank, the Vieux-Château are in their power. The city is exposed to three fires. Yes, Calais is assuredly theirs. Rejoice!"

"Oh!" returned Diana, "with such a man as you, my lord, for an adversary, one ought never to be certain of victory, and, in spite of myself, yes, I acknowledge it, in spite of myself, I still doubt."

"What!" cried Lord Wentworth, "do you not see, madame, that I have given up the game? After having been present at every battle, do you not see that I did not wish to be present at a defeat, and that therefore I am here? Lord Derby will surrender in an hour and a half. In an hour and a half,

madame, the French will enter triumphantly into Calais, and Viscount d'Exmès, your lover, with them. Rejoice!"

"My lord, you say all this in such a tone that I do not know whether I ought to believe you or not," said Diana, who, however, was beginning to hope, her eyes and smile becoming radiant at the thought of freedom.

"Then, in order to persuade you, madame," returned Lord Wentworth, "for I wish to persuade you, I will take another course, and I will say to you: Madame, in an hour and a half the French will enter here in triumph, and Viscount d'Exmès with them. Tremble!"

"What do you mean?" cried Diana, turning pale.

"What! Am I not sufficiently clear?" said Lord Wentworth, approaching Diana with a menacing laugh. "I say to you: In an hour and a half, madame, our parts will be changed. You will be free, and I a prisoner. Viscount d'Exmès will come and restore you to liberty, love, and happiness; me he will fling into some dungeon cell. Tremble!"

"But why should I tremble?" answered Diana, recoiling under the sombre and burning gaze of this man.

"Great heavens! it is very easy to understand," said Lord Wentworth. "At this moment, I am the master; in an hour and a half I shall be the slave, or rather in an hour and a quarter, for the minutes are passing. In an hour and a quarter, I shall be in your power; now you are in mine. In an hour and a quarter, Viscount d'Exmès will be here; now I am here. Therefore, rejoice and tremble, madame!"

"My lord! my lord!" cried Diana, whose heart was palpitating as she repulsed Lord Wentworth, "what do you want with me?"

"What do I want with you? with you!" repeated the governor, in a hoarse voice.

"Do not approach me! or I will cry out, call for help, and dishonour you, wretch!" exclaimed Diana, now a prey to mortal terror.

"Cry, call for help; it is all the same to me," said Lord Wentworth, with sinister tranquillity. "The hotel is deserted; the streets are deserted. No one will hear your cries, at least for another hour. Look: I have not even taken the trouble of shutting the doors and windows, so sure am I that none will come here before an hour."

"But in an hour they will surely come, and then I will accuse you, denounce you, and they will kill you."

"No," said Lord Wentworth, coolly; "I will kill myself. Do you believe I could survive the capture of Calais? In an hour I shall kill myself, upon that I am resolved. But before that, I will take you from your lover, and, by giving free course to one last and terrible tide of voluptuousness, satisfy both my honour and my love. Come, my beauty, your refusals and disdains are no longer in season. I no longer beg; I order! I no longer implore; I command!"

"And I die!" cried Diana, drawing a knife from her bosom.

But before she had time to strike, Lord Wentworth rushed upon her, seized her little weak hands in his vigorous grasp, tore the knife from her, and flung it aside.

"Not yet!" cried Lord Wentworth, with a frightful smile. "I do not wish you to die yet, madame. Afterwards,

you can do what you like; and if you prefer death with me to life with him, you shall certainly be free to do so. But this last hour of your existence, for now there is only an hour, belongs to me. I have but this hour to compensate me for an eternity of hell. Think you, then, I am going to renounce it?"

He wished to seize her. Fainting, and feeling her strength escaping, she fell at his feet.

"Mercy, my lord!" she cried, "mercy! I ask for mercy and pardon on my knees! In the name of your mother, remember that you are a gentleman."

"A gentlemen!" retorted Lord Wentworth, shaking his head, "yes, I was a gentleman and comported myself as one as long as I triumphed, hoped, and lived. But now I am no longer a gentleman; I am simply a man,—a man who will avenge himself and die."

He raised Madame de Castro, who lay at his feet, and held her in a frenzied embrace. Her lovely body was bruised by the leather of his belt. She tried to entreat, to cry out, but she could not.

At this moment there was a great uproar in the streets.

"Ah!" cried Diana, the fading light of her eyes again kindling under the influence of hope.

"Good!" said Wentworth, with an infernal laugh; "it seems the people are amusing themselves by pillaging each other before the arrival of the enemy. They are quite right, and their governor is about to set them an example."

He lifted Diana as he would a child, and laid her, breathless and exhausted, on a sofa.

"Mercy!" she succeeded in saying once more.

"No, no," returned Wentworth; "you are too beautiful."

She fainted.

But the governor had not had time to kiss the colourless lips of Diana when the tumult drew nearer and the door was violently burst open.

The Viscount d'Exmès, Gabriel, Diana's lover, and three or four French archers appeared upon the threshold. Gabriel leaped upon Lord Wentworth, sword in hand, and with a terrible cry.

"Scoundrel!"

Lord Wentworth, with teeth clenched, grasped his sword, which lay upon a chair.

"Back!" cried Gabriel to his people, who were inclined to interfere, "I will chastise this wretch myself." Without a word, the two antagonists crossed swords furiously.

Their companions drew back to give them room,—mute but not indifferent witnesses of this deadly combat.

Diana still lay unconscious.

It was time; and the sword of Diana's lover was brandished above her at the right moment to protect her from the foulest of outrages.

The combat of the governor and Gabriel was long. The two antagonists seemed equally skilled in fencing. They showed the same coolness and the same fury. Their swords entwined like two serpents, and crossed like two flashes of lightning.

However, at the end of two minutes, Lord Wentworth's sword escaped from his hand, struck by a vigorous counter of Exmès.

Lord Wentworth, in trying to avoid the stroke, slipped on the floor and fell.

Anger, contempt, hatred,—all the violent feelings fermenting in the heart

of Gabriel left no room there for generosity. A foe like this deserved no courtesy. He was on him in a moment, with his sword raised to slay him.

Not one of those present, moved with indignation at what they had just seen, would have stayed his avenging arm.

But Diana de Castro had recovered consciousness during the combat.

Opening her heavy eyelids, she saw, she understood, and darted between Gabriel and Wentworth.

By a sublime coincidence, the last cry she uttered when fainting was the first she spoke when restored to life,—

"Mercy!"

She entreated for him by whom her entreaties had been spurned.

Gabriel, at the sight of his beloved Diana, at the sound of her all-powerful voice, felt only the promptings of his tenderness and love. Clemency took the place of rage in his soul.

"Do you wish him to live?" he asked.

"I beg his life of you, Gabriel," said Diana. "Ought he not to have time to repent?"

"Be it so," replied Gabriel. "Let the angel save the demon; it is her office."

And, all the time holding under his knee Lord Wentworth, who was furious and bellowing with rage,—

"Do you," he said to his companions, "aproach and tie this man while I hold him. Then you will fling him into the prison of his own hotel, until M. le Duc de Guise decides on his fate."

"No! kill me! kill me!" cried Lord Wentworth, struggling.

"Do what I say," replied Gabriel, keeping his hold. "I am beginning to believe that life will punish him better than death."

The viscount was obeyed; and although Lord Wentworth struggled, foamed at the mouth, and hurled insults at his assailants, he was securely tied and gagged. Then two or three men carried off, without ceremony, the late governor of Calais.

When Madame de Castro remained alone with Gabriel, she fell on her knees, from an impulse of piety and gratitude, and, raising her eyes and hands towards Heaven, said,—

"Blessed be Thy name, O God, twice blessed, because Thou hast saved me, and saved me by him!"

Then Diana threw herself into the arms of Gabriel.

"And I must thank and bless you also, my Gabriel," said she. "My last thought before I fainted was to invoke my guardian angel, and you came. Oh, how I thank you!"

"Ah, Diana," said he, "how I have suffered since I saw you last, and how long it is since that!"

"And what of me, then?" she cried.

Then they began recounting, with a superfluity of details the reverse of dramatic, it must be acknowledged, all they had done and felt during an absence each had found so difficult to bear.

Calais, the Duke de Guise, the conqueror, and the conquered, all were forgotten. All the rumours and all the passions that surrounded the lovers did not affect them. Lost in their world of love and rapture, they no longer heard, they no longer saw, the world beyond them.

The soul that has encountered so many griefs and so many terrors is, in some sort, weakened and enfeebled by suffering, and, although strong against sorrow, cannot resist happiness.

In the soothing atmosphere of pure

emotions, Diana and Gabriel willingly abandoned themselves to the gentle influence of that serenity and joy to which they had been hitherto unaccustomed.

To the scene of violent passion we have described succeeded another at once like and different.

"How good it is to be near you, my love!" said Diana. "Instead of the presence of that impious man whom I hated and who frightened me, what delight your reassuring and dear presence affords me!"

"And," said Gabriel, "since our infancy, when we were happy without knowing it, I do not remember, during my isolated and agitated life, a moment to be compared with this."

For a time they were silent, absorbed in mutual adoration.

Diana resumed:—

"Come and sit close to me, Gabriel. Would you believe it? Even in captivity, I have dreamed and almost foreseen the moment that united us in such an unhoped-for fashion. I had a surety that you would be my deliverer, and that in my last extremity God would bring you, my knight, to save me."

"And as to me, Diana, the thought of you," said Gabriel, "at once attracted me like a magnet and guided me like a light. Shall I confess it to you and to my conscience? Although other powerful motives might have urged me on, I should never have conceived the idea of taking Calais, never accomplished it by such rash methods, if you had not been here a prisoner; if an instinctive knowledge of the perils you ran had not inspired and encouraged me. Except for the hope of succouring you, except for another sacred interest that forms the object of my life, Calais would still be in the power of the English. God grant that I may not be punished for having wished and done good through purely interested motives!"

But the beloved voice of Diana reassured him, when it cried,—

"God punish you, Gabriel! God punish you for having been great and generous!"

"Who knows?" said he, questioning heaven with eyes that had in them a gloomy presentiment.

"I know," replied Diana, with her charming smile.

She was so enchanting when she said so that Gabriel, struck with her glorious beauty, and forgetting all other thoughts, could not help exclaiming,—

"Diana, you are beautiful as an angel!"

"And you valiant as a hero, Gabriel!" she replied.

They were seated near each other. Their hands by chance met and clasped. Night was beginning to fall.

Diana, blushing to the temples, rose and took some steps across the chamber.

"You are leaving me, you are flying from me, Diana," said Gabriel, sadly.

"Oh, no!" she returned quickly, going up to him. "With you, it is different; I am not afraid, my dear Gabriel."

Diana was wrong. The danger was different; but it was still danger, and the friend was not less, perhaps, to be feared than the enemy.

"Well and good," said Gabriel, taking the soft little white hand she abandoned to him anew; "well and good, let us be happy for a little, after suffering so much. Let us unburden our souls and let them rest in confidence and joy."

"True," replied Diana; "I feel so

happy by your side, Gabriel. Let us forget for a moment the world and the tumult around us; let us enjoy this delicious hour. God, I believe, will permit us to do so without trouble and without fear. You are right; else why have we suffered so?"

With a graceful movement familiar to her from childhood, she laid her charming head upon Gabriel's shoulder. Her great velvet eyes softly closed, and her hair touched the lips of the ardent young man.

It was he now who rose shuddering and confused.

"Well?" said Diana, opening her astonished and languishing eyes.

He fell on his knees before her, quite pale, and flung his arms around her.

"Diana, I love you! I love you!" he cried from the depths of his heart.

"And I love you, Gabriel!" answered Diana, courageously, and as if obeying an irresistible instinct of her heart.

How their faces approached, how their lips united, how in that kiss their souls mingled, God alone knows; for it is certain they did not know themselves.

But suddenly Gabriel, who felt his soul stagger under the confusing weight of so much happiness, tore himself from the arms of Diana.

"Diana, let me fly!" he cried in accents of terror.

"Fly! and why?" she asked, surprised.

"Diana! Diana! if you were my sister!" returned Gabriel, beside himself.

"Your sister!" repeated Diana, thunderstruck.

Gabriel stopped, astonished and to some extent stunned by his own words, and, passing his hand over his burning brow, he asked in a loud voice:—

"What, then, have I said?"

"What have you said, indeed?" returned Diana. "Are those terrible words of yours to be taken literally? What is the solution of this frightful mystery of our lives? Good heavens! am I really your sister?"

"My sister? did I confess you were my sister?" said Gabriel.

"Ah, then it is true!" cried Diana, trembling.

"No, it is not, it cannot be true. I do not know; who can know? And, besides, I ought not to have told you all this. It is a secret of life and death I had sworn to keep. Ah, merciful Heaven! I preserved my coolness and my reason in suffering and misfortune; must the first drop of happiness that touches my lips intoxicate me even to madness, even to forgetfulness of my oaths?"

"Gabriel," returned Madame de Castro, gravely, "God knows it is not a vain curiosity that leads me on. But you have said either too much or too little for my repose. It is necessary to finish now."

"Impossible! impossible!" cried Gabriel, with a sort of dismay.

"And why impossible?" said Diana. "Something assures me that those secrets belong to me as much as to you, and that you have not the right to hide them from me."

"You are right," replied Gabriel; "and you have certainly as much claim to bear these sorrows as I have. But since the burden crushes me alone, do not ask me to share it with you."

"Yes, I demand and wish it, I insist on sharing your troubles," rejoined Di-

ana; "and, in addition to all this, I implore you, Gabriel, my friend, do not refuse me."

"But I have taken an oath to the king," said Gabriel, anxiously.

"You have taken an oath?" returned Diana. "Well, keep that oath loyally with regard to strangers and even towards friends: you will act rightly in doing so. But since I, by your own confession, have the same interest in this mystery as you, can you, ought you, to observe a pernicious silence? No, Gabriel, if you feel any pity for me. My anxiety upon this subject has already sufficiently tortured my heart. In this respect, if not, alas, in the other accidents of your life, I am in some sort your second self. Do you perjure yourself when you think of your secret in the solitude of your conscience? Do you believe that my soul, profound and sincere, and ripened by so many trials, cannot as well as yours guard jealously the secret confided to it, whether that secret be one of joy or sorrow,—a secret, too, which is mine as well as yours."

The tender and caressing words flowed on, touching the fibres of the young man's heart, as if it were some responsive instrument.

"And then, Gabriel, since fate forbids us to be joined in love and happiness, how have you the courage to refuse the only fellowship allowed us, that of sorrow? Shall we, at least, not suffer less if we suffer together? Would it not be a grievous thing if the only bond that unites us should keep us apart?"

And, feeling that Gabriel, though half conquered, still hesitated,—

"Moreover, take care!" continued Diana; "if you persist in your silence, why should I not use that language which just now, I know not why, caused you such anguish and terror,—language which you once taught my lips and my heart? The woman who is your betrothed in the sight of Heaven can, in all chastity, lay her head on your shoulder, and her lips on your brow, as I do now—"

But Gabriel, heart-broken, again released himself from Diana with a shudder.

"No, Diana, have mercy on my reason, I supplicate you!" he cried. "You would know absolutely, then, my terrible secret? Well, to escape a possible crime, I will tell it to you! Yes, Diana, it is necessary to take literally the words I let fall in my anguish a moment ago. Diana, you are perhaps the daughter of Count Montgommery, my father! you are perhaps my sister!"

"Holy Virgin!" murmured Madame de Castro, crushed by this revelation.

"But how can this be?" she asked.

"I should have wished," he said, "that your calm, pure life had never known this history, full as it is of terror and of crime. But, alas! I feel too well that my own strength is not a sufficient shield against my love. You must help me against yourself, Diana, and I am going to tell you everything."

"I listen to you with dismay, but with attention," answered Diana.

Gabriel then related everything: how his father had loved Madame Diana de Poitiers, mother of Diana, and, in the opinion of all the court, had appeared to be loved in return; how the dauphin, to-day the king, had been his rival; how the Count de Montgommery had disappeared ,and how Aloyse, the nurse,

had succeeded in learning, and had revealed to his son, that he had been imprisoned. This was all his nurse knew, and, as Madame de Poitiers refused to speak, Count Montgommery alone, if he were still alive, could tell the secret of Diana's birth.

When Gabriel had finished his gloomy narrative,—

"It is frightful!" cried Diana. "Whatever be the issue, my friend, our destiny must be miserable in the end. If I am the daughter of Count de Montgommery, you are my brother, Gabriel; if I am the daughter of the king, you are the justly angered enemy of my father. In any case, we are separated."

"No, Diana," replied Gabriel, "our misfortune is not quite hopeless. Since I have begun by telling you everything, I am going to finish. And, indeed, I feel that you have been right: this confidence has relieved me, and my secret has, after all, only left my heart to enter into yours."

Gabriel then informed Diana of the strange and dangerous compact he had concluded with Henry the Second, and the solemn promise of the king to restore liberty to Count Montgommery, if his son, after defending Saint-Quentin against the Spaniards, should take Calais from the English.

Now, Calais became a French city an hour ago; and Gabriel might, without vanity, believe that he had largely contributed to this glorious result.

As he spoke, hope dispelled gradually the sadness that overshadowed Diana's countenance, as the dawn dispels the darkness.

When Gabriel had finished, she remained a moment in pensive meditation; then, offering him her hand,—

"My poor Gabriel," said she, firmly, "there will be for us in the future, as there has been in the past, much to think of and much to suffer. But let us not dwell upon that, my friend. We must not become weak and enfeebled. For my part, I will try to prove myself strong and courageous, like you, and with you. The essential thing at present is to act and solve the riddle of our lives in some fashion or other. Our glory is, I think, near its end. You have kept, and more than kept, your engagement with the king. The king will keep his, I hope, to you. It is upon that hope we must henceforth concentrate all our feelings and all our thoughts."

II. A Champion of Beauty

THE last day of the Royal tournament occurred on Friday the 30th of June, 1559, and was to be the most brilliant and magnificent of three, and bring the fêtes to a worthy close.

The four holders were:—

The king, who wore the colours of Madame de Poitiers, white and black; the Duke de Guise, who wore white and crimson; Alfonzo of Este, Duke de Ferrara, who wore yellow and red; Jacques of Savoy,, Duke de Nemours, who wore yellow and black.

"These four princes were," says Bran-

tôme, "the four best men-at-arms that could be found, not only in France, but in any other country. So upon that day they did wonders, and none knew to whom to give the palm, although the king was one of the most skilful and excellent cavaliers in his kingdom."

The chances were, in fact, pretty even between these four adroit and renowned holders; and as the day advanced, course followed course, without any one being able to say to whom the honour of the tourney belonged.

Henry the Second was thoroughly excited, and indeed feverish. These sports and passes of arms were his element, and he was perhaps as proud of a victory in them as he would have been of one on a real field of battle.

However, evening was coming on, and the trumpets and clarions sounded the last course.

It was run by M. de Guise, and he accomplished it amid the loud applause of the ladies and the assembled throng.

Then the queen, who now at last breathed freely, arose.

It was the signal of departure.

"What! over?" exclaimed the king, excited and jealous. "Wait, ladies, wait; is it not my turn to run?"

M. de Vieilleville observed to the king that he had been the first to open the lists, that the four holders had furnished an equal number of courses, that the advantage was, it is true, equal, and no one had come off conqueror; but the lists were now closed, and the tournament ended.

"Nonsense!" retorted Henry, impatiently; "if the king is the first to enter, he ought to be the last to leave. I do not wish matters to end thus. And see, yonder are two lances still entire."

"But, sire," said M. de Vieilleville, "there are no assailants."

"Yes," returned the king. "But stay, do you not see that man who has always kept his visor lowered and has not yet run? Who is he, Vieilleville?"

"Sire, I do not know. I did not notice him."

"Ho there, monsieur!" said Henry; "you must break a lance with me, one last lance."

The man did not reply for some time. Then, in a deep and grave voice, he said with emotion,—

"Your Majesty will allow me to decline the honour."

"Allow you to decline it! No, monsieur; I cannot allow you to do so," he said, with a nervous and angry gesture.

Thereupon the unknown silently raised his visor.

And the king beheld the pale, dejected countenance of Gabriel de Montgommery, Viscount d'Exmes. The king had broken his promise to Gabriel and instead of releasing his father from prison had caused his death.

At the sight of that solemn and gloomy figure, the king felt a shudder of surprise, and perhaps of terror, run through all his veins.

But he did not wish to acknowledge to himself, still less to others, that first tremor, which he at once repressed. His soul reacted against his instinct; and just because he had experienced the sensation of fear for a moment, he showed himself brave and even rash.

Gabriel said a second time, slowly and gravely,—

"I beg your Majesty not to insist."

"But I do insist, M. de Montgommery," returned the king.

Henry, whose eyes were dazed by so

many contradictory emotions, believed he detected a shade of defiance in the words and tone of Gabriel. Frightened by a return of the strange agitation which Diana de Castro, love of Gabriel, had for a moment banished, he bore up against his weakness and resolved to have done once for all with the cowardly anxieties which he deemed unworthy of a king, of Henry the Second, the child of France.

So he said to Gabriel, with almost exaggerated firmness,—

"Make ready, monsieur, to run against me."

Gabriel, whose soul was at least as much disturbed as that of the king, bowed and did not answer.

At that moment, M. de Boissy, the grand equerry, approached, and said that the queen had begged him to entreat his Majesty not to run for the love of her.

"Tell the queen," replied Henry, "that it is precisely for love of her that I am about to run this course."

And, turning to M. de Vieilleville, he said,—

"Come, Vieilleville, arm me at once."

In his preoccupation, he was asking M. de Vieilleville to render him a service which belonged to the office of the grand equerry, M. de Boissy.

M. de Vieilleville was surprised at this, and respectfully called the king's attention to it.

"You are right," said the king, striking his forehead. "I must be losing my senses."

He met the cold, impassive gaze of Gabriel, and continued impatiently,—

"Oh, yes! I know now. M. de Boissy had to return to the queen with my answer. I knew well what I did and said. Do you arm me, M. de Vieilleville."

"That being so, sire," replied M. de Vieilleville, "and since your Majesty absolutely insists on breaking the last lance, allow me to observe that it is my turn to run against you, and I demand my right. In fact, M. de Montgommery was not present at the opening of the lists, and entered only when he believed them closed."

"Very true, monsieur," said Gabriel, quickly; "and I withdraw in your favour."

But in the eagerness of Count de Montgommery to avoid a combat with him, the king persisted obstinately in fancying that he saw the contemptuous efforts of an enemy to impugn his courage and frighten him.

"No, no!" he answered, stamping the ground. "I wish to run against M. de Montgommery, and against no one else this time. We have had enough of delay! Arm me."

He met the grave, fixed look of the count with a proud and haughty glance, and bent his head in order that M. de Vieilleville might helm him.

Clearly his destiny was blinding him.

M. de Savoie again begged him to quit the field, in the name of Queen Catherine.

As the king did not even answer his remonstrances, he added in an undertone,—

"Madame de Poitiers, sire, has also asked me to caution you secretly to be on your guard against him with whom you are going to tilt now."

At the name of Diana the king could not help starting; but he controlled himself.

"Is it that I am about to show fear

in presence of my lady?" he said to himself.

And he still maintained the haughty silence of one who is importuned to change his mind, but determined not to do so.

M. de Vieilleville, however, while arming him, whispered in turn,—

"Sire, I swear by the living God that for the last three nights I have dreamed that some misfortune would happen to you to-day, and that this last day of June would be fatal to you."

But the king paid no attention to him: he was already armed, and seized his lance.

Gabriel took his and entered the lists.

The two combatants mounted their horses and rode to their positions.

There was in the crowd a strange, deep silence. Every eye was intent on the spectacle, and all held their breath.

The constable and Madame Diana de Castro were, however, absent; so none had any idea, with the exception of Madame de Poitiers, that there was between the king and M. de Montgommery any cause of enmity or motive of vengeance. None foresaw that this mock combat was to have a bloody ending. The king, accustomed to these comparatively safe sports, had appeared in the arena a hundred times during the three days, and the conditions were then the same that presented themselves now.

And yet in presence of this adversary, enshrouded in mystery until the very end, of his significant refusals to engage in the combat, and of the blind obstinacy of the king, a vague and unusual feeling of terror pervaded the spectators; and before this unknown danger they were silent and expectant. Why? Nobody could tell. But a stranger, arriving at that moment, would have said to himself, on scanning their features, "Some event of supreme importance is about to happen!"

There was terror in the air.

A remarkable circumstance gave an evident sign of the ominous feeling of the crowd.

During the whole time the ordinary courses lasted, the clarions and trumpets never failed to sound their deafening flourishes. They were the triumphant and joyous voice of the tourney, as it were.

But when the king and Gabriel entered the lists, the trumpets were all suddenly silent. Not a single one of them sounded a note; and during this unusual silence the general anxiety and horror redoubled, without any one being able to account for the feeling. The two champions felt even more than the spectators the extraordinary disquietude that seemed, so to speak, to fill the atmosphere.

Gabriel no longer thought, no longer saw, no longer lived, almost. He rode mechanically, and as if in a dream, doing instinctively what he had already done in such circumstances, but guided in some sort by a secret and potent will which assuredly was not his own.

The king was more passive and bewildered still. He had also before his eyes a kind of cloud, and looked as if he was acting and moving in a sort of phantasmagoria which was neither a reality nor a dream.

Sometimes, however, his mind was pierced as by a flash of lightning, and he saw clearly both the predictions the queen had made him aware of two days before, as well as those of his nativity

and those of Forcatel. Suddenly, enlightened by some terrible gleam, he understood the sense and relation of those terrible auguries. A cold sweat bathed him from head to foot. For a moment he had decided to renounce the combat and abandon the lists. But no! those thousands of eager eyes weighed upon him and nailed him to the spot.

Moreover, M. de Vieilleville had just given the signal.

The die was cast. Forward! and let the will of God be done!

The two horses started at a gallop, at that moment more intelligent and less blinded, perhaps, than their heavy riders, barbed in iron.

Gabriel and the king met in the midst of the arena. They advanced and broke their lances without any accident.

The terrible forebodings had, then, been wrong! There was a hoarse murmur of joy from the relieved hearts of the spectators. The queen raised a grateful look to heaven.

But they rejoiced too soon.

The cavaliers, in fact, were still in the lists. After reaching the extremity opposite that by which they had entered, they galloped back to their starting-points, and consequently met a second time.

What danger, however, was to be feared now? They would cross without touching.

But either through anxiety or designedly, or through misfortune,—none but God can ever tell the reason,—Gabriel, on returning, instead of throwing down the fragment of the lance left in his hand, as was the usage, kept it; and when the king bore down upon him afresh, he drove this fragment clean against Henry's visor.

The visor was broken by the violence of the blow, and the fragment entered the king's eye, coming out at the ear.

Only half of the spectators who had risen to leave the lists saw the dreadful blow. But they raised a great cry, which warned the others.

Henry dropped the reins and threw his arms around the neck of his horse, and in this manner galloped round the ring till stopped by De Vieilleville and De Boissy.

"Ah! I am dead!" were the first words of the king. His next were: "Let no one trouble M. de Montgomery!—it is but just—I forgive him." And he fainted.

We will not describe the confusion that followed.

Catherine de Médicis was carried away fainting. The king was immediately borne to his chamber in Les Tournelles, without recovering consciousness even for a moment.

Gabriel dismounted, and remained standing against the barrier, motionless, as if turned to stone, dazed by the blow he had struck.

The last words of the king had been heard and repeated. No one, therefore, dared to interfere with him at the time; but men whispered around him, and looked at him askance with a sort of dread.

Coligny, who was present at the tournament, alone had courage to approach the young man, and, coming close to his left side, said in an undertone,—

"This is a terrible accident, my friend! I know well it has been an accident. Our ideas and the discourses you have heard, as I have been told

by La Renaudie, in the conventicle at the Place Maubert, have assuredly had nothing to do with this fatality! No matter! Although you can only be accused of an accident, be on your guard. I would advise you to disappear for a time; to leave Paris, and even France. Rely upon me always; *au revoir.*"

"Thanks," replied Gabriel, without changing his attitude.

A sad and feeble smile was on his pale lips while the Protestant chief was speaking to him.

Coligny nodded and took his departure.

Some moments after, the Duke de Guise, who had just been making arrangements for the king's removal, advanced towards Gabriel after giving some orders.

He, too, came close to the young count, on his right, and said in his ear,—

"A very unfortunate stroke, Gabriel! But you cannot be blamed; you can only be pitied. But just consider! If any one had heard the conversation between us at Les Tournelles, what frightful conjectures might not the malevolent draw from this simple but very fatal mischance! All the same, I am powerful, and I am devoted to you, as you know. Do not show yourself for some days. But do not leave Paris; it would be useless. If any one dare to accuse you, you remember what I said to you: rely upon me everywhere and always, no matter in what difficulty you may be placed."

"Thanks, monseigneur," said Gabriel, in the same tone, and with the same melancholy smile.

Evidently the Duke de Guise and Coligny had, not a certain conviction, but a vague suspicion, that the accident they pretended to deplore was not quite an accident.

At bottom the Protestant and the ambitious warrior, without wishing to probe the matter too deeply, believed firmly, the latter that Gabriel had, at all risks, seized this opportunity of serving the interests of an admired protector; the former that the fanaticism of the young Huguenot had urged him to free the oppressed from their persecutor.

Both, therefore, believed themselves bound to address some kind words to their discreet and devoted auxiliary; and this was the reason why both approached him in turn, and this was the reason why Gabriel received their double error with that sad smile.

Meanwhile, the Duke de Guise had returned to the excited groups standing around. Gabriel at last looked around him, noticed the dismayed curiosity of which he was the object, sighed, and resolved to remove from the fatal spot.

He removed to his hotel in the Rue des Jardins-St.-Paul, undisturbed, and even unquestioned.

At Les Tournelles the king's chamber was closed to everybody except the queen, her children, and the surgeons, who had hastened to the aid of the royal sufferer.

But Fernal and the other doctors soon saw that there was no longer any hope, and that they could not save Henry the Second.

The king remained four days unconscious.

On the fifth he came to himself and gave some orders, especially to hurry on the marriage of his sister.

He saw also the queen, and offered her some advice touching his children and the administration of the kingdom.

Then he was seized by fever and delirium, followed by the last agony.

At last, on the 10th of July, 1559, the day after his sister Marguerite, by his express will, had been married, amid tears and sobs, to the Duke of Savoy, Henry the Second expired, his agony having lasted eleven long days. The same day, Madame de Castro went, or rather fled, to her old home, the Benedictine Convent at St. Quentin, reopened after the peace of Cateau-Cambrésis.

III. Glory of Love

Time passed. One day Gabriel Montgommery, in answer to a letter, arrived at St. Quentin on the 16th of August.

He found Jean Peuquoy, his friend, waiting for him at the gate of the city.

"Ah, here you are at last, M. le Comte!" said the brave weaver. "I was quite sure you would come! Too late, unfortunately, too late!"

"What do you mean by too late?" asked Gabriel, in alarm.

"Alas, yes! Did not the letter of Madame de Castro ask you to come here on the 15th?"

"Undoubtedly," answered Gabriel; "but she laid no stress upon that precise date, nor did she say why she wanted me."

"Well, M. le Comte, yesterday, on the 15th of August," returned Jean Peuquoy, "Madame de Castro, or rather Sister Bénie, pronounced the eternal vows which make her henceforth a nun, without the possibility of returning to the world."

"Ah!" said Gabriel, turning pale.

"And if you had been here," resumed Jean Peuquoy, "you might have succeeded, perhaps, in preventing what is now irrevocable."

"No," said Gabriel, gloomily, "no; I should not have been able to do so, and I neither ought nor should have wished to do so. It was Providence, no doubt, that kept me at Calais. My heart would have broken because of its impotence in presence of such a sacrifice; and the poor, dear soul that has given itself to God would, perhaps, have suffered more from my presence than she has had to suffer from my absence at that solemn moment."

"Oh!" said Jean Peuquoy, "she was not alone."

"Yes, Jean," replied Gabriel; "you were there, and Babette, and the poor and wretched, always her friends."

"She had another with her too, M. le Comte. Sister Bénie had her mother with her."

"Who? Madame de Poitiers?" cried Gabriel.

"Yes, M. le Comte, Madame de Poitiers herself, who, upon receiving a letter from her daughter, left her retreat at Chaumont-sur-Loire, was present yesterday at the ceremony, and must be with the new religious at this very hour."

"Oh!" exclaimed Gabriel, "why did Madame de Castro invite that woman?"

"But, monseigneur, that woman, as she said to Babette, is, after all, her mother."

"No matter!" said Gabriel. "I begin to believe I ought to have been here yesterday. If Madame de Poitiers has come, it cannot be for anything good; it cannot be to fulfil a duty. Will you come with me to the convent of the Benedictines, Master Jean? I am in a greater hurry now than ever to see Madame de Castro. It seems to me that she has need of me. Come quickly!"

Count de Montgommery found no difficulty in gaining admission to the parlour of the convent of the Benedictines, his arrival having been expected on the evening before.

Diana was already in this parlour with her mother.

Gabriel, on seeing her again after so long an absence, was carried away by an irresistible impulse, and knelt, pale and dejected, before the grating which separated them for ever from one another.

"Sister! my sister!" was all he could say.

"My brother!" answered Sister Bénie, softly.

A tear ran slowly down her cheek. But at the same time she smiled, as the angels must smile.

Gabriel, on turning round his head, perceived the other Diana, Madame de Poitiers. She laughed, as demons must laugh.

But Gabriel, with contemptuous carelessness, turned away from her and again fixed his eyes and all his thoughts on Sister Bénie.

"My sister!" he repeated ardently and sadly.

Thereupon Diana de Poitiers coldly answered,—

"It is, no doubt, your sister in Jesus Christ, monsieur, whom you salute by that title, and who was yesterday called Madame de Castro."

"What do you mean, madame? Great God! what do you mean?" cried Gabriel, rising and quivering in every member.

Diana de Poitiers did not answer him, but addressed her daughter.

"My child," said she, "it is now time, I think, to reveal to you the secret of which I spoke yesterday, and which my duty forbids me to keep longer from you."

"Oh, what is it?" cried Gabriel, bewildered.

"My child," continued Madame de Poitiers, tranquilly, "it was not to bless you only that I left the retreat where I have lived, thanks to M. de Montgommery, for nearly two years. Do not regard my words as ironical," she said mockingly, in answer to a gesture of Gabriel. "I am really grateful to you for having torn me, violently or not, from an impious and corrupting world. I am happy now; grace has touched me, and the love of God fills my heart. To thank you in return, I wish to spare you a sin, a crime, perhaps."

"Oh, what is it?" asked Sister Bénie, in turn, her heart throbbing wildly.

"My child," went on Diana de Poitiers, with her infernal coolness, "I fancy that on yesterday I could, by a word, have arrested on your lips the sacred vows you were about to pronounce. But was it for me, a poor sinner, so happy to be delivered from earthly chains, to rob God of a soul

so freely given to Him in freedom and chastity? No, I was silent."

"I dare not guess; I dare not!" murmured Gabriel.

"To-day, my child, I break my silence, because I see," resumed the ex-favourite, "by the grief and ardour of M. de Montgommery, that you still engross all his thoughts. Now he must forget you; he must really. Nevertheless, if he was always deluded by the fancy that you were his sister, the daughter of Count de Montgommery, he might let his memory dwell upon you without remorse. It would be a crime! And I, who have been converted, yesterday, cannot be the accomplice of that crime. Know then, Diana, that you are not the sister of M. de Montgommery, but really and truly the daughter of King Henry the Second, whom M. le Comte so unfortunately struck in that fatal tournament."

"Horrible!" cried Sister Bénie, hiding her face in her hands.

"You lie, madame!" cried Gabriel, violently; "you must lie. Where is the proof that you do not lie?"

"Here it is," answered Madame de Poitiers, quietly, handing him a paper which she took from her bosom.

Gabriel seized the paper with a trembling hand and read greedily.

"It is," said Madame de Poitiers, "a letter from your father, written some days before his death, as you see. He complains of my cruelty, as you see also. But he resigns himself, as you may see as well, with the reflection that I shall soon be his wife, and that I have reserved for him a purer and fuller happiness than any he has hitherto enjoyed. Oh, the terms of that letter, signed and dated, are by no means equivocal! Is not that your opinion? You see then, M. de Montgommery, that it would have been criminal for you to think of Sister Bénie; for no tie of blood unites you to her who is now the bride of Christ. And, in sparing you such a sacrilege, I hope that I have acquitted myself of the debt I owed you, and paid you, over and above, for the happiness I have gained through you in my solitude."

During this sarcastic discourse, Gabriel had completed the perusal of the fatal but sacred letter. It left no doubt, in fact. It was for Gabriel the voice of his father issuing from the tomb to attest the truth.

When the unhappy young man raised his haggard eyes, he saw Madame de Castro fainting at the foot of a *prie-Dieu.*

He rushed instinctively towards her. The thick bars of the grating stopped him.

Turning round, he beheld Diana de Poitiers, on whose lips flickered a smile of placid satisfaction.

Beside himself with grief, he took two steps towards her, his hand raised.

But he stopped, frightened at himself, and striking his forehead like a madman, only cried, "Adieu, Diana! adieu!" and took flight.

If he had stayed a minute longer, he could not have helped crushing this impious mother as though she were a viper.

Jean Peuquoy was anxiously awaiting him outside the convent.

"Do not question me! ask nothing!" Gabriel shouted, in a kind of frenzy.

And as the brave Peuquoy looked at him in astonishment,—

"Pardon me," said Gabriel, more

gently. "I am afraid I am nearly mad. I do not wish to think, you see; and to escape from my thoughts, I must leave, I must fly to Paris. Accompany me, if you kindly wish to do so, my friend, as far as the gate of the city where I have left my horse. But, for God's sake, do not speak of me! speak of yourself."

The worthy weaver, as much from a desire to distract Gabriel as to obey him, related how marvellously well Babette was; how she had lately made him the father of a young Peuquoy,—a wonderful child that! how his brother Pierre was about to set up as armourer in St. Quentin; how, in fine, he had lately had news of Martin Guerre, through a reiter returning home from Picardy, and how happy Martin was with his Bertrande, now as sweet as honey.

But it must be confessed that Gabriel, dazed with grief, did not hear, or heard very imperfectly, this tale of joy.

However, when he reached the Paris gate, he shook the weaver's hand cordially.

"Adieu, my friend," said he. "Thanks for your affection. Remember me to all those you love. I am happy to know you happy; do you who prosper, think sometimes of him who suffers."

And without waiting for other reply than the tears that shone in Jean Peuquoy's eyes, Gabriel mounted his horse and galloped away.

On his arrival at Paris, as if fate wished to overwhelm him with every sort of misfortune at the same time, he found his good nurse Aloyse dead, after a short sickness, without seeing him again.

The next day, he visited Admiral de Coligny.

"M. l'Amiral," said he, "I know that the persecutions and the religious wars will soon begin again, in spite of so many efforts to prevent them. I have to tell you that henceforward I can offer to the cause of Reform, not only my heart, but my sword also. My life is good for nothing but to serve you. Take it, and do not spare it. Besides, in your ranks I can best defend myself against one of my enemies and chastise another."

Gabriel was thinking of the queen-regent and the constable.

There is no need to say that Coligny received with enthusiasm this priceless auxiliary, whose bravery and energy he had so often tested.

The history of the count from that moment was the history of the religious wars which left so many bloody marks on the reign of Charles the Ninth.

Gabriel de Montgommery played a terrible part in these wars; and at every great event his name caused the cheeks of Catherine de Médicis to turn pale.

When, after the massacre of Vassy in 1562, Rouen and all Normandy declared for the Huguenots, Count de Montgommery was known to be the principal author of this revolt.

He was, the same year, at the siege of Dreux, where he performed prodigies of valour.

He was said to have wounded with a pistol-shot Constable de Montmorency, who commanded on that occasion, and he would have killed him if Prince de Porcien had not sheltered and received the constable as prisoner.

Every one knows how the Balafré Guise, a month after the battle in which he had plucked victory from the unskilful hands of the constable, was treacherously slain by the fanatic Poltrot before Orléans.

Montmorency, rid of his rival, but deprived of his ally, was even more unsuccessful at the battle of St. Denis in 1567 than he had been in that of Dreux.

The Scotchman Robert Stuart summoned him to surrender. His answer was to strike his face with the hilt of his sword. Some one fired a pistol at him, hitting him in the side, and he fell mortally wounded.

Through the cloud of blood that spread over his eyes, he thought he recognised the features of Gabriel.

The constable expired the next day.

Though he had no longer any direct enemies, Gabriel did not on that account relax the force of his blows.

When Catherine de Médicis asked who had reduced Bearn to submission to the Queen of Navarre, and who had caused the Prince de Béarn to be recognised as generalissimo of the Huguenot armies, the answer was: Count de Montgommery.

When, on the day after St. Bartholomew (1572), the queen-mother, impatient for vengeance, inquired for the names of those who had escaped, not of those who had perished, the first name she heard was,—Montgommery.

Montgommery threw himself into La Rochelle with Lanoue. Rochelle sustained nine terrible assaults, and cost the royal army forty thousand men. It kept its liberty while capitulating, and Gabriel could leave it, safe and sound.

He next threw himself into Sancerre, besieged by the Duke de Berri. He knew a good deal, it may be imagined, about the defence of places. A handful of Sancerrois, without other weapons than iron-shod clubs, resisted a body of six thousand soldiers for six months. When they capitulated, they obtained, like the people of La Rochelle, liberty of conscience and a pledge of personal safety.

Catherine de Médicis saw, with ever-increasing fury, her old and invincible enemy constantly eluding her grasp.

Montgommery left Poitou, which was on fire, and returned to stir up Normandy, which was being pacified.

After leaving St. Lô, he took Carentan in three days, and stripped Valognes bare of all its supplies. The whole Norman nobility ranged itself under his banner.

Catherine de Médicis and the king immediately set on foot three armies, and published the ban and arrière-ban in La Perche and Le Mans. The leader of the royal troops was the Duke de Matignon.

This time, Montgommery no longer fought. Lost in the ranks of his co-religionists, he made head directly and personally against Charles the Ninth, and had his army, as the king had his.

He combined an admirable plan which ought to have assured him a brilliant victory.

He let Matignon besiege St. Lô with all his forces, secretly left the city, and went to Domfront. There, Francis du Hallot was to join him with all the cavalry from Bretagne, Anjou, and Caux. With these troops, he was to fall unexpectedly upon the royal army before St. Lô, which, taken between two fires, would be exterminated.

But treason vanquished the man hitherto invincible. An ensign warned Matignon of the secret departure of Montgommery for Domfront, accompanied only by forty horsemen.

Matignon was much less anxious to take St. Lô than to take Montgommery. He left the siege to one of his lieutenants, and ran to Domfront, with two regiments, six hundred cavalry, and a powerful artillery.

Any one except Gabriel would have surrendered without attempting a useless resistance. But with his forty men he held out against a whole army. The story of this incredible siege ought to be read in the history of De Thou.

Domfront resisted twelve days. Count de Montgommery made seven furious sorties during that time. At last, when the walls of the town, riddled and tottering, were as it were in the hands of the enemy, Gabriel abandoned them, but only to withdraw into the Tower of Guillaume de Bellême and renew the struggle.

He had now but thirty men left.

Matignon ordered for the assault a battery of five pieces of heavy artillery, a hundred cuirassiers, seven hundred musketeers, and a hundred pikemen.

The attack lasted five hours, and six hundred cannon-shot were fired at the old keep.

In the evening, Montgommery had but sixteen men, but he still held out. He spent the night in repairing the breach, like a simple workman.

The assault was renewed with the dawn. Matignon had received fresh reinforcements during the night. There were then around the keep of Bellême and its seventeen defenders fifteen thousand soldiers and eighteen pieces of cannon.

It was not courage the besieged lacked, but powder.

Montgommery, in order not to fall alive into the hands of his enemies, resolved to pass his sword through his body. But Matignon sent him a flag of truce, the bearer of which swore in the name of his chief "that his life should be safe and he should be at liberty to depart."

Montgommery surrendered on the faith of his oath. He might, however, have remembered Castelnau.

On the same day, he was sent, bound hand and foot, to Paris; Catherine de Médicis had him at last. It was by treachery; but what did it matter? Charles the Ninth had just died; until the return of Henry the Third from Poland, she was queen-regent and all-powerful.

Montgommery was tried before the parliament and condemned to death on the 26th of June, 1574.

He had been fighting the wife and sons of Henry the Second for fourteen years.

On the 27th of June, Count de Montgommery, to whom, by a refinement of cruelty, the extraordinary torture had been applied, was carried to the scaffold and beheaded. His body was then drawn and quartered.

Catherine de Médicis was present at the execution.

Thus ended the career of this extraordinary man,—one of the strongest and finest souls the sixteenth century has seen. He had never risen above the second rank, but he had always proved himself worthy of the first.

His death accomplished to the very letter the prediction of Nostradamus:—

"Enfin, l'aimera, puislas! le tuera
Dame du roy."

Diana de Castro was not alive at the time of his death. Sister Bénie had died the preceding year in the convent of the Benedictines of St. Quentin, of which she was abbess.

D'Artagnan, Detective

King Louis XIV. was in a quandary. He had heard of a wounded courtier but had no real knowledge of the affair that caused it. In this extremity, he thought of his versatile captain of the musketeers.

"Call M. d'Artagnan." The guard obeyed, and the musketeer entered the chamber of Louis XIV.

"Monsieur d'Artagnan," said the king, "you will leave this place by the little door of the private staircase."

"Yes, sire."

"You will mount your horse."

"Yes, sire."

"And you will proceed to the Rond-point du Bois-Rochin. Do you know the spot?"

"Yes, sire. I have fought there twice."

"What!" exclaimed the king, amazed at the reply.

"Under the edicts, sire, of Cardinal Richelieu," returned D'Artagnan, with his usual impassibility.

"That is very different, monsieur. You will, therefore, go there, and will examine the locality very carefully. A man has been wounded there, and you will find a horse lying dead. You will tell me what your opinion is upon the whole affair."

"Very good, sire."

"As a matter of course, it is your own opinion I require, and not that of any one else."

"You shall have it in an hour's time, sire."

"I prohibit your speaking with any one, whoever it may be."

"Except with the person who must give me a lantern," said D'Artagnan.

"Oh! that is a matter of course," said the king, laughing at the liberty, which he tolerated in no one but his captain of musketeers. D'Artagnan left by the little staircase.

Without losing a second he ran to the stable, took down the lantern, saddled his horse himself, and proceeded towards the place his majesty had indicated. According to the promise he had made, he had not accosted any one; and, as we have observed, he had carried his scruples so far as to do without the assistance of the stable-helpers altogether. D'Artagnan was one of those who in moments of difficult pride themselves on increasing their own value. By dint of hard galloping, he in less than five minutes reached the wood, fastened his horse to the first tree he came to, and penetrated to the broad open space on foot. He then began to inspect most carefully, on foot and with his lantern in his hand, the whole surface of the Rond-point, went forward, turned back again, measured,

examined, and after half an hour's minute inspection, he returned silently to where he had left his horse, and pursued his way in deep reflection and at a foot-pace to Fontaine-bleau. Louis was waiting in his cabinet; he was alone, and with a pencil was scribbling on paper certain lines which D'Artagnan at the first glance recognized as unequal and very much touched up. The conclusion he arrived at was, that they must be verses. The king raised his head and perceived D'Artagnan. "Well, monsieur," he said, "do you bring me any news?"

"Yes, sire."

"What have you seen?"

"As far as probability goes, sire," D'Artagnan began to reply.

"It was certainty I requested of you."

"I will approach it as near as I possibly can. The weather was very well adapted for investigations of the character I have just made; it has been raining this evening, and the roads were wet and muddy——"

"Well, the result, M. d'Artagnan?"

"Sire, your majesty told me that there was a horse lying dead in the cross-road of the Bois-Rochin, and I began, therefore, by studying the roads. I say the roads, because the center of the cross-road is reached by four separate roads. The one that I myself took was the only one that presented any fresh traces. Two horses had followed it side by side; their eight feet were marked very distinctly in the clay. One of the riders was more impatient than the other, for the footprints of the one were invariably in advance of the other about half a horse's length."

"Are you quite sure they were traveling together?" said the king.

"Yes, sire. The horses were two rather large animals of equal pace,—horses well used to maneuvers of all kinds, for they wheeled round the barrier of the Rond-point together."

"Well—and after?"

"The two cavaliers paused there for a minute, no doubt to arrange the conditions of the engagement; the horses grew restless and impatient. One of the riders spoke, while the other listened and seemed to have contented himself by simply answering. His horse pawed the ground, which proves that his attention was so taken up by listening that he let the bridle fall from his hand."

"A hostile meeting did take place then?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Continue; you are a very accurate observer."

"One of the two cavaliers remained where he was standing, the one, in fact, who had been listening; the other crossed the open space, and at first placed himself directly opposite to his adversary. The one who had remained stationary traversed the Rond-point at a gallop, about two-thirds of its length, thinking that by this means he would gain upon his opponent; but the latter had followed the circumference of the wood."

"You are ignorant of their names, I suppose,"

"Completely so, sire. Only he who followed the circumference of the wood was mounted on a black horse."

"How do you know that?"

"I found a few hairs of his tail among the brambles which bordered the sides of the ditch."

"Go on."

"As for the other horse, there can be no trouble in describing him, since he was left dead on the field of battle.

"What was the cause of his death?"

"A ball which had passed through his brain."

"Was the ball that of a pistol or a gun?"

"It was a pistol-bullet, sire. Besides, the manner in which the horse was wounded explained to me the tactics of the man who had killed it. He had followed the circumference of the wood in order to take his adversary in flank. Moreover, I followed his foot-tracks on the grass."

"The tracks of the black horse, do you mean?"

"Yes, sire."

"Go on, Monsieur d'Artagnan."

"As your majesty now perceives the position of the two adversaries, I will, for a moment, leave the cavalier who had remained stationary for the one who started off at a gallop."

"Do so."

"The horse of the cavalier who rode at full speed was killed on the spot."

"How do you know that?"

"The cavalier had not time even to throw himself off his horse, and so fell with it. I observed the impression of his leg, which, with a great effort, he was enabled to extricate from under the horse. The spur, pressed down by the weight of the animal, had plowed up the ground."

"Very good; and what did he do as soon as he rose up again?"

"He walked straight up to his adversary."

"Who still remained upon the verge of the forest?"

"Yes, sire. Then, having reached a favorable distance, he stopped firmly, for the impression of both his heels are left in the ground quite close to each other, fired, and missed his adversary."

"How do you know he did not hit him?"

"I found a hat with a ball through it."

"Ah, a proof, then!" exclaimed the king.

"Insufficient, sire," replied D'Artagnan, coldly; "it is a hat without any letters indicating its ownership, without arms; a red feather, as all hats have; the lace, even, had nothing particular in it."

"Did the man with the hat through which the bullet had passed fire a second time?"

"Oh, sire, he had already fired twice."

"How did you ascertain that?"

"I found the waddings of the pistol."

"And what became of the bullet which did not kill the horse?"

"It cut in two the feather of the hat belonging to him against whom it was directed, and broke a small birch at the other end of the open glade."

"In that case, then, the man on the black horse was disarmed, whilst his adversary had still one more shot to fire?"

"Sire, while the dismounted rider was extricating himself from his horse, the other was reloading his pistol. Only, he was much agitated while he was loading it, and his hand trembled greatly."

"How do you know that?"

"Half the charge fell to the ground, and he threw the ramrod aside, not having time to replace it in the pistol."

"Monsieur d'Artagnan, this is marvelous you tell me."

"It is only close observation, sire, and

the commonest highwayman could tell as much."

"The whole scene is before me from the manner in which you relate it."

"I have, in fact, reconstructed it in my own mind, with merely a few alterations."

"And now," said the king, "let us return to the dismounted cavalier. You were saying that he walked towards his adversary while the latter was loading his pistol."

"Yes; but at the very moment he himself was taking aim, the other fired."

"Oh!" said the king; "and the shot?"

"The shot told terribly, sire; the dismounted cavalier fell upon his face, after having staggered forward three or four paces."

"Where was he hit?"

"In two places; in the first place, in his right hand, and then, by the same bullet, in his chest."

"But how could you ascertain that?" inquired the king, full of admiration.

"By a very simple means; the butt end of the pistol was covered with blood, and the trace of the bullet could be observed, with fragments of a broken ring. The wounded man, in all probability, had the ring-finger and the little finger carried off."

"As far as the hand goes, I have nothing to say; but the chest?"

"Sire, there were two small pools of blood, at a distance of about two feet and a half from each other. At one of these pools of blood the grass was torn up by the clenched hand; at the other, the grass was simply pressed down by the weight of the body."

"Poor De Guiche!" exclaimed the king.

"Ah! it was M. de Guiche, then?" said the musketeer, quietly. "I suspected it, but did not venture to mention it to your majesty."

"And what made you suspect it?"

"I recognized the De Grammont arms upon the holsters of the dead horse."

"And you think he is seriously wounded?"

"Very seriously; since he fell immediately, and remained a long time in the same place; however, he was able to walk, as he left the spot, supported by two friends."

"You met him returning, then?"

"No; but I observed the footprints of three men; the one on the right and the one on the left walked freely and easily, but the one in the middle dragged his feet as he walked; besides, he left traces of blood at every step he took."

"Now, monsieur, since you saw the combat so distinctly that not a single detail seems to have escaped you, tell me something about De Guiche's adversary."

"Oh, sire, I do not know him."

"And yet you see everything very clearly."

"Yes, sire, I see everything; but I do not tell all I see; and, since the poor devil has escaped, your majesty will permit me to say that I do not intend to denounce him."

"And yet he is guilty, since he has fought a duel, monsieur."

"Not guilty in my eyes, sire," said D'Artagnan, coldly.

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the king, "are you aware of what you are saying?"

"Perfectly, sire; but, according to my notions, a man who fights a duel is a brave man; such, at least, is my own opinion; but your majesty may have

another, it is but natural, for you are master here."

"Monsieur d'Artagnan, I ordered you, however——"

D'Artagnan interrupted the king by a respectful gesture. "You ordered me, sire, to gather what particulars I could, respecting a hostile meeting that had taken place; those particulars you have. If you order me to arrest M. de Guiche's adversary, I will do so; but do not order me to denounce him to you, for in that case I will not obey."

"Very well! Arrest him, then."

"Give me his name, sire."

The king stamped his foot angrily; but after a moment's reflection, he said, "You are right—ten times, twenty times, a hundred times right."

"That is my opinion, sire: I am happy that, this time, it accords with your majesty's."

"One word more. Who assisted Guiche?"

"I do not know, sire."

"But you speak of two men. There was a person present, then, as second."

"There was no second, sire. Nay, more than that, when M. de Guiche fell, his adversary fled without giving him any assistance."

"The miserable coward!" exclaimed the king.

"The consequence of your ordinances, sire. If a man has fought well, and fairly, and has already escaped one chance of death, he naturally wishes to escape a second. M. de Botteville cannot be forgotten very easily."

"And so, men turn cowards."

"No, they become prudent."

"And he has fled, then, you say?"

"Yes; and as fast as his horse could possibly carry him."

"In what direction?"

"In the direction of the château."

"Well, and after all that?"

"Afterwards, as I have had the honor of telling your majesty, two men on foot arrived, who carried M. de Guiche back with them."

"What proof have you that these men arrived after the combat?"

"A very evident proof, sire; at the moment the encounter took place, the rain had just ceased, the ground had not had time to imbibe the moisture, and was, consequently, soaked; the footsteps sank in the ground; but while M. de Guiche was lying there in a fainting condition, the ground became firm again, and the footsteps made a less sensible impression."

Louis clapped his hands together in sign of admiration. "Monsieur d'Artagnan," he said, "you are positively the cleverest man in my kingdom."

"The identical thing M. de Richelieu thought, and M. de Mazarin said, sire."

"And now, it remains for us to see if your sagacity is at fault."

"Oh, sire, a man may be mistaken; *humanum est errare,*" said the musketeer, philosophically.

"In that case, you are not human, Monsieur d'Artagnan, for I believe you never are mistaken."

A Narcotic Dream

The young Baron Franz D'Epinay was on a visit to Monte-Christo.

His vessel had reached a deserted island which his adventurous nature urged him to explore.

By chance he had stumbled upon a grotto which contained the home of a famous smuggler.

He found himself in the presence of a man from thirty-eight to forty years of age, dressed in a Tunisian costume, that is to say, a red cap with a long blue silk tassel, a vest of black cloth embroidered with gold, pantaloons of deep red, large and full gaiters of the same color, embroidered with gold, like the vest, and yellow slippers; he had a splendid cachemire round his waist, and a small, sharp, and crooked cangiar was passed through his girdle. Although of a paleness that was almost livid, this man had a remarkably handsome face; his eyes were penetrating and sparkling; a nose quite straight and projecting direct from the brow, gave out the Greek type in all its purity, whilst his teeth, as white as pearls, were set off to admiration by the black moustache that encircled them.

This pallor was so peculiar that it seemed as though it were that which would be exhibited by a man who had been inclosed for a long time in a tomb, and who was unable to resume the healthy glow and hue of the living. He was not particularly tall, but extremely well made, and, like the men of the south, had small hands and feet. But what astonished Franz, who had treated Gaetano's description as a fable, was the splendor of the apartment in which he found himself. The entire chamber was lined with crimson brocade, worked with flowers of gold. In a recess was a kind of divan surmounted with a stand of Arabian swords in silver scabbards, and the handles resplendent with gems; from the ceiling hung a lamp of Venice glass, of beautiful shape and color, whilst the feet rested on a Turkey carpet, in which they sunk to the instep; tapestry hung before the door by which Franz had entered, and also in front of another door, leading into a second apartment, which seemed to be brilliantly lighted up. The host gave Franz time for his surprise, and, moreover, rendered him look for look, not even taking his eyes off him.

It was time for eating. The supper appeared to have been supplied solely for Franz, for the unknown scarcely touched one or two dishes of the splendid banquet to which his guest did ample justice. Then Ali brought on the dessert, or rather took the baskets from the hands of the statues and placed them on the table. Between the two baskets he placed a small silver cup, closed with a lid of the same. The care with which Ali placed this cup on the table roused Franz's curiosity. He raised the lid and saw a kind of greenish paste, something like preserved angelica, but which was perfectly unknown to him. He replaced the lid, as ignorant of what the cup contained as he was before he had looked at it, and then casting his eyes towards his host he saw him smile at his disappointment.

"You cannot guess," said he, "what there is in that small vase, can you?"

"No, I really cannot!"

"Well, then, that kind of green preserve is nothing less than the ambrosia which Hebe served at the table of Jupiter!"

"But," replied Franz, "this ambrosia, no doubt in passing through mortal hands, has lost its heavenly appellation and assumed a human name; in vulgar phrase, what may you term this composition, for which, to say the truth, I do not feel any particular desire?"

"Ah! thus it is that our material origin is revealed," cried Sinbad, the unknown; "we frequently pass so near to happiness without seeing, without regarding it, or if we do see and regard it, yet without recognizing it. Are you a man for the substantials, and is gold your god? taste this, and the mines of Peru, Guzerat, and Golconda, are opened to you. Are you a man of imagination—a poet? taste this and the boundaries of possibility disappear; the fields of infinite space open to you, you advance free in heart, in mind, into the boundless realms of unfettered reverie. Are you ambitious and do you seek after the greatnesses of the earth? taste this, and in an hour you will be a king, not a king of a petty kingdom hidden in some corner of Europe, like France, Spain, or England, but king of the world, king of the universe, king of creation:—without bowing at the feet of Satan, you will be king and master of all the kingdoms of the earth. Is it not tempting what I offer you, and is it not an easy thing since it is only to do thus?—look!"

At these words he uncovered the small cup which contained the substance so lauded, took a tea-spoonful of the magic sweet-meat, raised it to his lips and swallowed it slowly, with his eyes half shut and his head bent backwards.

Franz did not disturb him whilst he absorbed his favorite *bonne bouche,* but when he had finished he inquired,—

"What, then, is this precious stuff?"

"Did you ever hear," he replied, "of the Old Man of the Mountain who attempted to assassinate Philippe Augustus?"

"Of course I have!"

"Well, you know he reigned over a rich valley which was overhung by the mountain whence he derived his picturesque name. In this valley were magnificent gardens planted by Hassen-ben-Sabah, and in these gardens isolated pavilions. Into these pavilions he admitted the elect; and there, says Marco Polo, gave them to eat a certain herb, which transported them to paradise in the midst of ever-blooming shrubs, ever-ripe fruit, and ever-lovely virgins. But what these happy persons took for reality was but a dream: but it was a dream so soft, so voluptuous, so enthralling, that they sold themselves body and soul to him who gave it to them, and obedient to his orders as those of a deity, struck down the marked victim, died in torture without a murmur; believing that the death they underwent was but a quick transition to that life of delights of which the holy herb, now before you, had given them a slight foretaste."

"Then," cried Franz, "it is hatchis! I know that—by name at least."

"That is it, precisely, Signor Aladdin; it is hatchis—the purest and most unadulterated hatchis of Alexandria,—the hatchis of Abou-Gor, the celebrated maker, the only man, the man to whom there should be built a palace,

inscribed with these words, *'A grateful world to the dealer in happiness.'"*

"Do you know," said Franz, "I have a very great inclination to judge for myself of the truth or exaggeration of your eulogies!"

"Judge for yourself, Signor Aladdin—judge, but do not confine yourself to one trial. Like everything else, we must habituate the senses to a fresh impression, gentle or violent, sad or joyous. There is a struggle in nature against this divine substance,—in nature which is not made for joy and clings to pain. Nature subdued must yield in the combat, the dream must succeed to reality, and then the dream reigns supreme, then the dream becomes life, and life becomes the dream. But what changes occur! it is only by comparing the pains of actual being with the joys of the assumed existence, that you would desire to live no longer, but to dream thus forever! When you return to this mundane sphere, from your visionary world, you would seem to leave a Neapolitan spring for a Lapland winter—to quit paradise for earth—heaven for hell! Taste the hatchis, guest of mine,—taste the hatchis!"

Franz's only reply was to take a teaspoonful of the marvellous preparation, about as much in quantity as his host had eaten, and lift in to his mouth.

"*Diable!*" he said, after having swallowed the divine preserve. "I do not know if the result will be as agreeable as you describe, but the thing does not appear to me as succulent as you say."

"Because your palate has not yet attained the sublimity of the substances it flavors. Tell me, the first time you tasted oysters, tea, porter, truffles, and sundry other dainties which you now adore, did you like them? Could you comprehend how the Romans stuffed their pheasants with assafœtida, and the Chinese eat swallows' nests? Eh? no! Well, it is the same with hatchis; only eat it for a week, and nothing in the world will seem to you to equal the delicacy of its flavor, which now appears to you sleepy and distasteful. Let us now go into the chamber beside you, which is your apartment, and Ali will bring us coffee and pipes."

They both arose, and whilst he who called himself Sinbad,—and whom we have occasionally named so, that we might, like his guest, have some title by which to distinguish him,—gave some orders to the servant, Franz entered into the adjoining apartment. It was simply yet richly furnished. It was round, and a large divan completely encircled it. Divan, walls, ceiling, floor, were all covered with magnificent skins, as soft and downy as the richest carpets; there were skins of the lions of Atlas, with their large manes, skins of the Bengal tigers, with their striped hides; skins of the panthers of the Cape, spotted beautifully, like those that appeared to Dante; skins of the bears of Siberia, the foxes of Norway, etc.: and all these skins were strewn in profusion one on the other, so that it seemed like walking over the most mossy turf, or reclining on the most luxurious bed.

Both laid themselves down on the divan. Chibouques, with jasmine tubes and amber mouth-pieces, were within reach, and all prepared so that there was no need to smoke the same pipe twice. Each of them took one, which Ali lighted, and then retired to prepare the coffee. There was a moment's si-

lence during which Sinbad gave himself up to thoughts that seemed to occupy him incessantly, even in the midst of his conversation, and Franz abandoned himself to that mute reverie, into which we always sink when smoking excellent tobacco, which seems to remove with its fume all the troubles of the mind, and to give the smoker in exchange all the visions of the soul. Ali brought in the coffee.

"How do you take it?" inquired the unknown, *"a la Française* or *a la Turque,* strong or weak, sugar or none, cool or boiling? As you please, it is ready in all ways."

"I will take it *a la Turque,"* replied Franz.

"And you are right," said his host, "it shews you have a tendency for an Oriental life. Ah! those Orientals! they are the only men who know how to live. As for me," he added, with one of those singular smiles which did not escape the young man, "when I have completed my affairs in Paris, I shall go and die in the East, and should you wish to see me again, you must seek me at Cairo, Bagdad, or Ispahan."

"Ma foi," said Franz, "it would be the easiest thing in the world, for I feel eagle's wings springing out at my shoulders, and with these wings I could make a tour of the world in four-and-twenty hours."

"Ah! ah! it is the hatchis that is operating. Well, unfurl your wings and fly into superhuman regions; fear nothing, there is a watch over you, and if your wings, like those of Icarus, melt before the sun, we are here to receive you."

He then said some Arabian words to Ali, who made a sign of obedience and withdrew, but not to any distance. As to Franz, a strange transformation had taken place in him. All the bodily fatigue of the day, all the pre-occupation of mind which the events of the evening had brought on, disappeared, as they would at that first feeling of sleep, when we are still sufficiently conscious to be aware of the coming of slumber. His body seemed to acquire an a lightness, his perception brightened in a remarkable manner, his senses seemed to redouble their power, the horizon continued to expand: but it was not that gloomy horizon over which a vague alarm prevails, and which he had seen before he slept;—but a blue transparent, unbounded horizon, with all the blue of the ocean, all the spangles of the sun, all the perfumes of the summer breeze; then in the midst of the songs of his sailors,—songs so clear and sounding, that they would have made a divine harmony had their notes been taken down, he saw the sleepy Monte-Cristo, no longer as a threatening rock in the midst of the waves, but as an oasis lost in the desert; then as the bark approached the songs became louder, for an enchanting and mysterious harmony rose to heaven from this island, as if some fay like Lorelei, or some enchanter like Amphion, had decreed to attract thither a soul, or build there a city.

At length the bark touched the shore, but without effort, without shock, as lips touch lips, and he entered the grotto amidst continued strains of most delicious melody. He descended, or rather seemed to descend, several steps, inspiring the fresh and balmy air, like that which may be supposed to reign around the grotto of Circe, formed from

such perfumes as set the mind a-dreaming, and such fires as burn the very senses; and he saw again all he had seen before his sleep, from Sinbad his singular host to Ali the mute attendant; then all seemed to fade away and become confused before his eyes, like the last shadows of the magic lantern before it is extinguished, and he was again in the chamber of statues, lighted only by one of those pale and antique lamps which watch in the dead of the night over the sleep of pleasure. They were the same statues, rich in form, in attraction, and poesy, with eyes of fascination, smiles of love, and "bright and flowing hair." They were Phryne, Cleopatra, Messalina, those three celebrated courtesans; then amongst them glided like a pure ray, like a Christian angel in the midst of Olympus, one of those chaste figures, those calm shadows, those soft visions, which seemed to veil its virgin brow before these marble wantons. Then these three statues advanced towards him with looks of love, and approached the couch on which he was reposing, their feet hidden in their long tunics, their throats bare, hair flowing like waves, and assuming attitudes which the gods could not resist, but which saints withstood, and looks inflexible and ardent like the serpent's on the bird, and then he gave way before these looks as painful as a powerful grasp and as delightful as a kiss.

It seemed to Franz that he closed his eyes, and thought that in the last look he gave he saw the modest statue completely veiled, and then with his eyes closed upon all nature his senses awoke to impassable impressions, and he was under the painful yet delicious enthralment produced by the hatchis, whose enchantment had brought up this marvellous and thrilling vision.

Instinct

I FOUND myself, one August 25, the proud possessor of a sum of three hundred francs.

Just then I heard tell of a certain M. Bertram as having a shooting to let in the neighbourhood of Melun. I hurried off to find him; he occupied a fourth-floor apartment in the Rue des Marais-Saint-Germain.

The shooting did not belong to him, it appeared, but to M. de Montesquieu. His price was eight hundred francs. We discussed the terms for a bit, and finally he let me the shooting at six hundred francs, but on one condition. I was to set out next day, with a line from him, go round the property accompanied by the game-keeper, to whom the note was addressed, assure myself of the head of game on the ground, and if satisfied, we would then sign at the price mentioned.

Accordingly, next morning I took Pritchard, my dog, with me, shouldered my gun, put a dozen cartridges in my pocket, and took the train for Melun.

Arrived there, I inquired for the place where my shooting was situated, and for five francs engaged a con-

veyance to take me there and bring me back.

The harvest had been exceptionally early that year, so that in the Department of the Seine, and the neighbouring parts, the shooting season had opened on August 25.

I soon found the keeper; he read M. Bertram's note, who authorised me to take the opportunity of firing a few shots as well. As the man's most ardent desire was for the shooting to be let,—which had not been arranged the year before,—he set out immediately to show me the way, after first casting a scornful look at Pritchard, the dog.

On leaving his house, we were right on the scene of action. Pritchard instantly dashed up on to a hillock and saw a field of beetroot waving green in the distance. He made straight for this, galloping over a ploughed field that lay between. I let him do as he pleased with a look of perfect indifference.

"Sir," the keeper addressed me, "I would point out that your shooting only covers five hundred acres; that on these five hundred acres there are eight or ten coveys of partridges, and three or four hundred hares. If you don't keep your dog to heel, he'll spoil the best field we have, and start five or six hares and two or three coveys before we've got there at all."

"Don't you trouble about Pritchard," I told the man. "He has his own way of managing, and it's a way I am used to. Leave him alone in his beetroots, and let us see what is to be found in this ploughed field that separates us from it."

"There ought to be two or three hares, sir. Hi! look, look! . . . there goes one, right in front of us."

Before the fellow had ceased speaking, the hare was dead.

Pritchard had paid no attention to the shot, but dashed round this field so as to get up the wind.

Meantime a second hare bolted, and I let him have my second barrel. He was so hard hit that after a hundred yards he was obliged to stop, and toppled over; he was as dead as the first.

Pritchard, who was now pointing, paid no heed either to the shot or the hare which had fallen dead within twenty paces of where he was.

The keeper picked up the two hares, remarking that M. Bertram's note no doubt authorised me to fire a few shots, but that he thought it his duty to beg me not to shoot any more hares, but merely go after the birds.

"In that case," I told him, "let us make a detour and get up the wind, the same as Pritchard has done."

"Oh, sir, your dog will never wait for you!"

"Never fear," I told him. "You are going to see him at work. But meantime, if you have anything to do, your pipe to light for instance, now's your time."

"No, thank you, I've just put it back in my pocket."

"Well, at any rate," I said, pulling a flask from my pocket, "have a sip of brandy; it's the best cognac."

"Ah! a drop of brandy, sir, there's no refusing that," said the keeper. "But your dog——?"

"Oh! as for my dog—I told you we had plenty of time; so don't let us hurry."

"Do you know he has been pointing a good five minutes already?"

"How long will it take us to come up with him?"

"Oh! five minutes, or thereabouts."

"And another five to have a rest. So by the time we reach him it will be a quarter of an hour."

"Well, he's a first-class dog, all the same!" declared the keeper. "It's a pity he has lost an eye and a leg."

In another five minutes we reached the spot where Pritchard was.

"In five minutes more," I said to the keeper, "we are going to have a try to kill a brace of birds right in front of his nose; and if we succeed, you will see he won't budge an inch till I have had time to reload my gun."

"Well, if he does that," replied the man, "he's a dog that's worth five hundred francs if he's worth a farthing."

"Yes," I agreed, "for the first week, yes—that is to say as long as the game holds out. Now," I went on, "we are going to try an experiment. Judging by the direction of Pritchard's eye, I think he is pointing at a covey ten yards or so in front of him. Well, I am going to step back fifteen paces; then I shall fire my shot at the point his eye is fixed on—most likely bang into the middle of a covey of partridges. If I don't kill, and the birds don't rise, Pritchard will not stir; if I kill one or two out of the lot, and the rest still don't take wing, again Pritchard won't budge; if the whole covey makes off, and amongst the lot there's one wounded bird, Pritchard will follow that one till it falls."

The keeper shrugged his shoulders and wagged his head in a way that said plainly: "By the Lord! if he does so, I've no more to say."

I stepped back my fifteen paces, knelt down, and aiming straight over Pritchard's nose, fired.

A brace of birds rose and tumbled head over heels in the air, showing their white under feathers, while four yards from them a hare bolted, scurrying away as if my shot had been fired specially for him.

Pritchard never stirred.

"Well?" I said, turning to the keeper.

"Oh!" he said, "let's finish the thing; it's too curious altogether."

I reloaded, and walked up to the dog. Pritchard looked up at me, as if to ask if I was ready, and on my nodding permission, dashed forward.

A covey of fifteen or sixteen birds got up. I killed one with my first barrel, while with the second I hit another in the back, and, as birds so wounded always do, it rose right up almost vertically in the air.

What I had foretold happened; Pritchard gave his sole attention to the wounded bird, keeping his eye on it and following its flight, so that when it fell heavily to the ground, it almost lighted in the dog's jaws.

There was no need to indulge in more slaughter. I knew what I wanted to know; the land was well stocked with game.

Moliere

At the rooms of M. Percerin, the royal customer, the musketeers were preparing for the palace reception. D'Artagnan, Captain of the Musketeers, having completed his own affairs, sought his giant comrade, Porthos. He found him in an adjoining chamber, radiant, blooming, fascinating, and chatting with Molière, the tailor, who was looking upon him with a species of idolatry, and as a man who would who had not only never seen anything greater, but not even ever anything so great. Aramis, the third one, now an agent of state, went straight up to Porthos and offered him his white hand, which lost itself in the gigantic clasp of his old friend,—an operation which Aramis never hazarded without a certain uneasiness. But the friendly pressure having been performed not too painfully for him, he passed over to Molière.

"Well, monsieur," said he, "will you come with me to Saint-Mandé?"

"I will go anywhere you like, monseigneur," answered Molière.

"To Saint-Mandé!" cried Porthos, surprised at seeing the proud Aramis fraternizing with a journeyman tailor. "What, Aramis, are you going to take this gentleman to Saint-Mandé?"

"Yes," said Aramis, smiling, "our work is pressing."

"And besides, my dear Porthos," continued D'Artagnan, "M. Molière is not altogether what he seems."

"In what way?" asked Porthos.

"Why, this gentleman is one of M. Percerin's chief clerks, and is expected at Saint-Mandé to try on the dresses which have been ordered for the Epicureans."

"'Tis precisely so," said Molière.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Come, then, my dear M. Molière," said Aramis, "that is, if you have done with M. du Vallon?"

"We have finished," replied Porthos.

"And you are satisfied?" asked D'Artagnan.

"Completely so," replied Porthos.

Molière took his leave of Porthos with much ceremony, and grasped the hand which the captain of the musketeers furtively offered him.

"Pray, monsieur," concluded Porthos, mincingly, "above all, be exact."

"You will have your dress the day after to-morrow, monsieur le baron," answered Molière. And he left with Aramis.

Then D'Artagnan, taking Porthos's arm, "What has this tailor done for you, my dear Porthos," he asked, "that you are so pleased with him?"

"What has he done for me, my friend! done for me!" cried Porthos, enthusiastically.

"Yes, I ask you, what has he done for you?"

"My friend, he has done that which no tailor ever yet accomplished: he has taken my measure without touching me!"

"Ah, bah! tell me how he did it?"

"First, then, they went, I don't know where, for a number of lay figures, of all heights and sizes, hoping there would be one to suit mine, but the largest—that of the drum-major of the Swiss

guard—was two inches too short, and half a foot too narrow in the chest."

"Indeed!"

"It is exactly as I tell you, D'Artagnan; but he is a great man, or at the very least a great tailor, is this M. Molière. He was not at all put at fault by the circumstance."

"What did he do, then?"

"Oh! it is a very simple matter. I'faith, 'tis an unheard-of thing that people should have been so stupid as not to have discovered this method from the first. What annoyance and humiliation they would have spared me!"

"Not to speak of the costumes, my dear Porthos."

"Yes, thirty dresses."

"Well, my dear Porthos, come, tell me M. Molière's plan."

"Molière? You call him so, do you? I shall make a point of recollecting his name."

"Yes; or Poquelin, if you prefer that."

"No; I like Molière best. When I wish to recollect his name, I shall think of *volière* [an aviary]; and as I have one at Pierrefonds——"

"Capital!" returned D'Artagnan. "And M. Molière's plan?"

" 'Tis this: instead of pulling me to pieces, as all these rascals do—of making me bend my back, and double my joints—all of them low and dishonorable practices——" D'Artagnan made a sign of approbation with his head. " 'Monsieur,' he said to me," continued Porthos, " 'a gentleman ought to measure himself. Do me the pleasure to draw near this glass'; and I drew near the glass. I must own I did not exactly understand what this good M. Volière wanted with me."

"Molière!"

"Ah! yes, Molière—Molière. And as the fear of being measured still possessed me, 'Take care,' said I to him, 'what you are going to do with me; I am very ticklish, I warn you.' But he, with his soft voice (for he is a courteous fellow, we must admit, my friend), he with his soft voice, 'Monsieur,' said he, 'that your dress may fit you well, it must be made according to your figure. Your figure is exactly reflected in this mirror. We shall take the measure of this reflection.' "

"In fact," said D'Artagnan, "you saw yourself in the glass; but where did they find one in which you could see your whole figure?"

"My good friend, it is the very glass in which the king is used to look to see himself."

"Yes; but the king is a foot and a half shorter than you are."

"Ah! well, I know not how that may be; it is, no doubt, a cunning way of flattering the king; but the looking-glass was too large for me. 'Tis true that its height was made up of three Venetian plates of glass, placed one above another, and its breadth of three similar parallelograms in juxtaposition."

"Oh, Porthos! what excellent words you have command of. Where in the world did you acquire such a voluminous vocabulary?"

"At Belle-Isle. Aramis and I had to use such words in our strategic studies and castramentative experiments."

D'Artagnan recoiled, as though the sesquipedalian syllables had knocked the breath out of his body.

"Let us return to the looking-glass, my friend."

"Then, this good M. Volière——"

"Molière."

"Yes—Molière—you are right. You will see now, my dear friend, that I shall recollect his name quite well. This excellent M. Molière set to work tracing out lines on the mirror, with a piece of Spanish chalk, following in all the make of my arms and my shoulders, all the while expounding this maxim, which I thought admirable: 'It is advisable that a dress should not incommode its wearer.' "

"In reality," said D'Artagnan, "that is an excellent maxim, which is, unfortunately, seldom carried out in practice."

"That is why I found it all the more astonishing, when he expatiated upon it."

"Ah! he expatiated?"

"*Parbleu!*"

"Let me hear his theory."

" 'Seeing that,' he continued, 'one may, in awkward circumstances, or in a troublesome position, have one's doublet on one's shoulder, and not desire to take one's doublet off——' "

"True," said D'Artagnan.

" 'And so,' continued M. Volière——"

"Molière."

"Molière, yes. 'And so,' went on M. Molière, 'you want to draw your sword, monsieur, and you have your doublet on your back. What do you do?"

" 'I take it off,' I answered.

" 'Well, no,' he replied.

" 'How, no?'

" 'I say that the dress should be so well made, that it will in no way encumber you, even in drawing your sword.'

" 'Ah, ah!'

" 'Throw yourself on guard,' pursued he.

"I did it with such wondrous firmness, that two panes of glass burst out of the window.

" ' 'Tis nothing, nothing,' said he. 'Keep your position.'

"I raised my left arm in the air, the forearm gracefully bent, the ruffle drooping, and my wrist curved, while my right arm, half extended, securely covered my wrist with the elbow, and my breast with the wrist."

"Yes," said D'Artagnan. " 'Tis the true guard—the academic guard."

"You have said the very word, dear friend. In the meanwhile, Volière——"

"Molière."

"Hold! I should certainly, after all, prefer to call him—what did you say his other name was?"

"Poquelin."

"I prefer to call him Poquelin."

"And how will you remember this name better than the other?"

"You understand, he calls himself Poquelin, does he not?"

"Yes."

"If I were to call to mind Madame Coquenard."

"Good."

"And change *Coc* into *Poc*, *nard* into *lin;* and instead of Coquenard I shall have Poquelin."

" 'Tis wonderful," cried D'Artagnan, astounded. "Go on, my friend, I am listening to you with admiration."

"This Coquelin sketched my arm on the glass."

"I beg your pardon—Poquelin."

"What did I say, then?"

"You said Coquelin."

"Ah! true. This Poquelin, then,

sketched my arm on the glass; but he took his time over it; he kept looking at me a good deal. The fact is, that I must have been looking particularly handsome."

"'Does it weary you?' he asked.

"'A little,' I replied, bending a little in my hands, 'but I could hold out for an hour or so longer.'

"'No, no, I will not allow it; the willing fellows will make it a duty to support your arms, as of old men supported those of the prophet.'

"'Very good,' I answered.

"'That will not be humiliating to you?'

"'My friend,' said I, 'there is, I think, a great difference between being supported and being measured.'"

"The distinction is full of the soundest sense," interrupted D'Artagnan.

"Then," continued Porthos, "he made a sign: two lads approached; one supported my left arm, while the other, with infinite address, supported my right."

"'Another, my man,' cried he. A third approached. 'Support monsieur by the waist,' said he. The *garçon* complied."

"So that you were at rest?" asked D'Artagnan.

"Perfectly; and Pocquenard drew me on the glass."

"Poquelin, my friend."

"Poquelin—you are right. Stay, decidedly I prefer calling him Volière."

"Yes; and then it was over, wasn't it?"

"During that time Volière drew me as I appeared in the mirror."

"'Twas delicate in him."

"I much like the plan; it is respectful, and keeps every one in his place."

"And there it ended?"

"Without a soul having touched me, my friend."

"Except the three *garçons* who supported you."

"Doubtless; but I have, I think, already explained to you the difference there is between supporting and measuring."

"'Tis true," answered D'Artagnan; who said afterwards to himself, "I'faith, I greatly deceive myself, or I have been the means of a good windfall to that rascal Molière, and we shall assuredly see the scene hit off to the life in some comedy or other." Porthos smiled.

"What are you laughing at?" asked D'Artagnan.

"Must I confess? Well, I was laughing over my good fortune."

"Oh, that is true; I don't know a happier man than you. But what is this last piece of luck that has befallen you?"

"Well, my dear fellow, congratulate me."

"I desire nothing better."

"It seems that I am the first who has had his measure taken in that manner."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Nearly so. Certain signs of intelligence which passed between Volière and the other *garçons* showed me the fact."

"Well, my friend, that does not surprise me from Molière," said D'Artagnan.

"Volière, my friend."

"Oh, no, no, indeed! I am very willing to leave you to go on saying Volière; but, as for me, I shall continue to say Molière. Well, this, I was saying, does

not surprise me, coming from Molière. who is a very ingenious fellow, and inspired you with this grand idea."

"It will be of great use to him by and by, I am sure."

"Won't it be of use to him, indeed? I believe you, it will, and that in the highest degree;—for you see my friend Molière is of all known tailors the man who best clothes our barons, comtes, and marquises—according to their measure."

Moreau

THREE principal groups occupied the salon of Bonaparte in Paris, year VII of the Republic. The first, gathered around Madame Bonaparte, the only woman present, was more a flux and reflux than a group. The second, surrounding Talma, was composed of Arnault, Parseval-Grandmaison, Monge, Berthollet, and two or three other members of the Institute. The third, which Bonaparte joined, counted in its circle Talleyrand, Barras, Lucien, Admiral Bruix, Roederer, Regnaud de Saint-Jeam-d'Angely, Fouché, Réal, and two or three generals, among whom was Lefebvre.

In the first group they talked of fashions, music, the theatre; in the second, literature, science, dramatic art; in the third, they talked of everything except that which was uppermost in their minds.

The door opened and General Moreau was announced. At this announcement, which was more than a piece of news—it was a surprise to most of those present—every eye was turned toward the door. Moreau appeared.

At this period three men were in the eyes of France. Moreau was one of these three men. The two others were Bonaparte and Pichegru. Each had become a sort of symbol. Pichegru had become the symbol of monarchy; Moreau, since he had been christened Fabius, was the symbol of the Republic; Bonaparte, symbol of war, dominated them both by the adventurous aspect of his genius.

Moreau was at that time in the full strength of his age; we would say the full strength of his genius, if decision were not one of the characteristics of genius. But no one was ever more undecided than the famous cunctator. He was thirty-six years old, tall, with a sweet, calm, firm countenance, and must have resembled Xenophon.

Bonaparte had never seen him, nor had he, on his side, ever seen Bonaparte. While the one was battling on the Adige and the Mincio, the other fought beside the Danube and the Rhine. Bonaparte came forward to greet him, saying: "You are welcome, general!"

"General," replied Moreau, smiling courteously, while all present made a circle around them, to see how this new Cæsar would meet the new Pompey, "you come from Egypt, victorious, while I come, defeated, from Italy."

"A defeat which was not yours, and for which you are not responsible, general. It was Joubert's fault. If he had rejoined the Army of Italy as soon as he

had been made commander-in-chief, it is more than probable that the Russians, and Austrians, with the troops they then had, could not have resisted him. But he remained in Paris for his honeymoon! Poor Joubert paid with his life for that fatal month which gave the enemy time to gather its reinforcements. The surrender of Mantua gave them fifteen thousand men on the eve of the battle. It was impossible that our poor army should not have been overwhelmed by such united forces."

"Alas! yes," said Moreau: "it is always the greater number which defeats the smaller."

"A great truth, general," exclaimed Bonaparte; "an indisputable truth."

"And yet," said Arnault, joining in the conversation, "you yourself, general, have defeated large armies with little ones."

"If you were Marius, instead of the author of 'Marius,' you would not say that, my dear poet. Even when I beat great armies with little ones—listen to this, you young men who obey to-day, and will command to-morrow—it was always the larger number which defeated the lesser."

"I don't understand," said Arnault and Lefebvre together.

But Moreau made a sign with his head to show that he understood. Bonaparte continued: "Follow my theory, for it contains the whole art of war. When with lesser forces I faced a large army, I gathered mine together, with great rapidity, fell like a thunderbolt on a wing of the great army, and overthrew it; then I profited by the disorder into which this manœuvre never failed to throw the enemy to attack again, always with my whole army, on the other side. I beat them, in this way, in detail; and the victory which resulted was always, as you see, the triumph of the many over the few."

As the able general concluded his definition of his own genius, the door opened and the servant announced that dinner was served.

"General," said Bonaparte, leading Moreau to Josephine, "take in my wife. Gentlemen, follow them."

On this invitation all present moved from the salon to the dining-room.

After dinner, on pretence of showing him a magnificent sabre he had brought from Egypt, Bonaparte took Moreau into his study. There the two rivals remained closeted more than an hour. What passed between them? What compact was signed? What promises were made? No one has ever known. Only, when Bonaparte returned to the salon alone, and Lucien asked him: "Well, what of Moreau?" he answered: "Just as I foresaw; he prefers military power to political power. I have promised him the command of an army." Bonaparte smiled as he pronounced these words; then added, "In the meantime—"

"In the meantime?" questioned Lucien.

"He will have that of the Luxembourg. I am not sorry to make him the jailer of the Directors, before I make him the conqueror of the Austrians."

The next day the following appeared in the "Moniteur":

PARIS. Bonaparte has presented Moreau with a magnificent Damascus sword set with precious stones which he brought from Egypt, the value of which is estimated at twelve thousand francs.

A View of the Terror

In the year 1793 the Chateau of Noires-Fontaines stood in one of the most charming spots of the valley, where the city of Bourg is built. The park, of five or six acres, covered with venerable oaks, was inclosed on three sides by freestone walls, one of which opened in front through a handsome gate of wrought-iron, fashioned in the style of Louis XV.; the fourth side was bounded by the little river called the Reissouse, a pretty stream that takes its rise at Journaud, among the foothills of the Jura, and flowing gently from south to north joins the Saône at the bridge of Fleurville, opposite Pont-de-Vaux, the birthplace of Joubert, who, a month before the period of which we are writing, was killed at the fatal battle of Novi.

Beyond the Reissouse, and along its banks, lay, to the right and left of the Château des Noires-Fontaines, the village of Montagnac and Saint-Just, dominated further on by that of Ceyzeriat.

It was in full view of the ravishing landscape that Sir John awoke. For the first time in his life, perhaps, the morose and taciturn Englishman smiled at nature. He fancied himself in one of those beautiful valleys of Thessaly celebrated by Virgil, beside the sweet slopes of Lignon sung by Urfé, whose birthplace, in spite of what the biographers say, was falling into ruins not three miles from the Château des Noires-Fontaines. He was roused by three light raps at his door. It was Roland, the French officer, who came to see how he had passed the night. He found him radiant as the sun playing among the already yellow leaves of the chestnuts and the lindens.

"Oh! oh! Sir John," cried Roland, "permit me to congratulate you. I expected to find you as gloomy as the poor monks of the Chartreuse, with their long white robes, who used to frighten me so much in my childhood; though, to tell the truth, I was never easily frightened. Instead of that I find you in the midst of this dreary October, as smiling as a morn of May."

"My dear Roland," replied Sir John, "I am an orphan; I lost my mother at my birth and my father when I was twelve years old. At an age when children are usually sent to school, I was master of a fortune producing a million a year; but I was alone in the world, with no one whom I loved or who loved me. The tender joys of family life are completely unknown to me. From twelve to eighteen I went to Cambridge, but my taciturn and perhaps haughty character isolated me from my fellows. At eighteen I began to travel. You who scour the world under the shadow of your flag; that is to say, the shadow of your country, and are stirred by the thrill of battle, and the pride of glory, cannot imagine what a lamentable thing it is to roam through cities, provinces, nations, and kingdoms simply to visit a church here, a castle there; to rise at four in the morning at the summons of a pitiless guide, to see the sun rise from Rigi or Etna; to pass like a phantom, already dead, through the world of living shades called men; to know not where to rest; to know no land in which to take root, no arm on which to lean,

no heart in which to pour your own! Well, last night, my dear Roland, suddenly, in an instant, in a second, this void in my life was filled. I lived in you; the joys I seek were yours. The family which I never had, I saw smiling around you. As I looked at your mother I said to myself: 'My mother was like that, I am sure.' Looking at your sister, I said: 'Had I a sister I could not have wished her otherwise.' When I embraced your brother, I thought that I, too, might have had a child of that age, and thus leave something behind me in the world, whereas with the nature I know I possess, I shall die as I have lived, sad, surly with others, a burden to myself. Ah! you are happy, Roland! you have a family, you have fame, you have youth, you have that which spoils nothing in a man—you have beauty. You want no joys. You are not deprived of a single delight. I repeat it, Roland, you are a happy man, most happy!"

"Good!" said Roland. "You forget my aneurism, my lord."

Sir John looked at Roland incredulously. Roland seemed to enjoy the most perfect health.

"Your aneurism against my million, Roland," said Lord Tanlay, with a feeling of profound sadness, "providing that with this aneurism you give me this mother who weeps for joy on seeing you again; this sister who faints with delight at your return; this child who clings upon your neck like some fresh young fruit to a sturdy young tree; this château with its dewy shade, its river with its verdant flowering banks, these blue vistas dotted with pretty villages and white-capped belfries graceful as swans. I would welcome your aneurism, Roland, and with death in two years, in one, in six months; but six months of stirring, tender, eventful and glorious life!"

Roland laughed in his usual nervous manner.

"Ah!" said he, "so this is the tourist, the superficial traveller, the Wandering Jew of civilization, who pauses nowhere, gauges nothing, judges everything by the sensation it produces in him. The tourist who, without opening the doors of these abodes where dwell the fools we call men, says: 'Behind these walls is happiness!' Well, my dear friend, you see this charming river, don't you? these flowering meadows, these pretty villages? It is the picture of peace, innocence and fraternity; the cycle of Saturn, the golden age returned; it is Eden, Paradise! Well, all that is peopled by beings who have flown at each other's throats. The jungles of Calcutta, the sedges of Bengal are inhabited by tigers and panthers not one whit more ferocious or cruel than the denizens of these pretty villages, these dewy lawns, and these charming shores. After lauding in funeral celebrations the good, the great, the immortal Marat, whose body, thank God! they cast into the common sewer like carrion that he was, and always had been: after performing these funeral rites, to which each man brought an urn into which he shed his tears, behold! our good Bressans, our gentle Bressans, these poultry-fatteners, suddenly decided that the Republicans were all murderers. So they murdered them by the tumbrelful to correct them of that vile defect common to savage and civilized man—the killing his kind. You doubt it? My dear fellow, on the

road to Lons-le-Saulnier they will show you, if you are curious, the spot where not six months ago they organized a slaughter fit to turn the stomach of our most ferocious troopers on the battle-field. Picture to yourself a tumbrel of prisoners on their way to Lons-le-Saulnier. It was a staff-sided cart, one of those immense wagons in which they take cattle to market. There were thirty men in this tumbrel, whose sole crime was foolish exaltation of thought and threatening language. They were bound and gagged; heads hanging, jolted by the bumping of the cart; their throats parched with thirst, despair and terror, unfortunate beings who did not even have, as in the times of Nero and Commodus, the fight in the arena, the hand-to-hand struggle with death. Powerless, motionless, the lust of massacre surprised them in their fetters, and battered them not only in life but in death; their bodies, when their hearts had ceased to beat, still resounded beneath the bludgeons which mangled their flesh and crushed their bones; while women looked on in calm delight, lifting high the children, who clapped their hands for joy. Old men who ought to have been preparing for a Christian death helped, by their goading cries, to render the death of these wretched beings more wretched still. And in the midst of these old men, a little septuagenarian, dainty, powdered, flicking his lace shirt frill if a speck of dust settled there, pinching his Spanish tobacco from a golden snuff-box, with a diamond monogram, eating his amber sugarplums from a Sèvres bonbonnière, given him by Madame du Barry, and adorned with the donor's portrait—this septuagenarian—conceive the picture, my dear Sir John—dancing with his pumps upon that mattress of human flesh, wearying his arm, enfeebled by age, in striking repeatedly with his gold-headed cane those of the bodies who seemed not dead enough to him, not properly mangled in that cursed mortar! Faugh! my friend, I have seen Montebello, I have seen Arcole, I have seen Rivoli, I have seen the Pyramids, and I believe I could see nothing more terrible."

One day Roland took Sir John, the Englishman, to see the church of Brou.

Those who have seen the charming little chapel of Brou know that it is known as one of the hundred marvels of the Renaissance; those who have not seen it must have often heard it said. Roland, who had counted on doing the honors of this historic gem to Sir John, and who had not seen it for the last seven or eight years, was much disappointed when, on arriving in front of the building, he found the niches of the saints empty and the carved figures of the portal decapitated.

He asked for the sexton; people laughed in his face. There was no longer a sexton. He inquired to whom he should go for the keys. They replied that the captain of the gendarmerie had them. The captain was not far off, for the cloister adjoining the church had been converted into a barrack. He procured the keys.

Roland opened the door and started back in astonishment. The church was literally stuffed with hay like a cannon charged to the muzzle.

"What does this mean?" he asked the captain of the gendarmerie.

"A precaution taken by the municipality."

"A precaution taken by the municipality?"

"Yes."

"For what?"

"To save the church. They were going to demolish it; but the mayor issued a decree declaring that, in expiation of the false worship for which it had served, it should be used to store fodder."

"As I was saying at Avignon, the first time I had the pleasure of seeing you, my dear Roland," said Sir John, "the French are a most amusing people."

"This time, my lord, you are too polite," replied Roland. "Idiotic is the word. Listen. I can understand the political cataclysms which have convulsed society for the last thousand years; I can understand the communes, the pastorals, the Jacquerie, the maillotins, the Saint Bartholomew, the League, the Fronde, the dragonnades, the Revolution: I can understand the 14th of July, the 5th and 6th of October, the 20th of June, the 10th of August, the 2d and 3d of September, the 21st of January, the 31st of May, the 30th of October, and the 9th Thermidor; I can understand the egregious torch of civil wars which inflames instead of soothing the blood; I can understand the tidal wave of revolution, sweeping on with its flux, that nothing can arrest, and its reflux, which carries with it the ruins of the institution which it has itself shattered. I can understand all that, but lance against lance, sword against sword, men against men, a people against a people! I can understand the deadly rage of the victors, the sanguinary reaction of the vanquished, the political volcanoes, which rumble in the bowels of the globe, shake the earth, topple over thrones, upset monarchies, and roll heads and crowns on the scaffold. But what I cannot understand is this mutilation of the granite, this placing of monuments beyond the pale of the law, the destruction of inanimate things, which belong neither to those who destroy them nor to the epoch in which they are destroyed; this pillage of the gigantic library where the antiquarian can read the archelogical history of a country. Oh! the vandals, the barbarians! Worse than that, the idiots! who revenge the Borgia crimes and the debauches of Louis XV. on stone. How well those Pharaohs, Menæs, and Cheops knew man as the most perversive, destructive and evil of animals! They who built their pyramids, not with carved traceries, nor lacy spires, but with solid blocks of granite fifty feet square! How they must have laughed in the depths of those sepulchres as they watched Time dull its scythe and pashas wear out their nails in vain against them. Let us build pyramids, my dear Sir John. They are not difficult as architecture, nor beautiful as art, but they are solid; and that enables a general to say four thousand years later: Soldiers: from the apex of these monuments forty centuries are watching you!"

Roland, the French officer dragged Sir John, the Englishman, in the direction of a château. But Sir John stopped him and asked: "Is there nothing else to seein the city except the church?"

"Formerly, my lord," replied Roland, "before they made a hay-loft of it, I should have asked you to come down with me into the vaults of the Dukes of Savoy. We could have hunted for that

subterranean passage, nearly three miles long, which is said to exist there, and which, according to these rumors, communicates with the grotto of Ceyzeriat. Please observe, I should never offer such a pleasure trip except to an Englishman; it would have been like a scène from your celebrated Anne Radcliffe in the 'Mysteries of Udolpho.' But, as you see, that is impossible, so we will have to be satisfied with our regrets. Come."

"Where are we going?"

"Faith, I don't know. Ten years ago I should have taken you to the farms where they fatten pullets. The pullets of Bresse, you must know, have a European reputation. Bourg was an annex to the great coop of Strasburg. But during the Terror, as you can readily imagine, these fatteners of poultry shut up shop. You earned the reputation of being an aristocrat if you ate a pullet, and you know the fraternal refrain: 'Ah, ça ira, ça ira—the aristocrats to the lantern!' After Robespierre's downfall they opened up again; but since the 18th of Fructidor, France has been commanded to fast, from fowls and all. Never mind; come on, anyway. In default of pullets, I can show you one thing, the square where they executed those who ate them. But since I was last in the town the streets have changed their names. I know the way, but I don't know the names."

"Look here!" demanded Sir John; "aren't you a Republican?"

"I not a Republican? Come, come! Quite to the contrary. I consider myself an excellent Republican. I am quite capable of burning off my hand, like Mucius Scævola, or jumping into the gulf like Curtius to save the Republic; but I have, unluckily, a keen sense of the ridiculous. In spite of myself, the absurdity of things catches me in the side and tickles me till I nearly die of laughing. I am willing to accept the Constitution of 1791; but when poor Hérault de Séchelles wrote to the superintendent of the National Library to send him a copy of the laws of Minos, so that he could model his constitution on that of the Isle of Crete, I thought it was going rather far, and that we might very well have been content with those of Lycurgus. I find January, February, and March, mythological as they were, quite as good as Nivose, Pluviose, and Ventose. I can't understand why, when one was called Antoine or Chrystomome in 1789, he should be called Brutus or Cassius in 1793. Here, for example, my lord, is an honest street, which was called the Rue des Halles (Market Street). There was nothing indecent or aristocratic about that, was there? Well, now it is called—Just wait (Roland read the inscription). Well, now it is called the Ru de la Révolution. Here's another, which used to be called Notre Dame; it is now the Rue du Temple. Why Rue du Temple? Probably to perpetuate the memory of that place where the infamous Simon tried to teach cobbling to the heir of sixty-three kings. Don't quarrel with me if I am mistaken by one or two! Now here's a third; it was named Crèvecœur, a name famous throughout Bresse, Burgundy and Flanders. It is now the Rue de la Fédération. Federation is a fine thing, but Crèvecœur was a fine name. And then you see to-day it leads straight to the Place de la Guillotine, which is, in my opinion, all wrong; I don't want any

streets that lead to such places. This one has its advantages; it is only about a hundred feet from the prison, which economized and still economizes the tumbrel and the horse of M. de Bourg. By the way, have you noticed that the executioner remains noble and keeps his title? For the rest, the square is excellently arranged for spectators, and my ancestor, Montrevel, whose name it bears, doubtless foreseeing its ultimate destiny, solved the great problem, still unsolved by the theatres, of being able to see well from every nook and corner. If ever they cut off my head, which, considering the times in which we are living, would in no wise be surprising, I shall have but one regret: that of being less well-placed and seeing less than the others. Now let us go up these steps. Here we are in the Place des Lices. Our Revolutionists left it its name, because in all probability they don't know what it means. I don't know much better than they, but I think I remember that a certain Sieur d'Estavayer challenged some Flemish count —I don't know who—and that the combat took place in this square. Now, my dear fellow, here is the prison, which ought to give you some idea of human vicissitudes. Gil Blas didn't change his condition more often than this monument its purposes. Before Cæsar it was a Gallic temple; Cæsar converted it into a Roman fortress; an unknown architect transformed it into a military work during the Middle Ages; the Knights of Baye, following Cæsar's example, re-made it into a fortress; the princes of Savoy used it for a residence; the aunt of Charles V. lived here when she came to visit her church at Brou, which she never had the satisfaction of seeing finished. Finally, after the treaty of Lyons, when Bresse was returned to France, it was utilized both as a prison and a court-house. Wait for me a moment, my lord, if you dislike the squeaking of hinges and the grating of bolts. I have a visit to pay to a certain cell."

"The grating of bolts and the squeaking of hinges is not a very enlivening sound, but no matter. Since you were kind enough to undertake my education, show me your dungeon."

"Very well, then. Come in quickly. I see a crowd of persons who look as if they want to speak to me."

In fact, little by little, a sort of rumor seemed to spread throughout the town. People emerged from the houses, forming groups in the streets, and they all watched Roland with curiosity. He rang the bell of the gate, situated then where it is now, but opening into the prison yard. A jailer opened it for them.

"Ah, ah! so you are still here, Father Courtois?" asked the young man. Then, turning to Sir John, he added: "A fine name for a jailer, isn't it, my lord?"

The jailer looked at the young man in amazement.

"How is it," he asked through the grating, "that you know my name, when I don't know yours?"

"Good! I not only know your name, but also your opinions. You are an old royalist, Père Courtois."

"Monsieur," said the jailer, terrified, "don't make bad jokes if you please, and say what you want."

"Well, my good Father Courtois, I would like to visit the cell where they

put my mother and sister, Madame and Mademoiselle Montrevel."

"Ah!" exclaimed the gatekeeper, "so it's you, M. Louis? You may well say that I know you. What a fine handsome young man you've grown to be!"

"Do you think so, Father Courtois? Well, I can return the compliment. Your daughter Charlotte is, on my word, a beautiful girl. Charlotte is my sister's maid, Sir John."

"And she is very happy over it. She is better off there than here, M. Roland."

"And now that you know me, will you open the gate?" said Roland.

"Of course I will. I should think so. What the devil am I about?" and the jailer opened the gate with an eagerness equalling his former reluctance. The young man entered, and Sir John followed him. The jailer locked the gate carefully, then he turned, followed by Roland and the Englishman in turn. The latter was beginning to get accustomed to his young friend's erratic character. The spleen he saw in Roland was misanthropy, without the sulkiness of Timon or the wit of Alceste.

The jailer crossed the yard, which was separated from the law courts by a wall fifteen feet high, with an opening let into the middle of the receding wall closed by a massive oaken door, to admit prisoners without taking them round by the street.

These steps led first to the antechamber of the prison, that is to say, to the porter's hall of the lower courtroom. From that hall ten steps led down into an inner court, separated from a third, which was that of the prisoners, by a wall similar to the one we have described, only this one had three doors. At the further end of the courtyard a passage led to the jailer's own room, which gave into a second passage, on which were the cells, which were picturesquely styled cages. The jailer paused before the first of these cages, and said, striking the door:

"This is where I put madame, your mother, and your sister, so that if the dear ladies wanted either Charlotte or myself, they need but knock."

"Is there any one in the cell?"

"No one."

"Then please open the door. My friend, Lord Tanlay, is a philanthropic Englishman who is travelling about to see if the French prisons are more comfortable than the English ones. Enter, Sir John."

Pere Courtois having opened the door, Roland pushed Sir John into a perfectly square cell measuring ten or twelve feet each way.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Sir John, "this is lugubrious."

"Do you think so? Well, my dear friend, this is where my mother, the noblest woman in the world, and my sister, whom you know, spent six weeks with a prospect of leaving it only to make the trip to the Place de Bastion. Just think, that was five years ago, so my sister was scarcely twelve."

"But what crime had they committed?"

"Oh! a monstrous crime. At the anniversary festival with which the town of Bourg considered proper to commemorate the death of the 'Friend of the People,' my mother refused to permit my sister to represent one of the virgins who bore the tears of France in vases. What will you! Poor woman, she thought she had done enough

for her country in giving it the blood of her son and her husband, which was flowing in Italy and Germany. She was mistaken. Her country, as it seems, claimed further the tears of her daughter. She thought that too much, especially as those tears were to flow for the citizen Marat. The result was that on the very evening of the celebration, during the enthusiastic exaltation, my mother was declared accused. Fortunately Bourg had not attained the celerity of Paris. A friend of ours, an official in the record-office, kept the affair dragging, until one fine day the fall and death of Robespierre were made known. That interrupted a good many things, among others the guillotinades. Our friend convinced the authorities that the wind blowing from Paris had veered toward clemency; they waited fifteen days, and on the sixteenth they told my mother and sister that they were free. So you understand, my friend—and this involves the most profound philosophical reflection—so that if Mademoiselle Teresa Cabarrus had not come from Spain, if she had not married M. Fontenay, parliamentary counsellor; had she not been arrested and brought before the pro-consul Tallien, son of the Marquis de Bercy's butler, ex-notary's clerk, ex-foreman of a printing-shop, ex-porter, ex-secretary to the Commune of Paris temporarily at Bordeaux; and had the ex-pro-consul not become enamored of her, and had she not been imprisoned, and if on the ninth of Thermidor she had not found means to send a dagger with these words: 'Unless the tyrant dies to-day, I die to-morrow'; had not Saint-Just been arrested in the midst of his discourse; had not Robespierre, on that day, had a frog in his throat; had not Garnier de l'Aube exclaimed: 'It is the blood of Danton choking you!' had not Louchet shouted for his arrest; had he not been arrested, released by the Commune, recaptured in spite of this, had his jaw broken by a pistol shot, and been executed next day—my mother would, in all probability, have had her head cut off for refusing to allow her daughter to weep for citizen Marat in one of the twelve lachrymal urns which Bourg was desirous of filling with its tears. Good-by, Courtois. You are a worthy man. You gave my mother and sister a little water to put with their wine, a little meat to eat with their bread, a little hope to fill their hearts; you lent them your daughter that they might not have to sweep their cell themselves. That deserves a fortune. Unfortunately I am not rich; but here are fifty louis I happen to have with me. Come, my lord."

And the young man carried off Sir John before the jailer recovered from his surprise and found time either to thank Roland or refuse the fifty louis; which, it must be said, would have been a remarkable proof of disinterestedness in a jailer, especially when that jailer's opinions were opposed to those of the government he served.

Leaving the prison, Roland and Sir John found the Place des Lices crowded with people who had heard of General Bonaparte's return to France, and were shouting "Vive Bonaparte!" at the top of their lungs—some because they really admired the victor of Arcola, Rivoli, and the Pyramids, others because they had been told, like Père Courtois, that this same victor had van-

quished only that Louis XVIII. might profit by his victories.

Roland and Sir John, having now visited all that the town of Bourg offered of interest, returned to the Château des Noires-Fontaines, which they reached before long. Roland installed Sir John in an easy-chair, asking him to wait a few minutes for him. At the end of five minutes he returned with a sort of pamphlet of gray paper, very badly printed, in his hand.

"My dear fellow," said he, "you seemed to have some doubts about the authenticity of that festival which I just mentioned, and which nearly cost my mother and sister their lives, so I bring you the programme. Read it, and while you are doing so I will go and see what they have been doing with my dogs; for I presume that you would rather hold me quit of our fishing expedition in favor of a hunt."

He went out, leaving in Sir John's hands a copy of the decree of the municipality of the town of Bourg, instituting the funeral rites in honor of Marat, on the anniversary of his death.

Bismarck—His Offer

For three months during 1866 Bismarck had been in an impossible position, and no one could predict how he would emerge from it. Notwithstanding the important events which were being enacted from China to Mexico, it was upon him that the eyes of Europe were fixed.

Old ministers, experienced in all the wiles of diplomacy, followed him with their eyes, spyglass in hand, never doubting that the epoch-making minister had an accomplice on the throne in a policy of which they vainly sought for precedents in the world's history. If, however, there should prove to be no accomplice, they pronounced that he must be a fool without an equal.

Young diplomats, modestly aware that they did not quite rank with the Talleyrands, the Metternichs, or Nesselrodes, studied him more seriously, believing they desired the infancy of a new policy destined to carry their epoch to its zenith, whispering the question which Germany has asked for three hundred years: *"Ist es der Mann?"* (Can it be the Man?) To make this question comprehensible we must tell our readers that Germany awaits a liberator as the Jews awaited a Messiah. Whenever her claims gall her, she exclaims: *"Wo bleibt der Mann?"* (Where, then, is the Man?)

Now, some pretend that to-day in Germany a fourth party, which up to the present has been crouching in the gloom, is preparing to emerge—a horrible figure, if the poets of Germany are to be believed. Listen to Heine on the subject:

"There is thunder truly in Germany, yea, even in Germany: it comes slowly; it rolls up gradually from afar; but I doubt not it will come.

"And when you hear a crash, such a crash as the world has not heard in all history, you will know that the German thunder has done its work.

At this uproar eagles will fall dead from the upper air; and lions in the pathless deserts of Africa will crouch terrified in their lairs. In Germany will be enacted a drama compared with which the French Revolution will seem but *an innocent idyll*."

Had Heinrich Heine been the only prophet I should not repeat his auguries, for Heine was a dreamer. But here is what Ludwig B—— says:

"In truth, Germany has accomplished nothing for three centuries, and has patiently endured all the suffering inflicted upon her. But, even so, her labours, sufferings, and joys have not subdued her virgin heart, nor her chaste spirit. She contains the reserve forces of liberty and will ensure its triumph.

"Her day will come; and to bring it about but little is necessary—a flash of good-humour, a smile, a summer shower, a thaw, a fool the more, or a fool the less, a nothing; the bell of a mule is enough to bring down an avalanche. Then France, which is not easily astonished, France which accomplished in three days the work of three hundred years, and has ceased to wonder at her own work, will survey the German nation with astonishment which will not be merely surprise but admiration."

But whether it was the Man or was not the Man that the gallery watched as he weighed Europe in the scales, putting everything into one, nothing into the other, whether he belonged to the old or to the new diplomacy mattered little. The only question was—will von Bismarck demand a dissolution of the Chamber, or will the Chamber impeach the count?

The conquest of Schleswig-Holstein had carried him to the height of fortune, but the new complications arising *à propos* of the election of the Duke of Augustenburg, made everything seem doubtful even to the genius of von Bismarck. During a long interview with the king which took place in June, 1866, he fancied that his influence was shaken, and he attributed the king's coldness to the persistent ill will of the queen.

It is true that until now the count had worked only for his own personal advancement, and, having kept entire silence as to his projects, was reserving an explanation for a favourable moment, when by the grandeur and clearness of his views he hoped to recover the good will of his sovereign; by an audacious *coup d'état* to build up a more solid and unassailable position than ever.

He had just left the king, intending to unmask his new plan as soon as possible, counting on the telegraphic despatches to create an effect favourable to himself, which, by making war inevitable, would ensure his own safety.

He left the palace accordingly, immersed in these thoughts, and so preoccupied that not only did he scarcely observe the excitement in the crowded streets, but he did not notice a young man leaning against one of the columns of the theatre, who left his place as he passed and followed him like his shadow in and out of the groups blocking the street. Twice or thrice, however, as if warned of this close pursuit by some magnetic current, the count turned his head, but seeing only a well-dressed young man apparently

belonging to his own class in life, he paid no attention to him.

It was not until he had passed the Friedrich Strasse and was crossing the road that he really noticed that the young man seemed determined to follow him. He then decided as soon as he had reached the other side to stop and ask what his pursuer meant by shadowing him.

But the shadower did not give him an opportunity. The count had hardly proceeded three or four steps on his way when he heard a report, and felt the wind of a ball which just missed his coat collar. He stopped and turned sharply round, seeing in a flash the eddying smoke, the aimed revolver, the assassin with his finger on the trigger preparing to fire again.

But, as we have said, the count was naturally brave: it did not occur to him either to fly or to call for help. He threw himself upon his enemy, who, without an instant's delay, fired the second and third shots, which whistled harmlessly by. Whether the assassin's hand trembled under stress of emotion, or whether, as some say, Providence (which nevertheless permitted the assassinations of Henri IV and Gustavus Adolphus) forbade the accomplishment of such a crime, the two balls passed right and left of von Bismarck.

Then the murderer lost courage and turned to fly. But the count seized him by the collar with one hand and with the other clutched the barrel of the revolver. Once again a shot was fired; the count was slightly wounded, but kept his hold and grasped his adversary closely, throwing him on the ground, and finally handed him over to the Prussian officers.

Seizing the favourable occasion with the promptitude of genius, he again took his way to the palace, bent on making this event the turning point of the situation.

This time he passed through a double avenue of spectators, whereas previously in the public commotion no one had noticed him. It was now otherwise—the murderer's attempt, of which he had been the object and from which he had emerged with so much courage, attracted every one's attention, if not their sympathy, and whether loved or not loved, all made room and saluted him. Sympathy might be wanting, but the count could at all events read admiration upon every face.

Von Bismarck was at this time about fifty or fifty-two; tall, with a well-proportioned figure, slightly puffy, and almost bald except at the temples, with a thick moustache. One of his cheeks was furrowed by a scar, the legacy of a duel fought at the University of Göttingen.

The palace guard had already heard the news and turned out to receive the count, who, as colonel in the Army, was entitled to this mark of respect. He graciously responded, and went up the staircase leading to the king's audience chamber.

As prime minister, the count had the right of entry at any time. He was about to turn the door handle when the usher in waiting stopped him, saying:

"His Excellency will pardon me, but the king can see no one."

"Not even me?" asked the count.

"Not even your Excellency," replied the usher with a low bow.

The count stepped backward with a movement of the lips that might have passed for a smile, but was certainly not one. Then he began to study, but without seeing it, a large naval picture which decorated the ante-room, standing out by reason of its immense gilt frame from the official green paper which adorns all the royal apartments.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, the door opened, the count hearing the *frou frou* of a satin dress, turned and bowed low before a woman of forty to forty-five years of age, who had evidently possessed great beauty and was indeed still beautiful. Perhaps, if the "Almanach de Gotha" were consulted, it would be found that the lady was rather older than this, but as the proverb says: "A woman is as old as she looks," and I see no reason why queens should be excepted.

The lady was Queen Marie Louise Augusta Catherine, daughter of Charles Frederic, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and known throughout Europe as the Queen Augusta. She was of medium height—is best described by the essentially French word *attrayant*. She wore on her left arm the feminine Order of Queen Louise of Prussia. She passed the minister slowly and somewhat haughtily, saluting him indeed, but without her usual kindness. By the doors through which she passed the count understood she had been with the king, and was now returning to her own apartments.

The queen had left the door belonging to the king's apartment open behind her, and the usher now intimated that the minister might enter. He waited, however, until the door had closed upon the queen.

"Yes," he said, "it is true that I was not born a baron, but let us see what the future will do for me."

And then he passed forward. The various lackeys or chambermaids whom he met hastened to open the doors leading to the audience-room. Reaching it the chamberlain announced in a loud voice: "His Excellency Count von Bismarck."

The king started and turned round. He was standing before the chimney-piece, and heard the name of von Bismarck with some surprise, it being barely a quarter of an hour since the minister had left him. The count wondered if the king had already heard what had happened to him in the interval.

He bowed low before His Majesty.

"Sire," he said, "an event of great importance has recalled me to Your Majesty, but I see with regret that the moment is unfavourable——"

"Why?" inquired the king.

"Because I have just had the honour of meeting the queen in the ante-room, and not having the happiness of being in Her Majesty's good graces ——"

"Well, count, I admit that she does not see eye to eye with you."

"She is wrong, sire, for my devotion belongs equally to my king and to my queen, and the one cannot become Emperor of Germany without the other becoming Empress."

"A dream, my dear count, in which Queen Augusta unfortunately believes, but which is not the dream of a reasonable being."

"Sire, the unity of Germany is as much decreed in the design of Providence as the unity of Italy."

"Excellent," said the king, laughing; "can there be a united Italy while the Italians possess neither Rome nor Venice?"

"Italy is in formation, sire. She began her march in '59 and will not stop on the way. If she looks like stopping she is only taking breath. Indeed, have we not promised her Venice?"

"Yes, but it is not we who will give it her."

"Who then?"

"France, who has already given her Lombardy, and has let her take the duchies and Naples. France!" said the king. "France let her take all that with quite the best will in the world."

"Is Your Majesty aware of the contents of the telegraphic despatches which arrived when I was here and which were delivered as I left?"

"Yes, I know. The Emperor Napoleon's speech at Auxerre," answered the king with some embarrassment. "You refer to that, do you not?"

"Well, sire, the emperor's speech means war—war not only against Austria but against Germany. It means Venice for Italy and the Rhine provinces for France."

"You really think so?"

"I mean that if we give France time to arm, the question without becoming desperate becomes grave, but that if we fall promptly and vigorously upon Austria, we shall be on the Moldau with three hundred thousand men before France can reach the Rhine with fifty thousand."

"Count, you do not give the Austrians their proper value; the swagger of our young men has gone to your head."

"Sire, if I appear to adopt the opinions of the heir-apparent and of Prince Frederic Charles, I can only say that the prince having been born on June 29th, 1801, is scarcely a young man; but the fact is, that in these matters, I rely on my own opinion only, and I say deliberately—in a war against Prussia, Austria will certainly be beaten."

"Really?" said the king doubtfully. "Yet I have heard you speak in high terms of both their generals and their soldiers."

"Certainly."

"Well, then, it does not seem to me so remarkably easy to conquer good soldiers commanded by good generals."

"They have good soldiers, sire, they have good generals, but we shall beat them because our own organization and arrangement are superior to theirs. When I persuaded Your Majesty to undertake the war on Schleswig which Your Majesty did not desire to do——"

"If I had not desired to make war on Schleswig it would never have been made!"

"That is very true, sire, but your Majesty hesitated; I had the courage to insist, and Your Majesty approved of my reasons."

"Yes, and what is the result of the war on Schleswig? War throughout Germany!"

"True, sire, in the first place I like a situation that calls for resolute action; and as I consider war in Germany inevitable, I congratulate you."

"Will you explain whence comes your confidence?"

"Your Majesty forgets that I made the campaign with the Prussian army. I did not do it for the mere pleasure of hearing cannon, of counting the dead, and of sleeping on the battlefield, where I assure you one sleeps very badly, or for the purpose of giving you what was nevertheless well worth having, two posts on the Baltic, of which Prussia stood in great need. No, I made the campaign with the object of trying the Austrians, and I repeat that they are behind us in everything—discipline, armaments, use of arms: they have bad rifles, bad artillery, and worse powder. In a war against us Austria will be beaten from the very commencement, for we have everything which she has not, and Austria once vanquished, the supremacy in Germany must inevitably fall from her hands into those of Prussia."

"And how is Prussia with a population of eighteen millions to maintain her superiority over sixty? Only look at her pitiful appearance on the map."

"That is exactly the point. I have looked at her for three years, and now is the time to mould her anew. Prussia is a great serpent whose head is at Thionville, while her tail is at Memel, and which has a lump in her stomach because she has swallowed half Saxony. She is a kingdom cut in two by another—Hanover—in such a fashion that you cannot get home without going abroad. You must understand, sire, Hanover is bound to become part of Prussia."

"But what will England say to this?"

"England is no longer in the age of Pitt and Cobourg. England is the very humble servant of the Manchester School, of Gladstone, Cobden, and their scholars; England will do no more for Hanover than she did for Denmark. Must we not take Saxony also?"

"France will never allow us to meddle with Saxony, if only in memory of the king who was faithful to her in 1813."

"Not if we took too big a mouthful; but if we only nibble she will shut both eyes, or at least one of them. And is not Hesse also very necessary?"

"The Confederation will not abandon all Hesse."

"But if it will let us take half, that is all we want. Now let us consider Frankfort-on-the-Main."

"Frankfort-on-the-Main! The free town! The seat of the Diet!"

"The moment Prussia can reckon thirty millions of men instead of eighteen the Diet is dead. Prussia will then be the Diet. Only, instead of crying 'decree' she will say 'decree.'"

"We shall have the whole of the Confederation against us. It will side with Austria."

"So much the better!"

"And why?"

"Austria once beaten, the Confederation is beaten along with her."

"We shall have a million men against us."

"Let us count them."

"There are four hundred and fifty thousand in Austria——"

"Agreed."

"And four hundred and fifty thousand in Venetia."

"The emperor is too obstinate to re-

call troops from Venice before two or three battles if he is successful, before ten if he is beaten."

"Bavaria has one hundred and sixty thousand."

"I will answer for Bavaria—her king is too fond of music to love the sound of cannon."

"Hanover, twenty-five thousand men."

"Only a mouthful to swallow on our first march."

"Saxony, fifteen thousand."

"Another mouthful."

"And a hundred and fifty thousand belonging to the Confederation."

"The Confederation will have no time to arm them; only we must not lose a moment, sire; therefore I now say—'War, Victory, the supremacy of Prussia—myself—or——' "

"Or?"

"Or my resignation, which I lay very humbly at Your Majesty's feet."

"What is that on your hand, count?"

"Nothing, sire."

"It looks like blood."

"Perhaps it is."

"Is it true, then, that some one attempted your life by firing at you with a revolver?"

"Five times, sire."

"Five? Good gracious!"

"He thought it none too many for me."

"And you are unwounded?"

"Only a scratch on the little finger."

"And who was your assassin?"

"I do not know who he is."

"Did he refuse to give his name?"

"No, I forgot to ask him; besides, that is the Attorney-General's affair, not mine. I do not interfere with other people's concerns. Now, my own business is my King's business, and that is here."

"I am listening," said the king.

"To-morrow the chamber is dissolved; the following day we mobilize; in eight days hostilities are declared, or else——"

"Or else what?"

"Or else, as I have the honour to repeat to Your Majesty, my resignation."

Then, without waiting for the king's answer the Count von Bismarck bowed low, and according to etiquette retired backwards from the king's presence. The king said nothing to detain his minister, but before closing the door, that gentleman heard the bell rung loudly enough to rouse the whole palace.

History tells us which choice the monarch made.

The Spanish Surprise

The glory of a country is made up of its defeats quite as much as of its victories; the glory of our triumphs is enhanced by that of our reverses.

What people, in fact, would not have succumbed after Crécy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Pavia, Saint-Quentin, or Waterloo? But the hand of God was over France, and after each fall France rose greater than she was before.

It was after bending eight times under His cross that Jesus saved the world.

France, under this relation, may be considered, if we are permitted to say so, the Christ of nations.

Saint-Quentin is nevertheless one of the stations on her way of the cross.

Her cross was the monarchy.

Happily behind the monarchy was the people.

This time again, behind the fallen monarchy, we are about to see the people standing.

During the night Admiral Coligny, French Leader in the year 1557, was warned that the sentinels mounting guard at the Faubourg d'Isle believed they heard the sound of sappers at work.

Coligny rose and ran to the threatened point.

The admiral was an experienced captain. He leaped from his horse, lay down on the rampart, placed his ear to the ground, and listened.

Then, rising,—

"It is not," he said, "the noise of sappers; it is the rolling of cannon. The enemy is about to erect a battery against us."

The officers looked at one another.

Then Jarnac advanced and said,—

"You know, M. l'Amiral, that it is the opinion of every one the place is not tenable?"

The admiral smiled.

"It is mine also, gentlemen," said he; "and yet, you see, we have held it for the last five days. If, when urged by you, I had retreated, the Faubourg d'Isle would have been in the hands of the Spaniards for the last five days, and all their preparations for attacking the city on this side completed. Now let us not forget this, gentlemen; every day gained is as useful to us as are the last breathing spells to the stag pursued by the hunters."

"Then your opinion is, monseigneur?"

"My opinion is that we have done on this side all that it is humanly possible to do, and that we must carry in another direction our energy, devotion, and vigilance."

The officers acquiesced with a bow.

"At daybreak," continued Coligny, "the Spanish cannon will be formed in battery, and the firing will begin; at daybreak, therefore, all the artillery we have here, as well as all the ammunition, balls, bales of wool, carts, handbarrows, pickaxes, and pioneer's tools, must be in the city. One part of our men will attend to this; another will pile up fagots and fascines in the houses, and set them on fire; I shall myself protect the retreat of our soldiers and cut the bridges behind them."

Then when he saw around him the poor unfortunates to whom these houses belonged, and who were listening to him with an expression of despair,—

"My friends," said he, "if your houses were spared by us, they would be demolished by the Spaniards, who would use the wood and stone for constructing masks and digging their trenches; sacrifice them, therefore, in the name of your king and country. I assign to you the task of setting them on fire."

The inhabitants of the Faubourg d'Isle looked at one another, exchanged some words in a low tone, and one of them, advancing, said,—

"M. l'Amiral, my name is Guillaume Pauquet; you see my house from here. It is the largest in the quarter. I shall set fire to it with my own hands; and my neighbours and friends, here pres-

ent, are prepared to do to theirs what I am about to do to mine."

"Is this true, my children?" said the admiral, with tears in his eyes.

"Is what you demand for the good of the king and country, M. l'Amiral?"

"If we can only hold out for a fortnight, my friends, France is saved!" said Coligny.

"And to hold out even for ten days, must we burn our houses?"

"I believe, my friends, it is necessary."

"Then, if the houses are burned, you promised to hold out for ten days?"

"I promise, my friends, to do all that a gentleman devoted to my king and country can do," said the admiral. "Whoever speaks of surrender shall be thrown over the walls by me; and if I speak of surrender, do the same to me."

"It is well, M. l'Amiral," said one of the inhabitants of the faubourg; "since you order us to burn our houses, we are going to set them on fire."

"But," said a voice, "I hope the abbey of Saint-Quentin-en-Isle may be spared."

The Huguenot admiral turned in the direction of the voice, and recognised Lactance, the leader of Catholics.

"Saint-Quentin-en-Isle less than all the rest," answered the admiral. "The rampart of Rémicourt is commanded from the platform of Saint-Quentin-en-Isle; and a battery of cannon established there would render the defence of the rampart impossible."

Lactance raised his eyes to heaven, and heaved a profound sigh.

"Besides," continued the admiral, smiling, "Saint-Quentin is, above all, guardian of the city, and he will not take umbrage at our ruining his abbey to save his clients."

Then, taking advantage of this moment of good-will which seemed to inspire all and each with the same devotion, he ordered the cannon to be drawn to the city, as well as the different objects mentioned by him, and everything to be done in the greatest possible silence.

This work was begun with as much zeal, it must be said, as was displayed by those carrying fascines into their houses; men harnessed themselves cheerfully and courageously to the cannon and carts, and set to work hauling them into the city.

At two in the morning all was finished; and there remained behind the old wall only the number of arquebusiers necessary to deceive the enemy into the belief that it was still defended, and the men who, with torch in hand, were ready to set fire to their houses.

At daybreak, as the admiral had foreseen, the enemy fired the first volley. A breaching battery had been established during the night, and it was the noise made by the men forming it the admiral had heard.

The first volley was the signal agreed on for setting fire to the houses. Not one of the inhabitants hesitated; each applied his torch, and in a moment a curtain of smoke rose in the sky, soon to be succeeded by a curtain of flame.

The faubourg was burning from the church of Saint-Eloi to the church of Saint-Pierre-au-Canal; but in the midst of this immense furnace, the abbey of Saint-Quentin remained intact, as if some superhuman power had turned the conflagration aside from it.

Three times did citizens and soldiers

and workmen, through fire, and over the flying bridges,—for the others had been cut down,—renew the attempt to destroy it, and three times did the attempt fail.

The admiral from the top of the gate of Isle was watching the progress of the flames, when Jean Pauquet, the weaver, separating from those around him and approaching the admiral with his woollen cap in his hand, said,—

"Monseigneur," said he, "an old man of the city says he has heard his father tell of a storehouse of powder existing in one of the two towers flanking the gate of Isle, if not in both."

"Good!" said the admiral, "we must see to this. Where are the keys?"

"Ah, the keys!" said Jean Pauquet, "who can know anything about them? The doors have not been opened for the last hundred years, perhaps."

"Then we must get levers and crowbars to open them."

"They are not needed," said a voice; "let me drive against the door, and the door will open."

And Heinrich Scharfenstein, the German Hercules of the Army, followed by his nephew, Franz, advanced three steps towards Coligny.

"Ah, it is you, my brave giant?" said the admiral.

"Yes, I and my nephew, Franz."

"Well, push, my friend! push!" And the two Scharfensteins approached each a folding-door, buttressed himself against it, and with the same mechanical action and the same movement, counted:—

"*Ein! zwei! drei!*"

And at the word *drei,* each, making a mighty effort, drove in the leaf he was planted against, and so successfully that each fell with it.

Only as the resistance offered by the doors was different, Franz fell headlong his whole length, while Heinrich was lucky enough to fall on his hips.

But both rose up with their customary gravity, saying,—

"Now!"

They entered the towers.

One of them, as Jean Pauquet had stated, did in fact contain two or three thousand pounds of powder; but, as he had also said, this powder had been there so long that when the kegs were lifted they fell into dust.

The admiral then ordered sheets to be brought and the powder to be transported to the arsenal.

As soon as he saw the order was being executed, he returned to breakfast and to get a little rest, having been on his feet since midnight, and eaten nothing since the evening before.

He had just sat down to table when it was announced that one of the messengers sent by him to the constable had returned and asked to speak to him without delay.

It was Yvonnet, the Beau Brummel of the Army.

Yvonnet announced that the succours demanded by him would arrive the next day, under the command of M. Dandelot, Maréchal de Saint-André and the Duc d'Enghien.

They were to consist of four thousand foot-soldiers, who would follow the Savoy route, as the admiral suggested, and enter by the Faubourg de Ponthoille.

Yvonnet was at this stage of his recital and had raised a glass of wine poured out for him to drink to the

health of the admiral, when all at once the earth trembled, the walls shook, the glass of the windows flew in pieces, and a roar was heard like that of a hundred pieces of cannon discharged at the same time.

The admiral rose; Yvonnet, seized with one of his nervous movements, rested his glass, still full, on the table.

At the same time a cloud passed over the city, borne by the west wind, and a strong stench of sulphur spread into the room through the broken glass.

"Oh, the unhappy men!" cried the admiral; "they did not take the proper precautions, and the powder has blown up!"

Immediately, without waiting for news, he left the house and ran to the gate of Isle.

All the population was hurrying to the same quarter; it was useless for Coligny to make inquiries; these people were hurrying in the direction of the noise, but were ignorant of its cause.

Coligny was not mistaken; the interior of the tower was gutted and smoking like the crater of a volcano. A spark from the immense conflagration in the neighbourhood had entered through an embrasure, and set fire to the terrible combustible.

Forty or fifty persons had perished; five officers had disappeared.

The tower offered a breach to the enemy by which twenty-five assailants could mount in a line.

Fortunately, the veil of smoke and flame between the faubourg and city concealed this breach from the Spaniards. The devotion of the inhabitants, who had set fire to their houses, had then saved the city.

Coligny understood the danger; he appealed to the good-will of all; but the bourgeois alone responded. The soldiers who had been withdrawn from the faubourg had gone away to rest and refresh themselves.

Among those who had done so were the two Scharfensteins; but as their tent was only about fifty yards from the theatre of the event, they were among the first to answer the appeal of the admiral.

Two precious auxiliaries were uncle Heinrich and nephew Franz under the circumstances; their herculean strength, their gigantic stature, made them fit for everything. They took off their jackets, turned up their sleeves, and became masons.

Three hours after, whether it were that the enemy knew nothing of what had occurred or was preparing another enterprise, the tower was repaired without any opposition and rendered almost as solid as before.

All that day—it was the 7th of August—passed without the enemy making the slightest demonstration; he seemed to confine himself to a simple blockade. Without doubt, he was awaiting the arrival of the English army.

During the evening, the sentinels noticed some movement in the direction of the Faubourg d'Isle.

The Spaniards of Carondelet and Julian Romeron, taking advantage of the dying out of the conflagration, were beginning to appear in the faubourg and draw near the city.

Thereupon all the watchfulness of the besieged was exercised on that side.

In the evening at ten, the admiral called a council of the chief officers of

the garrison; he announced that the expected reinforcement would, in all probability, arrive that night. The wall must be secretly manned from Tourival to the gate of Ponthoille, in order to hold themselves in readiness to bring aid, if necessary, to Dandelot and his men.

Yvonnet, who, in his capacity as messenger, had been initiated into all these arrangements, was delighted with them, and as far as lay in his power—for his peculiar knowledge of certain localities gave him considerable influence—he pushed his nocturnal investigations in the direction of the Rémicourt, Isle, and Ponthoille gates.

This new disposition, in fact, left the rampart of the Vieux-Marché entirely free from troops, except a few sentinels; and it was there, as the reader will recall, that the house of Jean Pauquet was situated, and especially the little pavilion inhabited by Mademoiselle Gudule.

Consequently, about eleven, on one of those gloomy nights so esteemed and blest by lovers on the way to their mistresses, and by warriors preparing a surprise, our adventurer, followed by Heinrich and Franz, armed, like him, to the teeth, was advancing cautiously through the Rue des Rosiers, de la Fosse, and de Saint-Jean, which latter connects—at about a hundred yards from the tower Dameuse—with the rampart of the Vieux-Marché.

The three adventurers followed this road because they knew all the space extending between the tower Dameuse and the gate of the Vieux-Marché was free from sentinels, the enemy not having yet made any demonstration on this side.

The boulevard was therefore gloomy and deserted.

Why was this band, which, in spite of its formidable appearance, had not any hostile appearance, composed of Heinrich and Franz on the one side and of Yvonnet on the other?

By that natural law which decrees that in this world weakness must seek strength, and strength must love weakness.

With whom, among his companions, was Yvonnet most closely united? With Heinrich and Franz. Why? Because they were the strongest, and he was the weakest.

As soon as the two Scharfensteins had a moment to themselves, whose society did they run to seek?

Yvonnet's.

Consequently, when Yvonnet needed help, whose help did he seek?

That of the two Scharfensteins.

Under his garb, always so carefully attended to, always so elegant and dainty, and contrasting so strangely with the rough, soldierly dress of the two giants, Yvonnet, when followed by them, resembled some aristocratic child holding two mastiffs in leash.

It was, as we have said, because of this attraction of weakness for strength, and this sympathy of strength for weakness, that on this very evening Yvonnet asked the two Scharfensteins to come along with him, and that the latter, as usual, answered, as they rose and armed themselves,—

"Very willingly, Meinherr Yvonnet."

For the two Scharfensteins addressed Yvonnet as *Meinherr*,—a distinction they did not grant to any other of their companions.

It was because their affection for

Yvonnet was mingled with a profound respect.

Never did uncle or nephew presume to speak first in the presence of the young adventurer; no, they heard him talk of fine women, fine arms, fine dress, satisfied to give a nod of assent, or breaking into one of their big laughs, when an evident witticism claimed such attention.

Where Yvonnet was going when Yvonnet said, "Come with me!" concerned them little; he said, "Come!" that was enough, and they followed this charming star of their fancy as satellites follow a planet.

This evening, Yvonnet was going to his mistress; he had said to the two Scharfensteins, "Come!" and, as we see, they came.

But with what object, since the presence of a third party at such a rendezvous is always annoying, did Yvonnet ask for the company of the two giants?

In the first place, let us hasten to say that the brave Germans were not troublesome witnesses. They closed one eye, they closed two, they closed three, they closed four, on a word, a sign, a gesture, from their comrade, and kept them religiously closed until a word, a sign, or a gesture of their comrade allowed them to open them.

Yvonnet brought them with him because, it will be remembered, to reach the window of Gudule's pavilion he needed a ladder; and, instead of taking a ladder, he found it simpler to take the two Scharfensteins, which absolutely amounted to the same thing.

The young man had, as may be imagined, a collection of signals, sounds, and cries, by the aid of which he announced his arrival to his mistress; but this evening he needed not signal nor sound nor cry,—Gudule was at her window, expecting him.

Nevertheless, when she saw three men coming instead of one, she prudently retreated.

But when Yvonnet separated from his companions, he was recognised; and the young girl, still trembling, but no longer frightened, came back to the window.

Yvonnet explained in two words the danger a soldier ran in a besieged city walking with a ladder on his back; a patrol might believe he carried the ladder with a view of communicating with the besiegers. Once such a belief settled in the mind of the patrol, it would be necessary to have explanations with the patrol's officer, with the captain, perhaps with the governor, and account for the destination of the ladder; now, however delicately these explanations might be managed, the honour of Mademoiselle Gudule would be compromised.

It was better, then, to bring two sure friends, on whose discretion he could rely, like his two comrades.

But how would these friends take the place of a ladder? This Mademoiselle Gudule had some trouble in understanding.

Yvonnet resolved to lose no time in developing his theory, but to proceed at once to a demonstration. With this object, he called the two Scharfensteins, who, opening the immense compass of their legs, were beside him in three strides.

Then he backed up the uncle against the wall, and made a sign to the nephew.

In less time than it takes to relate it, Franz placed one foot between the

joined hands of his uncle and another on his shoulder; then, having reached the top of the window, he took Mademoiselle Gudule by the waist, she regarding him with much curiosity all the time; and before she could make a motion to defend herself,—a motion she would perhaps not have made, even if she had time for it,—she found herself borne from her chamber and placed on the boulevard beside Yvonnet.

"There," said Franz, laughing, "there you have the young woman you asked for."

"Thanks," said Yvonnet.

And, drawing the arm of the young woman within his own, he led her to the obscurest part of the rampart.

This was the circular summit of one of the towers, and protected by a parapet three feet high.

The two Scharfensteins sat down on a stone bench lying along the curtain.

It is not our intention to relate here the conversation of Mademoiselle Gudule and Yvonnet. They were young, and in love; they had not met for three nights and three days, and had so much to say that a report of their quarter of an hour's discourse would certainly exceed the limits of this chapter.

We say a quarter of an hour's, because at the end of a quarter of an hour, notwithstanding the animation of the dialogue, Yvonnet suddenly stopped, placed his hand on the pretty mouth of the young girl, leaned forward, and listened.

A sound like that made by the steady tramp of a great number of feet on the turf seemed to come to his ear as he listened.

Looking forward, he thought he saw an immense black serpent creeping up to the wall.

But the night was so dark and the noise so imperceptible that all this might be an illusion as well as a reality, especially as the sound and movement suddenly stopped.

Yvonnet looked and listened, but neither saw nor heard anything more.

Yet while holding the young girl clasped to his breast, he kept his eyes eagerly fixed on the point to which they were first directed, and stretched his neck out between the battlements.

Soon he thought he saw the gigantic serpent raise its head against the gray wall, and rise along this wall, as if to reach the parapet of the curtain.

Then, like a hydra-headed monster, the serpent darted out a second head near the first, and a third near the second.

Upon this all became clear to Yvonnet; without losing a minute, he took Gudule in his arms, and, recommending her to be silent, passed her to Franz, who, with the aid of his uncle, restored her to her chamber in the same manner in which she had been carried out of it.

Then, running to the nearest ladder, the young man reached it just as the first Spaniard stood upon the parapet of the curtain.

Great as was the darkness, a gleam of light could be seen through the shadow; next a cry was heard, and the Spaniard, pierced by the slender sword of Yvonnet, fell backwards from the wall.

The noise of his fall was lost in a frightful crash; it was the second ladder laden with men, which, hurled back by the sinewy arm of Heinrich, tore along the wall with a hoarse, grating sound.

On his side, Franz discovered an abandoned beam in his path; and, raising it above his head, he let it fall on the very centre of the third ladder.

The ladder was broken at a place above two-thirds of its height from the ground; and men, ladder, and beam were pitched pell-mell into the fosse.

Meanwhile Yvonnet, while striking with all his might, was at the same time shouting as loudly as he could,—

"To arms! to arms!"

The two Scharfensteins ran to his aid, at the very moment two or three Spaniards had set foot on the rampart and were pressing him closely.

One of the assailants fell cloven by the enormous sword of Heinrich; another rolled senseless under the mace of Franz; the other, as he was making ready to strike Yvonnet, was seized by the waist by one of the two giants, and hurled over the wall.

At the same moment Jean and Guillaume Pauquet appeared at the extremity of the Rue du Vieux-Marché, attracted by the cries of the three adventurers, and bearing each a torch in one hand and an axe in the other.

From that moment the surprise was a failure; and in response to the united cries of the bourgeois and the adventurers, succours arrived both from the Saint-Jean tower and the big tower bordering on the Faubourg Ponthoille.

I. The Prisoner

It was a calm and lovely star-lit night; the steps of three men resounded on the flags of the terraces of the prison Bertaudière, and the clinking of the keys hanging from the jailer's girdle made itself heard up to the stories of the towers, as if to remind the prisoners that the liberty of earth was a luxury beyond their reach. The three were turn-key, the governor and Aramis, confidante of Fouquet, Superintendent of State, but secret enemy of Louis XIV., King of France. In this wise they reached the basement of the Bertaudière, the two first stories of which were mounted silently and somewhat slowly.

Aramis took the lantern and entered; and then signed to them to close the door behind him. For an instant he remained standing listening whether the governor and the turnkey had retired; but as soon as he was assured by the sound of their descending footsteps that they had left the tower, he put the lantern on the table and gazed around. On a bed of green serge, similar in all respects to the other beds in the Bastile, save that it was newer, and under curtains half-drawn, reposed a young man. According to custom, the prisoner was without a light. At the hour of curfew, he was bound to extinguish his lamp, and we perceive how much he was favored, in being allowed to keep it burning even till then. Near the bed a large leathern armchair, with twisted legs, sustained his clothes. A little table—without pens, books, paper, or ink—stood neglected in sadness near the window; while several plates, still unemptied, showed that the prisoner had

scarcely touched his evening meal. Aramis saw that the young man was stretched upon his bed, his face half concealed by his arms. The arrival of a visitor did not cause any change of position; either he was waiting in expectation, or was asleep. Aramis lighted the candle from the lantern, pushed back the armchair, and approached the bed with an evident mixture of interest and respect. The young man raised his head.

"How does the Bastile agree with you?" asked Aramis.

"Very well."

"You do not suffer?"

"No."

"You have nothing to regret?"

"Nothing."

"Not even your liberty?"

"What do you call liberty, monsieur?" asked the prisoner, with the tone of a man who is preparing for a struggle.

"I call liberty, the flowers, the air, light, the stars, the happiness of going whithersoever the sinewy limbs of one-and-twenty chance to wish to carry you."

The young man smiled, whether in resignation or contempt, it was difficult to tell. "Look," said he, "I have in that Japanese vase two roses gathered yesterday evening in the bud from the governor's garden; this morning they have blown and spread their vermilion chalice beneath my gaze; with every opening petal they unfold the treasures of their perfumes, filling my chamber with a fragrance that embalms it. Look now on these two roses; even among roses these are beautiful, and the rose is the most beautiful of flowers. Why, then, do you bid me desire other flowers when I possess the loveliest of all?"

Aramis gazed at the young man in surprise.

"If *flowers* constitute liberty," sadly resumed the captive, "I am free, for I possess them."

"But the air." cried Aramis; "air is so necessary to life."

"Well, monsieur," returned the prisoner; "draw near to the window; it is open. Between high heaven and earth the wind whirls on its waftages of hail and lightning, exhales its torrid mist or breathes in gentle breezes. It caresses my face. When mounted on the back of this armchair, with my arm around the bars of the window to sustain myself, I fancy I am swimming the wide expanse before me." The countenance of Aramis darkened as the young man continued: "Light I have! what is better than light? I have the sun, a friend who comes to visit me every day without the permission of the governor or the jailer's company. He comes in at the window, and traces in my room a square the shape of the window, which lights up the hangings of my bed and floods the very floor. This luminous square increases from ten o'clock till midday, and decreases from one till three slowly, as if, having hastened to my presence, it sorrowed at bidding me farewell. When its last ray disappears I have enjoyed its presence for four hours. Is not that sufficient? I have been told that there are unhappy beings who dig in quarries, and laborers who toil in mines, who never behold it at all." Aramis wiped the drops from his brow. "As to the stars which are so delightful to view," continued the young man, "they all resemble each other save in size and brilliancy. I am a favored mortal, for if you had not

lighted that candle you would have been able to see the beautiful stars which I was gazing at from my couch before your arrival, whose silvery rays were stealing through my brain."

Aramis lowered his head; he felt himself overwhelmed with the bitter flow of that sinister philosophy which is the religion of the captive.

"So you are resigned?"

"I repeat it."

"Without any desire for freedom?"

"As I told you."

"Without ambition, sorrow, or thought?"

The young man made no answer.

"Well," asked Aramis, "why are you silent?"

"I think I have spoken enough," answered the prisoner, "and that now it is your turn. I am weary."

Aramis gathered himself up, and a shade of deep solemnity spread itself over his countenance. It was evident that he had reached the crisis in the part he had come to the prison to play. "One question," said Aramis.

"What is it? speak."

"In your home where you lived there were neither looking-glasses nor mirrors?"

"What are those two words, and what is their meaning?" asked the young man; "I have no sort of knowledge of them."

"They designate two pieces of furniture which reflect objects; so that, for instance, you may see in them your own lineaments, as you see mine now, with the naked eye."

"No; then there was neither a glass nor a mirror in the house," answered the young man.

Aramis looked round him. "Nor is there anything of the kind here either," he said; "again the same precaution."

"To what end?"

"You will know directly. Now, you have told me that you were instructed in mathematics, astronomy, fencing, and riding; but you have not said a word about history."

"My tutor sometimes related to me the principal deeds of the King St. Louis, King Francis I., and King Henry IV."

"Is that all?"

"Very nearly."

"Just as they deprived you of mirrors, which reflect the present, so they left you in ignorance of history, which reflects the past. Since your imprisonment, books have been forbidden you; so that you are unacquainted with a number of facts, by means of which you would be able to reconstruct the shattered mansion of your recollections and your hopes."

"It is true," said the young man.

"Listen, then; I will in a few words tell you what has passed in France during the last twenty-three or twenty-four years; that is, from the probable date of your birth."

"Say on." And the young man resumed his serious and attentive attitude.

"Do you know who was the son of Henry IV.?"

"At least I know who his successor was."

"How?"

"By means of a coin dated 1610, which bears the effigy of Henry IV.; and another of 1612, bearing that of Louis XIII. So I presumed that, there being only two years between the two dates, Louis was Henry's successor."

"Then," said Aramis, "you know that

the last reigning monarch was Louis XIII.?"

"I do," answered the youth, slightly reddening.

"Well, he was a prince full of noble ideas and great projects, always, alas! deferred by the trouble of the times and the dread struggle that his minister Richelieu had to maintain against the great nobles of France. The king himself was of a feeble character, and died young and unhappy."

"I know it."

"He had been long anxious about having an heir; a care which weighs heavily on princes, who desire to leave behind them more than one pledge that their best thoughts and works will be continued."

"Did the king, then, die childless?" asked the prisoner, smiling.

"No, but he was long without one, and for a long while thought he should be the last of his race. This idea had reduced him to the depths of despair, when suddenly his wife, Anne of Austria——"

The prisoner trembled.

"Did you know," said Aramis, "that Louis XIII.'s wife was called Anne of Austria?"

"Continue," said the young man, without replying to the question.

"When suddenly," resumed Aramis, "the queen announced an interesting event. There was great joy at the intelligence, and all prayed for her happy delivery. On the 5th of September, 1638, she gave birth to a son."

Here Aramis looked at his companion, and thought he observed him turning pale. "You are about to hear," said Aramis, "an account which few indeed could now avouch; for it refers to a secret which they imagined buried with the dead, entombed in the abyss of the confessional."

"And you will tell me this secret," broke in the youth.

"Oh!" said Aramis, with unmistakable emphasis, "I do not know that I ought to risk this secret by intrusting it to one who has no desire to quit the Bastile."

"I hear you, monsieur."

"The queen, then, gave birth to a son. But while the court was rejoicing over the event, when the king had shown the new-born child to the nobility and people, and was sitting gayly down to table, to celebrate the event, the queen, who was alone in her room, was again taken ill and gave birth to a second son."

"Oh!" said the prisoner, betraying a better acquaintance with affairs than he had owned to, "I thought that Monsieur was only born in——"

Aramis raised his finger: "Permit me to continue," he said.

The prisoner sighed impatiently, and paused.

"Yes," said Aramis, "the queen had a second son, whom Dame Perronnette, the midwife, received in her arms."

"Dame Perronnette!" murmured the young man.

"They ran at once to the banqueting-room, and whispered to the king what had happened; he rose and quitted the table. But this time it was no longer happiness that his face expressed, but something akin to terror. The birth of twins changed into bitterness the joy to which that of an only son had given rise, seeing that in France (a fact you are assuredly ignorant of) it is the oldest

of the king's sons who succeeds his father."

"I know it."

"And that the doctors and jurists assert that there is ground for doubting whether the son that first makes his appearance is the elder by the law of heaven and of nature."

The prisoner uttered a smothered cry, and became whiter than the coverlet under which he hid himself.

"Now you understand," pursued Aramis, "that the king who with so much pleasure saw himself repeated in the one, was in despair about two; fearing that the second might dispute the first's claim to seniority, which had been recognized only two hours before; and so this second son, relying on party interests and caprices, might one day sow discord and engender civil war throughout the kingdom; by these means destroying the very dynasty he should have strengthened."

"Oh, I understand!—I understand!" murmured the young man.

"Well," continued Aramis; "this is what they relate, what they declare; this is why one of the queen's two sons, shamefully parted from his brother, shamefully sequestered, is buried in profound obscurity; this is why that second son has disappeared, and so completely, that not a soul in France, save his mother, is aware of his existence."

"Yes! his mother, who has cast him off," cried the prisoner in a tone of despair.

"Except, also," Aramis went on, "the lady in the black dress, and, finally, excepting——"

"Excepting yourself—is it not? You who come and relate all this; you, who rouse in my soul curiosity, hatred, ambition, and, perhaps, even the thirst of vengeance; except you, monsieur, who, if you are the man whom I expect, whom the note I have received applies to, whom, in short, Heaven ought to send me, must possess about you——"

"What?" asked Aramis.

"A portrait of the king, Louis XIV., who at this moment reigns upon the throne of France."

"Here is the portrait," replied he, handing the prisoner a miniature in enamel, on which Louis was depicted life-like, with a handsome, lofty mien. The prisoner eagerly seized the portrait, and gazed at it with devouring eyes.

"And now, monseigneur," said Aramis, "here is a mirror." Aramis left the prisoner time to recover his ideas.

"So high!—so high!" murmured the young man, eagerly comparing the likeness of Louis with his own countenance reflected in the glass.

"What do you think of it?" at length said Aramis.

"I think that I am lost," replied the captive; "the king will never set me free."

"And I—I demand to know," added the questioner, fixing his piercing eyes significantly upon the prisoner, "I demand to know which of these two is king; the one this miniature portrays, or whom the glass reflects?"

"The king, monsieur," sadly replied the young man, "is he who is on the throne, who is not in prison; and who, on the other hand, can cause others to be entombed there. Royalty means power; and you behold how powerless I am."

"Monseigneur," answered Aramis, with a respect he had not yet manifested, "the king, mark me, will, if you

desire it, be the one that, quitting his dungeon, shall maintain himself upon the throne, on which his friends will place him."

"Tempt me not, monsieur," broke in the prisoner bitterly.

"Be not weak, monseigneur," persisted Aramis; "I have brought all the proofs of your birth; consult them; satisfy yourself that you are a king's son; it is for *us* to act."

"No, no; it is impossible."

"Unless, indeed," resumed Aramis ironically, "it be the destiny of your race, that the brothers excluded from the throne should be always princes void of courage and honesty, as was your uncle, M. Gaston d'Orléans, who ten times conspired against his brother Louis XIII."

"What!" cried the price, astonished, "my uncle Gaston 'conspired against his brother;' conspired to dethrone him?"

"Exactly, monseigneur; for no other reason. I tell you the truth."

"And he had friends—devoted friends?"

"As much so as I am to you."

"And, after all, what did he do?—Failed!"

"He failed, I admit; but always through his own fault; and, for the sake of purchasing—not his life—for the life of the king's brother is sacred and inviolable—but his liberty, he sacrificed the lives of all his friends, one after another. And so, at this day, he is a very blot on history, the detestation of a hundred noble families in this kingdom."

"I understand, monsieur; either by weakness or treachery, my uncle slew his friends."

"By weakness; which, in princes, is always treachery."

"And cannot a man fail, then, from incapacity and ignorance? Do you really believe it possible that a poor captive such as I, brought up, not only at a distance from the court, but even from the world—do you believe it possible that such a one could assist those of his friends who should attempt to serve him?" And as Aramis was about to reply, the young man suddenly cried out, with a violence which betrayed the temper of his blood, "We are speaking of friends; but how can *I* have any friends—I, who no one knows; and have neither liberty, money, nor influence, to gain any?"

"I fancy I had the honor to offer myself to your royal highness."

"Oh, do not style me so, monsieur; 'tis either treachery or cruelty. Bid me not think of aught beyond these prison-walls, which so grimly confine me; let me again love, or, at least, submit to my slavery and my obscurity."

"Monseigneur, monseigneur; if you again utter these desperate words—if, after having received proof of your high birth, you still remain poor-spirited in body and soul, I will comply with your desire, I will depart, and renounce forever the service of a master to whom so eagerly I came to devote my assistance and my life!"

"Monsieur," cried the prince, "would it not have been better for you to have reflected, before telling me all that you have done, that you have broken my heart forever?"

"And so I desire to do, monseigneur."

"To talk to me about power, grandeur, aye, and to prate of thrones! Is a prison the fit place? You wish to

make me believe in splendor, and we are lying lost in night; you boast of glory, and we are smothering our words in the curtains of this miserable bed; you give me glimpses of power absolute whilst I hear the footsteps of the ever-watchful jailer in the corridor—that step which, after all, makes you tremble more than it does me. To render me somewhat less incredulous, free me from the Bastile; let me breathe the fresh air; give me my spurs and trusty sword, then we shall begin to understand each other."

"It is precisely my intention to give you all this, monseigneur, and more; only, do you desire it?"

"A word more," said the prince. "I know there are guards in every gallery, bolts to every door, cannon and soldiery at every barrier. How will you overcome the sentries—spike the guns? How will you break through the bolts and bars?"

"If we can corrupt one turnkey, we can corrupt ten."

"Well; I admit that it may be possible to release a poor captive from the Bastile; possible so to conceal him that the king's people shall not again ensnare him; possible, in some unknown retreat, to sustain the unhappy wretch in some suitable manner."

"Monseigneur!" said Aramis, smiling.

"I admit that, whoever would do this much for me, would seem more than mortal in my eyes; but as you tell me I am a prince, brother of a king, how can you restore me the rank and power which my mother and my brother have deprived me of? And as, to effect this, I must pass a life of war and hatred, how can you cause me to prevail in those combats—render me invulnerable by my enemies? Ah! monsieur, reflect on all this; place me, to-morrow, in some dark cavern at a mountain's base; yield me the delight of hearing in freedom sounds of river, plain and valley, of beholding in freedom the sun of the blue heavens, or the stormy sky, and it is enough. Promise me no more than this, for, indeed, more you cannot give, and it would be a crime to deceive me, since you call yourself my friend."

Aramis waited in silence. "Monseigneur," he resumed, after a moment's reflection, "I admire the firm, sound sense which dictates your words; I am happy to have discovered my monarch's mind."

"Again, again! oh, God! for mercy's sake," cried the prince, pressing his icy hands upon his clammy brow, "do not play with me! I have no need to be a king to be the happiest of men."

"But I, monseigneur, wish you to be a king for the good of humanity."

"Ah!" said the prince, with fresh distrust inspired by the word; "ah! with what, then, has humanity to reproach my brother?"

"I forgot to say, monseigneur, that if you would allow me to guide you, and if you consent to become the most powerful monarch in Christendom, you will have promoted the interests of all the friends whom I devote to the success of your cause, and these friends are numerous."

"Numerous?"

"Less numerous than powerful, monseigneur."

"Explain yourself."

"It is impossible; I will explain, I swear before Heaven, on that day that

I see you sitting on the throne of France."

"But my brother?"

"You shall decree his fate. Do you pity him?"

"Him, who leaves me to perish in a dungeon? No, no. For him I have no pity!"

"So much the better."

"He might have himself come to this prison, have taken me by the hand, and have said, 'My brother, Heaven created us to love, not to contend with one another. I come to you. A barbarous prejudice has condemned you to pass your days in obscurity, far from mankind, deprived of every joy. I will make you sit down beside me; I will buckle round your waist our father's sword. Will you take advantage of this reconciliation to put down or to restrain me? Will you employ that sword to spill my blood?' 'Oh! never,' I would have replied to him, 'I look on you as my preserver, I will respect you as my master. You give me far more than Heaven bestowed; for through you I possess liberty and the privilege of loving and being loved in this world.'"

"And you would have kept your word, monseigneur?"

"On my life! While now—now that I have guilty ones to punish——"

"In what manner, monseigneur?"

"What do you say as to the resemblance that Heaven has given me to my brother?"

"I say that there was in that likeness a providential instruction which the king ought to have heeded; I say that your mother committed a crime in rendering those different in happiness and fortune whom nature created so startlingly alike, of her own flesh, and I conclude that the object of punishment should be only to restore the equilibrium."

"By which you mean——"

"That if I restore you to your place on your brother's throne, he shall take yours in prison."

"Alas! there's such infinity of suffering in prison, especially it would be so for one who has drunk so deeply of the cup of enjoyment."

"Your royal highness will always be free to act as you may desire; and if it seems good to you, after punishment, you will have it in your power to pardon."

"Good. And now, are you aware of one thing, monsieur?"

"Tell me, my prince."

"It is that I will hear nothing further from you till I am clear of the Bastile."

"I was going to say to your highness that I should only have the pleasure of seeing you once again."

"And then?"

"The day when my prince leaves these gloomy walls."

"Heavens! how will you give me notice of it?"

"By myself coming to fetch you."

"Yourself?"

"My prince, do not leave this chamber save with me, or if in my absence you are compelled to do so, remember that I am not concerned in it."

"And so I am not to speak a word of this to any one whatever save to you?"

"Save only to me." Aramis bowed very low. The prince offered his hand.

"Monsieur," he said, in a tone that issued from his heart, "one word more, my last. If you have sought me for my

destruction; if you are only a tool in the hands of my enemies; if from our conference, in which you have sounded the depths of my mind, anything worse than captivity result, that is to say, if death befall me, still receive my blessing, for you will have ended my troubles and given me repose from the tormenting fever that has preyed on me for eight long, weary years."

"Monseigneur, wait the result ere you judge me," said Aramis.

"I say that, in such a case, I bless and forgive you. If, on the other hand, you are come to restore me to that position in the sunshine of fortune and glory to which I was destined by Heaven; if by your means I am enabled to live in the memory of man, and confer luster on my race by deeds of valor, or by solid benefits bestowed upon my people; if, from my present depths of sorrow, aided by your generous hand, I raise myself to the very height of honor, then to you, whom I thank with blessings, to you will I offer half my power and my glory: though you would still be put partly recompensed, and your share must always remain incomplete, since I could not divide with you the happiness received at your hands."

"Monseigneur," replied Aramis, moved by the pallor and excitement of the young man, "the nobleness of your heart fills me with joy and admiration. It is not you who will have to thank me, but rather the nation whom you will render happy, the posterity whose name you will make glorious. Yes; I shall indeed have bestowed upon you more than life, I shall have given you immortality."

The prince offered his hand to Aramis, who sank upon his knee and kissed it.

"It is the first act of homage paid to our future king," said he. "When I see you again, I shall say, 'Good day, sire.'"

II. The Madman

Youth, invigorated by health and lightness of spirits, requiring soon what it loses should be immediately restored —youth knows not those endless, sleepless nights which enable us to realize the fable of the vulture unceasingly feeding on Prometheus. In cases where the man of middle life, in his acquired strength of will and purpose, and the old, in their state of natural exhaustion, find incessant augmentation of their bitter sorrow, a young man, directly struggling with his troubles, is thereby far sooner overthrown by the inflexible enemy with whom he is engaged. Once overthrown, his struggles cease. King Louis XIV., wearied with state plots, could not hold out more than a few minutes. After he had thrown himself to and fro convulsively on his bed, his nerveless arms fell quietly down; his head lay languidly on his pillow; his limbs still trembled occasionally, agitated by muscular contractions; while from his breast faint and infrequent sighs still issued. Morpheus, the tutelary deity of the apartment, towards whom Louis XIV. raised his eyes, showered down upon him the sleep-inducing poppies with which his hands

are ever filled; so presently the monarch closed his eyes and fell asleep. Then it seemed to him, as it often happens in that first sleep, so light and gentle, which raises the body above the couch, and the soul above the earth—it seemed to him, we say, as if the god Morpheus, painted on the ceiling, looked at him with eyes resembling human eyes; that something shone brightly, and moved to and fro in the dome above the sleeper; that the crowd of terrible dreams which thronged together in his brain, and which were interrupted for a moment, half revealed a human face, with a hand resting against the mouth, and in an attitude of deep and absorbed meditation. And strange enough, too, this man bore so wonderful a resemblance to the king himself, that Louis fancied he was looking at his own face reflected in a mirror; with the exception, however, that the face was saddened by a feeling of the profoundest pity. Then it seemed to him as if the dome gradually retired, escaping from his gaze, and that the figures and attributes painted by Lebrun became darker and darker as the distance became more and more remote. A gentle, easy movement, as regular as that by which a vessel plunges beneath the waves, had succeeded to the immovableness of the bed. Doubtless the king was dreaming, and in this dream the crown of gold, which fastened the curtains together, seemed to recede from his vision, just as the dome, to which it remained suspended, had done, so that the winged genius which, with both its hands, supported the crown, seemed, though vainly so, to call upon the king, who was fast disappearing from it. The bed still sunk. Louis, with his eyes open, could not resist the deception of this cruel hallucination. At last, as the light of the royal chamber faded away into darkness and gloom, something cold, gloomy, and inexplicable in its nature seemed to infect the air. No paintings, nor gold, nor velvet hangings, were visible any longer, nothing but walls of a dull gray color, which the increasing gloom made darker every moment. And yet the bed still continued to descend, and after a minute, which seemed in its duration almost an age to the king, it reached a stratum of air, black and chill as death, and then it stopped. The king could no longer see the light in his room, except as from the bottom of a well we can see the light of day. "I am under the influence of some atrocious dream," he thought. "It is time to awaken from it. Come! let me wake."

Every one has experienced the sensation the above remark conveys; there is hardly a person who, in the midst of a nightmare whose influence is suffocating, has not said to himself, by the help of that light which still burns in the brain when every human light is extinguished, "It is nothing but a dream, after all." This was precisely what Louis XIV. said to himself; but when he said, "Come, come! wake up," he perceived that not only was he already awake, but still more, that he had his eyes open also. And then he looked all round him. On his right hand and on his left two armed men stood in stolid silence, each wrapped in a huge cloak, and the face covered with a mask; one of them held a small lamp in his hand, whose glimmering light revealed the saddest picture a king could look upon. Louis could not help

saying to himself that his dream still lasted, and that all he had to do to cause it to disappear was to move his arms or to say something aloud; he darted from his bed, and found himself upon the damp, moist ground. Then, addressing himself to the man who held the lamp in his hand, he said:

"What is this, monsieur, and what is the meaning of this jest?' '

"It is no jest," replied in a deep voice the masked figure that held the lantern.

The second masked person to whom the king had addressed himself was a man of huge stature and vast circumference. He held himself erect and motionless as any block of marble. "Well!" added the king, stamping his foot, "you do not answer!"

"We do not answer you, my good monsieur," said the giant, in a stentorian voice, "because there is nothing to say."

Louis looked all round him; but by the light of the lamp which the masked figure raised for the purpose, he could perceive nothing but the damp walls which glistened here and there with the slimy traces of the snail. "Oh—oh!—a dungeon," cried the king.

"No, a subterranean passage."

"Which leads——?"

"Will you be good enough to follow us?"

"I shall not stir from hence!" cried the king.

He paused, hesitatingly, for a moment or two; but the huge sentinel who followed him thrust him out of a subteranean passage.

"A blow," said the king, turning towards the one who had just had the audacity to touch his sovereign; "what do you intend to do with the king of France?"

"Try to forget that word," replied the man with the lamp, in a tone which as little admitted of a reply as one of the famous decrees of Minos.

"You deserve to be broken on the wheel for the words that you have just made use of," said the giant, as he extinguished the lamp his companion handed to him; "but the king is too kind-hearted."

Louis, at that threat, made so sudden a movement that it seemed as if he meditated flight; but the giant's hand was in a moment placed on his shoulder, and fixed him motionless where he stood. "But tell me, at least, where we are going," said the king.

"Come," replied the former of the two men, with a kind of respect in his manner, and leading his prisoner towards a carriage which seemed to be in waiting.

The carriage was completely concealed amid the trees. Two horses, with their feet fettered, were fastened by a halter to the lower branches of a large oak.

"Get in," said the same man, opening the carriage-door and letting down the step. The king obeyed, seated himself at the back of the carriage, the padded door of which was shut and locked immediately upon him and his guide. As for the giant, he cut the fastenings by which the horses were bound, harnessed them himself, and mounted on the box of the carriage, which was unoccupied. The carriage set off immediately at a quick trot, turned into the road to Paris, and in the forest of Senart found a relay of horses fastened to the trees in the same manner the

first horses had been, and without a postilion. The man on the box changed the horses, and continued to follow the road towards Paris with the same rapidity, so that they entered the city about three o'clock in the morning. The carriage proceeded along the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and, after having called out to the sentinel, "By the king's order," the driver conducted the horses into the circular inclosure of the Bastile, looking out upon the courtyard, called La Cour du Gouvernement. There the horses drew up, reeking with sweat, at the flight of steps, and a sergeant of the guard ran forward. "Go and wake the governor," said the coachman in a voice of thunder.

With the exception of this voice, which might have been heard at the entrance of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, everything remained as calm in the carriage as in the prison. Ten minutes afterwards, M. de Baisemeaux appeared in his dressing-gown on the threshold of the door. "What is the matter now?" he asked; "and whom have you brought me there?"

The man with the lantern opened the carriage-door, and said two or three words to the one who acted as driver, who immediately got down from his seat, took up a short musket which he kept under his feet, and placed its muzzle on his prisoner's chest.

"And fire at once if he speaks!" added aloud the man who alighted from the carriage.

"Very good," replied his companion, without another remark.

With this recommendation, the person who had accompanied the king in the carriage ascended the flight of steps, at the top of which the governor was awaiting him. "Monsieur d'Herblay!" said the latter.

"Hush!" said Aramis. "Let us go into your room."

"Good heavens! what brings you here at this hour?"

"A mistake, my dear Monsieur de Baisemeaux," Aramis replied, quietly. "It appears that you were quite right the other day."

"What about?" inquired the governor.

"About the order of release, my dear friend."

"Tell me what you mean, monsieur —no, monseigneur," said the governor, almost suffocated by surprise and terror.

"It is a very simple affair; you remember, dear M. de Baisemeaux, that an order of release was sent to you."

"Yes, for Marchiali."

"Very good! we both thought that it was for Marchiali?"

"Certainly; you will recollect, however, that I would not credit it, but that you compelled me to believe it?"

"Oh! Baisemeaux, my good fellow, what a word to make use of!—strongly recommended, that was all."

"Strongly recommended, yes; strongly recommended to give him up to you; and that you carried him off with you in your carriage."

"Well, my dear Monsieur de Baisemeaux, it was a mistake; it was discovered at the ministry, so that I now bring you an order from the king to set at liberty Seldon,—that poor Scotch fellow, you know."

"Seldon! are you sure this time?"

"Well, read it yourself," added Aramis, handing him the order.

"Why," said Baisemeaux, "this order is the very same that has already passed through my hands."

"Indeed?"

"It is the very one I assured you I saw the other evening. *Parbleu!* I recognize it by the blot of ink."

"I do not know whether it is that; but all I know is, that I bring it for you."

"But then, about the other?"

"What other?"

"Marchiali."

"I have got him here with me."

"But that is not enough for me. I require a new order to take him back again."

"Don't talk such nonsense, my dear Baisemeaux; you talk like a child! Where is the order you received respecting Marchiali?"

Baisemeaux ran to his iron chest and took it out. Aramis seized hold of it, coolly tore it in four pieces, held them to the lamp, and burnt them. "Good heavens! what are you doing?" exclaimed Baisemeaux, in an extremity of terror.

"Look at your position quietly, my good governor," said Aramis, with imperturbable self-possession, "and you will see how very simple the whole affair is. You no longer possess any order justifying Marchiali's release."

"I am a lost man!"

"Far from it, my good fellow, since I have brought Marchiali back to you, and all accordingly is just the same as if he had never left."

"Ah!" said the governor, completely overcome by terror.

"Plain enough, you see; and you will go and shut him up immediately."

"I should think so, indeed."

"And you will hand over this Seldon to me, whose liberation is authorized by this order. Do you understand?"

"I—I——"

"You do understand, I see," said Aramis. "Very good." Baisemeaux clasped his hands together.

"But why, at all events, after having taken Marchiali away from me, do you bring him back again?" cried the unhappy governor, in a paroxysm of terror, and completely dumbfounded.

"For a friend such as you are," said Aramis—"for so devoted a servant, I have no secrets;" and he put his mouth close to Baisemeaux's ear, as he said, in a low tone of voice, "you know the resemblance between that unfortunate fellow, and——"

"And the king?—yes!"

"Very good; the very first use that Marchiali made of his liberty was to persist—— Can you guess what?"

"How is it likely I should guess?"

"To persist in saying that he was the king of France; to dress himself up in clothes like those of the king; and then pretend to assume that he was the king himself."

"Gracious heavens!"

"That is the reason why I have brought him back again, my dear friend. He is mad and lets every one see how mad he is."

"What is to be done, then?"

"That is very simple! let no one hold any communication with him. You understand that when his peculiar style of madness came to the king's ears, the king, who had pitied his terrible affliction, and saw that all his kindness had been repaid by black ingratitude, became perfectly furious; so that, now—and remember this very distinctly, dear Monsieur de Baisemeaux, for it concerns you most closely—so that there is now, I repeat, sentence of death pronounced

against all those who may allow him to communicate with any one else but me or the king himself. You understand, Baisemeaux, sentence of death!"

"You need not ask me whether I understand."

"And now, let us go down, and conduct this poor devil back to his dungeon, unless you prefer he should come up here."

"What would be the good of that?"

"It would be better, perhaps, to enter his name in the prison-book at once!"

"Of course, certainly; not a doubt of it."

"In that case, have him up."

Baisemeaux ordered the drums to be beaten and the bell to be rung, as a warning to every one to retire, in order to avoid meeting a prisoner, about whom it was desired to observe a certain mystery. Then, when the passages were free, he went to take the prisoner from the carriage. "Ah! is that you, miserable wretch?" cried the governor, as soon as he perceived the king. "Very good, very good." And immediately, making the king get out of the carriage, he led him, and Aramis, who again resumed his, up the stairs, to the second Bertaudière, and opened the door of the room in which Philippe for six long years had bemoaned his existence. The king entered the cell without pronouncing a single word: he faltered in as limp and haggard as a rain-struck lily. Baisemeaux shut the door upon him, turned the key twice in the lock, and then returned to Aramis. "It is quite true," he said, in a low tone, "that he bears a striking resemblance to the king; but less so than you said."

"So that," said Aramis, "you would not have been deceived by the substitution of the one for the other."

"What a question!"

"You are a most valuable fellow, Baisemeaux," said Aramis; "and now, set Seldon free."

Pain, anguish, and suffering in human life are always in proportion to the strength with which a man is endowed. We will not pretend to say that Heaven always apportions to a man's capability of endurance the anguish with which he afflicts him; for that, indeed, would not be true, since Heaven permits the existence of death, which is, sometimes, the only refuge open to those who are too closely pressed—too bitterly afflicted, as far as the body is concerned. Suffering is in proportion to the strength which has been accorded; in other words, the weak suffer more, where the trial is the same, than the strong. And what are the elementary principles, we may ask, that compose human strength? Is it not—more than anything else—exercise, habit, experience? We shall not even take the trouble to demonstrate this, for it is an axiom in morals, as in physics. When the young king, stupefied and crushed in every sense and feeling, found himself led to a cell in the Bastile, he fancied death itself is but a sleep; that it, too, has its dreams as well; that the bed had broken through the flooring of his room at Vaux; that death had resulted from the occurrence; and that, still carrying out his dream, the king, Louis XIV., now no longer living, was dreaming one of those horrors, impossible to realize in

life, which is termed dethronement, imprisonment, and insult towards a sovereign who formerly wielded unlimited power. To be present at—an actual witness, too—of this bitterness of death; to float, indecisively, in an incomprehensible mystery, between resemblance and reality; to hear everything, to see everything, without interfering with a single detail of agonizing suffering, was—so the king thought within himself—a torture far more terrible, since it might last forever. "Is this what is termed eternity—hell?" he murmured, at the moment the door closed upon him. He did not even look round him; and in the room, leaning with his back against the wall, he allowed himself to be carried away by the terrible supposition that he was already dead, as he closed his eyes, in order to avoid looking upon something even worse still. "How can I have died?" he said to himself, sick with terror. "The bed might have been let down by some artificial means? But no! I do not remember to have felt a bruise, nor any shock either. Would they not rather have poisoned me at my meals, or with the fumes of wax, as they did my ancestress, Jeanne d'Albert?" Suddenly, the chill of the dungeon seemed to fall like a wet cloak upon Louis's shoulders. "I have seen," he said, "my father lying dead upon the funeral couch, in his regal robes. That pale face, so calm and worn; those hands, once so skillful, lying nerveless by his side; those limbs stiffened by the icy grasp of death; nothing there betokened a sleep that was disturbed by dreams. And yet how numerous were the dreams which Heaven might have sent that royal corpse—him whom so many others had preceded, hurried away by him into eternal death! No, that king was still the king; he was enthroned still upon that funeral couch, as upon a velvet armchair; he had not abdicated one tittle of his majesty. God, who had not punished him, cannot, will not punish me, who have done nothing." A strange sound attracted the young man's attention. He looked round him, and saw on the mantelshelf, just below an enormous crucifix, coarsely painted in fresco on the wall, a rat of enormous size engaged in nibbling a piece of dry bread, but fixing, all the time, an intelligent and inquiring look upon the new occupant of the cell. The king could not resist a sudden impulse of fear and disgust; he moved back towards the door, uttering a loud cry; and as if he but needed this cry, which escaped from his breast almost unconsciously, to recognize himself, Louis knew that he was alive and in full possession of his natural senses. "A prisoner!" he cried. "I—I, a prisoner!" He looked round him for a bell to summon some one to him. "There are no bells at the Bastile," he said, "and it is in the Bastile I am imprisoned. In what way can I have been made a prisoner? It must have been owing to a conspiracy of M. Fouquet, Superintendent of State. I have been drawn to Vaux, as to a snare. M. Fouquet cannot be acting alone in this affair. His agent——. That voice that I but just now heard was M. d'Herblay's, his agent; I recognized it. Colbert, the minister, was right then. But what is Fouquet's object? To reign in my place and stead?—impossible. Yet who knows!" thought the king,

relapsing into gloom again. "Perhaps my brother, the Duc d'Orléans, is doing that which my uncle wished to do during the whole of his life against my father. But the queen? My mother, too? And La Vallière? Oh! La Vallière, she will have been abandoned. Dear, dear girl! Yes, it is—it must be so. They have shut her up as they have me. We are separated forever!" And at this idea of separation the poor lover burst into a flood of tears and sobs and groans.

"There is a governor in this place," the king continued, in a fury of passion; "I will speak to him, I will summon him to me."

He called—no voice replied to his. He seized hold of his chair, and hurled it against the massive oaken door. The wood resounded against the door, and awakened many a mournful echo in the profound depth of the staircase; but from a human creature, none.

This was but a fresh proof for the king of the slight regard in which he was held at the Bastile. Therefore, when his first fit of anger had passed away, having remarked a barred window through which there passed a stream of light, lozenge-shaped, which must be, he knew, the bright orb of approaching day, Louis began to call out, at first gently enough, then louder and louder still; but no one replied. Twenty other attempts which he made, one after another, obtained no other or better success. His blood began to boil within him, and mount to his head. His nature was such, that, accustomed to command, he trembled at the idea of disobedience. By degrees, his anger increased more and more. The prisoner broke the chair, which was too heavy for him to lift, and made use of it as a battering ram to strike against the door. He struck so loudly, and so repeatedly, that the perspiration soon began to pour down his face. The sound became tremendous and continuous; certain stifled, smothered cries replied in different directions. This sound produced a strange effect upon the king. He paused to listen; it was the voices of the prisoners, formerly his victims, now his companions. The voices ascended like vapors through the thick ceilings and the massive halls, and rose in accusations against the author of this noise, as doubtless their sighs and tears accused, in whispered tones, the author of their captivity. After having deprived so many people of their liberty, the king came among them to rob them of their rest. This idea almost drove him mad; it redoubled his strength, or rather his will, bent upon obtaining some information, or a conclusion to the affair. With a portion of the broken chair he recommenced the noise. At the end of an hour, Louis heard something in the corridor, behind the door of his cell, and a violent blow, which was returned upon the door itself, made him cease his own.

"Are you mad?" said a rude, brutal voice. "What is the matter with you this morning?"

"This morning!" thought the king; but he said aloud, politely, "Monsieur, are you the governor of the Bastile?"

"My good fellow, your head is out of sorts," replied the voice; "but that

is no reason why you should make such a terrible disturbance. Be quiet; *mordioux!*"

"Are you the governor?" the king inquired again.

He heard a door on the corridor close; the jailer had just left, not condescending to reply a single word. When the king had assured himself of his departure, his fury knew no longer any bounds. As agile as a tiger, he leaped from the table to the window, and struck the iron bars with all his might. He broke a pane of glass, the pieces of which fell clanking into the courtyard below. He shouted with increasing hoarseness, "The governor, the governor!" This excess lasted fully an hour, during which time he was in a burning fever. With his hair in disorder and matted on his forehead, his dress torn and covered with dust and plaster, his linen in shreds, the king never rested until his strength was utterly exhausted, and it was not until then that he clearly understood the pitiless thickness of the walls, the impenetrable nature of the cement, invincible to every influence but that of time, and that he possessed no other weapon but despair. He leaned his forehad against the door, and let the feverish throbbings of his heart calm by degrees; it had seemed as if one single additional pulsation would have made it burst.

"A moment will come when the food which is given to the prisoners will be brought to me. I shall then see some one, I shall speak to him, and get an answer."

And the king tried to remember at what hour the first repast of the prisoners was served at the Bastile; he was ignorant even of this detail. The feeling of remorse at this remembrance smote him like the thrust of a dagger, that he should have lived for five and twenty years a king, and in the enjoyment of every happiness, without having bestowed a moment's thought on the misery of those who had been unjustly deprived of their liberty. The king blushed for very shame. He felt that Heaven, in permitting this fearful humiliation, did no more than render to the man the same torture as had been inflicted by that man upon so many others. Nothing could be more efficacious for reawakening his mind to religious influences than the prostration of his heart and mind and soul beneath the feeling of such acute wretchedness. But Louis dared not even kneel in prayer to God to entreat him to terminate his bitter trial.

"Heaven is right," he said; "Heaven acts wisely. It would be cowardly to pray to Heaven for that which I have so often refused my own fellow-creatures."

He had reached this stage of his reflections, that is, of his agony of mind, when a similar noise was again heard behind his door, followed this time by the sound of the key in the lock, and of the bolts being withdrawn from their staples. The king bounded forward to be nearer to the person who was about to enter, but, suddenly reflecting that it was a movement unworthy of a sovereign, he paused, assumed a noble and calm expression, which for him was easy enough, and waited with his back turned towards the window, in order,

to some extent, to conceal his agitation from the eyes of the person who was about to enter. It was only a jailer with a basket of provisions. The king looked at the man with restless anxiety, and awaited until he spoke.

"Ah!" said the latter, "you have broken your chair. I said you had done so! Why, you have gone quite mad."

"Monsieur," said the king, "be careful what you say; it will be a very serious affair for you."

The jailer placed the basket on the table, and looked at his prisoner steadily. "What do you say?" he said.

"Desire the governor to come to me," added the king, in accents full of calm dignity.

"Come, my boy," said the turnkey, "you have always been very quiet and reasonable, but you are getting vicious, it seems, and I wish you to know it in time. You have broken your chair, and made a great disturbance; that is an offense punishable by imprisonment in one of the lower dungeons. Promise me not to begin over again, and I will not say a word about it to the governor."

"I wish to see the governor," replied the king, still governing his passion.

"He will send you off to one of the dungeons, I tell you; so take care."

"I insist upon it, do you hear?"

"Ah! ah! your eyes are becoming wild again. Very good! I shall take away your knife."

And the jailer did what he said, quitted the prisoner, and closed the door, leaving the king more astounded, more wretched, more isolated than ever. It was useless, though he tried it, to make the same noise again on his door, and equally useless that he threw the plates and dishes out of the window; not a single sound was heard in recognition. Two hours afterwards he could not be recognized as a king, a gentleman, a man, a human being; he might rather be called a madman, tearing the door with his nails, trying to tear up the flooring of his cell, and uttering such wild and fearful cries that the old Bastile seemed to tremble to its very foundations for having revolted against its master.

III. The Substitute

In vivid contrast to the sad and terrible destiny of the king imprisoned in the Bastile, and tearing, in sheer despair, the bolts and bars of his dungeon, the rhetoric of the chroniclers of old would not fail to present, as a complete antithesis, the picture of Philippe, the ex-prisoner, lying asleep beneath the royal canopy. We do not pretend to say that such rhetoric is always bad, and always scatters, in places where they have no right to grow, the flowers with which it embellishes and enlivens history. But we shall, on the present occasion, carefully avoid polishing the antithesis in question, but shall proceed to draw another picture as minutely as possible, to serve as foil and counter-

foil to the one in the preceding chapter. The young prince alighted from Aramis's room, whither he had been taken from the prison, in the same way the king had descended from the apartment dedicated to Morpheus. The dome gradually and slowly sank down under Aramis's pressure, and Philippe stood beside the royal bed, which had ascended again after having deposited its prisoner in the secret depths of the subterranean passage. Alone, in the presence of all the luxury which surrounded him; alone, in the presence of his power; alone, with the part he was about to be forced to act, Philippe for the first time felt his heart, and mind, and soul expand beneath the influence of a thousand mutable emotions, which are vital throbs of a king's heart. He could not help changing color when he looked upon the empty bed, still tumbled by his brother's body. This mute accomplice had returned, after having completed the work it had been destined to perform; it returned with the traces of the crime; it spoke to the guilty author of that crime, with the frank and unreserved language which an accomplice never fears to use in the company of his companion in guilt; for it spoke the truth. Philippe bent over the bed, and perceived a pocket-handkerchief lying on it, which was still damp from the cold sweat which had poured from Louis XIV.'s face. This sweat-bestained handkerchief terrified Philippe, as the gore of Abel frightened Cain.

"I am face to face with my destiny," said Philippe, his eyes on fire, and his face a livid white. "Is it likely to be more terrifying than my captivity has been sad and gloomy? Though I am compelled to follow out, at every moment, the sovereign power and authority I have usurped, shall I cease to listen to the scruples of my heart? Yes listen to the scruples of my heart? the king has lain on this bed; it is indeed his head that has left its impression on this pillow; his bitter tears that have stained this handkerchief: and yet, I hesitate to throw myself on the bed, or to press in my hand the handkerchief which is embroidered with my brother's arms. Away with such weakness; let me imitate M. d'Herblay, my protector, who asserts that a man's action should be always one degree above his thoughts; let me imitate M. d'Herblay, whose thoughts are of and for himself alone, who regards himself as a man of honor, so long as he injures or betrays his enemies only. I, I alone, should have occupied this bed, if Louis XIV. had not, owing to my mother's criminal abandonment, stood in my way; and this handkerchief, embroidered with the arms of France, would in right and justice belong to me alone, if, as M. d'Herblay observes, I had been left my royal cradle. Philippe, son of France, take your place on that bed; Philippe, sole king of France, resume the blazonry that is yours! Philippe, sole heir presumptive to Louis XIII., your father, show yourself without pity or mercy for the usurper who, at this moment, has not even to suffer the agony of remorse of all that you have had to submit to."

With these words, Philippe, notwithstanding an instinctive repugnance of

feeling, and in spite of the shudder of terror which mastered his will, threw himself on the royal bed, and forced his muscles to press the still warm place where Louis XIV. had lain, while he buried his burning face in the handkerchief still moistened by his brother's tears. With his head thrown back and buried in the soft down of his pillow, Philippe perceived above him the crown of France, suspended, as we have stated, by angels with outspread golden wings.

IV. The Man in the Iron Mask

USURPED royalty was playing out its part bravely at Vaux. Philippe, the imposter, gave orders that for his *petit levee* the *grandes entrées,* already prepared to appear before the king, should be introduced. He determined to give this order notwithstanding the absence of M. d'Herblay, his protector, But the prince, not believing that absence could be prolonged, wished, as all rash spirits do, to try his valor and his fortune far from all protection and instruction. Another reason urged him to this—Anne of Austria was about to appear; the guilty mother was about to stand in the presence of her sacrificed son. Philippe was not willing, if he had a weakness, to render the man a witness of it before whom he was bound thenceforth to display so much strength. Philippe opened his folding doors, and several persons entered silently. Philippe did not stir whilst his *valets-de-chambre* dressed him. He had watched, the evening before, all the habits of his brother, and played the king in such a manner as to awaken no suspicion. He was thus completely dressed in hunting costume when he received his visitors. His own memory and the notes of his protector, announced everybody to him, first of all Anne of Austria, to whom Monsieur gave his hand, and then Madame with M. de Saint-Aignan. He smiled at seeing these countenances, but trembled on recognizing his mother. That still so noble and imposing figure, ravaged by pain, pleaded in his heart the cause of the famous queen who had immolated a child to reasons of state. He found his mother still handsome. He knew that Louis XIV. loved her, and he promised himself to love her likewise, and not to prove a scourge to her old age. He contemplated his brother with a tenderness easily to be understood. The latter had usurped nothing, had cast no shades athwart his life. A separate tree, he allowed the stem to rise without heeding its elevation or majestic life. Philippe promised himself to be a kind brother to this prince, who required nothing but gold to minister to his pleasures. He bowed with a friendly air to Saint-Aignan, who was all reverences and smiles, and tremblingly held out his hand to Henrietta, his sister-in-law, whose beauty struck him; but he saw in the eyes of that princess an expression of coldness which would facilitate, as he thought, their future relations.

"How much more easy," thought he, "it will be to be the brother of that woman than her gallant, if she evinces

towards me a coldness that my brother could not have for her, but which is imposed upon me as a duty." The only visit he dreaded at this moment was that of the queen; his heart—his mind—had just been shaken by so violent a trial, that, in spite of their firm temperament, they would not, perhaps, support another shock. Happily the queen did not come. Then commenced, on the part of Anne of Austria, a political dissertation upon the welcome M. Fouquet, the superintendent of state, had given to the house of France. She mixed up hostilities with compliments addressed to the king, and questions as to his health, with little maternal flatteries and diplomatic artifices.

"Well, my son," said she, "are you convinced with regard to M. Fouquet?"

"Saint-Aignan," said Philippe, "have the goodness to go and inquire after the queen."

At these words, the first Philippe had pronounced aloud, the slight difference that there was between his voice and that of the king was sensible to maternal ears, and Anne of Austria looked earnestly at her son. Saint-Aignan left the room, and Philippe continued:

"Madame, I do not like to hear M. Fouquet ill-spoken of, you know I do not—and you have even spoken well of him yourself."

"That is true; therefore I only question you on the state of your sentiments with respect to him."

"Sire," said Henrietta, "I, on my part, have always liked M. Fouquet. He is a man of good taste,—a superior man."

"A superintendent who is never sordid or niggardly," added Monsieur; "and who pays in gold all the orders I have on him."

"Every one in this thinks too much of himself, and nobody for the state," said the old queen. "M. Fouquet, it is a fact, M. Fouquet is ruining the state."

"Well, mother!" replied Philippe, in rather a lower key, "do you likewise constitute yourself the buckler of M. Colbert?"

"How is that?" replied the old queen, rather surprised.

"Why, in truth," replied Philippe, "you speak that just as your old friend Madame de Chevreuse would speak."

"Why do you mention Madame de Chevreuse to me?" said she, "and what sort of humor are you in to-day towards me?"

Philippe continued: "Is not Madame de Chevreuse always in league against somebody? Has not Madame de Chevreuse been to pay you a visit, mother?"

"Monsieur, you speak to me now in such a manner that I can almost fancy I am listening to your father."

"My father did not like Madame de Chevreuse, and had good reason for not liking her," said the prince. "For my part, I like her no better than *he* did, and if she thinks proper to come here as she formerly did, to sow divisions and hatreds under the pretext of begging money—why——"

"Well! what?" said Anne of Austria, proudly, herself provoking the storm.

"Well!" replied the young man firmly, "I will drive Madame de Chevreuse out of my kingdom—and with her all who meddle with its secrets and mysteries."

He had not calculated the effect of this terrible speech, or perhaps he wished to judge of the effect of it, like those who, suffering from a chronic pain,

and seeking to break the monotony of that suffering, touch their wound to procure a sharper pang. Anne of Austria was nearly fainting; her eyes, open but meaningless, ceased to see for several seconds; she stretched out her arms towards her other son, who supported and embraced her without fear of irritating the king.

"Sire," murmured she, "you are treating your mother very cruelly."

"In what respect, madame?" replied he. "I am only speaking of Madame de Chevreuse; does my mother prefer Madame de Chevreuse to the security of the state and of my person? Well, then, madame, I tell you Madame de Chevreuse has returned to France to borrow money, and that she addressed herself to M. Fouquet to sell him a certain secret."

"A certain secret!" cried Anne of Austria.

"Concerning pretended robberies that monsieur le surintendant had committed, which is false," added Philippe. "M. Fouquet rejected her offers with indignation, preferring the esteem of the king to complicity with such intriguers. Then Madame de Chevreuse sold the secret to M. Colbert, and as she is insatiable, and was not satisfied with having extorted a hundred thousand crowns from a servant of the state, she has taken a still bolder flight, in search of surer sources of supply. Is that true, madame?"

"You know all, sire," said the queen, more uneasy than irritated.

"Now," continued Philippe, "I have good reason to dislike this fury, who comes to my court to plan the shame of some and the ruin of others. If Heaven has suffered certain crimes to be committed, and has concealed them in the shadow of its clemency, I will not permit Madame de Chevreuse to counteract the just designs of fate."

The latter part of this speech had so agitated the queen-mother, that her son had pity on her. He took her hand and kissed it tenderly; she did not feel that in that kiss, given in spite of repulsion and bitterness of the heart, there was a pardon for eight years of suffering. Philippe allowed the silence of a moment to swallow the emotions that had just developed themselves. Then, with a cheerful smile:

"We will not go to-day," said he, "I have a plan." And, turning towards the door, he hoped to see Aramis, whose absence began to alarm him. The queen-mother wished to leave the room.

"Remain where you are, mother," said he, "I wish you to make your peace with M. Fouquet."

"I bear M. Fouquet no ill-will; I only dreaded his prodigalities."

"We will put that to rights, and will take nothing of the superintendent but his good qualities."

"What is your majesty looking for?" said Henrietta, seeing the king's eyes constantly turned towards the door, and wishing to let fly a little poisoned arrow at his heart, supposing he was so anxiously expecting either La Vallière or a letter from her.

"My sister," said the young man, who had divined her thought, thanks to that marvelous perspicuity of which fortune was from that time about to allow him the exercise, "my sister, I am expecting a most distinguished man, a most able counselor, whom I wish to present to you all, recommending him to your

good graces. Ah! come in, then, D'Artagnan."

"What does your majesty wish?" said D'Artagnan, captain of the musketeers, appearing.

"Where is monsieur the Baron of Vannes, your friend?"

"Why, sire—"

"I am waiting for him, and he does not come. Let him be sought for."

D'Artagnan remained for an instant stupefied; but soon, reflecting that Aramis had left Vaux privately on a mission from the king, he concluded that the king wished to preserve the secret. "Sire," replied he, "does your majesty absolutely require M. d'Herblay to be brought to you?"

"Absolutely is not the word," said Philippe; "I do not want him so particularly as that; but if he can be found——"

"I thought so," said D'Artagnan to himself.

"Is this M. d'Herblay baron of Vannes?"

"Yes, madame."

"A friend of M. Fouquet?"

"Yes, madame; an old musketeer."

Anne of Austria blushed.

"One of the four braves who formerly performed such prodigies."

The old queen repented of having wished to bite; she broke off the conversation, in order to preserve the rest of her teeth. "Whatever may be your choice, sir," said she, "I have no doubt it will be excellent."

All bowed in support of that sentiment.

"You will find in him," continued Philippe, "the depth and penetration of M. de Richelieu, without the avarice of M. de Mazarin!"

"A prime minister, sire?" said Monsieur, in a fright.

"I will tell you all about that, brother; but it is strange that M. d'Herblay is not here!"

He called out:

"Let M. Fouquet be informed that I wish to speak to him—oh! before you, before you; do not retire!"

M. de Saint-Aignan returned, bringing satisfactory news of the queen, who only kept her bed from precaution, and to have strength to carry out all the king's wishes. Whilst everybody was seeking M. Fouquet and Aramis, the new king quietly continued his experiments, and everybody, family, officers, servants, had not the least suspicion of his identity, his air, voice, and manners were so like the king's. On his side, Philippe, applying to all countenances the accurate descriptions and key-notes of character supplied by his accomplice Aramis, conducted himself so as not to give birth to a doubt in the minds of those who surrounded him. Nothing from that time could disturb the usurper. With what strange facility had Providence just reversed the loftiest fortune of the world to substitute the lowliest in its stead! Philippe admired the goodness of God with regard to himself, and seconded it with all the resources of his admirable nature. But he felt, at times, something like a specter gliding between him and the rays of his new glory. Aramis did not appear. The conversation had languished in the royal family; Philippe, preoccupied, forgot to dismiss his brother and Madame Henrietta. The latter were astonished, and began, by degrees, to lose all patience. Anne of Austria stooped towards her son's ear and addressed some words to

him in Spanish. Philippe was completely ignorant of that language, and grew pale at this unexpected obstacle. But, as if the spirit of the imperturbable Aramis had covered him with his infallibility, instead of appearing disconcerted, Philippe rose. "Well! what?" said Anne of Austria.

"What is all that noise?" said Philippe, turning round towards the door of the second staircase.

And a voice was heard saying, "This way, this way! A few steps more, sire!"

"The voice of M. Fouquet," said D'Artagnan, who was standing close to the queen-mother.

"Then M. d'Herblay cannot be far off," added Philippe.

But he then saw what he little thought to have beheld so near to him. All eyes were turned towards the door at which M. Fouquet was expected to enter; but it was not M. Fouquet who entered. A terrible cry resounded from all corners of the chamber, a painful cry uttered by the king and all present. It is given to but few men, even to those whose destiny contains the strangest elements, and accidents the most wonderful, to contemplate a spectacle similar to that which presented itself in the royal chamber at that moment. The half-closed shutters only admitted the entrance of an uncertain light passing through thick velvet curtains lined with silk. In this soft shade, the eyes were by degrees dilated, and every one present saw others rather with imagination than with actual sight. There could not, however, escape, in these circumstances, one of the surrounding details; and the new object which presented itself appeared as luminous as though it shone out in full sunlight. So it happened with Louis XIV., when he showed himself, pale and frowning, in the doorway of the secret stairs. The face of Fouquet appeared behind him, stamped with sorrow and determination. The queen-mother, who perceived Louis XIV., and who held the hand of Philippe, uttered the cry of which we have spoken, as if she had beheld a phantom. Monsieur was bewildered, and kept turning his head in astonishment from one to the other. Madame made a step forward, thinking she was looking at the form of her brother-in-law reflected in the mirror. And, in fact, the illusion was possible. The two princes, both pale as death—for we renounce the hope of being able to describe the fearful state of Philippe—trembling, clenching their hands convulsively, measured each other with looks, and darted their glances, sharp as poniards, at each other. Silent, panting, bending forward, they appeared as if about to spring upon an enemy. The unheard-of resemblance of countenance, gesture, shape, height, even to the resemblance of costume, produced by chance—for Louis XIV. had been to the Louvre and put on a violet-colored dress—the perfect analogy of the two princes, completed the consternation of Anne of Austria. And yet she did not at once guess the truth. There are misfortunes in life so truly dreadful that no one will at first accept them; people rather believe in the supernatural and the impossible. Louis had not reckoned on these obstacles. He expected he had only to appear to be acknowledged. A living sun, he could not endure the suspicion of equality with any one. He did not admit that

every torch should not become darkness at the instant he shone out with his conquering ray. At the aspect of Philippe, then, he was perhaps more terrified than any one round him, and his silence, his immobility were, this time, a concentration and a calm which precede the violent explosions of concentrated passion.

But Fouquet! who shall paint his emotion and stupor in presence of this living portrait of his master! Fouquet thought Aramis was right, that this newly-arrived was a king as pure in his race as the other, and that, for having repudiated all participation in this *coup d'etat*, he must be a mad enthusiast, unworthy of ever again dipping his hands in political grand strategy work. And then it was the blood of Louis XIII. which Fouquet was sacrificing to the blood of Louis XIII.; it was to a selfish ambition he was sacrificing a noble ambition; to the right of keeping he sacrificed the right of having. The whole extent of his fault was revealed to him at simple sight of the pretender. All that passed in the mind of Fouquet was lost upon the persons present. He had five minutes to focus meditation on this point of conscience; five minutes, that is to say five ages, during which the two kings and their family scarcely found energy to breathe after so terrible a shock. D'Artagnan, leaning against the wall, in front of Fouquet, with his hand to his brow, asked himself the cause of such a wonderful prodigy. He could not have said at once why he doubted, but he knew assuredly that he had reason to doubt, and that in this meeting of the two Louis XIV.'s lay all the doubt and difficulty that during late days had rendered the conduct of Aramis so suspicious to the musketeer. These ideas were, however, enveloped in a haze, a veil of mystery. The actors in this assembly seemed to swim in the vapors of a confused waking. Suddenly Louis XIV., more impatient and more accustomed to command, ran to one of the shutters, which he opened, tearing the curtains in his eagerness. A flood of living light entered the chamber, and made Philippe draw back to the alcove. Louis seized upon this movement with eagerness, and addressing himself to the queen:

"My mother," said he, "do you not acknowledge your son, since every one here has forgotten his king!" Anne of Austria started, and raised her arms towards Heaven, without being able to articulate a single word.

"My mother," said Philippe, with a calm voice, "do you not acknowledge your son?" And this time, in his turn, Louis drew back.

As to Anne of Austria, struck suddenly in head and heart with fell remorse, she lost her equilibrium. No one aiding her, for all were petrified, she sank back in her *fauteuil*, breathing a weak, trembling sigh. Louis could not endure the spectacle and the affront. He bounded towards D'Artagnan, over whose brain a vertigo was stealing and who staggered as he caught at the door for support.

"A moi! mousquetaire!" said he. "Look us in the face and say which is the paler, he or I!"

This cry roused D'Artagnan, and stirred in his heart the fibers of obedience. He shook his head, and, without more hesitation, he walked straight up to Philippe, on whose shoulder he laid

his hand, saying, "Monsieur, you are my prisoner!"

Philippe did not raise his eyes towards Heaven, nor stir from the spot, where he seemed nailed to the floor, his eye intently fixed upon the king his brother. He reproached him with a sublime silence for all misfortunes past, all tortures to come. Against this language of the soul the king felt he had no power; he cast down his eyes, dragging away precipitately his brother and sister, forgetting his mother, sitting motionless within three paces of the son whom she left a second time to be condemned to death. Philippe approached Anne of Austria, and said to her, in a soft and nobly agitated voice:

"If I were not your son, I should curse you, my mother, for having rendered me so unhappy."

D'Artagnan felt a shudder pass through the marrow of his bones. He bowed respectfully to the young prince, and said as he bent, "Excuse me, monseigneur, I am but a soldier, and my oaths are his who has just left the chamber."

"Thank you, M. d'Artagnan. . . . What has become of M. d'Herblay?"

"M. d'Herblay is in safety, monseigneur," said a voice behind them; "and no one, while I live and am free, shall cause a hair to fall from his head."

"Monsieur Fouquet!" said the prince, smiling sadly.

"Pardon me, monseigneur," said Fouquet, kneeling, "but he who is just gone out from hence was my guest."

"Here are," murmured Philippe, with a sigh, "brave friends and good hearts. They make me regret the world. Oh, M. d'Artagnan, I follow you."

At the moment the captain of the musketeers was about to leave the room with his prisoner, Colbert, the minister, appeared, and, after remitting an order from the king to D'Artagnan, retired. D'Artagnan read the paper, and then crushed it in his hand with rage.

"What is it?" asked the prince.

"Read, monseigneur," replied the musketeer.

Philippe read the following words, hastily traced by the hand of the king:

"M. d'Artagnan will conduct the prisoner to the Ile Sainte-Marguerite. He will cover his face with an iron vizor, which the prisoner shall never raise except at peril of his life."

The Lame Mendicant

One fine morning, at the beginning of September, 1580,—a score of those gentlemen who were called the Ordinaries of King Henri III., and whose total number was forty-five, were waiting, in the grand court of the Louvre, for the hour when the king, on passing through it to Mass, would take them to perform their devotions, whether they were willing or not; for one of the manias of King Henri was to trouble himself, not only about the care of his own soul, but the souls of others as well. And just as Louis XIV. was to say, fifty years later, "Come and bore yourselves with me," to his favourites, so Henri III. used to say, "Come and save yourselves with me," to his minions.

The life led by the Ordinaries, or the

Forty-five, of his Majesty—they were called indifferently by both names—was anything but amusing; the rule of the Louvre was almost as severe as that of a convent, and the king, pointing to the death of Saint-Mégrin, Bussy-d'Amboise, and two or three other gentlemen, a death caused by their exaggerated love for the fair sex, used to take these as a text from which he thundered against women, and represented them as inferior and even dangerous beings.

The poor young gentlemen were then forced—if they wished to stand in the good graces of the king—to find all their recreation in practising arms, playing football, shooting sparrows with air-guns, curling their hair, inventing new kinds of collars, saying their beads, and scourging themselves, if, in the middle of this innocent life, the devil, who does not respect even the saints, came to tempt them.

This being understood, it will not be a matter of surprise that, on seeing an old fellow with one leg, one arm, and one eye, asking alms of a light horseman stationed at the door of the Louvre, one of the Forty-five should make him a sign to enter, and after giving him a coin and putting him a few questions, should have called his comrades at once, with that innocent passion for gossip found equally among the students shut within the walls of a college, the nuns in their convent, and the soldiers in a fortress.

The young people ran up, and, surrounding the newcomer, made him the object of a profound examination.

Let us hasten to say that the person who had the honour of attracting such general attention well deserved the trouble of examining him.

He was a man about sixty, who, for that matter, did not appear of any age, seeing the strange physical condition to which his campaigns had reduced him, and the adventurous life he seemed to have led.

Besides the eye, arm, and leg which were wanting to him, his face was hacked with sabre-cuts, his fingers shattered with pistol-shots, and his head mended in several places with tin plates. His nose was so covered with cuts and thrusts and scars of all sorts that it resembled one of those baker's tallies, on which a notch is made for every loaf sold on credit.

Such an exhibition was, it will be acknowledged, a curious one for young people, who, in default of sweeter amusements, found a great attraction in duelling.

So questions rained on the mendicant, thick as hail. "What's your name?" — "How old are you?" — "What tavern did you lose your eye in?"—"In what ambuscade did you leave your arm?"—"On what field of battle did you forget your leg?"

"Come, now, gentlemen," said one of the inquirers, "let us have some order in our questions, or the poor devil will never be able to answer us."

"But we should first find out whether he has lost his tongue also."

"No, thank God, my noble lords, I have kept my tongue still! and if you will be gracious to an old captain of adventures, I will employ it in singing your praises."

"A captain of adventures, you? Go to!" said one of the young people. "Do you think you shall ever make us

believe you were a captain of adventures?"

"It was at least the title given me more than once by Duc François de Guise, whom I helped to take Calais, by Amiral de Coligny, whom I aided in defending Saint-Quentin, and by the Prince de Condé, whom I aided in entering Orléans."

"You have seen these illustrious captains?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"I have seen and spoken to them, and they have spoken to me. Ah! you are brave, gentlemen, I have no doubt of it; but let me tell you that the race of the valiant and the strong has departed!"

"And you are the last!" retorted a voice.

"Not of those whom I mentioned," returned the mendicant; "but the last, in fact, of an association of braves. We were ten adventurers, look you, my gentlemen, with whom a captain might attempt anything; but death has taken us one by one, and has carried us off in detail."

"And what were, I shall not say the adventures; but the names of the adventurers?" said one of the Ordinaries.

"You are right not to ask their adventures: their adventures alone would make a poem, and he who could write it, poor Fracasso, has unfortunately died of a contraction of the throat; but, as to names, that is another thing."

"Well, then, the names?"

"There was Dominico Ferrante: he was the first to go. One evening, passing with two companions close by the Tour de Nesle, he took the idea into his head of offering to a devil of a Florentine sculptor his help in carrying a bag of money which the latter had just received from the treasurer of François I. Benvenuto, who was late, and thought he heard the clock of Saint-Germain-aux-Près striking twelve, mistook this polite offer for an evidence of cupidity, whipped out his sword, and by a rapid movement pinned my poor Ferrante to the wall."

"That's what comes of being obliging," said one of the auditors to another.

"The second was Vittorio Albani Fracasso,—a great poet who could work only by moonlight. One evening that he was searching for a rhyme in the neighbourhood of Saint-Quentin, he fell, by chance, into an ambuscade prepared for Prince Emmanuel Philibert. He was so engrossed by his pursuit of this rhyme that he forgot to ask the ambuscaders why they were there; so that Duke Emmanuel having come in the mean while, Fracasso found himself in the middle of the hubbub; he was doing his best to get out of it when he was felled by a mace in the hands of the duke's squire,—a terrible fellow, named Scianca-Ferro. Now, the ambuscade failed, but Fracasso remained on the field of battle; and as, from the state he was in, he could not explain how he came there, they tied a cord round his neck and hoisted him to the branch of an oak! Although poor Fracasso, as became a poet, was as thin as a snipe, the weight of the body, for all that, contracted the knot, and the contraction of the knot contracted the gullet. It was the very moment when he wanted to give such explanations as might clear his honour, which was seriously compromised; but he had revived a second too late. The

explanations could not pass down along the cord, and remained at the other end of the running knot; and this gave the impression that the poor innocent had been justly hanged."

"Gentlemen," said a voice, "five *Paters* and five *Aves* for the unfortunate Fracasso!"

"The third," continued the mendicant, "was a worthy German adventurer, named Franz Scharfenstein. You have certainly heard of the late Briareus and the defunct Hercules? Well, Franz had the strength of Hercules and the stature of Briareus. He was killed bravely on the breach of Saint-Quentin. God rest his soul and that of his uncle Heinrich, who died an idiot, through excessive weeping!"

"Say, Montaigu," interrupted a voice, "do you think, if you were to die, would your uncle become an idiot through excessive weeping?"

"My dear," replied the person addressed, "there is an axiom of law which says: *non bis in idem.*"

"The fifth," continued the mendicant "was a brave Catholic, named Cyrille Népomuoène Lactance. He is sure of his salvation; for, after combating twenty years for our holy religion, he died a martyr."

"A martyr! *peste!* tell us about that."

"It is a simple story, my lords. He served under the orders of the famous Baron des Adrets, who at that moment was a Catholic. Of course you must know that the Baron des Adrets spent his life in changing from Catholic to Protestant, and from Protestant to Catholic. He was a Catholic for the time; and Lactance was serving under his orders when the baron having made some Huguenots prisoners on the eve of Corpus Christi, and not knowing what kind of death to inflict on them, Lactance had a holy inspiration. He advised that they be flayed alive, and the houses in the little village of Mornas be hung with their skins instead of tapestry; the baron was delighted with the advice, and put it into execution the next day, to the great glory of our holy religion! But it happened that the baron became a Protestant in the following year, and Lactance falling into his hands, the baron remembered the pious advice he had given him, and, in spite of his protests, had him flayed in his turn! I recognised the martyr's skin by a mole he had above the left shoulder."

"Perhaps the same thing will happen to you one day, Villequier," said one of the young people to his neighbour; "but, if they skin you, it will not be in order to make a hanging of your hide, else, *mordieu!* there will surely be a profusion of drums in France!"

"The sixth," resumed the adventurer, "was a pretty dandy of our good city of Paris, young, beautiful, gallant, always running after the women—"

"Hush!" interrupted one of the Ordinaries; "do not speak so loud, good man; King Henri III. might hear you, and have you punished for living in such bad company!"

"And what was the name of the rascal whose morals were so very bad?" inquired another.

"Victor Felix Yvonnet. One day, or rather one night, that he happened to be with one of his mistresses, the husband had not the courage to meet him bravely and attack him, sword in hand. He unhinged the door by which Yvon-

net was to leave,—a massive oak door, weighing three thousand pounds perhaps!—and placed it in equilibrium on its hinges; at three in the morning Yvonnet bade adieu to his love, and went away to the door of which he had the key. He introduced the key into the lock, turned it round twice, and pulled it; but instead of turning on its hinges, it fell heavily on poor Yvonnet! If it had been Franz or Heinrich Scharfenstein, they would have shook it off like a sheet of paper; but Yvonnet was, as I have told you, a dandy, a Cupid, with little hands and little feet; the door broke his loins, and the next day he was found dead!"

"Stay," said the one of the Forty-five who was named Montaigu, "we have now a receipt to give to M. de Châteauneuf; it will not prevent him from being deceived, but it will prevent him from being deceived twice by the same person."

"The seventh," continued the mendicant, "was named Martin Pilletrousse. He was what M. de Brantôme would call an honest gentleman, and perished through an unfortunate misunderstanding. One day M. de Montluc, who was passing through a little town, was complimented by all the magistrates except the judges; he determined to exact satisfaction for this incivility; he learned that twelve Huguenots were to be tried on the next day. It was all he wished to know; he went to the prison, and, entering the common hall, asked, 'Is there any Huguenot here?' Now, Pilletrousse, who had known M. de Montluc when he was a furious Huguenot, and was unaware that, like Baron des Adrets, he had changed his religion, happened to be in that hall, accused of some wretched trifle or other; he thought M. de Montluc asked for the Huguenots in order to free them. Not at all; it was in order to have them hanged! When poor Pilletrousse saw how matters were, he protested with all his might; but it was all in vain; they took him at his first word, and he was hanged high and quick, the 12th! The next day, who were caught in a trap? The judges, who had no longer any one to try. But, meanwhile, poor Pilletrousse was dead."

"Requiescat in pace!" said one of the listeners.

"It is a Christian wish, my young gentlemen," replied the mendicant, "and I thank you in the name of my friend."

"Now for the eighth," said a voice.

"The eighth was named Jean Chrysostone Procope; he was from lower Normandy—"

"The king, gentlemen! the king!" cried a voice.

"Come, draw back, you rascal!" said the young lords, "and try not to find yourself in the way of his Majesty, who cares only for handsome faces and graceful figures."

It was, in truth, the king, who was descending from his apartments, having M. de Guise on his right and M. de Lorraine on his left. He seemed very melancholy.

"Gentlemen," said he to the courtiers who lined his passage, hiding as best they could the man who was minus an eye, a leg, and an arm, "you have often heard me speak of the truly royal manner in which I was received in Piedmont by Duke Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy?"

The young noblemen inclined, in sign that they remembered.

"Well, I have received this morning the painful tidings of his death, which took place in Turin on the 30th of August, 1580."

"And, no doubt, sire," asked one of the Forty-five, "this great prince has died a fine death?"

"A death worthy of him, gentlemen; he died in the arms of his son, saying to him: 'My son, learn from my death what ought to be your life, and from my life what ought to be your death. Your age renders you capable of governing the states which I leave you; be careful to preserve them for your posterity, and rest assured that God will watch over them as long as you live in fear of Him!' Gentlemen, Duke Emmanuel Philibert was one of my friends; I shall wear mourning for him during eight days, and during eight days I will hear Mass for his intention. He who does the same will do me a pleasure."

And the king continued his way to the chapel; the gentlemen followed, and heard Mass religiously with him.

After leaving the church the first thing they looked for was the beggar; but he had disappeared. At the same time disappeared with him the purse of Sainte-Maline, the comfit-box of Montaigu, and the gold chain of Villequier. The adventurer had but one hand, but, as we see, he knew how to use it.

The three young people wished to learn if he made as good use of his only leg as of his unmated hand, and ran to the door to find from the sentinel what had become of the lame mendicant with whom they had been talking half an hour before.

"Gentlemen," said the light-horseman, "he vanished behind the Hôtel de Petit Bourbon, but, when leaving, he said very politely: 'My gentlemen, it may be the noble lords with whom I have just had the honour of conversing may desire to know the end of my last two companions, and also the name of the poor devil who has survived them. My two companions were named Procope and Maldent; one was a Norman and the other a Picard, and both were very adroit. The first died attorney to the Châtelet; the second, a doctor of the Sorbonne. As for myself, my name is César Annibal Malemort, very much at their service, if I was fit for it.'"

Andre Chenier

The moment was approaching when the Convention, that terrible Convention, which had abolished royalty on the 21st of September, when it entered upon its functions to the sound of the guns of Valmy, and had proclaimed the Republic—the moment was approaching when the Convention was to abdicate its power. It had been a cruel mother. It had devoured the Girondins, the Cordeliers, the Jacobins, that is to say, the most eloquent, the most energetic, and the most intelligent of her children. But it had been a devoted daughter. It had successfully battled with foes without and

within. It had raised fourteen armies. To be sure, they had been badly clothed, poorly shod, badly cared for, and still more poorly paid. But what did that matter? These fourteen armies not only drove the enemy on all sides from the frontier, but they took the Duchy of Nice and Savoy, marched against Spain and laid hands on Holland.

It created the National Institute, the Polytechnic School, the Normal School, the Conservatories of Art and Science, and established a national budget. It promulgated eight thousand three hundred and seventy decrees, most of them revolutionary. It gave a tremendous strength of character to men and things. Grandeur was gigantic, courage was temerity, and stoicism, impassibility. Never was colder disdain expressed for the executioner; never was blood shed with less remorse.

Do you know how many parties there were in France during the years of '93 to '95? Thirty-three. Would you like to know their names?

Ministerial, Partisans of Civil Life Knights of the Dagger, Men of the 10th of August, Men of September, Girondins, Brissotins, Federalists, Men of the State, Men of the 31st of May, Moderates, Suspects, Men of the Plain, Toads of the Marsh, Men of the Mountain.

All these in 1793 alone. We now pass to 1794.

Alarmists, Men of Pity, Sleepers, Emissaries of Pitt and Coburg, Muscadins, Hébertists, Sans-Culottes, Counter-Revolutionists, Inhabitants of the Ridge, Terrorists, Maratists, Cut - throats, Drinkers of Blood, Patriots of 1789, Companions of Jehu, Chouans.

Let us add the *jeunesse dorée* of Fréron, and we come to the 22d of August—the day when the new constitution, that of the year III., after having been debated article by article, was adopted by the Convention. The gold louis was then worth twelve hundred francs in assignats.

It was during this latter period that André Chénier, the brother of Marie-Joseph Chenier, was beheaded. His execution took place on the 25th of July, 1794, at eight o'clock in the morning; that is to say, on the 7th Thermidor, two days before the death of Robespierre. His companions in the cart were MM. de Montalembert, De Créquy, De Montmorency, De Loiserolles—that sublime old man who took his son's place and cheerfully died in his stead—and finally Roucher, the author of "The Months," who did not know that he was to die with André Chénier until he saw him in the cart, when he uttered an exclamation of joy, and, seating himself near him, recited those beautiful lines of Racine:

Now fortune doth assume a newer
trend,
Since thee again I find, thou faithful
friend;
Her wrath already hath unbent,
And thus our lot in common blent.
A friend, who dared to risk his life

by following the cart in order to prolong the final farewell, heard the two poets speaking of poetry, love and the future. On the way André Chénier recited his last verses to his friend, which he was in the act of writing when he was summoned by the executioner. He had them with him written in pencil; and after having read them to

Roucher, he gave them to the third friend, who did not leave him until they had reached the scaffold. They were thus preserved; and Latouche, to whom we owe the only edition we have of André Chénier's poems, was enabled to include them in the volume we all know by heart:

As a last soft breeze, a tender ray,
Gleams at the close of a lovely day,
So doth my lyre at the scaffold sound
its lay;
Perhaps e'en now the forfeit I must
pay!
And e'er the hour its appointed round
With fleeting resonance hath wound,
Tipping the sixty steps of its allotted
time,
Unending sleep will close these eyes
of mine.
And e'er this verse I now begin shall
fade,
The messenger of Death, ill-omened
harbinger of shade,
With its black escort of ill-fame
Along its darkling corridors will speed
my name.

As he mounted the scaffold, André put his hand to his forehead and said with a sigh: "And yet I did have something there!"

"You are mistaken," cried the friend who was not to die; and pointing to his heart he added, "it is there."

André Chénier was the first to plant the standard of a new poetry. No one before him had written verses like his. Nay, more; no one will ever write like verses after him.

Career of a Courtesan

It was a dark and stormy night. Large crowds chased each other across the heavens, veiling the brightness of the stars. The moon would not arise till midnight. Sometimes, by the light of a flash that lit up the horizon, the road became perceptible, stretching itself, white and solitary, before them; and then, the flash extinguished, everything was dark again. At every instant Athos, the musketeer, was obliged to check D'Artagnan, his fellow-comrade, who was always at the head of the little troop, and compel him to take his place in the ranks, which a moment later he quitted again. He had only one thought—to go forward—and he went.

They passed in silence through the village of Festubert, and then they skirted the village of Richebourg. Having reached Herlier, the party turned to the left.

On several occasions, either Lord de Winter or Porthos or Aramis, the other musketeers, had endeavored to address some remark to the man in the red cloak, but at each question he had bowed his head without reply. The travelers had thus comprehended that there was some reason for the stranger's silence and they had ceased to speak to him.

The storm, too, became more violent; flashes rapidly succeeded one another; the thunder began to roll, and the wind, the precursor of the hurricane, whistled through the plumes and the hair of the horsemen. The cavalcade broke into a fast trot. A little way beyond Fromelles the sorm burst forth. There were still three leagues to travel, and they went them amidst torrents of rain.

D'Artagnan had taken off his hat, and did not wear his cloak. He found some pleasure in letting the water flow over his burning brow and over his body, consumed by burning fever.

At the moment that the little troop had passed beyond Goskal and was just arriving at the post-house, a man, who in the darkness could not be distinguished from the trunk of a tree, under which he had sheltered himself, advanced into the middle of the road, placing his finger on his lips. Athos recognized Grimaud, his servant.

"What is the matter now?" exclaimed D'Artagnan. "Can she have quitted Armentières?"

Grimaud gave an affirmative nod of the head. D'Artagnan ground his teeth.

"Silence, D'Artagnan!" said Athos; "I have taken charge of everything and it is my business, therefore, to question Grimaud."

"Where is she?" demanded Athos.

Grimaud stretched forth his hand in the direction of the Lys.

"Is it far from here?"

Grimaud presented his forefinger bent.

"Alone?" demanded Athos.

Grimaud made a sign that she was.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, "she is half a league from this place in the direction of the river."

"Good!" said D'Artagnan; "lead us on, Grimaud."

Grimaud took a crossroad and guided the cavalcade. At the end of about five hundred yards they found a stream, which they forded. By the light of a flash they perceived the village of Enguinghem.

"Is it there?" demanded D'Artagnan.

Grimaud shook his head negatively.

"Silence there!" said Athos.

The troop proceeded on its way. Another flash blazed forth; Grimaud extended his arm, and by the bluish light of the serpentine flame a small solitary house was perceptible on the bank of the river, not far from a ferry. There was a light at one window.

"We are there," said Athos.

At that moment a man who was lying down in a ditch arose. It was Musqueton, the orderly. He pointed with his finger to the window with the light. "She is there," said he.

"And Bazin?" demanded Athos.

"Whilst I watched the window he watched the door."

"Good!" said Athos. "You are all faithful servants."

Athos leaped from his horse, of which he gave the bridle into the hands of Grimaud, and advanced in the direction of the window after having made a sign to the remainder of the troop to proceed toward the door.

The small house was surrounded by a quickset hedge of two or three feet in height. Athos sprang over the hedge and went up to the window, which had no shutters on the outside, but of which the short curtains were closely drawn. He climbed upon the ledge of the stone that his eye might be above the level of the curtains. By the light of a lamp he could perceive a woman, covered by a dark-colored cloak, seated on a stool before a dying fire. Her elbows were placed upon a wretched table and she rested her head on her hands, which were as white as ivory. Her face was not visible, but an inauspicious smile rose upon the lips of Athos. He was not mistaken. He had, in truth, found the woman that he sought.

At this moment a horse neighed. Her Ladyship raised her head, saw the pale face of Athos staring through the window, and screamed out.

Perceiving that he had been seen, Athos pushed the window with his hand and knee; it gave way; the panes were broken, and Athos, like a spectre of vengeance, leaped into the room. Her Ladyship ran to the door and opened it. Paler and more threatening than even Athos himself, D'Artagnan was standing on the sill. Her Ladyship started back and screamed. D'Artagnan, imagining that she had some means of flight and fearing that she might escape him, drew out a pistol from his belt. But Athos raised his hand.

"Replace your weapon, D'Artagnan," said he; "it is imperative that this woman should be judged and not assassinated. Wait awhile, D'Artagnan, and you shall be satisfied. Come in, gentlemen."

D'Artagnan obeyed, for Athos had the solemn voice and authoritative air of a judge commissioned by the Deity Himself. Behind D'Artagnan there came Porthos, Aramis, Lord de Winter, and the man in the red cloak. The four valets watched at the door and window. Her Ladyship had sunk upon her chair with her hands stretched out, as if to exorcise this terrible apparition.

On seeing her brother-in-law she uttered a fearful scream.

"What do you want?" demanded Her Ladyship.

"We seek," said Athos, "Charlotte Backson, who was called, first, the Countess de la Fère, then Lady de Winter, baroness of Sheffield."

"I am that person," murmured she, overwhelmed with fear. "What do you want with me?"

"We want to judge you according to your crimes," said Athos. "You will be free to defend yourself and to justify your conduct, if you can. M. d'Artagnan, you must be the first accuser."

D'Artagnan came forward. "Before God and men," said he, "I accuse this woman of having poisoned Constance Bonancieux, who died last night."

He turned toward Aramis and Porthos. "We can bear witness to it," said the two musketeers at the same time.

D'Artagnan continued:

"Before God and before men I accuse this woman of having wished to poison me with some wine which she sent me from Villeroi, with a forged letter, as if the wine had come from my friends. God preserved me, but a man named Brisemont was killed instead of me."

"We bear witness to this," said Porthos and Aramis, as with one voice.

"Before God and before men," continued D'Artagnan, "I accuse this woman of having urged me to the murder of the Baron de Wardes; and as no one is present to bear witness to it, I myself will attest it. I have done." And D'Artagnan crossed over to the other side of the room, with Porthos and Aramis.

"It is now for you to speak, my lord," said Athos.

The baron came forward in his turn. "Before God and before men," said he, "I accuse this woman of having caused the Duke of Buckingham to be assassinated."

"The Duke of Buckingham assassinated!" exclaimed all, with one accord.

"Yes," said the baron, "assassinated. From the warning letter which you sent me I caused this woman to be arrested and put her under the custody of a faithful follower, Felton. She corrupted that man; she placed the dagger in his hand; she made him kill the duke; and at this moment, perhaps, Felton has paid with his head for the crimes of this fury."

A shudder ran through the company at the revelation of these hitherto unknown crimes.

"This is not all," resumed Lord de Winter. "My brother, who had made you his heiress, died in three hours of a strange malady, which left livid spots on his body. Sister, how did your husband die?"

"Oh, horror!" exclaimed Porthos and Aramis.

"Murderess of Buckingham; murderess of Felton; murderess of my brother, I demand justice on you and declare that if it be not accorded to me I will execute it myself."

Lord de Winter ranged himself by the side of D'Artagnan, leaving his place open to another accuser.

Her Ladyship's head sank upon her hands, and she endeavored to recall her thoughts, which were confused by a deadly giddiness.

"It is now my turn," said Athos, trembling, as the lion trembles at the aspect of a serpent. "It is now my turn. I married this woman when she

was a young girl. I married her in spite of my family. I gave her my property, I gave her my name, and one day I discovered that this woman was branded—this woman bore the mark of a fleur-de-lis upon the left shoulder."

"Oh!" said Her Ladyship, rising, "I defy you to find the tribunal which pronounced on me that infamous sentence—I defy you to find the man who executed it."

"Silence!" exclaimed a voice. "It is for me to answer that!" And the man in the red cloak came forward.

"Who is that man? What is that man?" cried out Her Ladyship, suffocated with terror, and with her hair raising itself on her head, as if it had been endowed with life.

Every eye was turned toward that man, for he was unknown to all except Athos. And even Athos looked at him with as much astonishment as the others, for he knew not how he could be connected with the horrible drama which was at that moment enacting there. After slowly and solemnly approaching Her Ladyship, till the table alone separated them, the stranger took off his mask.

Her Ladyship looked for some time with increasing terror at that pale countenance, begirt with black hair, of which the only expression was that of a stern and frozen insensibility; then, suddenly rising and retreating toward the wall,—

"Oh! no, no," exclaimed she, "it is an infernal apparition! It is not he. Help! help!" she screamed out, in a hoarse voice, still pressing toward the wall as if she could open a passage through it with her hands.

"But who are you?" exclaimed all the witnesses of this scene.

"Ask this woman," said the man in the red cloak, "for you see plainly that she has recognized me."

"The executioner of Lille, the executioner of Lille!" cried Milady, overcome by wild affright and clinging to the wall with her hands for support.

All of them recoiled and the tall man stood alone in the middle of the room.

"Oh! mercy! mercy!" cried the miserable woman, falling on her knees.

The stranger paused for silence. "I told you truly that she had recognized me," said he. "Yes, I am the executioner of Lille and here is my history."

All eyes were fixed upon this man, whose words were listened to with the most anxious avidity.

"This woman was formerly a young girl, as beautiful as she is at present. A young noble of a simple and credulous nature lived near her; she attempted to seduce him and succeeded. She would have seduced a saint.

"She persuaded him to quit the country; but, to quit the country, to fly together, to get to some part of France where they might live in peace, because they would be unknown, they required money. Neither of them had any. The noble stole, but just as they were making ready to escape, they were both arrested. Eight days afterward she had corrupted the jailer's son and saved herself. The young noble was condemned to be branded and to ten years of chains. I was the executioner of Lille, as this woman says. I was obliged to brand the criminal, and that criminal was my own brother! I then swore that this woman who had ruined him—who was more than his accomplice, since she had instigated him to the crime—should at any rate partake his punishment. I

suspected where she was concealed. I followed and discovered her. I caught her, I bound her and imprinted the same brand on her that I had stamped upon my own brother.

"The next day, on my return to Lille, my brother also managed to escape. I was accused as his accomplice and was condemned to remain in prison in his place, so long as he should continue at large. My poor brother was not aware of this sentence; he had rejoined this woman, and they fled together into Berri; here he obtained a small curacy. This woman passed for his sister. The owner of the estate to which the curacy belonged saw his pretended sister and fell in love with her. His passion led him to propose to marry her. She left the man whom she had destroyed and became the Countess de la Fère."

All eyes were turned toward Athos, whose true name this was, and he made a sign that the executioner's tale was true.

"Then," continued the latter, "maddened by despair, and resolved to terminate an existence of which the happiness and honor had been thus destroyed, my poor brother returned to Lille, and hearing the sentence which had condemned me in his place, he delivered himself up as a prisoner and hung himself the same night to the grating of his dungeon. After all, to do them justice, they who had condemned me kept their word. Scarcely was the identity of the dead body proved before my liberty was restored. These are the crimes of which I accuse her—these are my reasons for branding her!"

"M. D'Artagnan," said Athos, "what is the punishment that you demand against this woman?"

"The punishment of death!" replied D'Artagnan.

"My Lord de Winter," continued Athos, "what punishment do you demand against this woman?"

"Death!" replied his lordship.

"Messieurs Porthos and Aramis," said Athos, "you who are her judges, what punishment do you pronounce against this woman?"

"The punishment of death!" replied the two musketeers, in a hollow voice.

Her Ladyship uttered a fearful cry and dragged herself a few paces on her knees toward her judges. Athos stretched out his hand toward her. "Charlotte Backson," said he, "Countess de la Fère, Lady de Winter, your crimes have wearied men on earth and God in heaven. If you know any prayer, repeat it, for you are condemned and are about to die."

At these words, which left no hope, Her Ladyship raised herself to her full height and attempted to speak. But her voice failed her. She felt a strong and pitiless hand seize her by the hair and drag her on, as irrevocably as fate drags on mankind. She did not, therefore, even attempt to make any resistance, but left the cottage.

Lord de Winter and the four friends went out after her.

The valets followed their masters and the chamber was left empty, with its window, its open door and the smoking lamp burning sadly on the table.

It was almost midnight. The waning moon, as red as blood from the lingering traces of the storm, was rising behind the little village of Armentières, which exhibited in that pale light the

gloomy profile of its houses and the skeleton on its high ornamented steeple. In front, the Lys rolled along its waters like a river of molten fire, whilst on its other bank a dark mass of trees was sharply outlined upon a stormy sky, covered by large copper-colored clouds, which created a sort of twilight in the middle of the night. To the left arose an old deserted mill, of which the sails were motionless and from the ruins of which an owl was uttering its sharp, monotonous, recurring screech. Here and there on the plain, to the right and to the left of the path which the melancholy band was taking, there appeared a few short and stunted trees, which looked like distorted dwarfs crouched down to watch the men at that ill-omened hour.

From time to time a brilliant flash opened up the horizon in its whole extent, playing above the black mass of trees, and coming, like a frightful cimeter, to divide the sky and water into equal parts. Not a breath of air was stirring in the heavy atmosphere. A silence as of death weighed down all nature. The earth was moist and slippery from the recent rain, and re-animated plants sent forth their perfumes with more vigorous energy.

Two of the servants, each holding an arm, were leading along Her Ladyship, the condemned courtesan prisoner and murderess. The executioner walked behind. The four musketeers and Lord de Winter followed him.

Planchet and Bazin brought up the rear.

The two valets led Her Ladyship toward the side of the river. Her mouth was silent, but her eyes were inexpressibly eloquent, supplicating by turns each of those on whom she looked. Finding herself a few paces in advance, she said to the valets:

"A thousand pistoles for each of you, if you will assist me to escape; but if you give me up to your masters I have some avengers near, who will make you pay dearly for my death."

Grimaud hesitated and Musqueton trembled in every limb.

Athos, who had heard Her Ladyship's voice, came up immediately, as did also Lord de Winter.

"Send away these valets," said he; "she has spoken to them and they are no longer safe."

They called Planchet and Bazin, who took the places of Grimaud and Musqueton.

Having reached the brink of the stream, the executioner came up and bound Her Ladyship's hands and feet.

She then broke her silence to exclaim: "You are cowards—you are miserable assassins! You come, ten of you, to murder a poor woman! But beware! If I am not succored, I shall be avenged."

"You are not a woman," replied Athos, coldly; "you do not belong to the human race; you are a demon escaped from hell, and to hell we shall send you back."

"Oh, you virtuous gentlemen!" said Her Ladyship, "remember that he amongst you who touches a hair of my head is himself a murderer."

"The executioner can kill without being an that account a murderer, madame," said the man in the cloak, striking his large sword. "He is the last judge on earth, that is all. *Nachrichter*, as our German neighbors say."

And as he was binding her whilst he

uttered these words, Her Ladyship sent forth two or three wild screams, which had a startling, melancholy effect, as they were borne on the night and lost themselves in the depths of the woods.

"But if I am guilty—if I have committed the crimes of which you accuse me," howled out Her Ladyship, "take me before a regular tribunal. You are not judges—you have no power to condemn me!"

"I did propose Tyburn," answered Lord de Winter; "why did you not accept my offer?"

"Because I do not wish to die," exclaimed Her Ladyship, struggling; "because I am too young to die!"

"The woman whom you poisoned at Bethune was still younger than you are, madame, and yet she is dead," said D'Artagnan.

"I will enter a convent—I will become a nun," cried Her Ladyship.

"You were in a convent," said the executioner, "and you left it to destroy my brother."

Her Ladyship sent forth a cry of terror and fell upon her knees. The executioner lifted her in his arms and prepared to carry her to the boat.

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed she, "my God! are you going to drown me?"

These cries had something so heart-rending in them that D'Artagnan, who was at first the most unrelenting in his pursuit of Her Ladyship, sunk down upon the stump of a tree, letting his head fall on his bosom and stopping his ears with the palms of his hands; and yet in spite of all this he still heard her menaces and cries. D'Artagnan was the youngest of all these men and his heart failed him.

"Oh! I cannot bear this frightful spectacle," said he; "I cannot consent that this woman should die thus."

Her Ladyship heard these words and they gave her a new gleam of hope. "D'Artagnan! D'Artagnan!" exclaimed she, "remember that once I loved you!"

The young man rose and made one step toward her. But Athos drew his sword and placed himself in his path.

"If you take one step more, D'Artagnan," said he, "we must cross our swords together."

D'Artagnan fell on his knees and prayed.

"Come," continued Athos, "executioner, do your duty."

"Willingly, my lord," replied the executioner; "for as truly as I am a good Catholic I firmly believe that I act justly in exercising my office on this woman."

"That is right." Athos took one step toward Her Ladyship. "I pardon you," said he, "the evil you have done me. I forgive you for my ruined future, my lost honor, my tainted love and my salvation forever periled by the despair into which you have thrown me. Die in peace!"

Lord de Winter next came forward. "I pardon you," said he, "the poisoning of my brother, the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham and the death of poor Felton. I forgive you your attempts on my own person. Die in peace."

"As for me," said D'Artagnan, "pardon me, madame, for having by a deceit unworthy of a gentleman provoked your rage; and in exchange I pardon you for the murder of my poor friend and your cruel vengeance on myself. I pardon and pity you. Die in peace!"

"I am lost!" murmured Her Ladyship in English; *"I must die!"*

She then arose by herself and threw around her one of those clear glances which seemed to emanate from an eye of fire, but she could see nothing. She listened, but she heard nothing. There were none around her but her enemies.

"Where am I to die?" demanded she.

"On the other bank of the river," replied the executioner.

He then made her enter the boat, and as he was stepping in after her Athos gave him a sum of money.

"Here," said he, "here is the price of the execution, that it may be seen that we are really judges."

"It is well," said the executioner; "but let this woman now know that I am not executing business, but my duty." And he threw the money from him into the river.

"Mark," said Athos, "this woman has a child, and yet she has not said one word about him."

The boat proceeded toward the left bank of the Lys, carrying away the criminal and the executioner. All the others continued on the right bank, where they had sunk upon their knees. The boat glided slowly along the rope of the ferry, under the reflection of a pale mist which skimmed the water at that moment.

It arrived at the other bank and the two figures stood out in blackness on the red horizon.

During the passage Her Ladyship had managed to loosen the cord that bound her feet, and on reaching the bank she leaped lightly on shore and took to flight. But the ground was moist and at the top of the shelving bank she slipped and fell upon her knees. Probably a superstitious idea had struck her. She understood that Heaven refused to aid her and remained in the attitude in which she had fallen, her head drooping and her hands clasped together. Then from the other shore they could see the executioner slowly raise his two arms, a ray of the moon was reflected on the blade of his large sword, the two arms descended, they heard the whistling of the cimeter and the cry of the victim, and then a mutilated mass sunk down beneath the blow. The executioner took off his red cloak, stretched it out on the ground, laid the body on it and threw in the head, tied it by the four corners, raised it upon his shoulders and again entered the boat. Having reached the middle of the Lys, he stopped the boat, and holding his burden over the river:

"Let the justice of God have its course!" he exclaimed in a loud voice. And so saying, he dropped the dead body into the deepest part of the waters, which closed above it.

A Strange Ending

It is the 20th of May in Paris, at the Louvre; and in the apartment of the grand Seneschal, Madame de Brézé, Duchess de Valentinois, commonly called Diana of Poitiers, nine o'clock in the morning had just struck, and Diana, dressed entirely in white, in a coquettish *négligé*, reclined on a velvet sofa. The king, Henry the Second, magnificently dressed, sat by her side.

The room was resplendent with all the luxury with which that epoch of art that we call the Renaissance could decorate a royal apartment. In the paintings which hung on the walls, Diana, the huntress, goddess of the woods and forests, was the heroine; and gilded and coloured medallions and panels bore everywhere the arms of Francis the First and Henry the Second.

In similar manner memories of father and son were intertwined in the heart of the fair Diana. Emblems were no less historical and full of meaning, and in many places was to be seen the crescent of Phœbe-Diana, between the Salamander of the conqueror of Marignan, and Bellerophon overthrowing the Chimæra,—a device adopted by Henry the Second after the taking of Boulogne from the English. This fickle crescent appeared in a thousand different forms and combinations, doing great credit to the decorators. In one place the royal crown was placed above it, and in another four H's, four *fleurs de lis*, and four crowns together; often again it was threefold, and sometimes shaped like a star. No less varied were the mottoes, most of them in Latin. "Diana regum venatrix" (Diana, huntress of kings),—a piece of impertinence, or of flattery? "Donec totum impleat orbem" may be translated in two ways,—"The crescent will become a full moon," or "the glory of the king will fill the whole world." "Cum plena est, fit æmula solis," can be freely translated, "Royalty and beauty are sisters." Then the beautiful arabesques which enclosed mottoes and devices, and the magnificent furnishings on which they were reproduced,—all these, if we should attempt to describe them, would not only put the magnificence of our day to the blush, but would lose too much in the description.

Let us now turn our eyes to the king. History tells us that he was tall and active, and a man of great strength; he combated, by regular diet and exercise, a tendency to *embonpoint*, and surpassed the swiftest in the chase, the strongest at the tourney. He had a dark complexion, with black hair, and a full and black beard. This day, as usual, he wore the colors of his Diana,—green satin, slashed with white, and glittering with gold embroideries; a hat, with a white plume, sparkling with pearls and diamonds, a double gold chain, supporting a medallion of the Order of St. Michael, a sword engraved by Benvenuto, a white collar in Venice point-lace, and a mantle of velvet, starred with gold. The costume was splendid, and the wearer elegant.

We have stated briefly that Diana was clad in a simple white morning-

gown of peculiarly thin and transparent stuff. It would be no easy matter to paint her divine loveliness; and it would be hard indeed to say whether the cushion of ebon black, on which her head reposed, or the dress, startling in its purity, by which her figure was enveloped, best served to set off the snows and lilies of her complexion. And doubtless it was a combination of delicate outlines perfect enough to drive Jean Goujon himself to distraction. There is no more perfect piece of antique statuary; and this study was alive indeed,—if common report may be believed, very much alive. It is as well to attempt no description of the graceful motion with which these lovely limbs were instinct; it can no more be reproduced than a ray of sunlight. As to her age, she had none. In this point, as in so many others, she was like immortals; for by her side the youngest and freshest seemed but old and wrinkled. The Protestants talked about philters and potions, to which they averred she had recourse to enable her to retain her youth; to which the Catholics replied that these magic potions consisted merely in taking a cold bath every day, and washing her face in iced water even in the winter time. This prescription of hers has been preserved; but it it be true that Jean Goujon's "Diane au Cerf" was carved from this royal model, the prescription no longer has the same effect.

Thus worthy was she of the affection of the two monarchs whom one after the other her loveliness had dazzled; for it has been most conclusively proved that before Diana became Henry's mistress she had already been that of Francis.

"It is said," writes Le Laboureur, "that King Francis, who was the first lover of Diana de Poitiers, having expressed to her one day, after the death of the dauphin Francis, some dissatisfaction at the lack of animation exhibited by Prince Henry, she told him that what he needed was merely a love affair, and that she would make him fall in love with her."

What woman wills, God wills; and so Diana remained, or became, for twenty years the tenderly and only beloved of Henry.

But now that we have taken a glance at the king and his favourite, is it not time to listen to what they are saying?

Henry, holding in his hand a parchment, was in the act of reading aloud the following verses, not without certain interruptions and gestures which it is impossible to chronicle here, being as they were a part of the setting of the piece.

Sweet and pretty little mouth,
Fresher and redder than bud
of eglantine
At morn!
More sweet and fragrant than
the undying amaranth,
More delicious, a hundred times,
Than the honeyed dew that
moistens the earth
Drop by drop, in the sweetest
month!
Kiss me, sweet friend,
Kiss me, dear life,
Kiss me, lovingly,
Passionately,

Until my mouth is forced to gasp:
Alas! I can no more, my life!
Alas! my God, I can no more! etc.

"And what, then, may be the name of this polished versifier, who tells us what we are doing so exactly?" asked Henry, when he had finished reading.

"He is called Remy Belleau, sire, and, it seems to me, bids fair to rival Ronsard. Well," continued the duchess, "do you value this poem at five hundred crowns, as I do?"

"He shall have them, this *protégé* of yours, my beautiful Diana."

"But this must not make us forget our earlier ones, sire. Have you signed the pension that I promised in your name to Ronsard, the prince of poets? You have, I have no doubt. Very well, then, I have but one more favour to ask at your hands, and that is the vacant abbey of Recouls for your librarian, Mellin de Saint-Gelais, our French Ovid."

"He shall have his abbey, have no fear, my fair Mæcenas," replied the king.

"Ah, how happy you are, sire, to possess the power of dispensing so many offices and benefices at your pleasure. If I only had your power but for one short hour!"

"Have you not it always, ungrateful one?"

"Have I really, sire? But it has been two full minutes since you have given me a kiss! That's right, dearest. So you say that your power is always mine? Tempt me not, sire! I warn you that I shall take advantage of it to pay the enormous bill which Philibert Delorme has sent me on the completion of my Château d'Anet. It will be one of the glories of your reign, but a very dear one, I fear. One more kiss, my Henry."

"And in return for this kiss, Diana, take for your castle the sum realized by the sale of the governorship of Picardy."

"Do you think I sell my kisses, sire? I give them to you. The governorship of Picardy is worth, I should think, two hundred thousand pounds, is it not? And then there is the pearl necklace which has been offered me, and which I wish to wear to-day at the wedding of your son Francis. A hundred thousand to Philibert, and a hundred thousand for the necklace; this Picardy matter will do very well indeed."

"I should think so, especially as you estimate it at quite double its real worth, Diana."

"What! it is worth only one hundred thousand pounds? Very well, then, I shall be obliged to let the necklace go."

"Nonsense!" replied the king, laughing; "I have no doubt there are three or four vacant companies somewhere which will pay for the necklace, Diana."

"Oh, sire, you are the most generous of monarchs, as you are the dearest of lovers."

"Ah, do you really love me as I do you, Diana?"

"He really has the hardihood to ask such a question?"

"But you see, darling, I love you more and more every day, because you grow more beautiful. Ah, what a lovely smile you have, sweetheart,

and what an expression! Let me kneel here at your feet; put your beautiful hands on my shoulders. Oh, Diana, how lovely you are, and how passionately I love you! I could remain here simply gazing at you for hours, nay, for years; I could forget France, I could forget the whole world."

"But certainly not the formal celebration of Monseigneur the Dauphin's marriage?" exclaimed Diana, with a smile; "and yet it is to be solemnized not two hours from now. And although you are all ready, sire, I am not at all, you see. So leave me, my dear lord, for it is time for me to summon my women; ten o'clock will strike in a moment."

"Ten o'clock!" said Henry; "and on my life, I have an appointment for that hour."

"A rendezvous, sire?—with a lady?"

"Yes."

"And pretty, doubtless?"

"Yes, Diana, very pretty."

"Then it is not the queen."

"Well, Catherine de Médicis has her own kind of cold beauty; however, it is not with her. Can you not guess with whom?"

"No, really, sire."

"It is another Diana,—our daughter, our dear daughter!"

"You repeat that too loudly, and too often, sire," replied Diana. "You forget that we agreed that Madame de Castro should pass for the daughter of another."

"But you love her all the same, do you not, Diana?"

"I love her because you do."

"Oh, yes! very much. She is so charming and so good; she recalls to me my youthful days, when I loved you,—not better than I do now, but madly, even to crime."

The king remained for a few minutes plunged in thought, and then said, "That Montgommery—you did not love him, did you, Diana?"

"What a question!" replied she, with a smile of disdain. "After twenty years, again this jealousy?"

"Yes, I shall be always jealous of you, Diana. But if you did not love him, he loved you."

"What mattered that, sire, while my heart was all yours? Besides, he has been dead so long!"

"Yes, dead," replied the king, in a hollow voice.

"Do not let us sadden a *fête* day with these souvenirs. Have you seen Francis and Mary this morning? They are very happy and joyful; but scarcely more so than the Guises, whom this marriage delights."

"Yes, and it equally enrages the constable, my old Montmorency. He will be more enraged soon, however, for I fear that our Diana will not have his son."

"But, sire, you have promised for her."

"Yes, but it appears that Diana is averse to it."

"A child of eighteen! What reason can she have?"

"That is what she is about to confide to me."

"Go to her, then, sire, while I adorn myself to please you."

"After the ceremony I shall see you again; but before I go, tell me once more that you love me."

"Yes, sire, as I always have, and always shall love you!"

"Adieu, then, my loved and loving Diana."

Immediately on the departure of the king a panel, which was concealed by the tapestry, opened on the opposite side of the room, and the Constable de Montmorency entered. "*Mon Dieu!*" said he, rudely, "you have talked enough to-day, I hope."

"My friend," replied Diana, "you saw that long ago I tried to dismiss him."

The People

THE 23rd of February, 1848, dawned on Paris as a city under arms. Artillery frowned in all the public places; the barricades of the preceding night had been thrown down as fast as erected; National Guards thronged the thoroughfares; the people swarmed along the boulevards. In the neighborhood of the Porte St. Denis and the Porte St. Martin, barricades rose as if by magic, but were as if by magic swept away. Cavalry bivouacked in the streets, and ordnance was leveled along their entire extent. The avenues were closely invested, and even old men and women were arrested on their way to their own thresholds. From time to time single shots or volleys of musketry were heard in the distance, and wounded men were carried past to the hospitals.

The Government had ordered all public carriages to be cleared from the stands, that material for new barricades might not exist when the old ones were demolished; but the people were busy, too, for the iron railings at the hôtel of the Minister of Marine, in the Place de la Concorde, and at the churches of the Assumption and St. Roch had been torn away to supply weapons of attack or defense, or implements with which to tear up the huge square paving stones of Paris for barricades.

At eleven o'clock the National Guard of the Second Arrondissement gathered at the opera house in the Rue Lepelletier and near the office of "Le National." "Vive la Réforme" "Vive la Garde Nationale!" "Long live the real defenders of the country!"—these were the shouts, intermingled with the choruses of national songs, that now rose from the people and the National Guard.

At twelve o'clock the 2d Legion of the National Guard was at the Tuileries to make a demonstration for reform. Its colonel, M. Bagnières, declared to the Duke of Nemours that he could not answer for his men. At one o'clock, accompanied by an immense multitude, with whom they fraternized, they were again on the Rue Lepelletier. A squadron of cuirassiers and one of chasseurs advanced to dislodge them.

"Who are these men?" cried the chef d'escadron.

"The people of Paris!" replied the officer of the National Guard.

"And who are you?"

"An officer of the 2d Legion of the National Guard."

"The people must disperse!"

"They will not!"

"I will compel them!"

"The National Guard will defend them!"

"Vive la Réforme!" shouted the people.

The National Guard and the cuirassiers united. The officer, chagrined, turned back to his men and vociferated in tones of thunder:

"Wheel! Forward!"

And the whole body resumed its march down the Boulevard.

An hour afterwards a still larger body of troops, Municipal Guards mounted and on foot, cuirassiers and infantry of the Line, came down the Boulevard and made a half movement on the Rue Lepelletier, but, seeing the hostile attitude of the National Guard, continued their march amid shouts of "Vive la Réforme!" "Vive la Garde Nationale!" "Vive la Ligne!"

Twice, within an hour afterwards, the same thing occurred.

It was plain that the National Guard fraternized with the people.

The 3d Legion deputed their colonel, M. Besson, to demand of the King reform and a change of Ministry. The colonel presented the memorial to General Japueminot, who promised to place it in the Royal hands.

The 4th Legion marched to the Chamber of Deputies and presented a petition for reform.

Col. Lemercier, of the 10th, arrested a man for shouting "Vive la Réforme!" The man was liberated by his own troops, with shouts of "Vive la Réforme!" The colonel withdrew.

The cavalry legion, the 13th, in like manner repudiated Col. Montalivet.

The Municipal Guard was ordered to disarm the 3rd Legion. Both advanced —bayonets were crossed—blood was about to flow. At that moment Col. Textorix, of the National Guard, rushed up and exclaimed:

"Brothers, will you slay brothers?"

The effect was electrical. The muskets were instantly shouldered and the combatants separated.

All over Paris the same scenes took place, with a few exceptions.

"Vive la République!" cried one citizen to another, as they hurried down the Rue Lepelletier, at about noon.

"Vive la République!" was the hearty response. "What of the National Guard?"

"The Guard fraternizes with the people," "What of the blouses and the barricades?"

"Last night, the barricades of yesterday were swept from the streets, and even the material of which to build them also, the pavements only excepted; yet, at dawn this morning, the whole space between the Quartier Saint-Martin des Champs, the Mont de Piété and the Temple, and all the smaller streets were choked with barricades."

"And they were at once assailed?"

"By the troops of the Line, the Municipal Guard and the chasseurs of Vincennes."

"Who were repulsed?"

"With most obstinate bravery. At the Rue Rambuteau, the 69th Regiment was three times driven back; also at the corner of the Rue St. Denis and the Rue de Tracy. In the Rue Philippeaux a ball passed through the face of a soldier of the 21st of the Line infantry, and then through the head of a voltigeur behind him. Sixteen soldiers fell in the attack on the barricade of the Rue Rambuteau. A blouse pointed a pistol at an officer of the

Municipal Guard; the pistol hung fire, and the officer passed his sword through his assailant's body. From this you can infer that we have had close fighting."

"I have heard that an assault was made on the armory of our friends, the Leparge Brothers, for weapons; is it so?"

"There was an assault at about ten o'clock; but the windows were too strong to be carried. There has been fighting in the Rue de Petit Carrel, and the neighborhood of the Place Royale, I learn. Achmet Pacha, son of Mehemet Ali, is fighting for us with the most wonderful intrepidity. A chef de bataillon of the 34th was slain by a shot from a window, and some offices of the Octroi have been burned. Three men were killed at the Batignolles, and their bodies were accompanied by an immense throng to the Morgue."

"Have you heard that the 5th Regiment, as in 1830, has joined the people, and that, on their way to the Prefecture of Police to liberate some of the people who have been arrested, they stopped at the office of 'La Réforme,' and were eloquently addressed by our friend, Louis Blanc?"

"What did he say to them?"

"He told them the fight was not yet over; that there must still be a banquet; and that this time there must be no mistake—the workmen must have the freedom they won!"

It was on the square at the south end of the Palais Royal that most blood was spilled between the people and the troops. The Château d'Eau was furiously assailed and obstinately defended —assailed by the people and defended by six thousand picked troops. The people triumphed! Of the troops, at least a thousand perished, and the remnant fled.

At three o'clock M. Rabuteau, Préfect of the Seine, waited on the King and informed him that the National Guard demanded reform, and the Municipal Guard a change of Ministry.

The King in dismay convened the Ministry.

"Can the Ministry maintain itself?" asked Louis Phillipe.

"That question brings its own answer to your Majesty," replied Guizot. "If you doubt the stability of your Ministry, who can trust them?"

"I have thought of the Count Mole," observed the King.

"He is an able man, sire," replied Guizot; "and his political connections with M. Barrot and M. Thiers may aid him to form a Ministry. But, sire, not an instant is to be lost. Your faithful Ministers will do all they can, but a Ministerial crisis cannot be delayed; and, if your Majesty will permit the suggestion, the emergency demands that to Marshal Bugeaud be given the command of Paris."

"You will proceed to the Chamber to announce that M. Mole is entrusted with the formation of a new cabinet," said the King.

And the council closed.

At four, an officer of the staff passed along the boulevards, announcing the fall of the Ministry.

Instantly, with the speed of the telegraph, the intelligence flew to the obscurest parts of Paris. Its effect was, at first, most cheering. Barricades were deserted and arms thrown down; faces brightened, hands, almost stained with each other's blood, were clasped; troops

and people, unwillingly fighting, embraced; all was triumph, joy and congratulation.

"All now is over—all is right at last!" was the exclamation of one man of the people to another.

"Guizot has fallen, but the King has sent for Count Mole," replied a third, with a dissatisfied air.

"No matter," cried the first speaker, "the system is overturned! What care we who is Minister?"

"It is too late," replied the other. "Guizot has been forced away by the people—Mole may be forced away, too—so may the King! No more tricks! The people now know their power. There shall be no mistake this time!"

And the insurrectionists parted.

As the day closed, barricades rose in the Quartier du Temple, and there was fighting between the people and the Municipal Guard. But the National Guard came to the rescue, and the latter surrendered.

At nine o'clock Paris was illuminated. White, red, blue—yellow, orange, green—these were the tri-colors of the lamps that poured their rich effulgence from every window on the gloomy scene without. The streets were thronged and the cafés crowded; men of all nations and Parisians of all classes were in the streets; the rattle of musketry had ceased; the troops were in their barracks and the people at their homes.

At the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue des Capucines, Flocon and Louis Blanc met.

"Guizot has fallen!" cried the first.

"And the most intimate friend of the King has succeeded him! What have we to hope for from the change?"

"What are we to do?" asked Flocon.

"In one hour the people will sing the Marseillaise before the Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères!"

"The 14th Regiment of the Line is there," replied Flocon.

"So much the better! Blood will flow! The revolution will not stop!"

And the conspirators separated.

At ten o'clock, before the official residence of M. Guizot, himself then absent, and probably in full flight for the coast, an immense crowd of people with torches was assembled. Their purpose was to sing the Marseillaise. The 14th Regiment barred the way—the street was dimly lighted—a single row of lamps along the courtward wall was all the illumination—a double line of troops was the defense.

"Let me pass!" cried the officer of the National Guard who led the people to the officer who led the troops.

"Impossible!"

"In the name of the people, I demand to pass!"

"In the name of the Law, you shall not!"

"The people command! Forward!" cried the National Guard.

"Present! Fire!" shouted the officer.

There was a roll of musketry—a shrill shriek rang along the Boulevard—the vast mass recoiled—the smoke floated off—sixty-three of the people of Paris lay weltering in their gore!

"To arms, to arms! Vengeance for our brothers!" was now the terrible cry that burst from the infuriated populace. The congratulation—the illumination—all was lost in the wild wish for vengeance.

At eleven o'clock that night an immense multitude, composed chiefly of

workmen from the faubourgs, was coming down the Boulevard des Capucines. It was the largest and most regular throng yet seen. In front marched a platoon of men bearing torches and waving tri-color flags. Immediately behind walked an officer in the full uniform of the National Guard, with a drawn sword in his hand, whose slightest command was implicitly observed. Next came a tumbrel bearing the naked corpses of the slain, whose faces, mutilated by their wounds and disfigured by blood, glared horribly up, with open eyes, in the red torchlight that flared in the night blast around! Behind this awful display marched a dense mass of National Guards, succeeded by a countless mass of the people armed with guns, swords, clubs and bars of iron, chanting forth in full chorus, not the inspiring Marseillaise or the Parisienne, but in awful concert sending upon the night air the deep and dreadful notes of the death-hymn of the Girondins, "Mourir pour la Patrie," intermingled with yells for vengeance.

Down the boulevards approach the multitude—more distinct becomes the dirge—more redly glare the torches—and, amid all, more deeply rumble the wheels of the death-cart on the pavement!

The funeral column reaches the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Lepelletier—the death-hymn rises to a yell of fury—the officer of the National Guard turns the head of the column to the right—before it is an edifice conspicuous by its illumination of huge and blood-red lamps—it is the office of "Le National"—the crowd halts—one long loud shriek of "Vengeance!" goes up—it is succeeded by the thrilling notes of the Marseillaise from ten thousand lips, and "Marrast! Marrast!" is the shout that follows.

The windows of the front office were thrown up, and the editor, surrounded by friends, appeared. His speech was brief but fervid. He exhorted the people to be firm—to secure their rights beyond recall—and promised them ample retribution for past wrongs and security for future rights.

M. Garnier Pages, who stood at the side of Marrast, next addressed the people in the same strain, amid thunders of applause.

Making a detour to the office of "Le Réforme," the multitude were addressed by M. Flocon, its editor; then, proceeding to the Place de la Bastille, the corpses were deposited at the foot of the Column of July, and the crowd dispersed.

The night that succeeded was an awful one. The streets, which an hour before blazed with the illumination, were dark. Barricades rose in every direction. At every corner shopmen, workmen, women, clerks and children were at work. The crash of falling trees, the clank of the lever and the pickaxe, the rattle of paving stones—these were the significant sounds that broke the stillness. Every tree on the whole line of the Boulevard was felled and every lamp-post overthrown; a barricade of immense strength rose at the end of the Rue Richelieu; the troops offered no resistance; they piled their arms, lighted their fires and bivouacked close beside the barricades. At the Hôtel de Ville the troops of the Line and the Chasseurs d'Afrique quietly ate

their suppers, smoked their pipes and laid themselves down to sleep. On the Boulevard des Italiens appeared three regiments of the Line, a battalion of National Guards, a regiment of cuirassiers, and three field-pieces, with their caissons of ammunition. The horses were unharnessed by the people, the caissons opened, the ammunition distributed and the guns dragged off. The troops, guards and cuirassiers fraternized.

Crossing the Alps

BONAPARTE, as First Consul of France, understood very well that, born of war, he could exist only by war. He seemed to foresee that a poet would arise and call him "The Giant of War." It was the year 1800.

But war—what war? Where should he wage it? An article of the constitution of the year VIII. forbade the First Consul to command the armies in person, or to leave France.

In all constitutions there is inevitably some absurd provision. Happy the constitutions that have but one! The First Consul found a means to evade this particular absurdity.

He established a camp at Dijon. The army which occupied this camp was called the Army of the Reserves. The force withdrawn from Brittany and the Vendée, some thirty thousand men in all, formed the nucleus of this army. Twenty thousand conscripts were incorporated in it; General Berthier was appointed commander-in-chief. He expected to recover Italy by a single battle, but that battle must be a great victory.

Moreau, as a reward for his co-operation on the 18th Brumaire, received the command he had so much desired. He was made commander-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine, with eighty thousand men under him. Augereau, with twenty-five thousand more, was on the Dutch frontier. And Masséna, commanding the Army of Italy, had withdrawn to the country about Genoa, where he was tenaciously maintaining himself against the land forces of the Austrian General Ott, and the British fleet under Admiral Keith.

While the latter movements were taking place in Italy, Moreau had assumed the offensive on the Rhine, and defeated the enemy at Stockach and Moeskirch. A single victory was to furnish an excuse to put the Army of Reserves under waiting orders. Two victories would leave no doubt as to the necessity of co-operation. Only, how was this army to be transported to Italy?

Bonaparte's first thought was to march up the Valais and to cross the Simplon. He would thus turn Piedmont and enter Milan. But the operation was a long one, and must be done overtly. Bonaparte renounced it. His plan was to surprise the Austrians and to appear with his whole army on the plains of Piedmont before it was even suspected that he had crossed the Alps. He therefore decided to make the passage of the Great Saint-Bernard. It was for this purpose that he had sent

the fifty thousand francs to the monks whose monastery crowns that mountain. Another fifty thousand had been sent since, which had reached their destination safely. By the help of this money the monastery was to be amply provisioned for an army of fifty thousand men halting there for a day.

Consequently, toward the end of April the whole of the artillery was advanced to Lauzanne, Villeneuve, Martigny, and Saint-Pierre. General Marmont, commanding the artillery, had already been sent forward to find a means of transporting cannon over the Alps. It was almost an impracticable thing to do; and yet it must be achieved. No precedent existed as a guide. Hannibal with his elephants, Numidians, and Gauls; Charlemagne with his Franks, had no such obstacles to surmount.

During the campaign in Italy in 1796, the army had not crossed the Alps, but turned them, descending from Nice to Cerasco by the Corniche road. This time a truly titanic work was undertaken.

In the first place, was the mountain unoccupied? The mountain without the Austrians was in itself difficult enough to conquer! Lannes was despatched like a forlorn hope with a whole division. He crossed the peak of the Saint-Bernard without baggage or artillery, and took possession of Châtillon. The Austrians had left no troops in Piedmont, except the cavalry in barracks and a few posts of observation. There were no obstacles to contend with except those of nature. Operations were begun at once.

Sledges had been made to transport the guns; but narrow as they might be, they were still too wide for the road. Some other means must be devised. The trunks of pines were hollowed and the guns inserted. At one end was a rope to pull them, at the other a tiller to guide them. Twenty grenadiers took the cables. Twenty others carried the baggage of those who drew them. An artilleryman commanded each detachment with absolute power, if need be, over life and death. The iron mass in such a case was far more precious than the flesh of men.

Before leaving each man received a pair of new shoes and twenty biscuits. Each put on his shoes and hung his biscuits around his neck. The First Consul, stationed at the foot of the mountain, gave to each cannon detachment the word to start.

A man must traverse the same roads as a tourist, on foot or on mule-back, he must plunge his eye to the depth of the precipice, before he can have any idea of what this crossing was. Up, always up those beetling slopes, by narrow paths, on jagged stones, which cut the shoes first, the feet next!

From time to time they stopped, drew breath, and then on again without a murmur. The ice-belt was reached. Before attempting it the men received new shoes; those of the morning were in shreds. A biscuit was eaten, a drop of brandy from the canteen was swallowed, and on they went. No man knew whither he was climbing. Some asked how many more days it would take; others if they might stop for a moment at the moon. At last they came to the eternal snows. There the toil was less severe. The gun-logs slid upon the snow, and they went faster.

One fact will show the measure of

power given to the artilleryman who commanded each gun.

General Chamberlhac was passing. He thought the advance not fast enough. Wishing to hasten it he spoke to an artilleryman in a tone of command.

"You are not in command here," replied the man; "I am. I am responsible for the gun; I direct its march. Pass on."

The general approached the artilleryman as if to take him by the throat. But the man stepped back, saying: "General, don't touch me, or I will send you to the bottom of that precipice with a blow of this tiller."

After unheard-of toil they reached the foot of the last rise, at the summit of which stands the convent. There they found traces of Lannes' division. As the slope was very steep, the soldiers had cut a sort of stairway in the ice. The men now scaled it. The fathers of Saint-Bernard were awaiting them on the summit. As each gun came up the men were taken by squads into the hospice. Tables were set along the passage with bread and Gruyère cheese and wine.

When the soldiers left the convent they pressed the hands of the monks and embraced the dogs.

The descent at first seemed easier than the ascent, and the officers declared it was their turn to drag the guns. But now the cannon outstripped the teams, and some were dragged down faster than they wished. General Lannes and his division were still in the advance. He had reached the valley before the rest of the army, entered the Aosta, and received his orders to march upon Ivrea, at the entrance to the plains of Piedmont. There, however, he encountered an obstacle which no one had foreseen.

The fortress of Bard is situated about twenty-four miles from Aosta. On the road to Ivrea, a little behind the village, a small hill closes the valley almost hermetically. The river Dora flows between this hill and the mountain on the right. The river, or rather, the torrent, fills the whole space. The mountain on the left presents very much the same aspect; only, instead of the river, it is the highroad which passes between the hill and the mountain. It is there that the fortress of Bard stands. It is built on the summit of the hill, and extends down one side of it to the highroad.

How was it that no one had thought of this obstacle which was wellnigh insurmountable? There was no way to assault it from the bottom of the valley, and it was impossible to scale the rocks above it.

Yet, by dint of searching, they did find a path that they were able to level sufficiently for the cavalry and the infantry to pass; but they tried in vain to get the artillery over it, although they took the guns apart as at the Mont Saint-Bernard.

Bonaparte ordered two cannon levelled on the road, and opened fire on the fortress; but it was soon evident that these guns made no effect. Moreover, a cannon ball from the fortress struck one of the two cannon and shattered it. The First Consul then ordered an assault by storm.

Columns formed in the village, and armed with ladders dashed up at a run and reached the fortress at several points; but to insure, success, not only

celerity, but silence was needed. It ought to have been a surprise; but Colonel Dufour, who commanded one column, ordered the advance to be sounded, and marched boldly to the assault. The column was repulsed, and the colonel received a ball through his body.

Then a company of picked marksmen were chosen. They were supplied with provisions and cartridges, and crept between the rocks until they reached a ledge, from which they commanded the fort. From this ledge they discovered another, not quite so high, but which also overlooked the fort. To this they contrived, with extreme difficulty, to hoist two guns, with which they formed a battery. These two pieces on one side, and the sharpshooters on the other, began to make the enemy uneasy.

In the meantime, General Marmont proposed a plan to the First Consul, so bold that the enemy could not suspect it. It was nothing less than to move the artillery along the highroad, notwithstanding that the enemy could rake it.

Manure and wool from the mattresses were found in the villages and were spread upon the road. The wheels and chains, and all the jingling portions of the gun-carriages were swathed in hay. The horses belonging to the guns and caissons were taken out, and fifty men supplied their places. This latter precaution had two advantages: first, the horses might neigh, while the men had every interest in keeping dead silence; secondly, a dead horse will stop a whole convoy, whereas a dead man, not being fastened to the traces can be pushed aside and his place taken without even stopping the march. An officer and a subordinate officer of the artillery were placed in charge of each carriage or caisson, with the promise of six hundred francs for the transport of each gun or wagon beyond the range of the fort.

General Marmont, who had proposed the plan, superintended the first operation himself. Happily, a storm prevailed and made the night extremely dark. The first six cannon and the first six caissons passed without a single shot from the fortress. The men returned, picking their steps silently, one after another, in single file; but this time the enemy must have heard some noise, and, wishing to know the cause, threw hand-grenades. Fortunately, they fell beyond the road.

Why should these men, who had once passed, return? Merely to get their muskets and knapsacks. This might have been avoided had they been stowed on the caissons; but no one can think of everything, and, as it happened, no one in the fort at Bard had thought at all.

As soon as the possibility of the passage was demonstrated, the transport of the artillery became a duty like any other; only, now that the enemy were warned, it was more dangerous. The fort resembled a volcano with its belching flames and smoke; but, owing to the vertical direction in which it was forced to fire, it made more noise than it did harm. Five or six men were killed to each wagon; that is to say, a tenth of each fifty; but the cannon once safely past, the fate of the campaign was secure.

Later it was discovered that the pass of the Little Saint-Bernard would have

been practicable, and that the whole artillery could have crossed it without dismounting a gun or losing a man. It is true, however, that the feat would have been less glorious because less difficult.

The army was now in the fertile plains of Piedmont. It was reinforced on the Ticino by a corps of twelve thousand men detached from the Army of the Rhine by Moreau, who, after the two victories he had just won, could afford to lend this contingent to the Army of Italy. He had sent them by the Saint-Gothard. Thus strengthened, the First Consul entered Milan without striking a blow.

By the bye, how came the First Consul, who, according to a provision of the constitution of the year VIII., could not assume command of the army, nor yet leave France, to be where he was? We shall now tell you.

The evening before the day on which he left Paris—that is to say, the 15th of May, or, according to the calendars of the time, the 15th Floréal—he had sent for the two other consuls and all the ministers, saying to Lucien: "Prepare a circular letter to the prefects to-morrow." Then he said to Fouché: "You will publish the circular in all the newspapers. You are to say that I have left for Dijon to inspect the Army of the Reserves. Add, but without affirming it positively, that I may go as far as Geneva. In any case, let it be well impressed on every one that I shall not be absent more than a fortnight. If anything unusual happens I shall return like a thunderclap. I commend to your keeping all the great interests of France; and I hope you will soon hear of me by way of Vienna and London."

On the 6th he started. From that moment his strong determination was to make his way to the plains of Piedmont, and there to fight a decisive battle. Then, as he never doubted that he would conquer, he would answer, like Scipio, to those who accused him of violating the constitution: "On such a day, at such an hour, I fought the Carthaginians; let us go to the capitol, and render thanks to the gods."

Battle of Langensalza

The Hanoverian army, drawn from all parts of the kingdom, was assembled round the king at Göttingen.

Among others the regiment of the Queen's Hussars, commanded by Colonel Hallelt, had remained thirty-six hours on horseback, and had been marching for thirty-six hours.

The king was lodged at the Crown Inn. This inn was on the line of march, and as each regiment of cavalry or infantry arrived, the king, warned by the music, went to the balcony and passed it in review. They filed one after another past the inn, flowers on their helmets, and cries of enthusiasm on their lips. Göttingen, the town of study, shuddered every instant, roused by the cheering warriors.

All the old soldiers on leave, whom there had not been time to recall,

came of their own accord to rejoin their flag. All of them felt joyously, bringing with them from their villages and all along their routes a large number of recruits. Lads of fifteen gave their ages as sixteen in order to be enlisted.

On the third day they started. During this time the Prussians, on their side, had manœuvred. General Manteuffel from Hamburg, General von Rabenhorst from Minden, and General Beyer from Wetzler, were approaching Göttingen and enclosing the Hanoverian army in a triangle.

The simplest rules of strategy prescribed the union of the Hanoverian army, sixteen thousand strong, with the Bavarian, eighty thousand strong. The king, in consequence, had sent out couriers to Charles of Bavaria, brother of the old King Louis, who ought to have been in the valley of the Werra, to warn him, in entering Prussia and crossing Mulhausen, that he should proceed towards Eisenach. He added that he was followed closely by three or four Prussian regiments, who, united, woud make twenty or twenty-five thousand men.

They arrived at Eisenach, by way of Verkirchen. Eisenach, defended by only two Prussian battalions, was about to be carried at the point of the bayonet, when a courier arrived from the Duke of Gotha, on whose territory they were, bringing a dispatch from the duke.

The dispatch announced that an armistice was arranged. The duke, in consequence, summoned the Hanoverians to retire. Unfortunately, as it came from a prince, the message was received without suspicion. The vanguard halted and took up its quarters where it was.

Next day, Eisenach was occupied by a regiment of the Prussian army. A great deal of time and many men had been lost in taking Eisenach, a useless manœuvre: and they resolved to leave Eisenach on the right and to proceed to Gotha. In order to put this project into execution, the army concentrated on Langensalza.

In the morning the king left, having on his left Major Schweppe, who held the sovereign's horse by invisible reins. The Prince Royal was on his right, having with him Count Platen, the first minister, and in the various uniforms of their regiments or of their calling, Count Wedel, Major von Kohlrausch, Herr von Klenck, Captain von Einem, various cuirassiers of the guard, and Herr Meding. The cortège left Langensalza very early, and went to Thannesbruck.

The army had left its cantonments in order to proceed to Gotha: but at ten in the morning, the vanguard, as it arrived on the banks of the Unstrut, was attacked by two Prussian regiments, commanded by the Generals Flies and Seckendorff. They were able to mount nearly a thousand men, both troops of the guard and *landwehr*.

Among these regiments of the guard was that of Queen Augusta, one of the élite. The rapidity of the Prussian fire showed at once that they must be armed, at least the greater part of them, with quick-firing rifles.

The king put his horse to the gallop in order to arrive as soon as possible on the spot where the battle had begun. The little village of Merscle-

ben was on a hill to the left: behind the village, on higher ground than the Prussian artillery posts, they placed four batteries, which at once opened fire.

The king desired to be informed of the disposition of the field. In front of him, running to the right and left was the Unstrut and its marshes; then a great thicket, or rather, a wood called Badenwaeldschen; and behind the Unstrut, upon the steep slope of the mountain, the Prussian masses advancing, preceded by formidable artillery, which fired as it came.

"Is there a higher point whence I can direct the battle?" asked the king.

"There is a hill half a kilometre from the Unstrut, but it is under the fire of the enemy."

"That is the place for me," said the king. "Come, gentlemen."

The king put his horse to the gallop and posted himself on the top of the little hill. His horse was the only white one, and served as a target for bullets and balls. The king wore his uniform as general of the forces, blue turned up with red; the prince his uniform of the hussars of the guard.

Battle was joined. The Prussians had driven back the Hanoverian outposts, who had recrossed the river, and a hot cannonade was exchanged between the Hanoverian artillery before Merscleben, and Prussians on the other side of the Unstrut.

The king had been recognized, the bullets whistled around him and even between his horse's legs.

"Sire," said Major Schweppe, "perhaps it would be well to seek a place a little further from the field of battle."

"Why so?" asked the king.

"The bullets may reach Your Majesty!"

"What does it matter! Am I not in the hands of the Lord?"

The prince came up to his father.

"Sire," said he, "the Prussians are advancing by great masses towards Unstrut, despite our fire."

"What are the infantry doing?"

"They are marching to take the offensive."

"And—they march well?"

"As on parade, sire."

"The Hanoverian troops were once excellent troops; in Spain they held the élite of the French troops in check. To-day, when they fight before their king they will prove worthy of themselves, I trust."

And, in fact, all the Hanoverian infantry, formed in column, advanced with the calm of veterans under the fire of the Prussian batteries. After having been a moment astounded at the hail of bullets which the muskets rained upon them, they continued their march, crossed the marshes of Unstrut, took the thicket of Badenwaeldschen by bayonet and struggled hand to hand with the enemy.

For a moment smoke and the unevenness of the ground hid the general aspect of the battle. Then the Prussians attacked.

"Einem! Einem!" cried the king, "haste, order the cavalry to charge."

The captain hastened. He was a giant of over six feet, the most vigorous and handsomest man in the army. He put his horse to the gallop, crying, "Hurrah!" A minute afterwards, a sound like a hurricane was heard. It was the cuirassiers of the guard charging.

It would be impossible to describe the enthusiasm of the men as they passed the base of the hill, where stood the heroic king who wished to be at the most dangerous post. Cries of "Long live the king! long live George V! long live Hanover!" made the air tremble as in a tempest. The horses tore up the earth like an earthquake.

Seeing the storm which was bursting upon them, the Prussians formed into squares. The first which encountered the Hanoverian cavalry disappeared under their horses' feet; then, whilst the infantry fired in their faces, the cuirassiers took the Prussian army on the flank, which, after a desperate struggle, tried to retreat in order, but, ferociously pursued, found themselves routed.

The prince followed these movements with an excellent pair of field glasses and described everything to the king, his father. But soon his glasses followed only a group of fifty men, at the head of whom was Captain Einem, whom he recognized by his great stature. The squadron passed on by Nagelstadt and proceeded towards the last Prussian battery which still held out. The battery fired on the squadron from a distance of thirty yards. Everything vanished in the smoke. Twelve or fifteen men alone remained; Captain Einem was lying under his horse.

"Oh! poor Einem!" cried the prince.

"What has happened to him?" asked the king.

"I think he is dead," said the young man; "but no, he is not dead. He is only wounded. He is not even wounded! Oh, father, father! There are only seven left out of fifty; only one artilleryman is left; he is aiming at Einem, he is firing. . . . Oh, father! you are losing a brave officer, and King William a brave soldier; the artilleryman has killed Einem with a shot from his carbine.

The Prussian army was in full flight, the victory was with the Hanoverians! . . .

The Prussians retired to Gotha. The rapidity of the march to the field of battle had so fatigued the Hanoverian cavalry that they could not pursue the fugitives. In this respect the advantages of the battle were lost.

The results were: Eight hundred prisoners, two thousand dead or wounded, two cannon taken.

The king rode round the field of battle to complete his task by showing himself to the unhappy wounded.

The prince was searching among the killed and wounded officers of the cuirassiers.

"Pardon, monseigneur," said an officer, "you are looking for the brave Captain Einem, are you not?"

"Yes," said the prince.

"There, monseigneur, there, on your left, in the midst of the heap of dead."

"Oh," said the prince, "I saw him doing miracles."

"Can you believe that after he was drawn from under his horse, he stabbed six with his sabre? Then he was hit for the first time and fell. They thought he was dead, and threw themselves upon him. He raised himself on one knee and killed two, who cried to him to surrender. Then he stood upright and it was at that moment that the last surviving artilleryman sent a ball into his forehead, which killed him!"

I. *Diana de Meridor*

In the house of Baron de Monsoreau in Paris, de Bussy, chevalier of the Duke of Anjou and first swordsman of France had hid himself by order of his patron but also by order of his own heart which longed to discover whether the beautiful apparition he had once seen there possessed reality.

The room had become a greater chamber of mystery for a fair personage had entered, and discovered him.

It was the lovely Diana de Meridor, daughter of one of the most famous houses of Anjou.

The chevalier bowed and revealed himself. Diana beamed with joy at hearing the valiant name.

Bussy looked at Diana with astonishment and admiration; he had not dared to hope that the woman whom he had sought for would equal the woman of his dream, and now the reality surpassed all that he had taken for a caprice of his imagination. Diana was about nineteen, that is to say, in the first éclât of that youth and beauty which gives the purest coloring to the flower, the finest flavor to the fruit. There was no mistaking the looks of Bussy, Diana felt herself admired. At last she broke the silence.

"Monsieur," said she, "how have you come here?"

"Madame, the cause of my presence here will come naturally out of your recital."

"I will tell you, monsieur; your name is sufficient to inspire me with full confidence, for I have always heard of it as that of a man of honour, loyalty, and courage."

Bussy bowed, and Diana went on:

"I am the daughter of the Baron de Meridor—that is to say, the only heiress of one of the noblest and oldest names in Anjou."

"There was," said Bussy, "a Baron de Meridor, who, although he could have saved himself, came voluntarily and gave up his sword at the battle of Pavia, when he heard that the king was a prisoner, and begged to accompany Francis to Madrid, partook his captivity, and only quitted him to come to France and negotiate his ransom."

"It was my father, monsieur, and if ever you enter the great hall of the Chateau de Meridor, you will see, given in memory of this devotion, the portrait of Francis I., painted by Leonardo da Vinci."——"Ah!" said Bussy, "in those times kings knew how to recompense their followers."

"On his return from Spain my father married. His two first children, sons, died. This was a great grief to the Baron de Meridor. When the king died, my father quitted the court, and shut himself up with his wife in the Chateau de Meridor. It was there that I was born, ten years after the death of my brothers.

"Then all the love of the baron was concentrated on the child of his old age; his love for me was idolatry. Three years after my birth I lost my mother, and, too young to feel my loss, my smiles helped to console my father. As I was all to him, so was he also all to me. I attained my sixteenth year without dreaming of any other world than that of my sheep, my peacocks,

my swans, and my doves, without imagining that this life would change, or wishing that it should.

"The castle of Meridor was surrounded by vast forests, belonging to the Duc d'Anjou; they were filled with deer and stags, whom no one thought of tormenting, and who had grown quite familiar to me; some of them would even come when I called them, and one, a doe, my favorite Daphne, my poor Daphne, would come and eat out of my hand.

"One spring I had missed her for a month, and was ready to weep for her as for a friend, when she reappeared with two little fawns. At first they were afraid of me, but seeing their mother caress me, they soon learned to do the same.

"About this time we heard that the Duc d'Anjou had sent a governor into the province, and that he was called the Comte de Monsoreau. A week passed, during which every one spoke of the new governor. One morning the woods resounded with the sound of the horn, and the barking of dogs. I ran to the park, and arrived just in time to see Daphne, followed by her two fawns, pass like lightning, pursued by a pack of hounds. An instant after, mounted on a black horse, M. de Monsoreau flew past me.

"I cried out and implored pity for my poor protégée, but he did not hear me. Then I ran after him, hoping to meet either the count or some of his suite, and determined to implore them to stop this chase, which pierced my heart. I ran for some time without knowing where, for I had lost sight of both dogs and hunters.

"Soon I could not even hear them, so I sat down at the foot of a tree, and began to cry. I had been there about a quarter of an hour when I heard the chase again. The noise came nearer and nearer, and, darting forward, I saw my poor Daphne again; she had but one fawn with her now, the other had given way through fatigue. She herself was growing visibly tired, and the distance between her and the hounds was less than when I saw her first.

"As before, I exerted myself in vain to make myself heard. M. de Monsoreau saw nothing but the animal he was chasing; he passed more quickly than ever, with his horn to his mouth, which he was sounding loudly. Behind him, two or three hunters animated the dogs with horn and voice. All passed me like a tempest, and disappeared in the forest. I was in despair, but I ran on once more, and followed a path which I knew led to the castle of Beauge, belonging to the Duc d'Anjou, and which was about six miles from the castle of Meridor. It was not till I arrived there that I remembered that I was alone, and far from home.

"I confess that a vague terror seized me, and that then only I thought of the imprudence and folly of my conduct. I followed the border of the lake, intending to ask the gardener (who, when I had come there with my father, had often given me bouquets) to take me home, when all at once I heard the sound of the chase again. I remained motionless, listening, and I forgot all else. Nearly at the same moment the doe reappeared, coming out of the wood on the other side of the lake, but pursued so closely that she must be taken immediately. She was alone, her second fawn had fallen, but the sight of

the water seemed to reanimate her, and she plunged in as if she would have come to me. At first she swam rapidly, and I looked at her with tears in my eyes, and almost as breathless as herself; insensibly her strength failed her, while the dogs seemed to grow more and more earnest in their pursuit. Soon some of them reached her, and, stopped by their bites, she ceased to advance. At this moment, M. de Monsoreau appeared at the border of the lake, and jumped off his horse. Then I collected all my strength to cry for pity, with clasped hands. It seemed to me that he saw me, and I cried again. He heard me, for he looked at me; then he ran toward a boat, entered it, and advanced rapidly toward the animal, who was fighting among the dogs. I did not doubt that, moved by my voice, he was hastening to bring her succor, when all at once I saw him draw his hunting knife, and plunge it into the neck of the poor animal. The blood flowed out, reddening the water of the lake, while the poor doe uttered a doleful cry, beat the water with her feet, reared up, and then fell back dead.

"I uttered a cry almost as doleful as hers, and fell fainting on the bank. When I came to myself again, I was in bed, in a room of the chateau of Beauge, and my father, who had been sent for, standing by me. As it was nothing but overexcitement, the next morning I was able to return home; although I suffered for three or four days. Then my father told me that M. de Monsoreau, who had seen me, when I was carried to the castle, had come to ask after me; he had been much grieved when he heard that he had been the involuntary cause of my accident, and begged to present his excuses to me, saying that he could not be happy until he had his pardon from my own lips.

"It would have been ridiculous to refuse to see him, so, in spite of my repugnance, I granted his request. He came the next day; I felt that my behavior must have seemed strange, and I excused it on the ground of my affection for Daphne. The count swore twenty times that had he known I had any interest in his victim, he would have spared her with pleasure; but his protestations did not convince me, nor remove the unfavorable impression I had formed of him. When he took leave, he asked my father's permission to come again. He had been born in Spain and educated at Madrid, and it was an attraction for my father to talk over the place where he had been so long a prisoner. Besides, the count was of good family, deputy-governor of the province, and a favorite, it was said, of the Duc d'Anjou; my father had no motive for refusing his request, and it was granted. Alas! from this moment ceased, if not my happiness, at least my tranquillity. I soon perceived the impression I had made on the count; he began to come every day, and was full of attentions to my father, who showed the pleasure he took in his conversation, which was certainly that of a clever man."

Diana paused, gasped and said, "This letter will explain what followed after my father went on a journey."

Bussy took the letter, and read:

"My beloved Diana—As I do not doubt that, yielding to my prayer, you have obeyed the Comte de Monsoreau. He must have told you that you had

the misfortune to please M. le Duc d'Anjou, and that it was this prince who had you forcibly carried away and taken to the castle of Beauge; judge by this violence of what the prince is capable, and with what you were menaced. Your dishonor I could not survive; but there is a means of escape—that of marrying our noble friend. Once Countess of Monsoreau, the count could protect his wife. My desire is, then, my darling daughter, that this marriage should take place as soon as possible, and if you consent I give you my paternal benediction, and pray God to bestow upon you every treasure of happiness.

"Your father, who does not order, but entreats, "Baron de Meridor."

"You know now why it is I fled to Paris, with whom, and why you find me in the house of Baron Monsoreau," said Diana.

"Continue," said Bussy, anger almost producing frenzy in his nature.

"Well," continued Diana, "one evening five men came out of the Rue St. Antoine, and hid themselves by the Hotel des Tournelles. We began to tremble; were they there for us? However, they remained quiet, and a quarter of an hour passed; then we saw two other men approach. By the moonlight Gertrude, my maid, recognized Aurilly, agent of the Duc d'Anjou. 'Alas! mademoiselle; it is they,' cried she. 'Yes,' cried I, trembling, 'and the five others are to help them.' 'But they must force the door,' said Gertrude, 'perhaps the neighbors will come and help us.' 'Oh! no, they do not know us, and they will not fight against the duke. Alas! Gertrude, I fear we have no real defender but the count.' 'Well! then, why do you always refuse to marry him?' I sighed.

"The two men approached the window. We gently opened it a little way, and heard one say, 'Are you sure it is here?' 'Yes, monseigneur, quite sure,' said the other. 'It is the fifth house from the corner of the Rue St. Paul.' 'And you are sure of the key?' 'I took the pattern of the lock.' I seized Gertrude's arm in terror. 'And once inside,' he went on, 'the servant will admit us; your highness has in your pocket a golden key as good as this one.' 'Open, then.' We heard the key turn in the lock, but all at once the ambushed men rushed forward, crying, 'A mort! à mort!' I could not understand this, only I saw that unexpected help had come to us, and I fell on my knees, thanking Heaven. But the prince had only to name himself when every sword went back into the scabbard, and every foot drew back."

"Yes, yes," said Bussy, "it was for me they came, not for the prince."

"However, this attack caused the prince to retire, and the five gentlemen went back to their hiding-place. It was evident that the danger was over for that night, but we were too unquiet to go to bed. Soon we saw a man on horseback appear, and then the five gentlemen immediately rushed on him. You know the rest, as the gentleman was yourself."

"On the contrary, madame, I know only that I fought and then fainted."

"It is useless to say," continued Diana, with a blush, "the interest that we took in the combat so unequal, but so valiantly sustained. Each blow drew from us a shudder, a cry, and a prayer.

We saw your horse fall, and we thought you lost, but it was not so; the brave Bussy merited his reputation. At last, surrounded, menaced on all sides, you retreated like a lion, facing your foes, and came to lean against our door; the same idea came to both of us, to go down and open to you, and we ran toward the staircase; but we had barricaded the door, and it took us some minutes to move the furniture, and as we arrived on the stairs, we heard the door shut. We stopped, and looked at each other, wondering who had entered. Soon we heard steps, and a man appeared, who tottered, threw up his arms, and fell on the first step. It was evident that he was not pursued, but had put the door, so luckily left open by the duke, between him and his adversaries. In any case we had nothing to fear; it was he who needed our help. Gertrude ran and fetched a lamp, and we found you had fainted, and carried you to the bed. Gertrude had heard of a wonderful cure made by a young doctor in the Rue Beautrellis, and she offered to go and fetch him. 'But,' said I, 'he might betray us.' 'I will take precautions,' said she. She took money and the key, and I remained alone near you, and—praying for you."

"Alas!" said Bussy, "I did not know all my happiness, madame."

"In a quarter of an hour Gertrude returned, bringing the young doctor with his eyes bandaged."

"Yes, it was at that moment I recovered my senses and saw your portrait, and thought I saw you enter," said Bussy.

"I did so; my anxiety was stronger than my prudence. The doctor examined your wound and answered for your life."

"All that remained in my mind," said Bussy, "like a dream, and yet something told me," added he, laying his hand upon his heart, "that it was real."

"When the surgeon had dressed your wound, he drew from his pocket a little bottle containing a red liquor, of which he put some drops on your lips. He told me it was to counteract the fever and produce sleep, and said that the only thing then was to keep you quiet. Gertrude then bandaged his eyes again and took him back to the Rue Beautrellis, but she fancied he counted the steps."

"He did so, madame."

"This supposition frightened us. We feared he would betray us, and we wished to get rid of every trace of the hospitality we had shown you. I gathered up my courage; it was two o'clock, and the streets were deserted; Gertrude was strong, and I aided her, and between us we carried you to the Temple. Luckily we met no one, but when we returned, I fainted with emotion."

"Oh! madame!" cried Bussy, "how can I ever repay you for what you have done for me?"

There was a moment's silence, and they heard the clock of St. Catherine's church strike. "Two o'clock," cried Diana, "and you here!"

"Oh! madame, do not send me away without telling me all. Suppose that God had given you a brother, and tell this brother what he can do for his sister."

"Alas! nothing now; it is too late."

"What happened the next day?" said Bussy; "what did you do on that day when I thought constantly of you, with-

out feeling sure if you were not a vision of my delirium?"

"During the day Gertrude went out, and met Aurilly. He was more pressing than ever. He said nothing of the night before, but asked for an interview for his master. Gertrude appeared to consent, but she asked until the Wednesday—that is to-day—to decide. Aurilly promised that his master would wait until then. That evening, M. de Monsoreau returned. We told him all, except about you.

" 'Yes,' said he, 'I heard of all this. Then he has a key.' 'Can we not change the lock?' 'He will get another key.' 'Put on bolts.' 'He will come with ten men and force the door.' 'But the event which was to give you full power over him?' 'Is postponed indefinitely.' I stood in despair. 'Monsieur,' said I, 'the duke has promised to wait till Wednesday; I ask you to wait till Tuesday.' 'Tuesday evening I will be here, madame,' and without another word he went out. I followed him with my eyes, but instead of going away, he stood in the corner by the Hotel des Tournelles, and seemed determined to watch me all night. Every proof of devotion he gave me was like a knife in my heart. The two days passed rapidly, but what I suffered it is impossible to describe. When Tuesday evening came, I felt exhausted, and all emotion seemed dead within me.

"Gertrude went to the window. 'Madame,' cried she, 'four men! I see four men! They approach, they open the door—they enter! It is, doubtless, the duke and his followers.' For an answer, I drew my poniard, and placed it near me on the table. 'See,' said I. An instant after, Gertrude returned. 'It is the count,' said she. He entered. 'Gertrude tells me,' said he, 'that you took me for the duke, and were ready to kill yourself.' It was the first time I had ever seen him moved. 'Gertrude was wrong to tell you,' said I. 'You know that I am not alone.' 'Gertrude saw four men.' 'You know who they are?' 'I presume one is a priest, and the others witnesses.' 'Then, you are ready to become my wife?' 'It was so agreed; only I stipulated that, except in an urgent case, I would only marry you in the presence of my father.' 'I remember; but do you not think the case urgent?' ' Yes, and the priest may marry us, but, until I have seen my father, I will be your wife only in name.'

"The count frowned, and bit his lips.

" 'I do not wish to coerce you,' said he; 'you are free; but look here.' I went to the window, and saw a man wrapped in a cloak, who seemed trying to get into the house."

"Oh! mon Dieu!" cried Bussy; "and this was yesterday?"

"Yes, about nine o'clock. Presently, another man, with a lantern, joined him. I thought it was the duke and his followers.

" 'Now,' said M. de Monsoreau, 'shall I go or stay?' I hesitated a moment, in spite of my father's letter and of my given word, but those two men there—"

"Oh! unhappy that I am," cried Bussy, "it was I and Remy, the young doctor."

"You!" cried Diana.

"Yes, I; I, who, more and more convinced of the reality of my dream, sought for the house where I had been, and the woman, or rather angel, who had appeared to me. Oh! I am unfor-

tunate. Then," continued he, after a pause, "you are his wife?"

"Since yesterday."

There was a fresh silence.

"But," said Diana at last, "how did you enter this house?"

Bussy silently showed his key.

"A key! where did you get it?"

"Had not Gertrude promised the prince to enter to-night? He had seen M. de Monsoreau here, and also myself, and fearing a snare, sent me to find out."

"And you accepted this mission?"

"It was my only method of penetrating to you. Will you reproach me for having sought at once the greatest joy and the greatest grief of my life?"

"Yes, for it is better that you should see me no more, and forget me."

"No, madame; God has brought me to you, to deliver you from the toils in which your enemies have taken you. I vow my life to you. Only think of him who henceforth will live but for you."

"But this key?"

"This key I restore to you, for I will receive it only from your hands; but I pledge you my word as a gentleman, that never sister could trust in a brother more devoted and respectful."

"I trust to the word of the brave Bussy. Here, monsieur," and she gave back the key.

II. Assassination

A DUEL had been arranged between the followers of the King Henry II and those of the Duc d'Anjou.

Bussy, himself without disquietude or hesitation, had been received by Diana without fear, for she believed herself sure of the absence of M. de Monsoreau. Never had this beautiful woman been more beautiful, nor Bussy more happy. She was moved, however, by fears for the morrow's combat, now so near, and she repeated to him, again and again, the anxiety she felt about it, and questioned him as to the arrangements he had made for flight. To conquer was not all; there was afterward the king's anger to avoid, for it was not probable that he would ever pardon the death or defeat of his favorites.

"And then," said she, "are you not acknowledged to be the bravest man in France? Why make it a point of honor to augment your glory? You are already superior to other men, and you do not wish to please any other woman but me, Louis. Therefore, guard your life, or rather—for I think there is not a man in France capable of killing you, Louis—I should say, take care of wounds, for you may be wounded. Indeed, it was through a wound received in fighting with these same men that I first made your acquaintance."

"Make yourself easy," said Bussy, smiling; "I will take care of my face—I shall not be disfigured."

"Oh, take care of yourself altogether. Think of the grief you would experience if you saw me brought home wounded and bleeding, and that I should feel the same grief on seeing your blood. Be prudent, my too courageous hero—that is all I ask. Act like the Roman

of whom you read to me the other day: let your friends fight, aid the one who needs it most; but if three men—if two men attack you, fly; you can turn, like Horatius, and kill them one after another."

"Yes, my dear Diana."

"Oh, you reply without hearing me, Louis; you look at me, and do not listen."

"But I see you, and you are beautiful."

"Do not think of my beauty just now! Mon Dieu! it is your life I am speaking of. Stay, I will tell you something that will make you more prudent—I shall have the courage to witness this duel."

"You!"

"I shall be there."

"Impossible, Diana!"

"No; listen. There is, in the room next to this, a window looking into a little court, but with a side-view of the Tournelles."

"Yes, I remember—the window from which I threw crumbs to the birds the other day."

"From there I can have a view of the ground; therefore, above all things, take care to stand so that I can see you; you will know that I am there, but do not look at me, lest your enemy should profit by it."

"And kill me, while I had my eyes fixed upon you. If I had to choose my death, Diana, that is the one I should prefer."

"Yes; but now you are not to die, but live."

"And I will live; therefore tranquilize yourself, Diana. Besides, I am well seconded—you do not know my friends; Antragues uses his sword as well as I do, Ribeirac is so steady on the ground that his eyes and his arms alone seem to be alive, and Livarot is as active as a tiger. Believe me, Diana, I wish there were more danger, for there would be more honor."

"Well, I believe you, and I smile and hope; but listen, and promise to obey me."

"Yes, if you do not tell me to leave."

"It is just what I am about to do. I appeal to your reason."

"Then you should not have made me mad."

"No nonsense, but obedience—that is the way to prove your love."

"Order, then."

"Dear friend, you want a long sleep; go home."

"Not already."

"Yes, I am going to pray for you."

"Pray now, then."

As he spoke, a pane of the window flew into pieces, then the window itself, and three armed men appeared on the balcony, while a fourth was climbing over. This one had his face covered with a mask, and held in his right hand a sword, and in his left a pistol.

Bussy remained paralyzed for a moment by the dreadful cry uttered by Diana at this sight. The masked man made a sign, and the three others advanced. Bussy put Diana back, and drew his sword.

"Come, my brave fellows!" said a sepulchral voice from under the mask; "he is already half-dead with fear."

"You are wrong," said Bussy; "I never feel fear."

Diana drew near him.

"Go back, Diana," said he. But she threw herself on his neck. "You will

get me killed," said he; and she drew back.

"Ah!" said the masked man, "it is M. de Bussy, and I would not believe it, fool that I was! Really, what a good and excellent friend! He learns that the husband is absent, and has left his wife alone, and fears she may be afraid, so he comes to keep her company, although on the eve of a duel. I repeat, he is a good and excellent friend!"

"Ah! it is you, M. de Monsoreau!" said Bussy; "throw off your mask."

"I will," said he, doing so.

Diana uttered another cry; the comte was as pale as a corpse, but he smiled like a demon.

"Let us finish, monsieur," said Bussy; "it was very well for Homer's heroes, who were demigods, to talk before they fought; but I am a man—attack me, or let me pass."

Monsoreau replied by a laugh which made Diana shudder, but raised Bussy's anger.

"Let me pass!" cried he.

"Oh, oh!"

"Then, draw and have done; I wish to go home and I live far off."

During this time two other men mounted into the balcony.

"Two and four make six," said Bussy, "where are the others?"

"Waiting at the door."

Diana fell on her knees, and in spite of her efforts Bussy heard her sobs.

"My dear comte," said he, "you know I am a man of honor."

"Yes, you are, and madame is a faithful wife."

"Good, monsieur; you are severe, but, perhaps, it is deserved; only as I have a prior engagement with four gentlemen, I beg to be allowed to retire to-night, and I pledge my word you shall find me again, when and where you will."

Monsoreau shrugged his shoulders.

"I swear to you, monsieur," said Bussy, "that when I have satisfied MM. Quelus, Schomberg, D'Epernon, and Maugiron, I shall be at your service. If they kill me, your vengeance will be satisfied, and if not—"

Monsoreau turned to his men. "On, my brave fellows," said he.

"Oh!" said Bussy, "I was wrong; it is not a duel, but an assassination."

"Yes."

"We were each deceived with regard to the other; but remember, monsieur, that the Duc d'Anjou will avenge me."

"It was he who sent me."

Diana groaned.

Instantaneously Bussy overturned the prie-Dieu, drew a table toward him, and threw a chair over all, so that in a second he had formed a kind of rampart between himself and his enemies. This movement had been so rapid that the ball fired at him from the arquebuse only struck the prie-Dieu. Diana sobbed aloud. Bussy glanced at her, and then at his assailants, crying, "Come on, but take care, for my sword is sharp."

The men advanced, and one tried to seize the prie-Dieu, but before he reached it, Bussy's sword pierced his arm. The man uttered a cry, and fell back.

Bussy then heard rapid steps in the corridor, and thought he was surrounded. He flew to the door to lock it, but before he could reach it, it was opened, and two men rushed in.

"Ah! dear master!" cried a well-known voice, "are we in time?"

"Remy!"

"And I?" cried a second voice, "it seems they are attempting assassination here."

"St. Luc!" cried Bussy, joyfully. "Ah! M. de Monsoreau, I think now you will do well to let us pass, for if you do not, we will pass over you."

"Three more men," cried Monsoreau. And they saw three new assailants appear on the balcony.

"They are an army," cried St. Luc.

"Oh! God protect him!" cried Diana.

"Wretch!" cried Monsoreau, and he advanced to strike her. Bussy saw the movement. Agile as a tiger, he bounded on him, and touched him in the throat; but the distance was too great, it was only a scratch. Five or six men rushed on Bussy, but one fell beneath the sword of St. Luc.

"Remy!" cried Bussy, "carry away Diana."

Monsoreau uttered a yell and snatched a pistol from one of the men.

Remy hesitated. "But you?" said he.

"Away! away! I confide her to you."

"Come, madame," said Remy.

"Never! I will never leave him."

Remy seized her in his arms.

"Bussy, help me! Bussy!" cried Diana. For any one who separated her from Bussy seemed an enemy to her.

"Go," cried Bussy, "I will rejoin you."

At this moment Monsoreau fired, and Bussy saw Remy totter, and then fall, dragging Diana with him. Bussy uttered a cry, and turned.

"It is nothing, master," said Remy. "It was I who received the ball. She is safe."

As Bussy turned, three men threw themselves on him; St. Luc rushed forward, and one of them fell. The two others drew back.

"St. Luc," cried Bussy, "by her you love, save Diana."

"But you?"

"I am a man."

St. Luc rushed to Diana, seized her in his arms, and disappeared through the door.

"Here, my men, from the staircase," shouted Monsoreau.

"Ah! coward!" cried Bussy.

Monsoreau retreated behind his men. Bussy gave a back stroke and a thrust; with the first he cleft open a head, and with the second pierced a breast.

"That clears!" cried he.

"Fly, master!" cried Remy.

"Diana must save herself first," murmured he.

"Take care," cried Remy again, as four men rushed in through the door from the staircase. Bussy saw himself between two troops, but his only cry was, "Ah! Diana!"

Then, without losing a second, he rushed on the four men; and taken by surprise, two fell, one dead, one wounded.

Then, as Monsoreau advanced, he retreated again behind his rampart.

"Push the bolts, and turn the key," cried Monsoreau, "we have him now."

During this time, by a great effort, Remy had dragged himself before Bussy, and added his body to the rampart.

There was an instant's pause. Bussy looked around him. Seven men lay stretched on the ground, but nine remained. And seeing these nine swords, and hearing Monsoreau encouraging them, this brave man, who had never known fear, saw plainly before him the

image of death, beckoning him with its gloomy smile.

"I may kill five more," thought he, "but the other four will kill me. I have strength for ten minutes' more combat; in that ten minutes let me do what man never did before."

And rushing forward, he gave three thrusts, and three times he pierced the leather of a shoulder-belt, or the buff of a jacket, and three times a stream of blood followed.

During this time he had parried twenty blows with his left arm, and his cloak, which he had wrapped round it, was hacked to pieces.

The men changed their tactics; seeing two of their number fall and one retire, they renounced the sword, and some tried to strike with the butt ends of their muskets, while others fired at him with pistols. He avoided the balls by jumping from side to side, or by stooping; for he seemed not only to see, hear and act, but to divine every movement of his enemies, and appeared more than a man, or only man because he was mortal. Then he thought that to kill Monsoreau would be the best way to end the combat, and sought him with his eyes among his assailants, but he stood in the background, loading the pistols for his men. However, Bussy rushed forward, and found himself face to face with him. He, who held a loaded pistol, fired, and the ball, striking Bussy's sword, broke it off six inches from the handle.

"Disarmed!" cried Monsoreau.

Bussy drew back, picking up his broken blade, and in an instant it was fastened to the handle with a handkerchief; and the battle recommenced, presenting the extraordinary spectacle of a man almost without arms, but also almost without wounds, keeping six enemies at bay, and with ten corpses at his feet for a rampart. When the fight began again, Monsoreau commenced to draw away the bodies, lest Bussy should snatch a sword from one of them. Bussy was surrounded; the blade of his sword bent and shook in his hand, and fatigue began to render his arm heavy, when suddenly, one of the bodies raising itself, pushed a rapier into his hand. It was Remy's last act of devotion. Bussy uttered a cry of joy, and threw away his broken sword: at the same moment Monsoreau fired at Remy, and the ball entered his brain. This time he fell to rise no more.

Bussy uttered a cry. His strength seemed to return to him, and he whirled round his sword in a circle, cutting through a wrist at his right-hand, and laying open a cheek at his left. Exhausted by the effort, he let his right arm fall for a moment, while with his left he tried to undraw the bolts behind him. During this second, he received a ball in his thigh, and two swords touched his side. But he had unfastened the bolt and turned the key. Sublime with rage, he rushed on Monsoreau and wounded him in the breast.

"Ah!" cried Bussy, "I begin to think I shall escape."

The four men rushed on him, but they could not touch him, and were repulsed with blows. Monsoreau approached him twice more, and twice more was wounded. But three men seized hold of the handle of his sword, and tore it from him. He seized a stool of carved wood, and struck three blows with it, and knocked down two men; but it

broke on the shoulder of the third, who sent his dagger into Bussy's breast.

Bussy seized him by the wrist, forced the dagger from him, and stabbed him to the heart. The last man jumped out of the window. Bussy made two steps to follow him, but Monsoreau, raising himself from the floor, where he was lying, wounded him in the leg with his dagger. The young man seized a sword which lay near, and plunged it so vigorously into his breast, that he pinned him to the floor.

"Ah!" cried Bussy, "I do not know if I shall live, but at least I shall have seen you die!"

Bussy dragged himself to the corridor, his wounds bleeding fearfully. He threw a last glance behind him. The moon was shining brilliantly, and its light penetrated this room inundated with blood, and illuminated the walls pierced by balls, and hacked by blows, and lighted up the pale faces of the dead, which even then seemed to preserve the fierce look of assassins. Bussy, at the sight of this field of battle, peopled by him with slain, nearly dying as he was, experienced a feeling of pride. As he had intended, he had done what no man had done before him. There now remained to him only to fly.

But all was not over for the unfortunate young man. On arriving on the staircase, he saw arms shine in the courtyard; some one fired, and the ball pierced his shoulder. The court being guarded, he thought of the little window, where Diana had said she would sit to see the combat, and as quickly as he could he dragged himself there and locked the door behind him; then he mounted the window with great difficulty, and measured the distance with his eyes, wondering if he could jump to the other side.

"Oh, I shall never have the strength!" cried he.

But at that moment he heard steps coming up the staircase; it was the second troop mounting. He collected all his strength and made a spring; but his foot slipped, and he fell on the iron spikes, which caught his clothes, and he hung suspended.

He thought of his only friend.

"St. Luc!" cried he, "help! St. Luc!"

"Ah, it is you, M. de Bussy," answered a voice from behind some trees.

Bussy shuddered, for it was not the voice of St. Luc.

"St. Luc!" cried he again, "come to me! Diana is safe! I have killed Monsoreau!"

"Ah! Monsoreau is killed?" said the same voice.

"Yes." Then Bussy saw two men come out from behind the trees.

"Gentlemen!" cried he, "in Heaven's name, help an unfortunate nobleman, who may still escape if you aid him."

"What do you say, monseigneur?" said one.

"Imprudent!" said the other.

"Monseigneur," cried Bussy, who heard the conversation, "deliver me, and I will pardon you for betraying me."

"Do you hear?" said the duke.

"What do you order?"

"That you deliver him from his sufferings," answered he, with a kind of laugh.

Bussy turned his head to look at the man who laughed at such a time.

and at the same instant an arquebuse was discharged into his breast.

"Cursed assassin! oh, Diana!" murmured he, and fell back dead.

"Is he dead?" cried several men who, after forcing the door, appeared at the windows.

"Yes," said Aurilly. "But fly; remember that his highness the Duc d'Anjou was reputed the friend and protector of M. de Bussy."

The men instantly made off, and when the sound of their steps was lost, the duke said, "Now, Aurilly, go up into the room and throw out of the window the body of Monsoreau."

Aurilly obeyed, and the blood fell over the clothes of the duke, who, however, raised the coat of the dead man, and drew out the paper which he had signed.

"This is all I wanted," said he; "so now let us go."

"And Diana?"

"Ma foi!" he replied, "I care no more for her. Untie her and St. Luc, and let them go."

Aurilly disappeared.

"I shall not be king of France," murmured the duke, "but, at all events, I shall not be beheaded for high treason."

III. A Fruit, a Torch and a Bouquet

Stricken with grief, age, and infirmities, the father of Diana had gone to his rest. He did not know that his daughter had vowed that the blood of the Chevalier Bussy would be revenged to the full.

Time passed by but left unappeased the fierce fury of love's requital in the heart of Diana. It also restored his former passion to Anjou.

A row of elm-trees led to a large hedge of thorn, and to the wall of poplars which separated the pavilion of M. the Duke of Anjou from the rest of the royal park, and enveloped it in a curtain of verdure, in the midst of which, it disappeared entirely in the isolated corner of the grounds of the chateau. There were some fine sheets of water, sombre groves, intersected by sinuous paths and trees over the summits of which the moon shed cascades of silvery light, while, underneath, the shade was dark, opaque, and impenetrable.

To-day approaching this hedge Henri du Bouchage (peer of France) felt his heart failing him.

He had fallen madly in love with Diana de Monsoreau, whose beauty had entranced any chevalier who beheld her. He was in pursuit of Remy, the young doctor, friend of de Bussy, and his intimacy with Diana bit like a dagger into his jealous soul.

In fact, thus to yield to such rash indiscretions, was the action, not of a gentleman, but of a cowardly spy, of a jealous man, driven to extremities.

But when, on opening the gate which separated the great park from the little one, a man made a movement that showed his face, and as his face was really that of Remy, the count had no more scruples, and resolutely pushed forward at all hazards.

The door was again closed; Henri jumped over the fence and continued to follow the prince's two strange visitors, who hastened onward.

Besides, another cause of terror was now added.

The duke came out of the pavilion when he heard the gravel crushed under the footsteps of Remy and his companion. Henri threw himself behind the largest of the trees and waited.

He could see nothing, except that Remy saluted very low, that Remy's companion courtesied like a woman instead of bowing like a man, and that the duke, transported with delight, had offered his hand to the latter, as he would have done to a woman.

All three then turned towards the pavilion, disappeared under the vestibule, the door of which was closed behind them.

"I must finish with it," said Henri, "and adopt a more convenient place, where, without being seen, I can note every gesture."

He decided in favor of a clump of trees, situated between the pavilion and the espaliers, and in the centre of which spouted a fountain, an impenetrable hiding-place, for it was not at night, with the freshness and humidity naturally arising from the fountain, that the prince would seek the water and the groves.

Concealed behind the statue that surmounted the fountain, Henri could see what took place in the pavilion, whose principal window was wide open before him.

As no one could, or rather would penetrate so far, no precaution had been taken. A table was laid, served with luxury and loaded with precious wines enclosed in Venetian bottles.

Two seats only at this table awaited two guests.

The duke approached one, and leaving the arm of Remy's companion, and indicating to her the other seat, he seemed to invite her to take off her cloak, which, very convenient for a nocturnal journey, became very inconvenient when they had reached the end of this journey, and when this end was a supper.

The person to whom the invitation was made threw her cloak on a chair, and the light of the torches illuminated the pale and majestically beautiful countenance of a woman, whom the astonished eyes of Henri immediately recognized.

It was the lady of the mysterious house; it was that Diana, in fact, whose glances were as mortal as the thrust of a dagger. Du Bouchage was enraptured.

This time she wore the dress of her sex, and was clad in a brocaded robe; diamonds sparkled on her neck, in her hair, and on her wrists.

Under these ornaments, the pallor of her features was more perceptible, and without the light that sparkled in her eyes one might have fancied that the duke, by the employment of some magical means, had evoked the shadow of this woman, rather than the woman herself.

Had it not been for the support of the statue, around which he threw his arms, Henri would have fallen backwards into the basin of the fountain.

The duke appeared intoxicated with joy; he gazed passionately at the enchanting creature who sat opposite him,

and who scarcely touched the dishes placed before her. At times Francis leaned over the table to kiss one of the hands of his pale and silent guest, who seemed as insensible to these kisses, as if her hand had been sculptured in the alabaster of which it had the transparency and whiteness.

From time to time, Henri started, carried his hand to his forehead, wiped away the perspiration which moistened it, and asked himself:

"Is she living? is she dead?"

The duke made every effort, and displayed all his eloquence to unbend this austere brow.

Remy, the only attendant, for the duke had dismissed every one, served the two persons, and from time to time, touching his mistress with his elbow, when he passed behind her, appeared to revive her by the contact, and recall her to life, or rather to her situation.

A hasty flush would then mount to the forehead of the young woman, her eyes would flash like lightning; she smiled as if some magician had touched an unknown spring of this intelligent automaton, and had operated on the mechanism of her eyes, on that of her crimson cheeks, on that of her smiling lips.

She would then relapse into immobility.

The prince, however, approached her, and by his passionate discourse succeeded in warming his new conquest.

Diana, who from time to time glanced at the magnificent timepiece hung over the head of the prince on the wall opposite her, appeared to make an effort, and, with a smile on her lips, took a more active part in the conversation.

Henri, under the shelter of his foliage, tore himself and cursed all creation, from the woman made by God, to God, who Himself had created him.

It seemed to him monstrous and iniquitous that this woman, so pure and so severe, should yield so completely to the prince, because he was a prince and abandon herself to love, because it was gilded in the palace. Was not a Bouchage fit for anyone?

His horror of Remy was such that he would have ripped him open without mercy, to see if such a monster had the blood and heart of a man.

It was in this paroxysm of rage and contempt that Henri passed the time of this supper, so delicious for the Duke of Anjou.

Diana rang. The prince, warmed by the wine and his gallant discourse, rose from the table to embrace her.

Every drop of blood curdled in Henri's veins. He put his hand to his side to find a sword—in his bosom, to find a dagger.

Diana with a strange smile, and which certainly until then had never had its equal on any countenance—Diana stopped him on the way.

"Monseigneur," she said, "permit me, before rising from table, to share with you this fruit that tempts me."

With these words, she extended her hand towards the basket of golden filagree, which contained about twenty magnificent peaches, and took one.

And detaching from her waist a small, knife, the blade of which was silver and the handle of malachite, she separated the peach into two parts, and offered one to the prince, who seized it

and carried it eagerly to his lips, as though he were kissing Diana.

This passionate action produced such an impression on the duke himself, that a cloud obscured his sight at the moment he bit into the fruit.

Diana looked at him with her clear gaze and unchanging smile.

Remy, leaning against a pillar of carved wood, also looked on with a sombre air.

The prince passed his hand across his forehead, wiped away a few drops of perspiration that had gathered like pearls on the surface, and swallowed the morsel he had bitten off.

This perspiration was, no doubt, the symptom of a sudden indisposition, for while Diana was eating the other portion of the peach, the prince dropped what remained of his on the plate, and rising with an effort, he seemed to invite his fair companion to go into the garden with him and enjoy the cool night air.

Diana rose, and without pronouncing a word, took the arm offered her by the duke. Remy followed them with his eyes, especially the prince, whom the air completely revived.

As she walked along, Diana wiped the little blade of her knife on a handkerchief embroidered with gold, and replaced it in its chagreen case.

They thus came quite close to the thicket in which Henri was concealed.

The prince amorously pressed the young woman's hand against his heart.

"I feel better," he said, "and yet I know not what heavy weight presses on my brain. I am too much in love; I see it, madame."

Diana gathered some flowers—a spray of jessamine, a branch of clematis, and two beautiful roses, which carpeted one side of the base of the statue, behind which Henri was shrinking in terror.

"What are you doing, madame?" said the prince.

"I have always been told, Monseigneur," she said, "that the perfume of flowers is the best remedy for giddiness. I am gathering a bouquet in the hope that, given by me, this bouquet will possess the magic influence I wish it to have."

But while uniting the flowers of the bouquet, she dropped a rose, which the prince gallantly hastened to pick up.

The movement of the prince was rapid, but not so rapid, however, as not to allow Diana time to pour on the other rose a few drops of a liquid contained in a golden flask she carried at her waist.

She then took the rose which the prince had picked up, and placing it in her girdle:

"This one is for me," she said, "let us exchange."

And, in exchange for the rose she received from the prince, she presented the bouquet to him.

The prince took it eagerly, inhaled it with delight, and passed his hand around Diana's waist. But this voluptuous pressure completed, no doubt, the disorder of Francis's senses, for his knees trembled, and he was forced to seat himself on a turf bench close by.

Henri did not lose sight of the two personages, and still he had an eye for Remy, who, in the pavilion, awaited the conclusion of this scene, or rather devoured every detail of it.

When he saw the prince stagger, he approached the door of the pavilion. Diana, on her side, seeing the prince

so weak, seated herself near him on the bench.

This attack of Francis lasted longer than the first; the prince's head rested on his bosom. He seemed to have lost the thread of his thoughts, and almost the consciousness of his existence, and yet the convulsive movements of his fingers on Diana's hand indicated that he was instinctively pursuing his wild dream of love.

At length he slowly raised his head, his lips being on a level with Diana's face. He made an effort to touch those of his beautiful companion, but as though she had not noticed the movement, the young woman rose.

"You are suffering, monseigneur?" she said, "you had better go in."

"Oh! yes, let us go in!" exclaimed the prince in a transport of joy; "yes, come, thank you."

And he rose, still unsteady; then, instead of Diana leaning on his arm, it was the prince who leaned on her arm; and, thanks to this support, walking with more ease, he seemed to forget fever and giddiness, for suddenly drawing himself up, he pressed his lips, almost by surprise, on the neck of the young woman.

The latter shuddered as if, instead of the impression of a kiss, she had felt the burn of a red-hot iron.

"Remy, a torch!" she cried, "a torch!"

Remy immediately returned to the dining-room, and lighted by the candle on the table a single torch, which he took from a small stand, and hastily approached the entrance of the pavilion, holding the torch in his hand:

"Here it is, madame," he said.

"Where will your highness go?" demanded Diana, seizing the torch, and turning away her head.

"Oh! to my room! to my room! and you will guide me, will you not, madame?" replied the prince.

"Willingly, monseigneur," replied Diana. She raised the torch in the air and preceded the prince.

Remy opened, at the extremity of the pavilion, a window, through which the air rushed in such a manner that the flame and smoke of the candle, carried by Diana, were blown into Francis's face, placed exactly in the current of air.

The two lovers, as Henri thought them, went in this manner across a gallery to the chamber of the duke, and disappeared behind the drapery of fleurs-de-lis that served as a door-screen.

Henri had seen all that had taken place with increasing fury, and yet this fury was such that it approached annihilation.

It seemed as if there only remained to him strength enough to curse the fate that had imposed upon him so cruel a trial.

He had left his hiding-place, and, despairing, his arms hanging, and with haggard eyes, prepared to return, half dead, to his apartment in the château, when, suddenly, the screen, behind which he had seen Diana and the prince disappear, was raised, and the young woman, rushing to the dining-room, took hold of Remy, who, standing motionless, seemed only to await her return.

"Come!" she said to him, "come, all is finished;" and they both rushed into the garden as if they had been drunk, mad, or infuriated.

But, at the sight of them, Henri re-

covered all his strength; he hastened to meet them, and they encountered him suddenly, in the middle of the path, standing with folded arms. Henri, in fact, had arrived at such a degree of exasperation, that he would have killed any one rash enough to maintain that women were not monsters sent by hell to corrupt the world.

He seized Diana by the arm and stopped her suddenly, notwithstanding the cry of terror she uttered, notwithstanding the knife that Remy put to his breast, and which even grazed the flesh.

"Oh! you do not recognize me, no doubt," he said, furiously, grinding his teeth; "I am that simple young man who loved you, and to whom you would not give your love, because for you there was no future, but simply a past. Ah! beautiful hypocrite. And you, lying coward, I know you at last, I know you and I curse you. To the one I say I despise you; to the other, I shrink from you with horror."

"Make way," cried Remy, in a choking voice, "make way! young madman, or else——"

"Be it so," replied Henri, "finish your work, and kill my body, wretch, since you have killed my soul."

"Silence!" murmured Remy, furiously, burying his blade still deeper in the young man's bosom.

But Diana violently pushed Remy's arm aside, and seizing that of Du Bouchage, she drew him straight before her.

She was ghastly pale; her beautiful hair waved over her shoulders; the contact of her hand on Henri's wrist produced in the latter a chill like that of a corpse.

"Monsieur," she said, "judge not rashly of the affairs of God. I am Diana de Meridor, the mistress of M. de Bussy, whom the Duke of Anjou allowed to be miserably killed, when he could have saved him. A week ago Remy stabbed Aurilly, the accomplice of the prince; and as to the prince, I have just poisoned him with a fruit, a torch, and a bouquet. Move aside! Monsieur, move aside for Diana de Meridor, who is on her way to the convent of the Hospitaliéres."

The Gourmand

King Louis XIV was sitting at the supper-table, and the not very large number of guests invited for that day had taken their seats too, after the usual gesture intimating the royal permission. At this period of Louis XIV.'s reign, although etiquette was not governed by the strict regulations subsequently adopted, the French court had entirely thrown aside the traditions of good-fellowship and patriarchal affability existing in the time of Henry IV., which the suspicious mind of Louis XIII. had gradually replaced with pompous state and ceremony.

The king, therefore, was seated alone at a small separate table, which, like the desk of a president, overlooked the adjoining tables. Although we say a small table, we must not omit to add

that this small table was the largest one there. Moreover, it was the one on which were placed the greatest number and quantity of dishes, consisting of fish, game, meat, fruit, vegetables, and preserves. The king was young and full of vigor and energy, very fond of hunting, addicted to all violent exercises of the body, possessing, besides, like all the members of the Bourbon family, a rapid digestion and an appetite speedily renewed. Louis XIV. was a formidable table-companion; he delighted in criticising his cooks; but when he honored them by praise and commendation, the honor was overwhelming. The king began by eating several kinds of soup, either mixed together or taken separately. He intermixed, or rather separated, each of the soups by a glass of old wine. He ate quickly and somewhat greedily. Porthos, who from the beginning had, out of respect, been waiting for a jog of D'Artagnan's arm, seeing the king make such rapid progress, turned to the musketeer and said in a low tone:

"It seems as if one might go on now; his majesty is very encouraging, from the example he sets. Look."

"The king eats," said D'Artagnan, "but he talks at the same time; try and manage matters in such manner that, if he should happen to address a remark to you, he will not find you with your mouth full—which would be very disrespectful."

"The best way, in that case," said Porthos, "is to eat no supper at all; and yet I am very hungry, I admit, and everything looks and smells most invitingly, as if appealing to all my senses at once."

"Don't think of not eating for a moment," said D'Artagnan; "that would put his majesty out terribly. The king has a saying, 'that he who works well, eats well,' and he does not like people to eat indifferently at his table."

"How can I avoid having my mouth full if I eat?" said Porthos.

"All you have to do," replied the captain of the musketeers, "is simply to swallow what you have in it, whenever the king does you the honor to address a remark to you."

"Very good," said Porthos; and from that moment he began to eat with a certain well-bred enthusiasm.

The king occasionally looked at the different persons who were at table with him, and, *en connoisseur,* could appreciate the different dispositions of his guests.

"Monsieur du Vallon!" he said.

Porthos was enjoying a *salmi de lièvre,* and swallowed half of the back. His name, pronounced in such a manner, made him start, and by a vigorous effort of his gullet he absorbed the whole mouthful.

"Sire," replied Porthos, in a stifled voice, but sufficiently intelligible, nevertheless.

"Let those *filets d'agneau* be handed to Monsieur du Vallon," said the king; "do you like brown meats, M. du Vallon?"

"Sire, I like everything," replied Porthos.

D'Artagnan whispered: "Everything your majesty sends me."

Porthos repeated: "Everything your majesty sends me," an observation which the king apparently received with great satisfaction.

"People eat well who work well," replied the king, delighted to have *en tête-à-tête* a guest who could eat as Porthos did. Porthos received the dish

of lamb, and put a portion of it on his plate.

"Well?" said the king.

"Exquisite," said Porthos, calmly.

"Have you as good mutton in your part of the country, Monsieur du Vallon?" continued the king.

"Sire, I believe that from my own province, as everywhere else, the best of everything is sent to Paris for your majesty's use; but, on the other hand, I do not eat lamb in the same way your majesty does."

"Ah, ah! and how do you eat it?"

"Generally, I have a lamb dressed whole."

"Whole?"

"Yes, sire."

"In what manner, Monsieur du Vallon?"

"In this, sire: my cook, who is a German, first stuffs the lamb in question with small sausages he procures from Strasburg, force-meat balls from Troyes, and larks from Pithiviers; by some means or other, which I am not acquainted with, he bones the lamb as he would do a fowl, leaving the skin on, however, which forms a brown crust all over the animal; when it is cut in beautiful slices, in the same way as an enormous sausage, a rose-colored gravy pours forth, which is as agreeable to the eye as it is exquisite to the palate." And Porthos finished by smacking his lips.

The king opened his eyes with delight, and, while cutting some of the *faisan en daube,* which was being handed to him, he said:

"That is a dish I should very much like to taste, Monsieur du Vallon. Is it possible! a whole lamb!"

"Absolutely an entire lamb, sire."

"Pass those pheasants to M. du Vallon; I perceive he is an amateur."

The order was immediately obeyed. Then, continuing the conversation, he said: "And you do not find the lamb too fat?"

"No, sire, the fat falls down at the same time as the gravy does, and swims on the surface; then the servant who carves removes the fat with a spoon, which I have had expressly made for that purpose."

"Where do you reside?" inquired the king.

"At Pierrefonds, sire."

"At Pierrefonds; where is that, M. du Vallon—near Belle-Isle?"

"Oh, no, sire! Pierrefonds is in the Soissonnais."

"I thought you alluded to the lamb on account of the salt marshes."

"No, sire, I have marshes which are not salt, it is true, but which are not the less valuable on that account."

The king had now arrived at the *entremets,* but without losing sight of Porthos, who continued to play his part in the best manner.

"You have an excellent appetite, M. du Vallon," said the king, "and you make an admirable guest at table."

"Ah! sire, if your majesty were ever to pay a visit to Pierrefonds, we would both of us eat our lamb together; for your appetite is not an indifferent one by any means."

D'Artagnan gave Porthos a severe kick under the table, which made Porthos color up.

"At your majesty's present happy age," said Porthos, in order to repair the mistake he had made, "I was in the musketeers, and nothing could ever satisfy me then. Your majesty has an excellent appetite, as I have already

had the honor of mentioning, but you select what you eat with quite too much refinement to be called for one moment a great eater."

The king seemed charmed at his guest's politeness.

"Will you try some of these creams?" he said to Porthos.

"Sire, your majesty treats me with far too much kindness to prevent me speaking the whole truth."

"Pray do so, M. du Vallon."

"Well, sire, with regard to sweet dishes I only recognize pastry, and even that should be rather solid; all these frothy substances swell the stomach, and occupy a space which seems to me to be too precious to be so badly tenanted."

"Ah! gentlemen," said the king, indicating Porthos by a gesture, "here is indeed a model of gastronomy. It was in such a manner that our fathers, who so well knew what good living was, used to *eat*, while we," added his majesty, "do nothing but tantalize with our stomachs." And as he spoke, he took the breast of a chicken with ham, while Porthos attacked a dish of partridges and quails. The cup-bearer filled his majesty's glass. "Give M. du Vallon some of my wine," said the king. This was one of the greatest honors of the royal table. D'Artagnan pressed his friend's knee. "If you could only manage to swallow the half of that boar's head I see yonder," said he to Porthos, "I shall believe you will be a duke and peer within the next twelvemonth."

"Presently," said Porthos, phlegmatically; "I shall come to that by and by."

In fact it was not long before it came to the boar's turn, for the king seemed to take a pleasure in urging on his guest; he did not pass any of the dishes to Porthos until he had tasted them himself, and he accordingly took some of the boar's head. Porthos showed that he could keep pace with his sovereign; and, instead of eating the half, as D'Artagnan had told him, he ate three-fourths of it. "It is impossible," said the king in an undertone, "that a gentleman who eats so good a supper every day, and who has such beautiful teeth, can be otherwise than the most straightforward, upright man in my kingdom."

"Do you hear?" said D'Artagnan in his friend's ear.

"Yes; I think I am rather in favor," said Porthos, balancing himself on his chair.

"Oh! you are in luck's way."

The king and Porthos continued to eat in the same manner, to the great satisfaction of the other guests, some of whom, from emulation, had attempted to follow them, but were obliged to give up half-way. The king soon began to get flushed and the reaction of the blood to his face announced that the moment of repletion had arrived. It was then that Louis XIV., instead of becoming gay and cheerful, as most good livers generally do, became dull, melancholy, and taciturn. Porthos, on the contrary, was lively and communicative. D'Artagnan's foot had more than once to remind him of this peculiarity of the king. The dessert now made its appearance and was consumed. Everybody got up at the same time, including Porthos, who was just finishing an almond-cake capable of making the jaws of a crocodile stick together. The supper was over.

Surprise

In a small but cosy and elegant suite of apartments in a mansion on the Rue des Capucines, Paris, resided Mlle. Louise d'Armilly and her brother Léon; the celebrated cantatrice had retired from the boards in consequence of having inherited a fortune of several millions of francs from the estate of her deceased father, who, rumor asserted, had been a very wealthy Parisian banker; Léon had abandoned the stage simultaneously with his sister, who had invited him to share her suddenly acquired riches; for strange to say, the banker had not bequeathed to him a single sou.

The immense inheritance had been a complete surprise to Mlle. d'Armilly and for some time she had hesitated to accept it, as a condition imposed by the will was her immediate withdrawal from her operatic career, and the prima donna was as ambitious as gifted; but, finally, she had yielded to the persuasive eloquence of the notary and the earnest entreaties of her friends, canceling all her engagements, and with them abandoning her bright professional future.

The director of the Académie Royale demanded a large sum to release the artiste from her contract with him, and this was paid by the notary with an alacrity that seemed to suggest he was not acting solely according to the directions of the will, but was influenced by some personage who chose to remain in the background; the notary also paid all other demands made by the various operatic managers who claimed they would lose by Mlle. d'Armilly's failure to appear; these amounts were not deducted from the legacy, a circumstance that gave additional color to the supposition that the will of the deceased banker was not the sole factor in the celebrated cantatrice's good luck.

One evening, shortly after Paris had again quieted down, Mlle. d'Armilly was seated in the little apartment that served her as a salon, and with her was her brother Léon. The contrast between the pair seemed intensified in private life. Louise had that dark, imperious, majestic beauty usually possessed by brunettes; her figure was full and finely developed, her black eyes had the deep, intense fire of passion, and her faultless countenance, glowing with health and loveliness, indicated at once firmness, decision and caprices without number. Léon, on the contrary, was delicate and feminine in appearance; he had exceedingly small feet and hands, and a single glance at his strikingly handsome face was sufficient to convince any experienced judge of human nature that he possessed a mild and yielding disposition. The young man bore not the remotest family likeness to his sister, and it was difficult to realize that they could be in any way related.

Léon quitted his sister and, going to a piano that stood in one corner of the apartment, softly opened it and commenced lightly running his fingers over the keys; then he seated himself at the instrument and played an air from "Lucrezia Borgia" with brilliancy and effect that only a finished per-

former could attain. At the first notes Louise arose and approaching the piano stood beside the player, her eyes sparkling with appreciation and delight. So absorbed were the brother and sister that they did not hear a soft knock at the door, and only at the conclusion of the air did they realize that a visitor was in the apartment. Léon sprang from the instrument in confusion, behaving like a startled girl, but Mlle. d'Armilly, with perfect self-control, turned to the newcomer and said, in a tone of mingled coquetry and merriment:

"So, so, Captain Joliette, French officer, your military career has accustomed you to surprising the enemy to such an extent that it has become second nature with you, and you cannot avoid carrying your favorite tactics even into private life!"

Captain Joliette, the visitor, bowed and answered with a smile:

"You must allow me solemnly to protest against classing yourself and your brother with the enemy! You are, both of you, very dear friends!"

"Especially Louise!" said Léon, with a sly look and a pretty little ringing laugh.

"Léon, Léon, when will you learn wisdom!" exclaimed Mlle. d'Armilly, a blush mantling her visage, and adding to its voluptuous beauty.

"Never, I suppose!" returned her brother, still laughing. "But I am already well acquainted with the value of discretion and, therefore, will withdraw!"

As he uttered those words, Léon kissed the tips of his fingers to Louise and Joliette, and lightly ran from the salon. When he had disappeared the Captain folded Mlle. d'Armilly in his arms and kissed her tenderly upon the forehead.

"Oh! Louise," said he, enthusiastically, "I love you more and more every day!"

The former artiste gently disentangled herself from his embrace and, smiling archly, led him to a chair; then she sat down upon another at a short distance from him.

"No, no," said Joliette, warmly; "come and sit beside me on the sofa. Even Léon sees that I adore you, and all my friends in Paris are aware that I am seeking your hand in marriage. Why will you be so formal and distant with me!"

She arose and did as he requested; Joliette, seated at her side, put his arm about her waist. Louise did not resist, but still maintained an air of coquetry that was displeasing to the ardent young soldier.

"Albert," she said, in a low, musical voice, "do you, indeed, love me as you say?"

"Love you, Louise!" cried Joliette. "I would lay down my life for you!"

"Are you quite sure you love me for myself and not because of the resemblance you say I bear to the woman you once so ardently admired? What was her name?—ah! Eugénie Danglars!" said she, looking at him with a piercing gaze.

"Quite sure, Louise, quite sure. Besides, Mlle. Danglars has disappeared, has not been seen or heard of for several years, and, no doubt, is dead."

"And yet you do not mourn for her! How strange!"

"I never loved her as I love you, Louise. Eugénie Danglars was a ca-

pricious and eccentric girl, and had she lived would have been a capricious and eccentric woman. It was well for me she vanished when she did! But, by the way, another singular and inexplicable coincidence is that Louise d'Armilly, the name you bear, was also the name of Mlle. Danglar's music teacher. I cannot understand it at all!"

"There is no necessity for you to understand it. Anyhow, it is a coincidence, as you say—nothing more."

"Well, Louise, let us speak no further about either the resemblance or the coincidence. Suffice it that I love you, and you alone—that I love you for yourself."

"Your words make me very happy, Albert," replied Mlle. d'Armilly, and her full red lips looked so luscious, ripe and alluring, that Joliette could not resist the temptation to bestow a long, burning kiss upon them.

"Be my wife, then, dearest Louise," cried the Captain, "and I will prolong your happiness until death shall strike me down!"

"Ah! Albert, men are so fickle; they become infatuated with women and declare and, no doubt think, they could pass their lives at their charmers' feet; but possession dulls the luster of the brightest jewel, and the devoted lover is speedily replaced by a careless, if not faithless husband, who, instead of making his wife happy as he has sworn to do, forsakes her side to bask in the smiles of sirens."

"It will never be so with me, my own, my love!" protested Joliette, kissing her again and again. "I swear it."

"I know the value of a lover's oath, Albert," murmured Louise, with a meaning look. "When I was the brightest operatic star of the day many of them were breathed in my ear, but they were 'trifles light as air,' forgotten as soon as uttered. Besides, should I consent to become your wife, you would be forced to leave me in France and return to Africa in obedience to the call of duty; the lovely women of Algeria are prodigal of their beauties and endearments, and under the spell of some subtle Arab enchantress you would either forget poor Louise d'Armilly altogether, or remember her only as a clog upon your pleasures and amorous delights."

"Nay, nay, you wrong me; among all the dusky sirens of Algeria there exists not one who could make me forget you for a single instant; they are brazen, shameless women, who love with a recklessness and boldness that can only disgust a Frenchman."

"But they can dazzle even a Frenchman, render him delirious with passion and, ere he is aware, weave a web around him through which he cannot break. My heart tells me you are as susceptible to feminine wiles as the rest of your countrymen, and that, perhaps, you have already had half-a-dozen love affairs in Algeria."

"Oh! Louise, Louise, it grieves me to the soul that you can thus doubt me. Give me a chance to prove my love and you shall be more than satisfied that I can be loyal and true."

Mlle. d'Armilly gazed at him with a singular expression on her dark beautiful countenance; it thrilled him to the very marrow of his bones, and caused his arm that was about her waist to tremble violently; at that

moment the former cantatrice resembled Eugénie Danglars more than ever; her breath was hot and convulsive as it struck his cheek, and a faint suspicion that all was not right—that she was playing a rôle with him, shot across his mind for the first time; with this suspicion came jealousy, and, releasing her waist, he said, in a gasping tone:

"You have another lover, Louise, a lover you prefer to me—am I not right?"

Mlle. d'Armilly laughed a short, nervous laugh, and answered in a voice that seemed to mock him:

"I have had hosts of ardent admirers in my time. Do you refer particularly to any individual?"

"I know not; I am beside myself with passion for you, and the mere fancy that another man may have the first place in your heart is unbearable to me! But there is one conclusive way in which you can prove my suspicion—my jealousy—groundless; marry me!"

"Albert," replied Louise, with a renewal of the singular expression of countenance that had so agitated him, "I shall never marry any one; I cannot—I dare not!"

The young man was startled as if by an electric shock; he drew back and gazed at her with wide-opened eyes, speechless from astonishment.

After a brief pause, Mlle. d'Armilly continued, in a dry, hard tone:

"You do not understand me and I cannot expect you to, for I can neither tell you my motives nor lay bare my sad history to you; you must be content with my decision—I shall not marry!"

Captain Joliette, strong man as he was, could not control his emotion; he buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. The young woman gazed at him half pityingly, half triumphantly; she felt compassion for her stricken lover, but, above all, gloried in the overwhelming power of her charms that could so subdue a manly, victorious young soldier and make him her helpless slave.

"Is there then no shadow of a hope?" at length asked Joliette, in a hoarse whisper.

"Not the shadow of a hope!" replied Mlle. d'Armilly, firmly. "You can be my friend, my brother, if you will, but never my husband."

The young man recoiled in horror at the suggestion that seemed to be conveyed by this permission.

"What do you mean by friend?" he asked, a cold shiver passing through him.

Louise laughed a short, nervous laugh, and, looking him full in the eyes, replied:

"You know what I mean. I love you better than any man I ever met, save one."

Captain Joliette slowly arose to his feet and stood staring at her, his passion and his scruples waging a bitter battle within him for mastery. The temptress half reclined on the sofa, a miracle of seductive grace and voluptuous beauty. He moved towards her as if to seize her in his arms; then, suddenly checking himself, he asked, with a convulsive gasp:

"And that man—that one?"

"Was separated from me forever through the machinations of that mys-

terious and cold-blooded fiend, the Count of Monte-Cristo!"

"The Count of Monte-Cristo?" exclaimed the young man, lost in amazement.

"Yes, the Count of Monte-Cristo, who afterwards disappeared from Paris and has not since been heard of."

"You mistake; the Count of Monte-Cristo is in Paris now; he calls himself Edmond Dantès and is the celebrated Deputy from Marseilles over whom everybody has gone wild for some time past."

Mlle. d'Armilly's eyes flashed with fury.

"Then I will have my revenge upon him at last!" she cried. "I will amply repay him for breaking off the match between Albert and myself."

"Albert?"

"Yes; Albert de Morcerf."

"Now, Eugénie Danglars, I know you and it is useless for you to attempt the denial of your identity longer!"

The young woman leaped up from the sofa, with terror pictured upon her visage, and, seizing Captain Joliette by the arm with a powerful grasp, cried out:

"And how, pray, do you know I am Eugénie Danglars?"

"You unwittingly betrayed yourself by revealing the name of Monte-Cristo. Besides, Eugénie, look at me well—I am Albert de Morcerf!"

With a wild cry the retired prima donna sank back upon the sofa.

"You Albert de Morcerf!" she exclaimed. "I cannot believe it!"

"But my mother, the former Countess de Morcerf, who is now the wife of Edmond Dantès, will vouch for my identity."

The young woman passed her hand across her forehead as if dazed.

"If you are Albert de Morcerf, you must despise me after what has taken place this evening," she said, bitterly.

"Despise you? No, I pity and forgive you."

"Albert," said she, softly, "come here and sit beside me on this sofa; I have something to say to you."

The soldier obeyed; when he was seated, he said:

"Eugénie, why did you tell me I could be your friend?"

"Simply because I have long suspected your secret and wished to ascertain the real nature of your feelings toward me. You not only resisted a terrible temptation, the most terrible temptation to which a young, ardent and passion-smitten man can be exposed, but by your honor conclusively established the purity and sincerity of your love. Oh! Albert, Albert, are you satisfied with my explanation and do you still think me worthy of you?"

"My own Eugénie, my happiness is far too great for words!" murmured the delighted young man, gathering his beautiful companion in a warm embrace and repeatedly kissing her ripe lips and blushing cheeks.

The Cabaret

Fifty thousand spectators had taken their position upon the Place, around the two gibbets which had been elevated between the Quai de la Grève and the Quai Pelletier; one close to the other, with their backs to the embankment of the river. Also, all the sworn criers of the good city of Paris had traversed the quarters of the city, particularly the *halles* and the *faubourgs,* announcing with their hoarse and indefatigable voices, the great justice done by the king upon two speculators, two thieves, devourers of the people. And these people, whose interests were so warmly looked after, in order not to fail in respect for their king, quitted shops, stalls, and *ateliers,* to go and evince a little gratitude to Louis XIV., absolutely like invited guests, who feared to commit an impoliteness in not repairing to the house of him who had invited them. According to the tenor of the sentence, which the criers read aloud and incorrectly, two farmers of the revenues, monopolists of money, dilapidators of the royal provisions, extortioners, and forgers, were about to undergo capital punishment on the Place de Grève, with their names blazoned over their heads, according to their sentence. As to those names, the sentence made no mention of them. The curiosity of the Parisians was at its height, and, as we have said, an immense crowd waited with feverish impatience the hour fixed for the execution. The news had already spread that the prisoners, transferred to the Château of Vincennes, would be conducted from that prison to the Place de Grève. Consequently, the faubourg and the Rue Saint Antoine were crowded; for the population of Paris in those days of great executions was divided into two categories: those who came to see the condemned pass—these were of timid and mild hearts, but philosophically curious—and those who wished to see the condemned die—these had hearts that hungered for sensation.

The spectacle which the Grève presented was a frightful one. The heads, leveled by the perspective, extended afar, thick and agitated as the ears of corn in a vast plain. From time to time a fresh report, or a distant rumor, made the heads oscillate and thousands of eyes flash. Now and then there were great movements. All those ears of corn bent, and became waves more agitated than those of the ocean, which rolled from the extremities to the center, and beat, like the tides, against the hedge of archers who surrounded the gibbets. Then the handles of halberds were let fall upon the heads and shoulders of the rash invaders; at times, also, it was the steel as well as the wood, and, in that case, a large empty circle was formed around the guard; a space conquered upon the extremities, which underwent, in their turn the oppression of the sudden movement, which drove them against the parapets of the Seine. From the window, that commanded a view of the whole Place, D'Artagnan, Captain of the Musketeers, saw, with interior satisfaction, that such of the musketeers and guards as found themselves involved in the crowd, were able, with blows of their fists and the

hilts of their swords, to keep room. He even remarked that they had succeeded, by that *esprit de corps* which doubles the strength of the soldier, in getting together in one group to the amount of about fifty men; and that, with the exception of a dozen stragglers whom he still saw rolling here and there, the nucleus was complete, and within reach of his voice. But it was not the musketeers and guards only that drew the attention of D'Artagnan. Around the gibbets, and particularly at the entrances to the arcade of Saint Jean, moved a noisy mass, a busy mass; daring faces, resolute demeanors were to be seen here and there, mingled with silly faces and indifferent demeanors; signals were exchanged, hands given and taken. D'Artagnan remarked among the groups, and those groups the most animated, the face of the cavalier whom he had seen enter by the door of communication from his garden, and who had gone upstairs to harangue the drinkers. That man was organizing troops and giving orders.

"*Mordioux!*" said D'Artagnan to himself, "I was not deceived; I know that man,—it is Menneville. What the devil is he doing here?"

A distant murmur, which became more distinct by degrees, stopped this reflection, and drew his attention another way. This murmur was occasioned by the arrival of the culprits; a strong picket of archers preceded them, and appeared at the angle of the arcade. The entire crowd now joined as if in one cry; all the cries united formed one immense howl. D'Artagnan saw Raoul son of Athos, the Musketeer, was becoming pale, and he slapped him roughly on the shoulder. The firekeepers turned round on hearing the great cry, and asked what was going on. "The condemned are arrived," said D'Artagnan. "That's well," replied they, again replenishing the fire. D'Artagnan looked at them with much uneasiness; it was evident that these men who were making such a fire for no apparent purpose had some strange intentions. The condemned appeared upon the Place. They were walking, the executioner before them, whilst fifty archers formed a hedge on their right and their left. Both were dressed in black; they appeared pale, but firm. They looked impatiently over the people's heads, standing on tip-toe at every step. D'Artagnan remarked this. "*Mordioux!*" cried he, "they are in a great hurry to get a sight of the gibbet!" Raoul drew back, without, however, having the power to leave the window. Terror even has its attractions.

"To the death! to the death!" cried fifty thousand voices.

"Yes; to the death!" howled a hundred frantic others, as if the great mass had given them the reply.

"To the halter! to the halter!" cried the great whole; "*Vive le roi!*"

"Well," said D'Artagnan, "this is droll; I should have thought it was M. Colbert who had caused them to be hung."

There was, at this moment, a great rolling movement in the crowd, which stopped for a moment the march of the condemned. The people of a bold and resolute mien, whom D'Artagnan had observed, by dint of pressing, pushing, and lifting themselves up, had succeeded in almost touching the hedge of archers. The *cortège* resumed its

march. All at once, to cries of "*Vive* Colbert!" those men, of whom D'Artagnan never lost sight, fell upon the escort, which in vain endeavored to stand against them. Behind these men was the crowd. Then commenced, amidst a frightful tumult, as frightful a confusion. This time there was something more than cries of expectation or cries of joy, there were cries of pain. Halberds struck men down, swords ran them through, muskets were discharged at them. The confusion became then so great that D'Artagnan could no longer distinguish anything. Then, from this chaos, suddenly surged something like a visible intention, like a will pronounced. The condemned had been torn from the hands of the guards, and were being dragged towards the house of L'Image - de - Notre - Dame. Those who dragged them shouted, "*Vive* Colbert!" The people hesitated, not knowing which they ought to fall upon, the archers or the aggressors. What stopped the people was, that those who cried "*Vive* Colbert!" began to cry, at the same time, "No halter! no halter! to the fire! to the fire! burn the thieves! burn the extortioners!" This cry, shouted with an *ensemble*, obtained enthusiastic success. The populace had come to witness an execution, and here was an opportunity offered them of performing one themselves. It was this that must be most agreeable to the populace: therefore, they ranged themselves immediately on the party of the aggressors against the archers, crying with the minority, which had become, thanks to them, the most compact majority: "Yes, yes: to the fire with the thieves! *Vive* Colbert!"

"*Mordioux!*" exclaimed D'Artagnan, "this begins to look serious."

One of the men who remained near the chimney approached the window, a firebrand in his hand. "Ah, ah!" said he, "it gets warm." Then, turning to his companion: "There is the signal," added he; and he immediately applied the burning brand to the wainscoting. Now, this *cabaret* of the Image-de-Notre-Dame was not a very newly built house, and therefore did not require much entreating to take fire. In a second the boards began to crackle, and the flames arose sparkling to the ceiling. A howling from without replied to the shouts of the incendiaries. D'Artagnan, who had not seen what passed, from being engaged at the window, felt, at the same time, the smoke which choked him and the fire that scorched him. "*Holà!*" cried he, turning round, "is the fire here? Are you drunk or mad, my masters?"

The two men looked at each other with an air of astonishment. "In what?" asked they of D'Artagnan; "was it not a thing agreed upon?"

"A thing agreed upon that you should burn my house!" vociferated D'Artagnan, snatching the brand from the hand of the incendiary, and striking him with it across the face. The second wanted to assist his comrade, but Raoul, seizing him by the middle, threw him out of the window, whilst D'Artagnan pushed his man down the stairs. Raoul, first disengaged, tore the burning wainscoting down, and threw it flaming into the chamber. At a glance D'Artagnan saw there was nothing to be feared from the fire, and sprang to the window. The disorder was at its height. The air was filled with simultaneous

cries of "To the fire!" "To the death!" "To the halter!" "To the stake!" "*Vive* Colbert!" "*Vive le roi!*" The group which had forced the culprits from the hands of the archers had drawn close to the house, which appeared to be the goal towards which they dragged them. Menneville was at the head of this group, shouting louder than all the others, "To the fire! to the fire! *Vive* Colbert!" D'Artagnan began to comprehend what was meant. They wanted to burn the condemned, and his house was to serve as a funeral pile.

"Halt, there!" cried he, sword in hand, and one foot upon the window. "Menneville, what do you want to do?"

"Monsieur d'Artagnan," cried the latter; "give way, give way!"

"To the fire! to the fire with the thieves! *Vive* Colbert!"

These cries exasperated D'Artagnan. "*Mordioux!*" said he. "What! burn the poor devils who are only condemned to be hung? that is infamous!"

Before the door, however, the mass of anxious spectators, rolled back against the walls, had become more thick, and closed up the way. Menneville and his men, who were dragging along the culprits, were within ten paces of the door.

Menneville made a last effort. "Passage! passage!" cried he, pistol in hand.

"Burn them! burn them!" repeated the crowd. "The Image-de-Notre-Dame is on fire! Burn the thieves! burn the monopolists in the Image-de-Notre-Dame!"

There now remained no doubt, it was plainly D'Artagnan's house that was their object. D'Artagnan remembered the old cry, always so effective from his mouth: "*À moi! mousquetaires!*" shouted he, with the voice of a giant, with one of those voices which dominate over cannon, the sea, the tempest. "*À moi! mousquetaires!*" And suspending himself by the arm from the balcony, he allowed himself to drop amidst the crowd, which began to draw back from a house that rained men. Raoul was on the ground as soon as he, both sword in hand. All the musketeers on the Place heard that challenging cry—all turned round at that cry, and recognized D'Artagnan. "To the captain, to the captain!" cried they, in their turn. And the crowd opened before them as though before the prow of a vessel. At that moment D'Artagnan and Menneville found themselves face to face. "Passage, passage!" cried Menneville, seeing that he was within an arm's length of the door.

"No one passes here," said D'Artagnan.

"Take that, then!" said Menneville, firing his pistol, almost within arm's length. But before the cock fell, D'Artagnan had struck up Menneville's arm with the hilt of his sword and passed the blade through his body.

"I told you plainly to keep yourself quiet," said D'Artagnan to Menneville, who rolled at his feet.

"Passage! passage!" cried the companions of Menneville, at first terrified, but soon recovering, when they found they had only to do with two men. But those two men were hundred-armed giants; the swords flew about in their hands like the burning *glaive* of the archangel. They pierce with its point, strike with the flat, cut with the edge; every stroke brings down a man. "For the king!" cried D'Artagnan, to every

man he struck at, that is to say, to every man that fell. This cry became the charging word for the musketeers, who, guided by it, joined D'Artagnan. During this time the archers, recovering from the panic they had undergone, charge the aggressors in the rear, and regular as mill strokes, overturn or knock down all those oppose them. The crowd, which sees swords gleaming, and drops of blood flying in the air—the crowd falls back and crushes itself. At length cries for mercy and of despair resound; that is, the farewell of the vanquished. The two condemned are again in the hands of the archers. D'Artagnan approaches them, seeing them pale and sinking: "Console yourselves, poor men," said he, "you will not undergo the frightful torture with which these wretches threatened you. The king has condemned you to be hung: you shall only be hung. Go on, hang them, and it will be over."

There is no longer anything going on at the Image-de-Notre-Dame. The fire has been extinguished with two tuns of wine in default of water. The conspirators have fled by the garden. The archers were dragging the culprits to the gibbets. From this moment the affair did not occupy much time. The executioner, heedless about operating according to the rules of art, made such haste that he dispatched the condemned in a couple of minutes. In the meantime the people gathered around D'Artagnan,—they felicitated, they cheered him. He wiped his brow, streaming with sweat, and his sword, streaming with blood. He shrugged his shoulders at seeing Menneville writhing at his feet in the last convulsions. And, while Raoul turned away his eyes in compassion, he pointed to the musketeers the gibbets laden with their melancholy fruit. "Poor devils!" said he, "I hope they died blessing me, for I saved them with great difficulty." These words caught the ear of Menneville at the moment when he himself was breathing his last sigh. A dark, ironical smile flitted across his lips; he wished to reply, but the effort hastened the snapping of the chord of life—he expired.

A Picture

We have in the Musée a superb picture of Gros, representing Bonaparte touching the plague-stricken veterans at Jaffa.

The picture is no less beautiful because it depicts an incident that never occurred.

That is what Monsieur Thiers says, and we, who belong to the coterie of mere insignificant romancers, regret to find ourselves differing with that giant among historians on yet another point.

It is the celebrated author of "The Revolution," as well as the "The Consulate and the Empire," who is speaking.

"When we reached Jaffa, Bonaparte blew up the fortifications. There was a hospital for soldiers ill with the plague in the city. To carry these men away was an utter impossibility; to leave them there was to expose them to cer-

tain death, either from sickness, hunger, or cruelty of the enemy; so Bonaparte told Doctor Desgenettes that it would be much more humane to give them opium than to permit them to live, whereupon the doctor made that much commended response: 'It is my trade to cure, not kill.' The opium was not administered, and the occurrence gave rise to an outrageous slander, which has since been entirely refuted."

I humbly beg Monsieur Thiers' pardon, but this reply of Desgenettes, whom I knew well, like Larrey and all of the Egyptians—as they were the companions of my father on that famous expedition—is as apocryphal as that of Cambronne.

"Heaven preserve me from slandering any one"—were the words Monsieur Thiers uses—"above all, the man who illumined the first half of the nineteenth century with the blaze of his glory." But when we come to Pichegru and the Duc d'Enghien, the reader will see whether I merely re-echo infamous rumors or not; but truth is one and indivisible, and it is the duty of a person who addresses the public to speak the truth boldly.

We remarked a moment ago that the picture by Gros represents an incident that never occurred, and we will prove it.

Here is Davoust's report, written under the very eyes and at the bidding of the commander-in-chief:

"The army reached Jaffa on the 24th of May, and remained there through the 25th, 26th, and 27th of that month. The fortifications of Jaffa were demolished, and all the artillery in the town was thrown into the sea. The wounded were sent away both by sea and land. There were very few ships; so to give time to complete the evacuation by land, we were obliged to postpone the departure of the army until the 28th.

"Kléber's division formed the rear guard, and did not leave Jaffa until the 29th."

You see there is not a word said about the plague or about any visit to the hospital, nor is there any allusion to it in any of the other official reports.

Yet it would have been ill-timed modesty, most assuredly on the part of Bonaparte, whose eyes had been turned toward France ever since they had been turned away from the East, to make no allusion to a deed which would have done honor, not so much to his reason, perhaps, as to his daring.

Moreover, this is the account that Bourrienne, secretary to Bonaparte—who was an eye-witness, and a very appreciative eye-witness—gives of the affair:

"Bonaparte visited the hospital. It was filled with wounded men—men whose limbs had been amputated, men who were afflicted with ophthalmia, and who were moaning piteously, and soldiers sick with the plague. The beds of these last were on the right-hand side as we entered the first ward. I was walking beside the general, and I solemnly affirm that I did not see him touch a single one of the plague-stricken patients. Why should he have done so? They were in the last stages of the disease, and not one of them spoke.

"Bonaparte knew perfectly well that he was not exempt from contagion. Could he suppose that Chance, Fortune—call it what you will—would especially interfere in his behalf? It certainly had not aided him sufficiently in

his plans for the last two months for him to place much confidence in it now.

"Was it likely, I ask, that he would have thus exposed himself to certain death; he who was so necessary—I may truly say, so indispensable—to his army, he upon whom the lives of all who had survived the recent disaster unquestionably depended; who had just given abundant proof of their unalterable courage by their devotion, their sufferings, and their heroic endurance of privations of every kind; who were still doing all he could possibly ask of them and who trusted only in him?"

That is the voice of logic; but here is something more convincing.

Bonaparte walked swiftly through the rooms, tapping his boot-top with the riding whip he held in his hand.

As he strode along, these words fell from his lips:

"The fortifications are destroyed. Luck was against me at Saint Jean d'Acre. I must hasten back to Egypt to protect it from approaching enemies. The Turks will be here in a few hours. Let all who are strong enough to be moved come with us. They can be carried on litters and horses."

There were not more than sixty sick with the plague. Everything that has been said about any larger number is an exaggeration.

Their complete prostration, their silence and extreme weakness, indicated the near approach of death.

To make any attempt to remove them in that state would have been certain to spread the plague among the rest of the army.

"If one longs for continual conquest, fame, and brilliant achievements, one must accept one's share of ill-fortune as well; and when we think we have found something to censure in the acts of a great military leader who is driven to dire extremities by reverses of fortune, it would be advisable for us, before passing judgment, to inquire into the condition of affairs, and to ask ourselves, with our hands on our hearts, if we might not have done exactly as he did under the same circumstances. In that case we must pity rather than blame the man who is compelled to do something that seems cruel, for victory, to speak frankly, cannot be won except with these of similar horrors."

Here is another writer who has every possible interest in telling the truth.

Listen to what he says:

"He ordered an investigation to be made as to what it would be best to do. Those deputized to perform this duty reported there were only seven or eight plague-stricken patients, all so far advanced with the disease that they could not live more than twenty-four hours, and who would be sure to spread the disease among all with whom they came in contact. Several even begged for speedy death, and Bonaparte really felt that it would be a deed of charity to shorten their sufferings by a few hours."

Do you still doubt? Then Napoleon shall speak for himself, and in the first person:

"What man would not have preferred immediate death to the horror of living exposed to the tortures of those barbarians? If my son—and I believe I love him as devotedly as any man can love his children—were in a situation similar to that of those unfortunate creatures, I should be strongly in favor of doing the same to him, and if I were placed in such a position myself, I

should certainly insist that it be done to me."

Nothing could be clearer than those few lines, it seems to me. How did it happen that Monsieur Thiers failed to read them? And if he did read them, why does he deny a fact which is admitted by the person who would certainly be most interested in concealing it?

Thus we establish the fact, not for the sake of blaming Bonaparte—who could not have acted otherwise than he did—but to prove to the advocates of pure history that pure history is not always *true* history.

The Bastard of Waldeck

Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, had appointed Nice as the place where the Duchess Marguerite was to meet him, for two reasons: first, in order to reward his faithful city with a fresh mark of his favour; and next, as the journey was to be made in winter, he wished to show her his duchy with its smiling face, with its eternal springtime of Nice and Oneglia.

Duchess Marguerite arrived on the 15th of February, 1561, and landed in the port of Villa-Franca; she had been delayed long by the festivals given in her honour at Marseilles; Marseilles had fêted her, both as the aunt of Charles IX., then reigning, and as Duchess of Savoy, and the old Phocian city had rendered her a thousand honours in both capacities.

The duke and duchess remained four months at Nice.

The duke employed this time in hastening the construction of the galleys he had ordered. A Calabrian corsair, a renegade Christian who had turned Mussulman, had made descents on Corsica and the coast of Tuscany. His name was unknown. It was even stated that a hostile vessel had been seen in the waters of the river of Genoa.

At last, towards the beginning of March, with the first zephyrs of that tepid Italian spring that caresses wearied bosoms so gently, Emmanuel decided to set out.

The itinerary of the journey was known beforehand; the royal *cortège* followed what was called the river of Genoa; that is to say, the line of the sea-coast. The duke and duchess—the duke on horseback, the duchess in a litter—were to pass by San Remo and Albenga, and relays of horses were prepared in advance.

The departure was fixed for the 15th of March.

At daybreak, the *cortège* filed out of the castle of Nice, the duke on horseback, as we have said, with visor lowered, and armed, as if for battle, rode beside the litter, the curtains of which were drawn.

Fifty armed men marched in front and fifty behind.

The first night they halted at San Remo.

At an early hour on the following day, they resumed their march.

They stopped at Oneglia for breakfast; but the duchess did not wish to descend from her litter, and the duke

himself carried her bread, wine, and fruit.

The duke ate without unarming, only raising the visor of his casque.

About noon the cavalcade and litter departed.

A little beyond Porto Mauriso, the road narrows between two mountains; you lose sight of the sea, and you find yourself in a narrow defile bristling with rocks on the right and left. If ever there was a fitting place for an ambuscade, surely it was this.

The duke sent twenty men in advance,—an unnecessary precaution; for in these times of peace, what was there to fear?

The twenty men passed on without being troubled.

But the moment the duke, who always kept near the litter, found himself in the defile, a terrible arquebusade resounded, directed specially against the duke and the litter; the horse of the duke was wounded, one of the horses of the litter fell dead, and a feeble cry was heard through the curtains.

At the same time there were savage cries, and the escort was assailed by a band of men in Moorish costume.

It had fallen into an ambuscade of pirates.

The duke was running to the litter, when one of the assailants, a man mounted on a magnificent Arabian steed, and covered from head to foot in Turkish mail, rushed upon him, crying,—

"Turn, Duke Emmanuel! you shall not escape me this time."

"Nor you me either," replied the duke.

Then, rising on his spurs, and raising his sword above his head,—

"Do your best," he cried to his soldiers; "I am going to try to show you an example."

And then there was a general *mêlée*, which, however, we shall turn aside from to follow the struggle of the two leaders.

The skill of Emmanuel in the terrible game of war was known to be almost irresistible; but now he had found an enemy worthy of him.

First, each of the adversaries discharged a pistol with the left hand, the balls of which glanced one from the armour of the duke and flattened the other against that of the pirate. Then the combat, of which this discharge was but the prelude, continued with the sword.

Although armed after the Turkish fashion for defence, the corsair bore, as offensive weapons, a long straight sword in his hand, and had a battle-axe with limber handle and keen blade at his saddle-bow. These axes, the handles of which were made of rhinoceros hide, furnished with little steel blades, had from their very flexibility a terrible force.

The duke had his sword and battle-mace; they were, it will be remembered, his customary weapons; both were equally formidable in his hands.

Some soldiers were running to his help; but he ordered them away, saying,—

"Act on your own account; with God's help, I shall on mine!" And with God's help he indeed did wonders.

It was evident the pirates had not expected to find so strong an escort,

and their chief—who had attacked the duke—had hoped to find him more unprepared and less completely armed; nevertheless, although disappointed, he did not give way an inch.

It was clearly seen that, in the terrible blows he dealt, there was a hatred still more terrible; but finely tempered though the pirate's sword was, it had but little effect on the armour of the duke, and the sword of the duke made just as little impression on the Damascus coat of mail of his antagonist.

In the midst of this furious struggle, the horse of the duke was wounded, and he felt it sink under him. He collected all his strength for one supreme stroke; the sword flamed in his hands. The pirate understood that a terrible blow was about to smite him. He threw himself backwards, and in doing so, made the horse rear.

It was the horse which received the stroke. This time the *chanfrein* of the horse, of less pure steel than the armour of its rider, was cloven; and the horse, struck between the two ears, fell on its knees.

The Moor believed his horse slain; he leaped to the ground at the moment when the duke's own horse fell.

The two adversaries were then on their feet at the same time. Each ran to his horse's saddle,—the one to seize his battle-axe, the other his mace.

Then, as if they judged the weapons they had taken sufficiently murderous for their purpose, the two combatants flung away their swords, and the pirate remained armed with his axe, the duke with his mace.

Never did Cyclops, forging in the caverns of Etna the thunderbolt of Jupiter on the anvil of Vulcan, deal such doughty blows. It seemed as if death himself, monarch of the ensanguined battle-plain, had for a moment arrested his flight, and was hovering above these two men, certain to bear away in his arms that one of them who was surely to sleep his last sleep.

At the end of an instant, the duke appeared to have the vantage. The axe of his antagonist carried off a piece of the crown of his casque; but it was evident that the steel points of the mace had pierced the armour of his enemy, inflicting terrible wounds.

Then while the strength of the duke seemed inexhaustible, the Moor was evidently losing his; his hissing respiration was passing visibly through the openings in his helmet; his blows grew less rapid and less vigorous; his arm, if not his hatred, was weakening. But, with every blow he struck, the duke seemed to gain new energy.

The pirate began to recoil,—step by step, insensibly,—but he recoiled. His retreat led him to the border of a precipice; only, his mind being engrossed with parrying blows or dealing them, he appeared to perceive that he was insensibly approaching an abyss.

Both, the one retreating, the other pursuing, arrived thus on the ledge overhanging the precipice; two steps farther, and the pirate had no longer a foothold.

But undoubtedly this was what he wished; for suddenly he flung his axe from him, and, seizing his adversary by the waist, cried,—

"Ah, Duke Emmanuel, I have you at last! We shall die together!"

And with a convulsive effort fit to

uproot an oak he lifted his enemy in his arms.

But a terrible burst of laughter answered him.

"I recognised you, bastard of Waldeck," he added, "and you shall not have the honour of dying by his hand."

"Scianca-Ferro! Man of Iron!" exclaimed the bastard of Waldeck recognizing the voice of the foster-brother of Emmanuel. "Curses upon thee and thy duke!"

And he stooped down to pick up the axe, and renew the struggle; but during this movement, rapid though it was, the mace of Scianca-Ferro, weighty as the rock upon which both stood, fell on the back of the renegade's head. The bastard of Waldeck heaved a sigh, and lay prostrate and motionless.

"Ah!" cried Scianca-Ferro, "brother Emmanuel, you are no longer here to hinder me from crushing this viper!"

And as he had lost his dagger during the combat, he lifted up a mass of rock, with the strength of one of those Titans who piled Pelion on Ossa, and with it crushed the casque and head of his enemy.

Then, with a burst of laughter more terrible still than the first one,—

"What specially pleases me in thy death, bastard of Waldeck, is that, dying in the armour of the infidel, thou art damed like a dog!"

Then, remembering the sigh he had heard issue from the litter, he ran up to it, and drew the curtains apart.

The pirates were flying in all directions.

During all this time, Emmanuel and the princess Marguerite were tranquilly following the route of Tenda and Coni. They had reached the latter city nearly at the very hour when the terrible combat we have just related was taking place between San Remo and Albenga.

Duke Emmanuel was anxious. His mind was haunted.

Leona Mariviglio, the maiden who loved him like a sister had spoken a strange prophecy of death and joy. What danger did he run by following that route of the river of Genoa? And if there was peril, must not that peril have fallen on Scianca-Ferro? Who had informed Scianca-Ferro of the promise made by him, Emmanuel, to Leona to change his route. And how did it happen that at the very moment he was about to speak to Scianca-Ferro of the change of route, the latter should come to him and speak of it first?

The supper was sad. Princess Marguerite was fatigued; on his part, Emmanuel Philibert pretended he was in need of rest, and retired to his chamber at ten. It seemed to him as if every moment some messenger of bad news must arrive.

He ordered two men to watch, one at the door, the other at the ante-chamber, in order that he might be wakened at any hour of the night and informed if anything occurred.

It struck eleven; Emmanuel opened his window. The sky was covered with stars, the air balmy and pure; a bird was singing in a pomegranate bush. At the end of half an hour, he shut the window, and leaned his elbows on a table covered with papers.

Gradually his eyes clouded, his eyelids grew heavy; he heard the first vibrations of midnight vaguely hum in his ears. Then it seemed, as through a mist, he saw the door of his cham-

her open, and something advance which resembled a shadow.

The shadow approached, and bending over him, murmured his name.

At the same moment an icy impress on his brow sent a shudder through his whole body; this pressure broke the invisible bonds which enchained him.

"Leona! Leona!" he cried.

It was indeed Leona, the girl who had prophesied, who was beside him, but, this time, her lips did not breathe, her eyes had no light; a few drops of pale blood fell from a wound she had received in her breast.

"Leona! Leona!" repeated the duke.

And he stretched his arms to seize the phantom; but the latter made a sign, and the prince's arms fell back.

"I told thee, my beloved Emmanuel," murmured the apparition, in a voice sweet as a perfumed zephyr, "that I should be nearer to thee dead than living!"

"Why did you leave me, Leona?" asked Emmanuel, feeling his heart melt in sobs.

"Because my mission on earth was accomplished, my beloved duke," replied the shade; "but before I return to heaven, God permits me to tell you that the wish of your subjects is accomplished."

"Which one?"

"The Princess Marguerite is with child, and you shall have a son."

"Leona! Leona!" cried the prince, "who has revealed to thee this mystery of maternity?"

"The dead know everything!" murmured Leona.

And, as the body faded away into mist, a voice almost unintelligible said,—

"Our next meeting will be in heaven!"

And the phantom disappeared.

The duke, who had been chained to his chair while the phantom was near him, rose and ran to the door.

The servant on guard had seen no one enter or leave.

"Leona! Leona!" cried Emmanuel, "shall I see you again?"

And it seemed to him as if a breathing in his ear hardly perceptible to the senses whispered, "Yes."

The next day the duke, instead of continuing his journey, stopped at Coni; he thought he should surely receive news there.

And, in fact, about two o'clock, Scianca-Ferro arrived.

"Is Leona dead?" were the first words which Emmanuel said to him.

"Yes. But how do you know?" replied Scianca-Ferro.

"Of a wound in the breast?" continued Emmanuel.

"Of a ball destined for the duchess," said Scianca-Ferro.

"And who was the miserable assassin," cried the duke, "who attempted to take the life of a woman?"

"The bastard of Waldeck," replied Scianca-Ferro.

"Oh!" said the duke, "may he never fall into my hands!"

"I swore to you, Emmanuel, that the first time he ever fell into my hands I should crush him—"

"Well?"

"I have crushed him."

"Then all that is left for us is to

pray for Leona!" said Emmanuel Philibert.

"It is not for us to pray for angels," answered Scianca-Ferro; "it is for angels to pray for us."

On the 12th of January, 1562, as Leona had predicted, Princess Marguerite was happily delivered, at the castle of Rivoli, of a son, who received the names of Charles Emmanuel, and reigned fifty years.

Three months after the birth of the young prince, the French, according to the terms of the convention of Cateau-Cambrésis, evacuated Turin, Chieri, Chivas, and Villeneuve-d'Asti, as they had already evacuated the rest of Piedmont.

The Word of a King

THE room of Henry II. of France was scented with the fatal odor of death.

Marguerite, sister of the king, entered by one door and Emmanuel Philibert, Prince of Savoy, by another. They saw a monarch reviving on his sick bed—but they knew the hour had come.

Catherine de Medici, the queen, yielded her place beside the bed to the young people. Both knelt.

"It is good," said Henri, regarding them with a gentle and sad smile; "you look well thus, my children. Remain, then, where you are."

"Oh, sire!" said Emmanuel, "what hope!"

"Oh, my brother!" said Marguerite, "what happiness!"

"Yes," said Henri, "it is a happiness, and I thank God for it; I have regained consciousness. But there is no hope. Let us not, therefore, count on what cannot be, but rather act like people in a hurry. Emmanuel, take the hand of my sister."

Emmanuel obeyed; the hand of Marguerite, it is true, had just travelled half the way to meet his.

"Prince," continued Henri, "I desired your marriage with my sister when I was well. To-day, that I am dying, I do more than desire it, I command it."

"Sire!" exclaimed the Duke of Savoy.

"My good brother!" said Marguerite, kissing his hand.

"Listen," returned Henri, "listen, Emmanuel,"—and there was an overpowering solemnity in his voice,—"not only are you now a great prince, thanks to the provinces I have restored to you; a noble gentleman, thanks to your ancestors, but you are an honest man, thanks to your upright mind and generous heart. Emmanuel, it is to the honest man I address myself."

Emmanuel Philibert raised his noble head; the loyalty of his soul shone in his eyes, and in that sweet and firm voice which was peculiar to him,—

"Speak, sire!" he said.

"Emmanuel," said Henri, "a peace has just been signed; this peace is disadvantageous to France—"

Emmanuel made a movement.

"But that does not matter, since it is signed," continued the king. "This peace makes you the ally of France and Spain at the same time: you are King Philip's cousin, but you are going to

be the uncle of François II. Your sword is to-day a great weight in the balance in which God weighs the destinies of nations; it is the sword that has made an opening in our ranks at the battle of Saint-Laurent; it is the sword that has overturned the ramparts of Saint-Quentin. Well, I adjure that sword to be as just as its master is loyal, as terrible as its master is courageous. If the peace sworn between me and King Philip II. is broken by France, let that sword turn against France; if that peace is broken by Spain, let it turn against Spain. If the place of constable was vacant, God is my witness that I would give it to you, as the prince who has married my sister, as the knight who defends the marches of my realm; unfortunately this post is held by a man from whom I ought to withdraw it, perhaps, but who, on the whole, has served me, or believed he served me, loyally. No matter. Justice and right are the only ties that bind you; now, if justice and right are for France, your arm and your sword for France. If justice and right are for Spain, your arm and your sword against France. Do you swear this, Duke of Savoy?"

Emmanuel Philibert stretched out his hand towards Henri.

"By the loyal heart," said he, "that appeals to my loyalty, I swear it!"

Henri breathed again.

"Thanks!" said he.

Then, after a moment during which he appeared to be mentally thanking God,—

"And now," he resumed, "on what day are the necessary formalities for your marriage, which have been delayed until to-day, to be accomplished?"

"On the 9th of July, sire."

"Well, swear to me again that, whether I am alive or dead, near my bed or on my tomb, your marriage will be celebrated on the 9th of July."

Marguerite cast a quick glance at Emmanuel,—a glance in which lay hidden a remnant of anxiety. But he, drawing the head of Marguerite close to his own, and kissing her on the brow, as he might have done a sister,—

"Sire," said he, "receive this second oath, as you have done the first. I pronounce them both with equal solemnity, and may God inflict an equal punishment on me, if I fail in one or the other!"

At this moment the door opened very slowly, as if the hand that moved it was very timid and hesitating, and the head of the dauphin looked into the chamber.

"Who enters?" asked the king, all of whose senses were marked by that sharpness peculiar to invalids.

"Oh, my father speaks!" cried François, losing all his timidity, and he ran into the room.

The face of the king brightened.

"Yes, my son," answered Henri; "and you are welcome in this chamber, for I have something important to say to you."

Then, to the Duke of Savoy,—

"Emmanuel," he continued, "you have just embraced my sister, who is going to be your wife; embrace my son, who will be your nephew."

The duke took the boy in his arms, pressed him tenderly against his breast, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"You will remember your two oaths, brother," said the king.

"Yes, sire, and one as faithfully as the other, I swear it to you!"

"'Tis well; now leave me alone with the dauphin."

Emmanuel and Marguerite retired.

But Catherine remained in the same place.

"Well?" said the king, addressing her.

"Am I also to retire, sire?" demanded Catherine.

"Yes, madame, you also."

"When the king desires to see me again, he will recall me," said the Florentine.

"This conversation finished, you can return, madame, whether I call you or not. But," he added with a sad smile, "it is probable I shall not have you called, for I feel myself growing weaker. Nevertheless, come always."

Catherine started to go out directly, but doubtless she reflected, and, describing a curve, she bowed down over the bed and kissed the hand of the king. Then she departed, leaving behind her, in the chamber of the dying, if we may so express ourselves, a prolonged look of anxiety.

Though the king heard the door close on Catherine, he still waited a moment; then addressing the dauphin,—

"Your mother is no longer there, François?" he asked.

"No, sire," replied the dauphin.

"Bolt the door, and return promptly to the bedside, for I feel my strength leaving me."

François hastened to obey; he pushed the bolt, and returning near the king,—

"Oh, my God, sire!" said he, "you are very pale. What can I do to aid you?"

"Call the doctor first," said Henri.

"Messieurs," said François, turning to the two physicians, "come quick; the king is calling you."

Vesale and Ambroise Paré drew near the bed.

"You see!" said Vesale to his *confrère,* whom he had warned of the approaching death of the king.

"Messieurs," said Henri, "strength! strength! give me strength!"

"Sire," replied Vesale, hesitating.

"Have you no more of the elixir of life?" asked the dying man.

"Yes, I have some, sire."

"Well?"

"This liquor gives only an artificial strength."

"Well, what matter, provided only that it be strength?"

"And perhaps its abuse may shorten the days of your Majesty."

"Monsieur," returned the king, "the question is no longer as to the duration of my days. All I ask is to be able to say to the dauphin what I have to say to him, and then die at the last word."

"Sire, an order of your Majesty—but it was with some hesitation already that I gave you this liquor a second time."

"Give me this elixir a third time, monsieur," said the king; "I will it!"

And his head sank back on the pillow, and his eyes closed, and so deadly a paleness spread over his cheeks that one would have thought him about to expire.

"My father is dying! my father is dying!" exclaimed François.

"Make haste, André," said Ambroise; "the king is very bad!"

"The king has still three or four hours to live; do not be afraid," replied Vesale.

And, without using the silver-gilt spoon, he let some drops of the elixir drop on the half-open mouth of the king. The effect was slower this time than before, but it was not less efficacious.

Some seconds had hardly elapsed when the muscles of his face shivered, the blood appeared to circulate anew under the skin, the teeth parted, and the eyes opened, glassy at first, then gradually growing brighter.

The king drew a breath, or rather sighed.

"Ah," said he, "thanks be to God!"

And he glanced round for the dauphin.

"Here I am!" said François, on his knees before the bed, and drawing towards the pillow.

"Paré," said the king, "raise me with pillows, and put my arm round the neck of the dauphin, so that I may support myself on him in descending the last step of the tomb."

The two practitioners were still near the king; then with that ability which the anatomical knowledge of the human body gives, Vesale slipped the cushions of a sofa behind the pillows, raised Henri so as to place him sitting, while Ambroise Paré placed around the dauphin's neck the king's arm, to which paralysis was already giving the coldness and heaviness of death.

Then both discreetly retired.

The king made an effort, and the lips of the father touched those of the child.

"Father!" murmured the boy, while two big tears coursed down his cheeks.

"My son," said the king, "you are sixteen, you are a man; and I am going to speak to you as to a man."

"Sire!"

"I say more: you are a king,—for am I now of any account in the world? —and I am going to speak to you as to a king."

"Speak, my father," said the young man.

"My son," said Henri, "I have committed through weakness, never through hatred or malice, many faults during my life."

François made a movement.

"Let me speak. It is fitting I should confess to you, my successor, in order that you may avoid the faults into which I have fallen."

"These faults, my father, do not exist," said the dauphin; "it is not you who have committed them."

"No, my child; but it is I who am answerable for them before God and before men. One of the last and greatest was committed at the instigation of the constable and Madame de Valentinois. I had a bandage over my eyes, I was insensate,—I ask your pardon, my son."

"Oh, sire! sire!" cried the dauphin.

"This fault is the peace signed with Spain,—it is the abandonment of Piedmont, Nice, Savoy, and the Milanese, of a hundred and ninety-eight strong places, in exchange for which France receives only Saint-Quentin, Ham, and Le Catelet. You are listening?"

"Yes, my father."

"Just now your mother was there; she reproached me for this fault, and she offered to repair it—"

"How could that be," said the dauphin, with a start, "since your word is pledged?"

"Good, François! good!" said Henri; "yes, the fault is great, but my word is pledged. François, whatever they

may say to you, whatever seductions they may employ or motives they may adduce; though a woman should beseech you in her boudoir; though by the aid of magic they should evoke my phantom to make you believe that the order comes from me,—my son, on the honour of my name, which is the brightness of yours, change nothing in the treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis, disastrous though it be. Change nothing, because it is disastrous especially, and keep always, in your mouth and in your heart, this maxim of King John, 'A king of France has but his word!'"

"Father," said François, "I swear, by the honour of your name, it shall be as you desire."

"If your mother insists?"

"I shall tell her I am your son as well as hers."

"If she orders?"

"I shall answer that I am king, and that it is for me to give orders, not to receive them."

And, while saying these words, the young prince drew himself up with all that majesty peculiar to the Valois.

"Good, my son!" replied Henri, "good! this is what I had to tell you. And now adieu! I feel that I am growing weak, I feel my eyes closing, and my voice dying away. My son, repeat over my motionless body the same oath you have just taken, so that you may be at the same time pledged to the living and the dead. Then, when the oath is taken, and I am unconscious, and therefore dead, you may let your mother enter. Adieu, François! adieu, my son! embrace your father for the last time. Sire, you are King of France!"

And the head of Henri fell back motionless on the pillow.

François followed with his supple body, as flexible as a reed, the movement of the body of his father; then rising and solemnly laying his hand upon that body which might from that moment be considered a corpse,—

"Father," said he, "I renew to you my oath to keep faithfully the peace sworn to, disastrous though it be for France! to neither take from, nor add to the treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis, no matter what pressure is brought to bear upon me, no matter who is the person that urges me! God receive my oath as you have received it. 'A king of France has only his word!'"

And, having kissed for the last time the pale and cold lips of his father, he opened for Queen Catherine, whom he found standing rigid and motionless behind the door, waiting impatiently for the end of this conversation at which she was not allowed to be present.

On the 9th of July following, beside the bed of the king, in whom there was still some life, although its presence was detected only by a slight breathing which hardly tarnished the mirror, Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy took solemnly for wife Marguerite of France, Duchesse de Berry, the Cardinal de Lorraine officiating and all the court attending this ceremony, which was to be completed by the glare of torches a little after mid-night in the church of Saint-Paul.

About four in the afternoon of the following day,—the king breathed forth the last sigh without effort or convulsion, just as André Vesale had predicted.

He was forty years, three months,

and ten days old, and had reigned twelve years and three months.

He had one merit more than his father: dead, he kept that faith towards Philip II, which, living, his father had not kept to Charles V.

The same day Madame de Valentinois, who had remained at the palace of Les Tournelles until the last sigh of the king, left this palace and retired to her chateau of Anet.

The same evening all the court returned to the Louvre.

The two doctors and four priests alone remained near the royal corpse, —the doctors to embalm him, the priests to pray for him.

At the street gate, Catherine de Médicis and Mary Stuart met.

Catherine, following a habit contracted since eighteen years, was about to pass first; but suddenly she stopped, and giving way to Mary Stuart,—

"Pass, madame," she said with a sigh; "you are the queen."

Marie Touchet

King Charles and Henry of Navarre reached the Rue de la Mortellerie, Paris, and stopped before a small lone house in the middle of a garden, inclosed by high walls. Charles took a key from his pocket, and opened the door; and then, desiring Henry and the torch-bearer to enter, he closed the door after him. One small window only was lighted, to which Charles, with a smile, pointed Henry's attention, saying:

"Harry, I told you, that when I left the Louvre I quitted hell, and when I come here I enter paradise."

"And who is the angel that guards the entrance to your Eden, sire?"

"You will see," replied Charles IX.; and making a sign to Henry to follow him without noise, he pushed open a first door, then a second, and paused on the threshold.

"Look!" he said.

Henry did so, and remained with his eyes fixed on as charming a picture as he ever saw. It was a female of eighteen or nineteen years of age, reposing at the foot of a bed, on which was a sleeping infant, whose two feet she held in her hands, pressing them to her lips, while her long chestnut hair fell down over them like waves of gold.

It was a picture of Albano's representing the Virgin and the infant Jesus.

"Oh, sire," said the king of Navarre, "who is this charming creature?"

"The angel of my paradise, Harry; the only being who loves me for myself."

Henry smiled.

"Yes," said Charles, "for myself; for she loved me before she knew I was the king."

"Well, and since—"

"Well, and since," said Charles, with a sigh, which proved that this glittering royalty was sometimes a burden to him; "since she knew it, she still loves me. Watch!"

The king approached her gently, and on the lovely cheek of the young female

impressed a kiss as light as that of the bee on a lily, yet it awoke her.

"Charles!" she murmured, opening her eyes.

"You see," said the king, "she calls me Charles: the queen says sire."

"Oh," exclaimed the young girl, "you are not alone!"

"No, dearest Marie, I have brought you another king, happier than myself, for he has no crown: more unhappy than me, for he has no Marie Touchet."

"Sire, it is, then, the king of Navarre?"

"It is, love."

Henry went toward her, and Charles took his right hand.

"Look at this hand, Marie," said he: "it is the hand of a good brother and a loyal friend; and but for this hand—"

"Well, sire!"

"But for this hand, this day, Marie, our boy had been fatherless."

Marie uttered a cry, seized Henry's hand, and kissed it.

The king went to the bed where the child was still asleep.

"Eh!" said he, "if this stout boy slept in the Louvre, instead of sleeping in this small house, he would change the aspect of things at present, and perhaps for the future."

"Sire," said Marie, "without offense to your majesty, I prefer his sleeping here, he sleeps better."

"You are right, Marie," said Charles IX. "Let us sup now."

The two men passed into the dining-room, while the anxious and careful mother covered the little Charles, who slept soundly, with a warm wrapper, and then joined the two kings, between whom she seated herself, and helped both.

"Is it not well, Harry," asked Charles, "to have a place in the world in which we can eat and drink without the necessity of any one tasting your viands before you eat them yourself?"

"I believe, sire," was Henry's rejoinder, "that I can appreciate that better than any one."

"Marie," said the king, "I present to you one of the most intelligent and witty men I know; it is much to say, even at court, and, perhaps, I have understood him better than any one; for I speak of his mind, as well as of his heart."

"Sire," said Henry, "I hope that in exaggerating the one you have no doubt of the other."

"I do not exaggerate anything, Harry," replied the king. "He is, for one thing, a capital master of anagrams. Bid him make one on your name, and I will answer for it he will."

"Oh, what can you find in the name of a poor girl like me? What pleasing idea could such a name as Marie Touchet produce?"

"Sire," said Henry, "it is too easy; there is no merit in finding such an one."

"What! done already?" said Charles. "You see—"

Henry took his tablets from the pocket of his doublet, tore out a page of the paper, and beneath the name "Marie Touchet," he wrote "Je charme tout" ("I charm all") and then handed the leaf to the young girl.

"Really," she exclaimed, "it is impossible!"

"What has he found?" inquired Charles.

"Sire, I dare not repeat it."

"Sire," said Henry, "in the name of

Marie Touchet there is letter for letter, only changing the I into J, which is customary, the words, 'Je charme tout.'"

"So it does," said Charles, "exactly—beautifully! This shall be your device, Marie, and never was device better merited. Thanks, Harry! Marie, I will give it to you set in diamonds."

The supper finished as it struck two o'clock by Notre-Dame.

"Now, Marie," said Charles, "in recompense for the compliment, give him an armchair, in which he may sleep till daybreak—a long way off from us though, for he snores fearfully. If, Harry, you wake before me, rouse me, for we must be at the Bastille by six o'clock. Good-night—make yourself as comfortable as you can. But," added the king, placing his hand on Henry's shoulder, "on your life, Harry, on your life, do not leave this house without me."

Henry had suspected too much, to feel any desire of despising this caution.

Charles IX. went to his chamber, and Henry, the hardy mountaineer, soon made himself quite comfortable in his armchair, and speedily justified the precaution his brother-in-law had taken in keeping him at a distance. In the morning, Charles aroused him, and as he was dressed, his toilette did not occupy him very long.

They both passed through the bedchamber, where the young girl was sleeping in her bed, and the baby in its cradle. They both were smiling as they slept. Charles looked at them very tenderly, and turning to the king of Navarre, said to him:

"Harry, if you should ever learn what service I have this night rendered you, and any misfortune should happen to me, remember this child which rests here in its cradle." Then, kissing them both, he said, "Adieu, my angels!" and left the apartment.

Remember!

The mob assembled when the confession of King Charles Stuart of England, doomed to die terminated. The king's children next arrived—the Princess Charlotte, a beautiful, fair-haired child, with tears in her eyes, and the Duke of Gloucester, a boy of eight or nine years old, whose tearless eyes and curling lip revealed a growing pride. He had wept all night long, but would not show his grief before the people.

Charles's heart melted within him at the sight of those two children, whom he had not seen for two years and whom he now met at the moment of death. He turned to brush away a tear, and then, summoning up all his firmness, drew his daughter toward him, recommending her to be pious and resigned. Then he took the boy upon his knee.

"My son," he said to him, "you saw a great number of people in the streets as you came here. These men are going to behead your father. Do not forget that. Perhaps some day they will want to make you king, instead of

the Prince of Wales, or the Duke of York, your elder brothers. But you are not the king, my son, and can never be so while they are alive. Swear to me, then, never to let them put a crown upon your head unless you have a legal right to the crown. For one day—listen, my son—one day, if you do so, they will doom you to destruction, head and crown, too, and then you will not be able to die with a calm conscience, as I die. Swear, my son."

The child stretched out his little hand toward that of his father and said, "I swear to your majesty."

"Henry," said Charles, "call me your father."

"Father," replied the child, "I swear to you that they shall kill me sooner than make me king."

"Good, my child. Now kiss me; and you, too, Charlotte. Never forget me."

"Oh! never, never!" cried both the children, throwing their arms around their father's neck.

"Farewell," said Charles, "farewell, my children. Take them away, Juxon; their tears will deprive me of the courage to die."

Juxon led them away, and this time the doors were left open.

Meanwhile, Athos, the musketeer, in his concealment, waited in vain the signal to recommence his work. Two long hours he waited in terrible inaction. A deathlike silence reigned in the room above. At last he determined to discover the cause of this stillness. He crept from his hole and stood, hidden by the black drapery, beneath the scaffold. Peeping out from the drapery, he could see the rows of halberdiers and musketeers around the scaffold and the first ranks of the populace swaying and groaning like the sea.

"What is the matter, then?" he asked himself, trembling more than the wind-swayed cloth he was holding back. "The people are hurrying on, the soldiers under arms, and among the spectators I see D'Artagnan. What is he waiting for? What is he looking at? Good God! have they allowed the headsman to escape?"

Suddenly the dull beating of muffled drums filled the square. The sound of heavy steps was heard above his head. The next moment the very planks of the scaffold creaked with the weight of an advancing procession, and the eager faces of the spectators confirmed what a last hope at the bottom of his heart had prevented him till then believing. At the same moment a well-known voice above him pronounced these words:

"Colonel, I want to speak to the people."

Athos shuddered from head to foot. It was the king speaking on the scaffold.

In fact, after taking a few drops of wine and a piece of bread, Charles, weary of waiting for death, had suddenly decided to go to meet it and had given the signal for movement. Then the two wings of the window facing the square had been thrown open, and the people had seen silently advancing from the interior of the vast chamber, first, a masked man, who, carrying an axe in his hand, was recognized as the executioner. He approached the block and laid his axe upon it. Behind him, pale indeed, but marching with a firm step, was Charles Stuart, who advanced between two priests, followed by a few superior officers appointed to preside

at the execution and attended by two files of partisans who took their places on opposite sides of the scaffold.

The sight of the masked man gave rise to a prolonged sensation. Every one was full of curiosity as to who that unknown executioner could be who presented himself so opportunely to assure to the people the promised spectacle, when the people believed it had been postponed until the following day. All gazed at him searchingly.

But they could discern nothing but a man of middle height, dressed in black, apparently ot a certain age, for the end of a gray beard peeped out from the bottom of the mask that hid his features.

The king's request had undoubtedly been acceded to by an affirmative sign, for in firm, sonorous accents, which vibrated in the depths of Athos's heart, the king began his speech, explaining his conduct and counseling the welfare of the kingdom.

"Oh!" said Athos to himself, "is it indeed possible that I hear what I hear and that I see what I see? Is it possible that God has abandoned His representative on earth and left him to die thus miserably? And I have not seen him! I have not said adieu to him!"

A noise was heard like that the instrument of death would make if moved upon the block.

"Do not touch the axe," said the king, and resumed his speech.

At the end of his speech the king looked tenderly around upon the people. The unfastening the diamond ornament which the queen had sent him, he placed it in the hands of the priest who accompanied Juxon. Then he drew from his breast a little cross set in diamonds, which, like the order, had been the gift of Henrietta Maria.

"Sir," said he to the priest, "I shall keep this cross in my hand till the last moment. Take it from me when I am —dead."

"Yes, sire," said a voice.

He then took his hat from his head and threw it on the ground. One by one he undid the buttons of his doublet, took it off and deposited it by the side of his hat. Then, as it was cold, he asked for his gown, which was brought to him.

All the preparations were made with a frightful calmness. One would have thought the king was going to bed and not to his coffin.

"Will these be in your way?" he said to the executioner, raising his long locks; "if so, they can be tied up."

Charles accompanied these words with a look designed to penetrate the mask of the unknown headsman. His calm, noble gaze forced the man to turn away his head. But after the searching look of the king he encountered the burning eyes of Aramis.

The king, seeing that he did not reply, repeated his question.

"It will do," replied the man, in a tremulous voice, "if you seperate them across the neck."

The king parted his hair with his hands, and looking at the block he said:

"This block is very low; is there no other to be had?"

"It is the usual block," answered the man in the mask.

"Do you think you can behead me with a single blow?" asked the king.

"I hope so," was the reply. There was something so strange in these three

words that everybody, except the king, shuddered.

"I do not wish to be taken by surprise," added the king. "I shall kneel down to pray; do not strike then."

"When shall I strike?"

"When I shall lay my head on the block and say *'Remember!'* then strike boldly."

"Gentlemen," said the king to those around him, "I leave you to brave the tempest; I go before you to a kingdom which knows no storms. Farewell."

He looked at the priest and made a special sign to him with his head.

"Now," he continued, "withdraw a little and let me say my prayer, I beseech you. You, also, stand aside," he said to the masked man. "It is only for moment and I know that I belong to you; but remember that you are not to strike till I give the signal."

Then he knelt down, made the sign of the cross, and lowering his face to the planks, as if he would have kissed them, said in a low tone, in French, "Comte de la Fère, Athos are you there?"

"Yes, your majesty," he answered, trembling.

"Faithful friend, noble heart!" said the king, "I should not have been rescued. I have addressed my people and I have spoken to God; last of all I speak to you. To maintain a cause which I believe sacred I have lost the throne and my children their inheritance. A million in gold remains; it is buried in the cellars of Newcastle Keep. You only know that this money exists. Make use of it, then, whenever you think it will be most useful, for my eldest son's welfare. And now, farewell."

"Farewell, saintly, martyred majesty," lisped Athos, chilled with terror.

A moment's silence ensued, and then, in a full, sonorous voice, the king exclaimed: *"Remember!"*

He had scarcely uttered the word when a heavy blow shook the scaffold and where Athos stood immovable a warm drop fell upon his brow. He reeled back with a shudder and the same moment the drops became a crimson cataract.

Athos fell on his knees and remained some minutes as if bewildered or stunned. At last he rose and taking his handkerchief steeped it in the blood of the martyred king.

I. The Queen's Perfumer

In the period of Charles IX. there existed in Paris, for passing from one part of the city to another, but five bridges, some of stone and the others of wood, and they all led to the Cité; among these five bridges, each of which has its history, we shall now speak more particularly of the Pont Saint Michel.

In the midst of the houses which bordered the line of the bridge, facing a small islet, was a house remarkable for its panels of wood, over which a large roof impended, like the lid of an

immense eye. At the only window which opened on the first story, over the window and door of the ground floor, closely shut, was observable a reddish light, which attracted the attention of the passers-by to the low facade, large and painted blue, with rich gold moldings. A kind of frieze, which separated the ground-floor from the first-floor, represented groups of devils in the most grotesque postures imaginable; and a large plain strip, painted blue like the facade, ran between the frieze and the window, with this inscription: "Rene, Florentine, Perfumer to Her Majesty the Queen-Mother."

The door of this shop was, as we have said, closely bolted; but it was defended from nocturnal attacks better than by bolts by the reputation of its occupant, so redoubtable that the passengers over the bridge usually kept away from contact with the building, as if they feared the very smell of the perfumes that might exhale from the house.

From similar motives, the neighbors right and left of Rene had quitted their houses, which were thus entirely deserted; yet, in spite of this solitude, belated passers-by had frequently seen, glittering through the crevices of the shutters of these empty habitations, certain rays of light, and heard certain noises like groans, which proved that some beings frequented these abodes, although they did not know if they belonged to this world or the other.

It was, doubtless, owing to the privilege which the dread of him, widely circulated, had procured for him, that Maitre Rene had dared to keep up a light after the prescribed hour. No round or guard, however, would have dared to molest him, a man doubly dear to her majesty as her fellow-countryman and perfumer.

The shop of the ground-floor had been dark and deserted since eight o'clock in the evening—the hour at which it closed, not again to open until next morning, and it was there was the daily sale of perfumery, unguents, cosmetics, and all the articles of a skillful chemist. Two apprentices aided him in the retail business, but did not sleep in the house.

In the evening they went out an instant before the shop was closed, and in the morning waited at the door until it was opened.

In the shop, which was large and deep, there were two doors, each leading to a staircase. One of these staircases was in the wall itself, and the other was exterior and visible from the Quai des Augustins, and from what is now called the Quai des Orfeyres.

Both led to a room on the first-floor, of the same size as the ground-floor, except that it was divided into two compartments by tapestry suspended in the center. At the end of the first compartment opened the door which led to the exterior staircase. On the side face of the second opened the door of the secret staircase. This door was invisible; being concealed by a large carved cupboard fastened to it by iron clamps, and moving with it when pushed open. Catherine alone, besides Rene, knew the secret of this door, and by it she came and departed; and with eye or ear placed against the cupboard, in which were several small holes, she saw and heard all that passed in the chamber.

Two other doors visible to all eyes,

presented themselves at the sides of the second compartment. One opened to a small chamber lighted from the roof, and having nothing in it but a large stove, alembics, retorts, and crucibles: it was an alchemist's laboratory; the other opened on to a cell more singular than the rest of the apartment, for it was not lighted at all—had neither carpet nor furniture, but only a kind of stone altar.

The floor sloped from the center to the ends, and from the ends to the base of the wall was a kind of gutter ending in a funnel, through whose orifice might be seen the somber waters of the Seine. On nails driven into the walls were suspended instruments of singular shape, all keen and trenchant, with points as fine as a needle and edges as sharp as a razor: some shone like mirrors; others, on the contrary, were of a dull gray or murky blue. In a corner were two black fowls, struggling with each other and tied together by the claws. This was the Sanctuary of Augury.

Let us return to the middle chamber, that with two compartments.

It was here that the vulgar clients were introduced: here were Ibises of Egypt; mummies, with gilded bands; the crocodile, yawning from the ceiling; death's heads, with eyeless sockets and gumless teeth; and here, old musty volumes, torn and rat-eaten, were presented to the eye of the visitor in pell-mell confusion. Behind the curtain were phials, singularly shaped boxes, and vases of curious construction; all lighted up by two small silver lamps which, supplied with perfumed oil, cast their yellow flame around the somber vault, to which each was suspended by three blackened chains.

Rene, alone, his arms crossed, was pacing up and down the second compartment with long strides and shaking his head.

Catherine de Medici turned the key in the lock. "Rene," said Catherine, "is there any one here?"

"No one but your majesty and myself."

"Have you done what I ordered you?"

"About the two black hens?"

"Yes!"

"They are ready, madame."

"Ah," muttered Catherine, "if you were a Jew!"

"Why a Jew, madame."

"Because you could then read the Hebrew treatises concerning sacrifices. I have had one of them translated, and I found that it was not in the heart or liver that the Hebrews sought for omens; but in the brain, and the letters traced there by the all-powerful hand of destiny."

"Yes, madame; so I have heard from an old rabbi."

"There are," said Catherine, "characters thus marked that reveal all the future. Only the Chaldean seers recommend—"

"What?" asked Rene, seeing the queen hesitate.

"That the experiment shall be tried on the human brain, as more developed and more nearly sympathizing with the wishes of the consulter."

"Alas!" said Rene, "your majesty knows it is impossible."

"Difficult, at least," said Catherine; "if we had known this at the St. Bartholomew, what a rich harvest we might have had. But I will think of it the first time anybody is to be hanged.

Meantime, let us do what we can. Is the chamber of sacrifice prepared?"

"Yes, madame."

"Let us go there."

Rene lighted a taper made of strange substances, and emitting strong odors, and preceded Catherine into the cell.

Catherine selected from among the sacrificial instruments a knife of blue steel, while Rene took up one of the fowls that were crouched in the corner.

"How shall we proceed?"

"We will examine the liver of the one and the brain of the other. If these two experiments lead to the same result with the former, we must needs be convinced."

"With which shall we commence?"

"With the liver."

"Very well," said Rene, and he fastened the bird down to two rings attached to the little altar, so that the creature, turned on its back, could only struggle, without stirring from the spot.

Catherine opened its breast with a single stroke of her knife; the fowl uttered three cries, and, after some convulsions, expired. "Always three cries!" said Catherine; "three signs of death."

She then opened the body.

"And the liver inclining to the left—always to the left, a triple death, followed by a downfall. 'Tis terrible, Rene."

"We must see, madame, whether the presages from the second correspond with those of the first."

Rene threw the dead fowl into a corner, and went toward the other, which, endeavoring to escape, and seeing itself pent up in a corner, flew suddenly over Rene's head, and in its flight extinguished the magic taper Catherine held.

"Thus shall our race be extinguished," said the queen: "death shall breathe upon it, and destroy it from the face of the earth! Yet three sons! three sons!" she murmured, sorrowfully.

Rene took from her the extinguished taper, and went to re-light it.

On his return, he found the hen huddled in a corner.

"This time," said Catherine, "I will prevent the cries, for I will cut off the head at once."

And accordingly, as soon as the hen was bound, Catherine severed the head at a single blow; but in the last agony the beak opened three times, and then closed forever.

"Seest thou," said Catherine, terrified, "instead of three cries, three sighs?—they will all three die. Let us now see the brain."

She severed the comb from the head, and carefully opening the skull, endeavored to trace a letter formed in the bloody cavities that divide the brain.

"Always so!" cried she, clasping her hands; "and this time clearer than ever; see here!" Rene approached.

"What is this letter?" asked Catherine.

"An H," replied Rene.

"How many times repeated?"

"Four," said he.

"Ay, ay! I see it! that is to say Henry IV. Oh," cried she, casting the knife from her, "I am accursed in my posterity!"

She was terrible, that woman, pale as a corpse, lighted by the dismal taper, and clasping her bloody hands.

"He will reign!" she exclaimed; "he will reign!"

"He will reign!" repeated Rene, buried in meditation.

The gloomy expression of Catherine's face soon disappeared before a sudden thought that passed through her mind.

"Rene," said she, without lifting her head from her breast, "Rene, do you recollect the terrible history of a doctor at Perugia, who killed at once, by the aid of a pomade, his daughter and his daughter's lover?"

"Yes, madame."

"And this lover—"

"Was King Ladislaus, madame."

"Ah, yes!" murmured she, "have you any account of this history?"

"I have an old book that mentions it," replied Rene.

"Well, let us go into the other chamber, and then you can show it me."

They quitted the cell, the door of which Rene closed after him.

"Has your majesty any other orders to give me concerning the sacrifices?"

"No, Rene, none; I am sufficiently satisfied for the present; only the next execution you must arrange with the executioner for the head."

Rene bowed and approached the shelves, where stood the books, reached down one of them, opened it, turned over the leaves an instant, and then handed it to the queen-mother.

Catherine sat down at a table, Rene placed the magic taper close to her, and by its dim and livid glare she read a few lines.

"Good!" said she; "this is all I wanted to know."

She rose from her seat, leaving the book on the table, but bearing away the idea that had germinated in her mind, and which would ripen there.

Rene waited respectfully, taper in hand, until the queen, who seemed about to retire, should give him fresh orders or ask fresh questions.

Catherine walked up and down several times without speaking. Then suddenly stopping before Rene, and fixing on him her eyes, round and piercing as those of a bird of prey:

"Confess you have given her some love-draught," said she.

"Whom?" asked Rene, starting.

"La Sauve."

"I, madame?" said Rene; "never!"

"Never?"

"I swear it."

"There must be some magic in it, however, for he is desperately in love with her, though he is not famous for his constancy."——"Who, madame?"

"He, Henry the accursed—he who is to succeed my three sons—he who shall one day sit upon the throne of France, and be called Henry IV., and is yet the son of Jeanne d'Albret."

And Catherine accompanied these words with a sigh that made Rene shudder, for he thought of the famous gloves he had prepared by Catherine's order for the queen of Navarre.

"He runs after her still, then?" said Rene.

"Still," replied the queen.

"I thought that the king of Navarre was quite in love with his wife now."

"All a farce, Rene. I know not why, but everybody is seeking to deceive me. My daughter Marguerite is leagued against me; perhaps, she, too, is looking forward to her brother's death; perhaps, she, too, hopes to be queen of France."

"Perhaps so," re-echoed Rene, resuming his own reverie.

"Ha! we shall see," said Catherine, advancing toward the great door, for she doubtless judged it useless to de-

scend the secret stair, after Rene's assurance that they were alone.

Rene preceded her, and in a few minutes they stood in the laboratory of the perfumer.

"You promised me some fresh cosmetics for my hands and lips, Rene; the winter is approaching, and you know how tender my skin is."

"I have already thought of that, madame; and I intended to bring you some to-morrow."

"I shall not be visible before nine o'clock to-morrow evening; I shall be occupied with my devotions during the day."

"I will be at the Louvre at nine o'clock, then, madame."

"Madame de Sauve has beautiful hands and lips," said Catherine, in a careless tone. "What pomade does she use?"

"Heliotrope."

"For her hands?"

"Yes."

"What for her lips?"

"She is going to try a new composition of my invention, and of which I intended to bring your majesty a box at the same time."

Catherine mused an instant.

"She is certainly very beautiful," said she, pursuing her secret thoughts, "and the passion of the Béarnais for her is astonishing."

"And so devoted to your majesty," said Rene.

Catherine shrugged her shoulders.

"When a woman loves, is she faithful to any one but her lover?—You must have given her some love-spell, Rene."

"I swear I have not, madame."

"Well, well; we'll say no more about it. Show me this opiate you spoke of, that is to make her lips still more rosy."

Rene approached a drawer, and showed Catherine six small silver boxes of a round shape, ranged side by side.

"This is the only spell she ever asked me for," observed Rene; "it is true, as your majesty says, I have composed it expressly for her, for her lips are so tender that the sun and wind affect them equally."

Catherine opened one of the boxes; it contained a beautiful carmine paste.

"Give me some paste for my hands, Rene," said she; "I will take it away with me, for I have none."

Rene took the taper, and went to seek, in a private drawer, what the queen asked for. As he turned, he fancied that he saw the queen conceal a box under her mantle; he was, however, too familiar with these habits of the queen to affect to perceive the movement; so wrapping the cosmetic she demanded in a paper bag, ornamented with fleur-de-lis:

"Here it is, madame," he said.

"Thanks, Rene," returned the queen; then, after a moment's silence: "Do not give Madame de Sauve that paste for a few days; I wish to make the first trial of it myself."

And she approached the door.

"Shall I have the honor of escorting your majesty?" asked Rene.

"Only to the end of the bridge," replied Catherine; "my gentlemen and my litter wait for me there."

They left the house, and at the end of the Rue Barillerie four gentlemen on horseback and a plain litter were in attendance.

On his return, Rene's first care was to count his boxes of opiates—one was wanting.

II. Madame de Sauve's Chamber

CATHERINE had calculated rightly in supposing that Henry would spend his evenings with Madame de Sauve. 'Tis true that the utmost caution was at first observed in making these visits, but by degrees all precaution was laid aside, and so openly did the king of Navarre avow his preference for the society of Madame de Sauve, that Catherine experienced not the smallest difficulty in ascertaining that, however her daughter Marguerite might claim the title of his queen, the real sovereign of his affections was the fair Charlotte.

These apartments, for the reader's better information we will state were situated on the second floor of the palace, almost immediately above those occupied by Henry himself, and in common with the suites of rooms occupied by such as were officially employed by the royal family, were small, dark, and inconvenient; the door opened upon a corridor, feebly lighted by an arched window at the further end, but so completely did the cumbrous sashes interfere with the purpose for which the window in question had been, no doubt, originally intended, that it was only during a few hours of a sunshiny day that a few straggling rays gained admittance; during winter it was necessary to light the lamp placed at the end by two o'clock in the day, and the said lamp only containing a certain portion of oil, it followed, as a matter of course, that by the hour of Henry's usual visit it was exhausted, leaving the whole corridor in a state of darkness.

The suite of rooms devoted to the service of Madame de Sauve consisted of a small antechamber, hung with yellow damask; a receiving-room, with hangings of blue velvet; a sleeping-room, with its bed of curiously carved wood, heavy curtains of rose-colored satin, and tester composed of looking-glass, set in silver, and paintings representing the loves of Venus and Adonis; such was the residence, or rather nest, of the lovely Charlotte de la Sauve, lady-in-waiting to her majesty Queen Catherine.

A more careful examination of the apartment we have just been describing discovered a toilet abundantly and luxuriously provided with all the accessories of female beauty; nearly opposite to which was a small door opening into a kind of oratory, where, at an elevation of two steps from the ground, stood a carved *prie-dieu*. Against the walls were suspended three or four paintings, representing the most striking passages in the lives of the saints, mingled with arms for female use, both offensive and defensive; for in these times of mysterious intrigue, women carried arms as well as men, and very frequently employed them as skillfully.

The evening on which we have introduced the reader to Madame de Sauve's apartments was the one following the scenes in which Maitre Rene had played so conspicuous a part; and the fair Charlotte, seated beside Henry in her sleeping chamber, was eloquently discoursing of her fears and affection, and touched on the de-

votion she had exhibited the night succeeding the massacre of St. Bartholomew—the only night Henry had passed in Marguerite's apartments.

Henry, meanwhile, though duly grateful for the deep interest expressed for him by the beautiful creature, who looked more than usually captivating in the simple white peignor in which she was robed, was more grave and thoughtful than exactly satisfied Madame de Sauve, who had strictly obeyed Catherine's injunctions to evince the most extreme affection for Henry. She eagerly and searchingly gazed upon him, as though to ascertain how far his words and looks agreed.

"Charlotte," said Henry, at last, roused by her manner from his meditative mood, "there is one question I want to ask you, and I trust to you to answer me truly. How comes it, that, all at once, I find you listening so readily to my suit, and lavishing upon so unworthy a creature as myself the rich treasures of that love I so earnestly, though vainly, sought to obtain before my marriage? Something whispers to me that I am indebted to the interference of her majesty Queen Catherine for the delightful change I experience."

Madame blushed, and hastily exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, speak not so loud when you name the queen-mother!"

"Nay," answered Henry, with such an air of confidence as to deceive even Madame de Sauve herself, "there was a time when such caution was requisite; but now that I am her daughter's husband, the case is different."

"Ah, Henry!" replied Madame de Sauve, "you have been sporting with my credulity in persuading me you love me; 'tis too plain you have bestowed your affections with your hand —on Madame Marguerite."

Henry smiled.

"There!" exclaimed Madame de Sauve, "you smile so provokingly, that I feel as though I could quarrel with you, and forbid you ever to see my face again! May I request to be informed what your majesty meant by saying that you owed my love to the orders of the queen-mother?"

"Why, I meant this, sweetheart, and nothing more: that, though your heart felt inclined to return my love, you durst not listen to its dictates till authorized by Catherine herself. But be content, and believe that I fully return your affection; and for that reason, I will not confide to you the secret working of my thoughts, lest you should be a sufferer; for the friendship of the queen is unstable—there is no dependence on it—it is just the uncertain, changeable regard of a mother-in-law."

This was not the point at which Charlotte aimed; and it seemed to her as though an impenetrable barrier arose to separate her from her lover directly she attempted to sound the fathomless recesses of his heart. Her eyes filled with tears, but just as she was about to reply, ten o'clock struck.

"Your majesty will pardon me for reminding you that it is late; and I am required to be early in my attendance on the queen-mother to-morrow morning."

"In other words, you are tired of my company, and want to get rid of

me; eh, pretty one? Is it not so?" said Henry.

"Nay," answered Charlotte, "I am somewhat indisposed to-night; and as I fear I may be led to say what it may displease your majesty to hear, I would humbly request you to retire and leave me to my own sad thoughts."

"Well!" cried Henry, "be it as you will; but by way of recompense for my obedience, will you not allow me to be present while that beautiful hair is arranged for the night?"

"Does not your majesty fear the displeasure of Queen Marguerite, should you protract your departure?"

"Charlotte," answered Henry, with a serious air, "we agreed never to allude to or mention the name of the Queen of Navarre, and it seems to me as though, to-night, we had talked of nothing else."

Madame de Sauve arose with a sigh, and seated herself before her toilet-table, while Henry, drawing a chair beside her placed one knee on the seat, and leaning on the back, exclaimed:

"Mercy on us! what a heap of wonderful things you have here, my pretty Charlotte!—scent bottles, powders, pots of perfume, odiferous pastilles, phials, washes. Who would think so many accessories were requisite ere beauty could be made perfect?"

"Still," replied Charlotte, "it seems that my toilet lacks that one needful embellishment that would enable me to reign exclusively over your majesty's heart!"

"Come, come, sweetheart," interrupted Henry, "do not let us fall back upon past subjects, but tell me—for I am dying to know—what is the use of this delicately small pencil? Now, if I were good at guessing, I would venture to ask if it were intended to trace out the arched brow of my beautiful Charlotte?"

"Your majesty has guessed most successfully; 'tis even as you say, for marking more perfectly the form of the eyebrow."

"Then reward my skill by explaining the purport of this little ivory rake?"

"To form a perfect and accurate division of the roots of the hair."

"And this charming little silver box, with the lid so elegantly wrought and embossed?"

"That, sire, was sent to me from Rene; it contains the lip salve so long promised by him, to embellish the lips your majesty has ere now deigned to admire."

III. Boxes

In the chamber of Madame de Sauve, Henry of Navarre was enjoying privacy and pleasure when a sudden knocking at the door made the lovers start.

"Madame," said Dariole, the confidante, introducing her head through the curtains that hung before the entrance to the chamber, "some one knocks."

"Go, see who it is, and return quickly," said her mistress.

During the absence of the confidante, Henry and Charlotte exchanged looks of considerable alarm; the former contemplating a hasty retreat to the oratory, which had before now afforded him a safe hiding-place when similarly surprised.

"Madame!" cried Dariole, "'tis Maitre Rene, the perfumer of the Queen."

At this name, a frown darkened the brow of Henry and his lips were suddenly and involuntarily compressed.

"Shall I send him away?" asked Charlotte.

"By no means," answered Henry; "Maitre Rene is one of those persons who do nothing without a motive; his coming hither is for some design or reason; therefore admit him without hesitation."

"Will your majesty choose to conceal yourself?"

"On no account," replied Henry; "for Master Rene, from whom nothing is hid, knows perfectly well of my being here."

"But are there not reasons why his presence should be unpleasant to your majesty?"

"No!" answered Henry; vainly striving to conceal his emotion; "none whatever; 'tis true there was a coolness between us; but since the night of St. Bartholomew we have made up all our differences."

"Show Maitre Rene in," said Madame de Sauve to Dariole.

And the next instant Rene entered the chamber, casting around him a quick searching glance, that took in the assembled group as well as every trifling circumstance. He found Madame de Sauve sitting before her toilet, and Henry reclining on the sofa at the opposite end of the room, so that while the full light fell upon Charlotte, Henry remained in shadow.

"Madame," said Rene, with a sort of respectful freedom—"I come to offer my apologies to you."

"And wherefore, my good Rene?" asked Madame de Sauve, with that air of pleased coquetry with which a pretty woman beholds the means of rendering her beauty still more striking.

"For having thus long delayed fulfilling my promise of inventing a fresh beautifier for those lovely lips—and—"

"And for deferring the performance of that promise until this very day?—that is what you mean, is it not, my worthy Maitre Rene?" inquired Charlotte.

"This day?" repeated Rene.

"Yes, indeed, 'twas but this evening, not long since, I received this box from you."

"Ah, truly: I had forgotten it," said Rene, gazing with a singular expression on the small box of lip-salve lying on Madame de Sauve's toilet-table, and which exactly resembled those in his shop; "and may I inquire whether you have yet made trial of it?"

"Not yet; I was just about to do so when you entered."

Rene's countenance became thoughtful, a change which did not escape the observation of Henry, whom, indeed, few things escaped.

"What ails you, Rene?" inquired the king.

"Nothing, sire," answered Rene. "I was but waiting till your majesty should condescend to address me, ere

I took my leave of Madame la Baronne."

"Nay, nay," answered Henry, smilingly, "you need no words of mine to assure yourself that I am always happy to see you. What say you, Rene?—did you doubt that?"

Rene glanced around him, and seemed as though searchingly examining each nook and corner of the apartment; then, suddenly ceasing his survey, he so placed himself as to bring both Madame de Sauve and Henry within his gaze.

Warned by that admirable instinct which in Henry formed almost a sixth sense, the king felt persuaded that some strange and conflicting struggle was going on in the mind of the perfumer, and hastily turning round, so as to throw his own features into shade, while those of the Florentine were fully revealed, he said: "By the way, what brings you here so late to-night, Maitre Rene?"

"Have I been so unfortunate as to disturb your majesty by my visit?" replied the perfumer, retreating backward to the door.

"Not in the least, I promise you; but I should like to know one thing."

"What is that, sire?"

"Whether you expected to find me here."——"I was quite sure your majesty was nowhere else."

"You were seeking me, probably?"

"I am at least very happy to have met your majesty."

"You have something to say to me?" persisted Henry; "come, come, 'tis useless seeking to deny it."

"'Tis possible I have somewhat to say to your majesty," said Rene.

Charlotte blushed, and a dread lest the revelation the perfumer seemed tempted to make to Henry might relate to her previous conduct toward the king, made her desirous of cutting short the conversation; feigning, therefore, so entire an absorption in the duties of her toilet as not to have heard a word that had passed, she suddenly broke in upon it, by exclaiming, as she opened the box of lip salve:

"Rene, you are a dear good man, to have made me this beautiful ointment; and, now I think of it, it will be an excellent opportunity to make use of it while you are here, that you may assist me with your valuable aid and direction as to the right mode of employing it."

So saying, she dipped the tip of her finger in the vermilion paste, and was just about to raise it to her lips.

Rene shuddered, and half extended his arm to prevent her. The hand of the baronne had almost touched her lips.

Henry, concealed in deep shadow, marked well the action of the one and the start of the other.

Rene became ghastly pale as the distance between the finger of Charlotte and her lips were diminished to the smallest possible space; then suddenly springing forward, he arrested her arm at the very instant that Henry arose with the same intention. The king instantly fell back on the sofa, without the slightest noise.

"One moment, madame!" cried Rene, with a forced smile, "but this salve must not be used without very particular directions."

"And who will supply me with these directions?"

"I will."

"And when?"

"Directly I have finished saying what I have to say to his majesty the king of Navarre."

Charlotte opened her eyes with amazement at the singular and mysterious conversation which was being carried on without her understanding a word of its import, and she continued in mute astonishment, holding the pot of salve in one hand, and gazing on the extremity of the finger tinged by the roseate ointment she had intended for her lips.

Meanwhile, Henry arose, and moved by an idea which, like all the thoughts of the young king, had two sides, the one apparently superficial, and the other deep and profound, went straight to Charlotte, and taking her hand, reddened as it was with the ointment, feigned to be about to carry it to his lips.

"Wait one minute!" exclaimed Rene, eagerly; "but an instant! Be kind enough, madame, to wash your beautiful hands with this Naples soap, which I quite forgot to send when I sent the salve, but which I now have the honor of presenting to you myself."

And drawing from its silver envelope a cake of greenish colored soap, he put it into a gilt basin, poured water upon it, and bending one knee to the ground, he presented the whole to Madame de Sauve.

"Why, really, Master Rene," cried Henry, "your gallantry quite astonishes me; you put our court beaux quite out of the field!"

"Oh, what a delicious odor!" exclaimed Charlotte, rubbing her fair hands with the pearly froth that arose from the balmy soap.

Rene, unmoved by Henry's raillery, continued to fulfill his self-imposed duties with the most rigorous exactitude; putting aside the basin he had held, he presented Charlotte with a towel of the most delicate texture, and when she had thoroughly dried her hands, said:

"And now, my lord, you are at liberty to follow your royal inclination."

Charlotte held out her hand to Henry, who kissed it and returned to his seat, more convinced than ever that something most extraordinary was going on in the mind of the Florentine.

"Well?" said Charlotte.

The Florentine appeared as though trying to collect all his resolution, and after a short hesitation, turned toward Henry.

"Sire!" said Rene to Henry, "I wish to speak to you on a matter which has for a long time occupied my attention."

"Of perfumes?" asked Henry, with a smile.

"Well, yes, sire—of perfumes," replied Rene, with a singular tone of acquiescence.

"Well, then, speak on; for it is a subject that has much interested me."

Rene looked at the king, endeavoring to read his thoughts, but they were impenetrable; and seeing that his scrutiny was unavailing, he continued:

"One of my friends, sire, has just arrived from Florence: this friend has devoted much of his time to astrology."

"Yes," said Henry, "I know it is a Florentine pursuit."

"And he has, in association with the leading savants of the world, drawn the horoscopes of the principal personages in Europe!"

"Indeed!" said Henry.

"And as the house of Bourbon is among the leading houses, descending, as it does, from the Comte du Clermont, fifth son of Saint Louis, your majesty may well suppose that yours has not been forgotten."

Henry listened still more attentively; adding, with a smile as indifferent as he could make it: "And do you recollect this horoscope?"

"Oh!" answered Rene, shaking his head; "your horoscope is one not easily forgotten."

"Really!" said Henry, with an ironical look.

"Yes, sire; your majesty, according to the indications of this horoscope, is called to the most brilliant destiny."

The eyes of the young prince emitted involuntarily a lightning glance, and then as rapidly reassumed their look of indifference.

"All these Italian oracles are flatterers," said Henry, "and he who flatters, lies. Are there not some who say I shall command armies?"

And he burst into loud laughter. But an observer less occupied than Rene would have marked and comprehended the effort this laugh had cost.

"Sire," said Rene, coolly, "the horoscope announces better than that."

"Does it announce, that at the head of one of these armies I shall gain battles?"

"Better than that, sire."

"Well, then," said Henry, "at all events I shall be a conqueror."

"Sire, you will be king!"

"Eh, *ventre-saint-gris!*" said Henry, repressing a violent palpitation of the heart; "am I not so already?"

"Sire, my friend knows what he promises; not only will you be king, but you will reign."

"And then," said Henry, in the same strain of raillery, "your friend requires ten golden crowns, does he not, Rene? for such a prophecy, in such times, is indeed an ambitious one. Well, well, Rene, I am not rich, so I will give your friend five at once, and the other five when the prophecy shall be realized."

"Sire," said Rene, "allow me to proceed."

"What, is not that all?" said Henry. "Well, if I am an emperor, I will give double."

"Sire, my friend came from Florence with his horoscope, which he has renewed in Paris, and which gives again the same result; and he has confided the secret to me."

"A secret that concerns his majesty?" inquired Charlotte, eagerly.

"I believe so," replied the Florentine.

"Then say it," answered the Baroness de Sauve. "What is it?"

"It is," said the Florentine, weighing each of his words well; "it is in reference to the reports of poisoning which have been circulated for some time at court."

A slight expansion of the nostrils was the only indication which the king of Navarre exhibited of his increased attention at the sudden change in the conversation.

"And does your friend, the Florentine," inquired the king, "know anything of these poisonings?"

"Yes, sire."

"How can you confide to me a secret which is not your own, Rene; and particularly when the secret is so impor-

tant?" inquired Henry, in the most natural tone he could assume.

"My friend has some advice to ask of your majesty."——"Of me?"

"What is there astonishing in this, sire? When my friend confided his secret to me, your majesty was the first chief of the Calvinistic party, and M. de Conde the second."

"Well!" observed Henry.

"This friend hoped you would use your all-powerful influence with the Prince de Conde to entreat him not to be hostile toward him."

"Explain yourself, Rene, if you would have me comprehend you," replied Henry, without manifesting the least alteration in his features or voice.

"Sire, your majesty will comprehend at the first word; this friend knows all the particulars of the attempt to poison Monseigneur the Prince de Conde."

"What! did they attempt to poison the Prince de Conde?" exclaimed Henry, with well-acted surprise. "Indeed! and when was that?"

Rene looked steadfastly at the king, and replied in these words only:

"Eight days since, your majesty."

"Some enemy?" inquired the king.

"Yes," replied Rene; "an enemy whom your majesty knows, and who knows your majesty."

"Yes, now I remember," said Henry; "I must have heard talk of this, but I forget the details, which your friend would disclose to me, you say."

"Well, a scented apple was offered to the Prince de Conde, but fortunately his physician was there when it was brought to him; he took it from the messenger, and smelled it. Two days afterward a gangrenous humor formed in his face; then an extravasation of blood, and then a cancerous sore which ate into his cheeks, were the price of his devotion or the result of his imprudence."

"Unfortunately, being already half a Catholic," answered Henry, "I have lost all my influence over M. de Conde, and therefore your friend would gain nothing by addressing me."

"It was not only with M. de Conde that your majesty might, by your influence, be useful to my friend, but with the Prince de Porcian, brother of him who was poisoned."

"What!" observed the king, "do you also know the details of the poisoning of the Prince de Porcian?"

"Yes," was the reply. "They knew that he burned every night a lamp near his bed; they poisoned the oil, and he was stifled with the odor."

Henry clenched his moistened palms together with rage.

"Thus then," he replied, "he whom you term your friend, knows not only the details of the poisoning, but the author of it also?"

"Yes; and that is why he wished to ascertain from you if you had sufficient influence with the Prince de Porcian to induce him to pardon the murderer of his brother?"

"Unfortunately," replied Henry, "being still half Huguenot I have no influence over the Prince de Porcian; he was wrong, therefore, to address me."

"But what do you think of the inclinations of the Prince de Conde and M. de Porcian?"

"How can I tell their inclinations, Rene? God has not, that I know, given me the privilege of reading hearts."

"Your majesty may ask yourself the

question," said the Florentine, calmly; "has there not been in your majesty's life some event so gloomy that it may serve as an example of clemency—so painful, that it may be a touchstone for generosity?"

These words were pronounced in a tone that made Charlotte shudder. The allusion was so direct, so manifest, that the young lady turned aside to hide her flushed face, and avoid Henry's look.

Henry made a powerful effort over himself, smoothed his brow, which, during the Florentine's address had been heavy with menace, and changing the deep filial grief which weighed upon his heart into an air of vague reflection, said:

"In my life—a gloomy event!—no, Rene—no; I only recollect the folly and recklessness of my youth mixed with those fatalities, more or less cruel, which are inflicted on all the frailities of nature, and the trials of God."

Rene mastered himself, in turn, and turned his glance from Henry to Charlotte, as if to excite the one and restrain the other—for Charlotte, going toward her toilet to conceal the feelings inspired by this conversation, again extended her hand toward the box of salve.

"But if, sire, you were the brother of the Prince de Porcian, or the brother of the Prince de Conde, and your brother had been poisoned, or your father assassinated?"

Charlotte uttered a cry, and again was about to apply the salve to her lips. Rene saw this, but neither stopped her by word nor gesture; he only said, hastily:

"In the name of Heaven, sire, reply! Sire, if you were in their place, what would you do?"

Henry collected himself; wiped, with tremulous hand, his forehead bedewed with drops of cold perspiration, and elevating his figure to its full height, replied in the midst of the breathless silence of Rene and Charlotte:

"If I were in their place, and were sure of being king—that is to say, of representing God on earth—I would do like God, and forgive!"

"Madame!" exclaimed Rene, snatching the salve from Madame de Sauve's hands; "madame, give me that box! I see my assistant made a mistake in bringing it to you; to-morrow I will send you another."

To Rusconise

Rusconi's life shows three culminating points. He drank, in the Island of Elba, a cup of coffee with the Emperor; he conspired, in 1822, at Colmar, with Carrel; lastly, he received, at Nantes, from the hands of M. de Ménars, the famous hat, which to this day, I am assured, remains in the family of Her Highness' equerry, as a precious memorial of the Duchesse de Berry.

How came Rusconi, after having taken coffee with Napoleon at Elba, after having conspired with Carrel at Colmar, after having captured the Duchesse de Berry at Nantes, to be showman and exhibitor of my monkeys

at the Villa Médicis? The story is at once an Odyssey and an Iliad.

Rusconi, who had made the campaign of 1812 with the Italian Division of General Fontanelli, had at the time of the disasters of 1814 retired to Milan. There he learnt how his Emperor, after giving away so many thrones, had just been presented with one himself. True, the Holy Alliance had not exactly ruined itself by the gift, for the throne in question was that of Elba!

From that moment Rusconi conceived the idea of consecrating his services to his Emperor.

By the good offices of Vantini, Procureur Impérial in the island, he obtained the post of special Commissary of Police at Porto-Ferrajo.

One day a disturbance occurred between some soldiers of the guard and a body of townsmen. The commissary of the town drew up his report of the circumstances in Italian.

The document was delivered to Cambronne. The latter, who did not know a word of the language and did not expect to remain long enough on the island to make it worth his while to learn it, sent for Rusconi to translate his colleague's report to him.

Rusconi had hardly reached the second line when General Drouot sent for the report. Knowing just as much, or rather as little Italian as Cambronne, he asked for an interpreter to be furnished at the same time as the report. So General Cambronne sent in the report and Rusconi with it, one carrying the other, to General Drouot.

Now General Drouot was just sitting down to breakfast. He invited Rusconi to share the meal; he could translate the report over their dessert.

But it was written above that the said report should never get translated. The two were just beginning their after-breakfast coffee when in walked the Emperor. He had come to ask for the report.

"But, sire," Drouot told him, "it is in Italian."

"Well, but," said the Emperor, "am I not a Corsican, eh?"

He took the report and proceeded to read it; but as he went on—

"Your coffee smells very good," he said after a bit to Drouot.

"If I might venture to offer your Majesty a cup," said the General.

"Do so by all means, Drouot; but I like it piping hot, I warn you."

Rusconi seized the silver coffee-pot, clapped it on the glowing charcoal, and Napoleon, on finishing his perusal of the report, had the satisfaction of drinking a boiling hot cup of coffee.

Then he invited Drouot and Rusconi to take theirs. They drank it cold, *but* in Napoleon's company; and this was the way the portentous event came about which left so deep an impression on Rusconi's memory.

Rusconi returned to France with the Emperor; but after Waterloo, it was a case of beginning life over again for him.

He withdrew to Colmar, where, thanks to his studies in land-surveying, he made a livelihood by plotting out the territory of France—such of it as the allies had left us.

But France, such as the allies had left it us, was the France he longed to see. The result was that Rusconi, having made the acquaintance of Carrel, who was busy conspiring, took up the same trade too.

It was General Dermoncourt, a former aide-de-camp of my father General Dumas, who was the ringleader of the conspiracy. The blow was to be struck on 1st January, 1822; the plot was discovered on 28th December, 1821!

Rusconi was playing dominoes in his usual café when they came to warn him that a warrant of arrest was out against Carrel, General Dermoncourt, and himself.

He could not well disbelieve the information, seeing it was brought him by the Clerk of the Court, who had himself signed the papers.

Rusconi ran home instantly. He was treasurer of the association; he put in his pocket the five hundred louis which formed the total funds for the moment, and hurried off to Carrel's house.

But Carrel was not at home. So Rusconi, being on the run, dashed out again to warn General Dermoncourt. But neither was the General to be found.

Rusconi had no time to wait for them, having his own precious person to look after. He left a word for each of his confederates, and then away to hide in a wood behind the Colmar road.

It was along this road the conspirators were bound to pass in their flight. First came Carrel; it was six o'clock in the morning or thereabouts. Rusconi hailed him and made himself known. Carrel had been warned and was escaping.

"Are you in want of money?" Rusconi asked him.

"Have you any, by any chance?" asked Carrel in great surprise.

"I have five hundred louis from the general fund," Rusconi told him.

"Give me fifty of them," said Carrel.

Rusconi gave him the fifty louis, and Carrel disappeared at a hand-gallop.

Scarcely had the sound of Carrel's gallop died away in the distance before another horse could be heard coming up at the same rapid pace. It was Dermoncourt taking *his* turn at flight.

Rusconi introduced himself—and his four hundred and fifty louis. Such a sum is always convenient to come across—more particularly when a man is compromised in a plot and is leaving France hurriedly without any definite idea when he may return.

Dermoncourt without more ado mounted treasure and treasurer behind him.

This done, instead of making for the bridge of Alt Brisach, which in all probability was already guarded by this time, they headed for the residence of a relation of General Dermoncourt's.

The day following the arrival of the General and Rusconi at the house in question, nothing was talked about but a shooting-party which it was proposed to hold for the destruction of the water-fowl in the islands in midstream. Fifty sportsmen, chosen from the neighbouring gentry known to hold the most revolutionary opinions, were invited to share the sport. The number was ample to show a good face to all the gendarmerie of the district, supposing the latter should take it into their heads to ask the gunners for their licenses. Moreover, to make security doubly secure, instead of loading with ordinary snipe shot, they used, according to individual fancy, some ball and some slugs.

In due course a start was made. There were twenty boats in all—a regu-

lar flotilla. One of these got out of her course, carried away presumably by the current, and landed two of the party on the opposite bank of the Rhine, in other words in foreign territory.

The two sportsmen in question were General Dermoncourt and his trusty henchman Rusconi.

The former secured his re-admission to France on a judgment of the Court that no sufficient grounds for a prosecution were to be found. Things went somewhat hard for Rusconi, an Italian and a foreigner; but eventually he was able to return, and set to work again on the survey of the country.

After some years the Revolution of 1830 broke out; Dermoncourt was once more in activity and took Rusconi for his secretary.

In 1832, the General was appointed commander in charge of the Department of the Loire Inferieure, and Rusconi accompanied him to Nantes.

On 7th November of the same year, at nine o'clock one morning, Rusconi found himself in the garret of a house belonging to the Demoiselles du Guigny, chatting calmly with a couple of gendarmes, who were warming their feet at a blaze they had made of old newspapers in the fireplace, when a voice coming they knew not whence, cried—

"Take out the back of the fireplace; we are stifling!"

The gendarmes leapt in their seats, and Rusconi jumped back three steps.

At the same time a loud rapping could be heard on the fireplace back.

"Quick! quick! we are choking," came the same voice again.

Now they knew where the mysterious voice came from, and who it was were choking.

The gendarmes dashed forward and succeeded with difficulty in lifting out the iron back of the fireplace, which was red-hot by this time. Then they proceeded to sweep out the burning paper from the fireplace to afford the prisoners a practicable exit.

The latter then stepped out in the following order:

First and foremost, Her Royal Highness the Duchesse de Berry—taking her proper precedence of course, you say. Not at all; there was no question of rank or precedence about it; Madame was the nearest to the grate-back, and so she came out first, that was all! Rusconi, as a practical squire of dames, offered her his hand with graceful politeness.

Next came Mademoiselle de Kersabiec. In her case it was not so easy a matter; she was so fat she could not get through the opening. Finally, all gave a hand and pulled together, and she was presently landed safely beside the Duchesse.

Next came M. de Ménars, who slipped out unaided; tall and thin as he was, all but his great nose, he could have crept through a mouse-hole, if need be.

Now how had Rusconi, after fulfilling these high destinies, come down to a humble position he adorned about my household? This we may now explain in as few words as possible.

For having conversed with the Duchesse de Berry, hat in hand, while M. le Préfect Maurice Duval had kept his on his head, General Dermoncourt was superseded.

Having to retire into inglorious inactivity, Dermoncourt no longer re-

quired a secretary, and this being the case, he parted with Rusconi.

But in dismissing him, he handed him a letter to give to me. In this he begged me to create some sinecure about my person in the employment of which poor old Rusconi might spend the remainder of his years in peace.

I did as I was asked; Rusconi joined my household about 1832, I think, and he is still there as I write.

For three-and-twenty years therefore, except when on my journeys abroad, I have enjoyed the felicity of seeing Rusconi every day.

"What does he do in the house?"

Well, it would be hard to say—he does everything, and nothing. I have invented a word for it, which perfectly explains what I mean—to *rusconise*.

All the obliging services in fact which a man can perform for his fellow are included in the boundless expanse covered by this comprehensive verb to *rusconise*.

Saint Jean D' Acre

On the 7th of April, 1799, the promontory on which Saint Jean d'Acre—the Ptolemais of ancient times—stands, was enveloped in as much thunder and lightning as Mount Sinai on the day the Lord issued the law to Moses from the burning bush.

Whence came these deafening reverberations that shook the coast of Syria as if by an earthquake?

Whence came this smoke that covered the Gulf of Carmel with a cloud as thick as if Mount Elias had been suddenly transformed into a volcano?

The dream of one of those men who change the destiny of nations with a word was accomplished.

We are wrong; we should have said, had vanished, or, rather, had changed to a reality, of which this man, ambitious as he was, had not dared to dream.

On the 10th of September, 1797, Bonaparte, the conqueror of Italy, hearing at Passeriano of the 18th Fructidor, and the edict which condemned two members of the Directorate, fifty-four deputies, and one hundred and forty-eight private individuals to exile, relapsed into a profound reverie.

He was doubtless calculating in his own mind the influence this *coup d'etat*—which his own hand had directed, though General Augereau had been apparently the sole factor—would have upon him personally.

He was walking with his secretary, Bourrienne, in the beautiful park connected with the palace, and suddenly raising his head, he said to him, without any preamble whatever:

"Europe is but a molehill. There has never been any great empire or revolution except in the East, where there are six hundred millions of men."

Then as Bourrienne, wholly unprepared for this outburst, gazed at him in astonishment, he again seemed to lose himself in thought.

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On the 1st of January, 1798, Bonaparte, who had received an ovation at the theater on the first representation of "Horatio Cocles," and who had been greeted with shouts of "Long live Bonaparte!" that shook the building to its very foundations, returned to his house on the Rue de la Victoire—newly named in his honor the Rue de la Victoire—in a melancholy mood, remarking to Bourrienne, whom he often made the confidant of his gloomy thoughts:

"Take my word for it, Bourrienne, nobody in Paris remembers anything long. If I should not do anything for six months I should be ruined. One hero supersedes another in this modern Babylon, and I shall not attend the theater three times before the people cease to look for me."

Again, on the 29th of the same month, he said to Bourrienne, reverting incessantly to the ambitious dream that engrossed his mind:

"Bourrienne, I will not stay here. There is nothing for me to do. If I do stay I am undone, for everything in Europe seems to go to seed. This contracted little Europe does not furnish scope enough for me. I must go to the East."

Finally, on the 18th of April, 1798, about a fortnight before his departure, as he was walking down the Rue Saint Anne with Bourrienne, to whom he had not addressed a word since they left the Rue Chantereine, the secretary, to break the oppressive silence, said:

"And you have really decided to leave France, general?"

"Yes," replied Bonaparte. "I asked to be made one of them, and they refused. If I remain here I shall be obliged to overthrow them and make myself king. The nobles would not consent to that; I have sounded them. The time has not yet come; I should have no support. I must dazzle these people; so we will go to Egypt, Bourrienne."

So it was not to open communication with Tippo Sahib across Asia, or to wage war upon England in India, that Bonaparte left Europe.

The French people must be dazzled. That was the real object of Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt.

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On the 3d of May, 1798, he ordered the embarkation of all the troops.

On the 4th he left Paris.

On the 8th he reached Toulon.

On the 19th he went aboard the "Orient," the admiral's vessel.

On the 25th he sighted Leghorn and the Island of Elba.

On the 13th of June he took Malta.

On the 19th he set sail again.

On the first of July he landed near Marabout.

On the 3d he carried Alexandria by assault.

On the 13th he won the battle of Chebreiss.

On the 21st he crushed the Mamelukes at the Pyramids.

On the 25th he entered Cairo.

On the 14th of August he received news of the defeat of Aboukir.

On the 24th he started, in company with several members of the Institute, to visit the remains of the Suez Canal.

On the 28th he drank at the fountain of Moses, and, like Pharaoh, narrowly escaped being drowned in the Red Sea.

On the 1st of January, 1799, he planned his Syrian campaign, though the idea had been conceived six months before, for at that time he had written to Kleber:

"If the English continue to overrun the Mediterranean, they will perhaps compel us to do even greater things than we intended."

There had been vague rumors of an expedition which the Sultan of Damascus was fitting out against the French, and in which Djezzar Pasha—surnamed the Butcher, on account of his cruelty—had command of the advance guard.

These rumors had now assumed definite shape.

Djezzar had already advanced, by way of Gaza, as far as El-Arich, and had there massacred the few French officers in that fortress.

Among Bonaparte's young ordnance officers were the two Mailly brothers of Chateau Renaud. He dispatched the younger with a flag of truce to Djezzar, who, in defiance of all international laws, made the messenger a prisoner.

This was a declaration of war, and Bonaparte, with his usual quickness of decision, resolved to destroy this advance guard of the Ottoman Porte.

In case he was successful in this attempt, he had other plans which he himself will divulge later on. If repulsed, he could still destroy the defenses of Gaza, Jaffa, and Acre, lay waste the country, and destroy all the supplies, thus making it impossible for even a native army to cross the desert.

On the 11th of February, 1799, Bonaparte entered Syria at the head of twelve thousand men. He was attended by that galaxy of brave men that gravitated around him during the first and most brilliant period of his life.

He had Kleber, the handsomest and bravest horseman in the army.

He had Murat, who disputed this twofold title with Kleber.

He had Junot, who was such a wonderful shot with a pistol that he could split a dozen bullets in succession poised on the blade of a knife.

He had Lannes, who had earned his title of Duke of Montebello, but who had not yet assumed it.

He had Reynier, who was to have the honor of deciding the day at Heliopolis.

He had Caffarelli, who was destined to lie in the trench he had caused to be dug for his enemies.

And he also had as aide-de-camp Eugene de Beauharnais, who had brought about the marriage between Josephine, his mother, and Bonaparte by coming to ask the latter for his father's sword.

He had Croisier, who had been gloomy and taciturn ever since he had faltered in an encounter with the Arabs, and the word "Coward" had escaped Bonaparte's lips.

He had the elder of the two Maillys, who was resolved to either deliver or avenge his brother.

He had the young Sheik of Aher, Chief of the Druses, whose renown, if not his power, extended from the Dead Sea to the Mediterranean.

On the 17th of February the army reached El-Arich.

The men had suffered greatly from thirst during the march. Only at Messoudiah—that is to say, the Favored Spot, had they found either refreshment or amusement. The soil at this point consisted of small dunes of exceedingly fine sand, and chance led a soldier to imitate the example of Moses and thrust a stick down into the sand. The water gushed out, as from an artesian well; the soldier tasted it, and found it excellent, so he called his comrades to share the fruits of his discovery with him. Each man then punched his own hole in the sand and had his own well.

This was enough, and more than enough, to restore cheerfulness to the army.

El-Arich surrendered at the first summons.

On the 28th of February, the green and fertile plains of Syria at last became visible in the distance. At the same time, through a light rain—a rare thing in the Orient—one could dimly distinguish mountains and valleys which reminded the beholder of those of Europe.

On the first of March they encamped at Ramleh—the ancient Rama where Rachel yielded to that despair which the Bible describes in those grand lines:

"In Rama there was a voice heard, lamentations and weeping and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her chil-

dren, and would not be comforted because they were not."

Jesus, the Virgin Mary, and Joseph passed Rama on their way to Egypt, and the church which the monks relinquished to Bonaparte for a hospital was built on the very spot where the Holy Family stopped to rest.

The well whose pure cool water quenched the thirst of the entire army was the same that had quenched the thirst of the holy fugitives seventeen hundred and ninety-nine years before. The disciple Joseph, whose pious hand wrapped the body of our Lord Jesus Christ in his shroud, was likewise from Rama.

Probably not a single man in this vast concourse knew these sacred traditions; but one thing they did know, and that was that they were not more than six leagues from Jerusalem.

As they strolled about under the olive-trees, which are probably the finest in the entire Orient, but which the soldiers remorselessly cut down to make campfires, Bourrienne said to Bonaparte:

"General, will you not go to Jerusalem?"

"Oh, no," he replied carelessly. "Jerusalem is entirely outside of my plan of operations. I have no desire to get into trouble with the mountaineers on these bad roads; besides, on the other side of the mountains I should be attacked by a large body of cavalry. I have no desire to share the fate of Crassus."

Crassus, the reader may recollect, was slain by the Parthians.

It is a strange fact in relation to Bonaparte that though he was within six leagues of Jerusalem (the cradle of Christ) at one time, and within six leagues of Rome, the papal capital, at another, he evinced no desire to see either Rome or Jerusalem.

The Men from Marseilles

Charles Barbaroux was a very handsome young man of barely twenty-five, who was reproached for his beauty, and considered by Mme. Roland, a leader of the Revolutionists, as frivolous and too generally amorous. On the contrary, he loved his country alone, or must have loved her best, for he died for her.

Son of a hardy sea-faring man, he was a poet and orator when quite young—at the breaking out of trouble in his native town during the election of Mirabeau. He was then appointed secretary to the Marseilles town board. Riots at Arles drew him into them; but the seething caldron of Paris claimed him; the immense furnace which needed perfume, the huge crucible hissing for purest metal.

He was Roland's correspondent at the south, and Mme. Roland had pictured from his regular, precise, and wise letters, a man of forty, with his head bald from much thinking, and his forehead wrinkled with vigils. The reality of her dream was a young man, gay, merry, light, fond of her sex, the type of the rich and brilliant genera-

tion flourishing in '92, to be cut down in '93.

It was in this head, esteemed too frivolous by Mme. Roland, that the first thought of the tenth of August was conceived, perhaps.

The storm was in the air, but the clouds were tossing about in all directions for Barbaroux to give them a direction and pile them up over the Tuileries.

When nobody had a settled plan, he wrote for five hundred determined men.

The true ruler of France was the man who could write for such men and be sure of their coming.

Rebecqui chose them himself out of the revolutionists who had fought in the last two years' popular affrays, in Avignon and the other fiery towns; they were used to blood; they did not know what fatigue was by name.

On the appointed day they set out on the two-hundred league tramp, as if it were a day's strolling. Why not? They were hardy seamen, rugged peasants, sunburned by the African simoom or the mountain gale, with hands callous from the spade or tough with tar.

Wherever they passed along they were hailed as brigands.

In a halt they received the words and music of Rouget de l'Isle's "Hymn to Liberty," sent as a viaticum by Barbaroux to shorten the road. The lips of the Marseilles men made it change in character, while the words were altered by their new emphasis. The song of brotherhood became one of death and extermination—forever "the Marseillaise."

Barbaroux had planned to head with the Marseilles men some forty thousand volunteers Santerre was to have ready to meet them, overwhelm the City Hall and the House, and then storm the palace. But Santerre went to greet them with only two hundred men, not liking to let the strangers have the glory of such a rush.

With ardent eyes, swart visages, and shrill voices, the little band strode through all Paris to the Champs Elysées, singing the thrilling song. They camped there, awaiting the banquet on the morrow.

It took place, but some grenadiers were arrayed close to the spot, a Royalist guard set as a rampart between them and the palace.

They divined they were enemies, and commencing by insults, they went on to exchanging fisticuffs. At the first blood the Marseillaise shouted "To arms!" raided the stacks of muskets, and sent the grenadiers flying with their own bayonets. Luckily, they had the Tuileries at their backs and got over the draw-bridge, finding shelter in the royal apartments. There is a legend that the queen bound up the wounds of one soldier.

The Federals numbered five thousand—Marseilles men, Bretons, and Dauphinois. They were a power, not from their number, but their faith. The spirit of the revolution was in them.

They had fire-arms but no ammunition; they called for cartridges, but none were supplied. Two of them went to the mayor and demanded powder, or they would kill themselves in the office.

Two municipal officers were on duty —Sergent, Danton's man, and Panis, Robespierre's.

Sergent had artistic imagination and

a French heart; he felt that the young men spoke with the voice of the country.

"Look out, Panis," he said; "if these youths kill themselves, the blood will fall on our heads."

"But if we deliver the powder without authorization, we risk our necks."

"Never mind. I believe the time has come to risk our necks. In that case, everybody for himself," replied Sergent. "Here goes for mine; you can do as you like."

He signed the delivery note, and Panis put his name to it.

Things were easier now; when the Marseilles men had powder and shot they would not let themselves be butchered without hitting back.

As soon as they were armed, the Assembly received their petition, and allowed them to attend the session. The Assembly was in great fear, so much so as to debate whether it ought not to transfer the meetings to the country. For everybody stood in doubt, feeling the ground to quake underfoot and fearing to be swallowed.

This wavering chafed the southerners. No little disheartened, Barbaroux talked of founding a republic in the south.

He turned to Robespierre, to see if he would help to set the ball rolling. But the Incorruptible's conditions gave him suspicions, and he left him, saying:

"We will no more have a dictator than a king."

I. The Regent's Letter

A CARRIAGE containing a maiden and a chevalier stopped at its destination, and the Duc de Richelieu, getting out and taking a key from his pocket, opened the door of a house at the corner of the Rue de Richelieu.

"I must ask your pardon, mademoiselle," said the duke, offering his arm to Bathilde, the girl who had accompanied him, "for leading you by badly lighted staircases and passages; but I am anxious not to be recognised, should any one meet me here. We have not far to go."

Bathilde had counted about twenty steps, when the duke stopped, drew a second key from his pocket, and opened a door, then entered an antechamber and lighted a candle at a lamp on the staircase.

"Once again I must ask pardon, mademoiselle," said the duke, "but you will soon understand why I chose to dispense with a servant here."

It mattered little to Bathilde whether the duke had a servant or not; she entered the antechamber without replying, and the duke locked the door behind her.

"Now follow me," said the duke; and he walked before the young girl, lighting her with a candle which he held in his hand. They crossed a dining-room and drawing-room, then entered a bedroom, where the duke stopped.

"Mademoiselle," said Richelieu, placing the candle on the chimney-piece, "I have your word that you will re-

veal nothing of what you are about to see."

"I have given you my promise, and I now renew it; I should be ungrateful indeed if I were to fail."

"Well, then, be the third in our secret, which is one of love; we put it under the safeguard of love."

And the Duc de Richelieu, sliding away a panel in the woodwork, discovered an opening in the wall, beyond which was the back of a closet, and he knocked softly three times. Presently they heard a key turn in the lock, then saw a light between the planks, then a low voice asked, "Is it you?" On the duke's replying in the affirmative, three of these planks were quietly detached, opening a means of communication from one room to the other, and the duke and Bathilde found themselves in the presence of Mademoiselle de Valois, daughter of the Regent of France, Orleans, who uttered a cry on seeing her lover accompanied by a woman.

"Fear nothing, dear Aglaé," said the duke, passing into the room where she was, and taking her hand, while Bathilde remained motionless in her place, not daring to move a step till her presence was explained.

"But will you tell me?" began Mademoiselle de Valois, looking at Bathilde, uneasily.

"Directly. You have heard me speak of the Chevalier D'Harmental, have you not?"

"The day before yesterday you told me that by a word he might save his own life and compromise you all, but that he would never speak this word."

"Well, he has not spoken, and he is condemned to death, and is to be executed to-morrow. This young girl loves him, and his pardon depends on the regent. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mademoiselle de Valois.

"Come, mademoiselle," said the duke to Bathilde, taking her by the hand; then, turning again to the princess, "She did not know how to reach your father, my dear Aglaé, and came to me just as I had received your letter. I had to thank you for the good advice you gave me; and, as I know your heart, I thought I should please you by showing my gratitude in offering you an opportunity to save the life of a man to whose silence you probably owe my own."

"And you were right, duke. You are welcome, mademoiselle. What can I do for you?"

"I wish to see the regent," said Bathilde, "and your Highness can take me to him."

"Will you wait for me, duke?" asked Mademoiselle de Valois, uneasily.

"Can you doubt it?"

"Then go into the closet, lest any one should surprise you here. I will take mademoiselle to my father, and return directly."

"I will wait," said the duke, following the instructions of the princess and entering the closet. Mademoiselle de Valois exchanged some low words with her lover, locked the closet, put the key in his pocket, and, holding out her hand to Bathilde,—

"Mademoiselle," said she, "all women who love are sisters; Armand and you did well to rely upon me; come."

Bathilde kissed the hand she held out, and followed her. They passed through all the rooms facing the Palais

Royal, and then, turning to the left, entered those which looked on the Rue de Valois, amongst which was the regent's bedroom.

"We have arrived," said Mademoiselle de Valois, stopping before a door and turning to Bathilde, who at this news trembled and turned pale; for all the strength which had sustained her for the last three or four hours was ready to disappear just as she needed it the most.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* I shall never dare to speak," said Bathilde.

"Courage, mademoiselle! enter, fall at his feet, God and his own heart will do the rest."

At these words, seeing that the young girl still hesitated, she opened the door, pushed Bathilde in, and closed the door behind her. She then ran down with a light step to rejoin Richelieu, leaving Bathilde to plead her cause *tête-à-tête* with the regent.

At this unforeseen action, Bathilde uttered a low cry, and the regent, who was walking to and fro with his head bent down, raised it, and turned towards Bathilde, who, incapable of making a step in advance, fell on her knees, drew out her letter, and held it towards the regent. The regent had bad sight; he did not understand what was going on, and advanced towards this woman, who appeared to him in the shade as a white and indistinct form; but soon in that form he recognised a woman, and in that woman a young, beautiful, and kneeling girl.

As to the poor child, in vain she attempted to articulate a prayer. Voice and strength failing her together, she would have fallen if the regent had not held her in his arms.

"*Mon Dieu!* mademoiselle," said the regent, on whom the signs of grief produced their ordinary effect, "what is the matter? What can I do for you? Come to this couch, I beg."

"No, monseigneur, it is at your feet I should be, for I come to ask a boon."

"And what is it?"

"See first who I am, monseigneur, and then I may dare to speak."

And again Bathilde held out the letter, on which rested her only hope, to the Duc d'Orléans.

The regent took the letter, and, by the light of a candle which burnt on the chimney-piece, recognised his own writing, and read as follows:—

"Madame,—Your husband has died for France and for me. Neither France nor I can give you back your husband; but remember that, if ever you are in want of anything, we are both your debtors,

"Your affectionate,

"Phillipe d'Orleans."

"I recognise this letter perfectly as being my own," said the regent, "but to the shame of my memory I must confess that I do not know to whom it was written."

"Look at the address, monseigneur," said Bathilde, a little reassured by the expression of benevolence on the duke's face.

"Clarice du Rocher," cried the regent, "yes, indeed, I remember now; I wrote this letter from Spain after the death of Albert, who was killed at the battle of Almanza. I wrote this letter to his widow. How did it fall into your hands, mademoiselle?"

"Alas, monseigneur, I am the daughter of Albert and Clarice."

"You, mademoiselle! And what has become of your mother?"

"She is dead."

"Long since?"

"Nearly fourteen years."

"But happy, doubtless, and wanting nothing."

"In despair, monseigneur, and wanting everything."

"But why did she not apply to me?"

"Your Highness was still in Spain."

"Oh! *mon Dieu!* what did you say? Continue, mademoiselle, for you cannot tell how much you interest me. Poor Clarice, poor Albert, they loved each other so much, I remember. She could not survive him. Do you know that your father saved my life at Nerwinden, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, monseigneur, I know it, and that gave me courage to present myself before you."

"But you, poor child, poor orphan, what became of you?"

"I, monseigneur, was taken by a friend of our family, a poor writer called Jean Buvat."

"Jean Buvat!" cried the regent, "I know that name; he is the poor copyist who discovered the conspiracy against my reign, and who some days ago made his demands in person. A place in the library, was it not, some arrears due?"

"The same, monseigneur."

"Mademoiselle," replied the regent, "it appears that those who surround you are destined to save me. I am thus twice your debtor. You said you had a boon to ask of me; speak boldly, I listen to you."

"Oh, my God!" murmured Bathilde, "give me strength."

"Is it then, a very important and difficult thing that you desire?"

"Monseigneur," said Bathilde, "it is the life of a man who has deserved death."

"Is it the Chevalier D'Harmental, the conspirator?"

"Alas, monseigneur, it is."

The regent's brow became pensive, while Bathilde, seeing the impression produced by her demand, felt her heart beat and her knees tremble.

"Is he your relation, your ally, your friend?"

"He is my life, he is my soul, monseigneur; I love him."

"But do you know that if I pardon him I must pardon all the rest, and that there are some still more guilty than he is?"

"His life only, monseigneur; all I ask is that he may live."

"But if I change his sentence to a perpetual imprisonment you will never see him again. What would become of you, then?" asked the regent.

Bathilde was obliged to support herself by the back of a chair.

"I would enter into a convent, where I could pray the rest of my life for you, monseigneur, and for him."

"That cannot be," said the regent.

"Why not, monseigneur?"

"Because this very day, this very hour, I have been asked for your hand, and have promised it."

"You have promised my hand, monseigneur; and to whom?"

"Read," said the regent, taking an open letter from his desk, and presenting it to the young girl.

"The chevalier's writing!" cried Bathilde; "what does this mean?"

"Read," repeated the regent.

And, in a choking voice, Bathilde read the following letter:—

"MONSEIGNEUR,—I have deserved death: I know it, and do not ask you for life. I am ready to die at the day and hour appointed; but it depends on your Highness to make this death sweeter to me. I love a young girl whom I should have married if I had lived; grant that she may be my wife before I die. In leaving her for ever alone and friendless in the world, let me at least have the consolation of giving her the safeguard of my name and fortune. On leaving the church, monseigneur, I will walk to the scaffold. This is my last wish, my sole desire. Do not refuse the prayer of a dying man.

"RAOUL D'HARMENTAL."

"Oh, monseigneur," cried Bathilde, sobbing, "you see that while I thought of him, he thought of me. Am I not right to love him, when he loves me so much?"

"Yes," said the regent, "and I grant his request, it is just, may it, as he says, sweeten his last moments."

"Monseigneur," cried the young girl, "is that all you grant him?"

"You see," said the regent, "he is just; he asks nothing else."

"Oh, it is cruel! it is frightful! to see him again, and lose him directly; his life, monseigneur, his life, I beg! and let me never see him again,—better so."

"Mademoiselle," said the regent, in a tone which admitted of no reply, and writing some lines on a paper which he sealed, "here is a letter to Monsieur de Launay, the governor of the Bastille; it contains my instructions with regard to the prisoner. My captain of the guards will go with you, and see that my instructions are followed."

"Oh! his life, monseigneur, his life; on my knees, and in the name of Heaven, I implore you."

The regent rang the bell; a valet entered.

"Call Monsieur the Marquis de Lafare," he said.

"Oh, monsieur, you are cruel," said Bathilde, rising; "at least permit me then to die with him. We will not be separated, even on the scaffold; we will be together, even in the tomb."

"Monsieur de Lafare, accompany Mademoiselle to the Bastille," said the regent. "Here is a letter for Monsieur de Launay, read it with him, and see that the orders it contains are punctually executed."

Then, without listening to Bathilde's last cry of despair, the Duc d'Orléans opened the door of a closet and disappeared.

II. The Regent's Revenge

M. Lafare dragged the young girl away, almost fainting, and placed her in one of the carriages, always standing in the courtyard of the Palais Royal. During the route Bathilde did not speak; she was cold, dumb, and inanimate as a statue. Her eyes were fixed and tearless, but on arriving at the fortress she started. She fancied she had seen in the shade something like a scaffold. A little farther a sentinel cried, *"Qui vive!"* the carriage rolled over a drawbridge, and drew up at the door of the governor's house. A footman out of livery opened the door, and Lafare gave Bathilde his arm; she could scarcely stand; all her strength had left her when hope left her. Lafare and the valet were obliged almost to carry her to the first floor. Monsieur de Launay was at supper. They took Bathilde into a room to wait, while Lafare went directly to the governor. Ten minutes passed, during which Bathilde had only one idea,—that of the eternal separation which awaited her. The poor girl saw but one thing,—her lover on the scaffold. Lafare reentered with the governor. Bathilde looked at them with a bewildered air. Lafare approached her, and offering her his arm,—

"Mademoiselle," said he, "the church is prepared, the priest is ready."

Bathilde, without replying, rose and leant on the arm which was offered her. Monsieur de Launay went first, lighted by two men bearing torches.

As Bathilde entered by one of the side doors, she saw entering by the other the Chevalier D'Harmental, accompanied by Valef and Pompadour. These were his witnesses, as de Launay and Lafare were hers. Each door was kept by two of the French guard, silent and motionless as statues.

The two lovers advanced, Bathilde pale and fainting, Raoul calm and smiling. On arriving before the altar, the chevalier took Bathilde's hand, and both fell on their knees, without having spoken a word.

The altar was lighted only by four wax tapers, which threw a funereal light over the chapel, already dark, and filled with gloomy recollections.

The priest commenced the ceremony; he was a fine old man with white hair, and whose melancholy countenance showed the traces of his daily functions. He had been chaplain of the Bastille for five and twenty years, and had heard many sad confessions, and seen many lamentable events. He spoke to them, not, as usual, of their duties as husband and wife, but of divine mercy and eternal resurrection. At the benediction Bathilde laid her head on Raoul's shoulder; the priest thought she was fainting and stopped.

"Finish, my father," murmured Bathilde.

The priest pronounced the sacramental words, to which both replied by a "yes," which seemed to unite the whole strength of their souls. The ceremony finished, D'Harmental asked Monsieur de Launay if he might spend his few remaining hours with his wife. Monsieur de Launay replied that there was no objection. Raoul embraced Pompadour and Valef, thanked them

for having served as witnesses at his marriage, pressed Lafare's hand, thanked Monsieur de Launay for his kindness to him during his imprisonment, and, throwing his arm round Bathilde, led her away by the door through which he had entered. When they reached D'Harmental's room, Bathilde could no longer contain her tears, a despairing cry escaped her lips, and she fell weeping on a chair, where doubtless D'Harmental had often sat, during the three weeks of his captivity, and thought of her. Raoul threw himself at her feet, and tried to console her, but was himself so much moved by her grief that his own tears mingled with hers. This heart of iron melted in its turn, and Bathilde felt at once on her lips the tears and kisses of her lover. They had been about half an hour together when they heard steps approaching the door, and a key turning in the lock. Bathilde started, and pressed D'Harmental convulsively against her heart. Raoul understood the dreadful fear which crossed her mind, and reassured her. It could not be what she dreaded, since the execution was fixed for eight o'clock in the morning, and eleven had only just struck.

It was Monsieur de Launay who appeared.

"Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, "have the kindness to follow me."

"Alone?" asked D'Harmental, clasping Bathilde in his arms.

"No, with Madame," replied the governor.

"Oh! together, Raoul, together!" cried Bathilde, "where they like, so that we are together. We are ready, monsieur, we are ready."

Raoul kissed Bathilde again; then, recalling all his pride, he followed Monsieur de Launay, with a face which showed no trace of the terrible emotion he had experienced. They passed through some ill-lighted corridors, descended a spiral staircase, and found themselves at the door of a tower. This door opened out to a yard, surrounded by high walls, which served as a promenade to those prisoners who were not kept secret. In this courtyard was standing a carriage with two horses, on one of which was a postilion, and they saw shining in the darkness the cuirasses of a dozen musketeers. A ray of hope crossed the minds of the two lovers. Bathilde had asked the regent to change Raoul's death into a perpetual imprisonment. Perhaps the regent had granted him this favour. The carriage, ready, doubtless, to conduct him to some state prison, the musketeers destined to escort them, all gave to the supposition an air of reality. They raised their eyes to heaven to thank God for this unexpected happiness. Meanwhile Monsieur de Launay had signed to the carriage to approach; the postilion had obeyed, the door was opened, and the governor—with his head uncovered—held his hand to Bathilde, to assist her into the carriage.

She hesitated an instant, turning uneasily to see that they did not take Raoul away by the other side; but seeing that he was ready to follow her, she got in without resistance. An instant afterwards Raoul was sitting by her; the door was closed, and both carriage and escort passed through the gate, over the drawbridge, and they found themselves outside of the Bastille.

They threw themselves into each other's arms; there was no longer any doubt; the regent granted D'Harmental his life, and, what was more, consented not to separate him from Bathilde.

This was what Bathilde and D'Harmental had never dared to hope; this life of seclusion, a punishment to many, would be to them a paradise of love; they would be together; and what else had they desired for their future, even when they were masters of their own fate? A single sad idea crossed their minds, and both, with the sympathy of hearts who love, pronounced the name of Buvat.

At this moment the carriage stopped; at such a time everything was, for the lovers, a subject for fear. They again trembled, lest they should have given way too much to hope. The door opened—it was the postilion.

"What do you want?" asked D'Harmental.

"I want to know where I am to take you."

"Where you are to take me! Have you no orders?"

"My orders were to take you to the Bois de Vincennes, between the Château and Nogent-sur-Marne, and here we are."

"And where is the escort?" asked D'Harmental.

"Oh, the escort left us at the barrier!"

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" cried D'Harmental, while Bathilde, panting with hope, joined her hands in silence, "is it possible?"

And the chevalier jumped out of the carriage, looked round him anxiously, then, clasping Bathilde in his arms, they uttered together a cry of joy and thankfulness.

They were free as the air they breathed, but the regent had ordered that they should be taken to the very place where D'Harmental had carried off a chevalier, mistaking him for himself, the regent.

This was the only revenge of Philippe le Débonnaire.

Four years after this event, Buvat—reinstated in his place, and with his arrears paid—had the satisfaction of placing a pen in the hand of a fine boy of three years old; he was the son of Raoul and Bathilde.

The first two names which the child wrote were Albert du Rocher and Clarice Gray. The third was that of Philippe d'Orléans, Regent of France.

Marengo

The French army of Italy, under Bonaparte, on the 5th of June, 1800, entered Milan.

There was little resistance. The fort of Milan was invested. Murat, sent to Piacenza, had taken the city without a blow. Lannes had defeated General Ott at Montebello. Thus disposed, the French army was in the rear of the Austrians before the latter were aware of it.

During the night of the 8th of June a courier arrived from Murat, who was occupying Piacenza. Murat had

intercepted a despatch from General Melas, the Austrian leader, and was now sending it to Bonaparte. This despatch announced the capitulation of Genoa; Masséna, after eating horses, dogs, cats and rats, had been forced to surrender. Melas spoke of the Army of the Reserves with the utmost contempt; he declared that the story of Bonaparte's presence in Italy was a hoax; and asserted that he knew for certain that the First Consul was in Paris.

Here was news that must instantly be imparted to Bonaparte, for it came under the category of bad news. Consequently, Bourrienne, the Secretary, woke him up at three o'clock in the morning and translated the despatch. Bonaparte's first words were as follows:

"Pooh! Bourrienne, you don't understand German."

But Bourrienne repeated the translation word for word. After this reading the general rose, had everybody waked up, gave his orders, and then went back to bed to sleep.

That same day he left Milan and established his headquarters at Stradella; there he remained until June 12th, left on the 13th, and marched to the Scrivia through Montebello, where he saw the field of battle, still torn and bleeding after Lannes' victory. The traces of death were everywhere; the church was still overflowing with the dead and wounded.

"The devil!" said the First Consul to the victor, "you must have made it pretty hot here."

"So hot, general, that the bones in my division were cracking and rattling like hail on a skylight."

Desaix joined the First Consul on the 11th of June, while he was still at Stradella. Released by the capitulation of El-Arish, he had reached Toulon the 6th of May, the very day on which Bonaparte left Paris. At the foot of the Mont-Saint-Bernard Bonaparte received a letter from him, asking whether he should march to Paris or rejoin the army.

"Start for Paris, indeed!" exclaimed Bonaparte; "write him to rejoin the army at headquarters, wherever that may be."

Bourrienne had written, and Desaix joined the army the 11th of June, at Stradella. The First Consul received him with twofold joy. In the first place, he regained a man without ambition, an intelligent officer and a devoted friend. In the second place, Desaix arrived just in the nick of time to take charge of the division lately under Boudet, who had been killed. Through a false report, received through General Gardannes, the First Consul was led to believe that the enemy refused to give battle and was retiring to Genoa. He sent Desaix and his division on the road to Novi to cut them off.

The night of the 13th passed tranquilly. In spite of a heavy storm, an engagement had taken place the preceding evening in which the Austrians had been defeated. It seemed as though men and nature were wearied, alike, for all was still during the night. Bonaparte was easy in his mind; there was but one bridge over the Bormida, and he had been assured that that was down. Pickets were stationed as far as possible along the Bormida, each with four scouts.

The whole of the night was occupied by the enemy in crossing the river. At two in the morning two parties of scouts were captured; seven of the eight men were killed, the eighth made his way back to camp crying: "To arms!"

A courier was instantly despatched to the First Consul, who was sleeping at Torre di Galifo. Meanwhile, till orders could be received, the drums beat to arms all along the line. A man must have shared in such a scene to understand the effect produced on a sleeping army by the roll of drums calling to arms at three in the morning. The bravest shuddered. The troops were sleeping in their clothes; every man sprang up, ran to the stacked arms, and seized his weapons.

The lines formed on the vast plains of Marengo. The noise of the drums swept on like a train of lighted powder. In the dim half-light the hasty movements of the pickets could be seen. When the day broke, the French troops were stationed as follows:

The division Gardannes and the division Chamberlhac, forming the extreme advance, were encamped around a little country-place called Petra Bona, at the angle formed by the highroad from Marengo to Tortona, and the Bormida, which crosses the road on its way to the Tanaro.

The corps of General Lannes was before the village of San Giuliano, the place which Bonaparte had pointed out to Roland three months earlier, telling him that on that spot the fate of the campaign would be decided.

The Consular guard was stationed some five hundred yards or so in the rear of Lannes.

The cavalry brigade, under General Kellermann, and a few squadrons of chasseurs and hussars, forming the left, filled up, along the advanced line, the gap between the divisions of Gardannes and Chamberlhac.

A second brigade, under General Champeaux, filled up the gap on the right between General Lannes' cavalry.

And finally the twelfth regiment of hussars and the twenty-first chasseurs, detached by Murat under the orders of General Rivaud, occupied the opening of the Valley of Salo and the extreme right of the position.

These forces amounted to about twenty-five or six thousand men, not counting the divisions Monnet and Boudet, ten thousand men in all, commanded by Desaix, and now, as we have said, detached from the main army to cut off the retreat of the enemy to Genoa. Only, instead of making that retreat, the enemy were now attacking.

During the day of the 13th of June, General Melas, commander-in-chief of the Austrian army, having succeded in reuniting the troops of Generals Haddich, Kaim and Ott, crossed the Tanaro, and was now encamped before Alessandria, with thirty-six thousand infantry, seven thousand cavalry, and a numerous well-served and well-horsed artillery.

At four o'clock in the morning the firing began and General Victor assigned all to their line of battle. At five Bonaparte was awakened by the sound of cannon. While he was dressing, General Victor's aide-de-camp rode up to tell him that the enemy had crossed the Borminda and was attacking all along the line of battle.

The First Consul called for his horse, and, springing upon it, galloped off to-

ward the spot where the fighting was going on. From the summit of the hill he could overlook the position of both armies.

The enemy was formed in three columns; that on the left, comprising all the cavalry and light infantry, was moving towards Castel-Ceriolo by the Salo road, while the columns of the right and centre, resting upon each other and comprising the infantry regiments under Generals Haddich, Kaim and O'Reilly, and the reserve of grenadiers under command of General Ott, were advancing along the Tortona road and up the Bormida.

The moment they crossed the river the latter columns came in contact with the troops of General Gardannes, posted, as we have said, at the farmhouse and the ravine of Petra Bona. It was the noise of the artillery advancing in this direction that had brought Bonaparte to the scene of battle. He arrived just as Gardannes' division, crushed under the fire of that artillery, was beginning to fall back, and General Victor was sending forward Chamberlhac's division to its support. Protected by this move, Gardannes' troops retreated in good order, and covered the village of Marengo.

The situation was critical; all the plans of the commander-in-chief were overthrown. Instead of attacking, as was his wont, with troops judiciously massed, he was attacked himself before he could concentrate his forces. The Austrians, profiting by the sweep of land that lay before them, ceased to march in columns, and deployed in lines parallel to those of Gardannes and Chamberlhac—with this difference, that they were two to the French army's one. The first of these lines was commanded by General Haddich, the second by General Melas, the third by General Ott.

At a short distance from the Bormida flows a stream called the Fontanone, which passes through a deep ravine forming a semicircle round the village of Marengo, and protecting it. General Victor had already divined the advantages to be derived from this natural intrenchment, and he used it to rally the divisions of Gardannes and Chamberlhac.

Bonaparte, approving Victor's arrangements, sent him word to defend Marengo to the very last extremity. He himself needed time to prepare his game on this great chessboard inclosed between the Bormida, the Fontanone, and Marengo.

His first step was to recall Desaix, then marching, as we have said, to cut the retreat to Genoa. General Bonaparte sent off two or three aides-de-camp with orders not to stop until they had reached that corps. Then he waited, seeing clearly that there was nothing to do but to fall back in as orderly a manner as possible, until he could gather a compact mass that would enable him, not only to stop the retrograde movement, but to assume the offensive.

But this waiting was horrible.

Presently the action was renewed along the whole line. The Austrians had reached one bank of the Fontanone, of which the French occupied the other. Each was firing on the other from either side of the ravine; grape-shot flew from side to side within pistol range. Protected by its terrible artillery, the enemy had only to extend himself a little more to overwhelm Bonaparte's forces. Gen-

eral Rivaud, of Gardannes' division, saw the Austrians preparing for this manœuvre. He marched out from Marengo, and placed a battalion in the open with orders to die there rather than retreat, then, while that battalion drew the enemy's fire, he formed his cavalry in column, came round the flank of the battalion, fell upon three thousand Austrians advancing to the charge, repulsed them, threw them into disorder, and, all wounded as he was by a splintered ball, forced them back behind their own lines. After that he took up a position to the right of the battalion, which had not retreated a step.

But during this time Gardannes' division, which had been struggling with the enemy from early morning, was driven back upon Marengo, followed by the first Austrian line, which forced Chamberlhac's division to retreat in like manner. There an aide-de-camp sent by Bonaparte ordered the two divisions to rally and retake Marengo at any cost.

General Victor reformed them, put himself at their head, forced his way through the streets, which the Austrians had not had time to barricade, retook the village, lost it again, took it a third time, and then, overwhelmed by numbers, lost it for the third time.

It was then eleven o'clock. Desaix, overtaken by Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, ought at that hour to be on his way to the battle.

Meanwhile, Lannes with his two divisions came to the help of his struggling comrades. This reinforcement enabled Gardannes and Chamberlhac to reform their lines parallel to the enemy, who had now debouched, through Marengo, to the right and also to the left of the village.

The Austrians were on the point of overwhelming the French.

Lannes, forming his centre with the divisions rallied by Victor, deployed with his two least exhausted divisions for the purpose of opposing them to the Austrian wings. The two corps—the one excited by the prospect of victory, the other refreshed by a long rest—flung themselves with fury into the fight, which was now renewed along the whole line.

After struggling an hour, hand to hand, bayonet to bayonet, General Kaim's corps fell back; General Champeaux, at the head of the first and eighth regiments of dragoons, charged upon him, increasing his disorder. General Watrin, with the sixth light infantry and the twenty-second and fortieth of the line, started in pursuit and drove him nearly a thousand rods beyond the rivulet. But this movement separated the French from their own corps; the centre divisions were endangered by the victory on the right, and Generals Watrin and Champeaux were forced to fall back to the lines they had left uncovered.

At the same time Kellermann was doing on the left wing what Champeaux and Watrin had done on the right. Two cavalry charges made an opening through the enemy's line; but behind that first line was a second. Not daring to go further forward, because of superior numbers, Kellermann lost the fruits of that momentary victory.

It was now noon. The French army, which undulated like a flaming serpent along a front of some three miles, was broken in the centre. The centre, re-

treating, abandoned the wings. The wings were therefore forced to follow the retrograde movement. Kellermann to the left, Watrin to the right, had given their men the order to fall back. The retreat was made in squares, under the fire of eighty pieces of artillery which preceded the main body of the Austrian army. The French ranks shrank visibly; men were borne to the ambulances by men who did not return.

One division retreated through a field of ripe wheat; a shell burst and fired the straw, and two or three thousand men were caught in the midst of a terrible conflagration; cartridge-boxes exploded, and fearful disorder reigned in the ranks.

It was then that Bonaparte sent forward the Consular guard.

Up they went at a charge, deployed in line of battle, and stopped the enemy's advance. Meantime the mounted grenadiers dashed forward at a gallop and overthrew the Austrian cavalry.

Meanwhile the division which had escaped from the conflagration received fresh cartridges and reformed in line. But this movement had no other result than to prevent the retreat from becoming a rout.

It was two o'clock.

Bonaparte watched the battle, sitting on the bank of a ditch beside the high-road to Alessandria. He was alone. His left arm was slipped through his horse's bridle; with the other he flicked the pebbles in the road with the tip of his riding-whip. Cannon-balls were plowing the earth about him. He seemed indifferent to this great drama on which hung all his hopes. Never had he played so desperate a game—six years of victory against the crown of France!

Suddenly he roused from his revery. Amid the dreadful roar of cannon and musketry his ear caught the hoof-beats of a galloping horse. He raised his head. A rider, dashing along at full speed, his horse covered with white froth, came from the direction of Novi. When he was within fifty feet, Bonaparte gave a cry:

"Roland!"

The latter dashed on, crying: "Desaix! Desaix! Desaix!"

"And Desaix?" he questioned.

"Is within three miles; one of your aides met him retracing his steps toward the cannon."

"Then," said Bonaparte, "he may yet come in time."

"How? In time?"

"Look!"

During the few moments that had elapsed while they were conversing, matters had gone from bad to worse. The first Austrian column, the one which had marched on Castel-Ceriolo and had not yet been engaged, was about to fall on the right of the French army. If it broke the line the retreat would be flight—Desaix would come too late.

"Take my last two regiments of grenadiers," said Bonaparte. "Rally the Consular guard, and carry it with you to the extreme right—you understand? in a square, and stop that column like a stone redoubt."

There was not an instant to lose. The aide sprang upon his horse, took the two regiments of grenadiers, rallied the Consular guard, and dashed to the right. When he was within fifty feet of General Elsnitz's column, he called

out: "In square! The First Consul is looking at us!"

The square formed. Each man seemed to take root in his place.

General Elsnitz, instead of continuing his way in the movement to support Generals Melas and Kaim—instead of despising the nine hundred men who present no cause for fear in the rear of a victorious army—General Elsnitz paused and turned upon them with fury.

Those nine hundred men were indeed the stone redoubt that General Bonaparte had ordered them to be. Artillery, musketry, bayonets, all were turned upon them, but they yielded not an inch.

Bonaparte was watching them with admiration, when, turning in the direction of Novi, he caught the gleam of Desaix's bayonets. Standing on a knoll raised above the plain, he could see what was invisible to the enemy.

He signed to a group of officers who were near him, awaiting orders; behind stood orderlies holding their horses. The officers advanced. Bonaparte pointed to the forest of bayonets, now glistening in the sunlight, and said to one of the officers: "Gallop to those bayonets and tell them to hasten. As for Desaix, tell him I am waiting for him here."

The officers galloped off. Bonaparte again turned his eyes to the battlefield. The retreat continued; but the aide and his nine hundred had stopped General Elsnitz and his column. The stone redoubt was transformed into a volcanoe; it was belching fire from all four sides. Then Bonaparte, addressing three officers, cried out: "One of you to the centre; the other two to the wings! Say everywhere that the reserves are at hand, and that we resume the offensive."

The three officers departed like arrows shot from a bow, their ways parting in direct lines to their different destinations. Bonaparte watched them for a few moments, and when he turned round he saw a rider in a general's uniform approaching.

It was Desaix—Desaix, whom he had left in Egypt, and who that very morning had said, laughing: "The bullets of Europe don't recognize me; some ill-luck is surely impending over me."

One grasp of the hand was all that these two friends needed to reveal their hearts.

Then Bonaparte stretched out his arm toward the battlefield.

A single glance told more than all the words in the world.

Twenty thousand men had gone into the fight that morning, and now scarcely more than ten thousand were left within a radius of six miles—only nine thousand infantry, one thousand cavalry, and ten cannon still in condition for use. One quarter of the army was either dead or wounded, another quarter was employed in removing the wounded; for the First Consul would not suffer them to be abandoned. All of these forces, save and excepting Roland and his nine hundred men, were retreating.

The vast space between the Bormida and the ground over which the army was now retreating was covered with the dead bodies of men and horses, dismounted cannon and shattered ammunition wagons. Here and there rose columns of flame and smoke from the burning fields of grain.

Desaix took in these details at a glance.

"What do you think of the battle?" asked Bonaparte.

"I think that this one is lost," answered Desaix; "but as it is only three o'clock in the afternoon, we have time to gain another."

"Only," said a voice, "we need cannon!"

This voice belonged to Marmont, commanding the artillery.

"True, Marmont; but where are we to get them?"

"I have five pieces still intact form the battlefield; we left five more at Scrivia, which are just coming up."

"And the eight pieces I have with me," said Desaix.

"Eighteen pieces!" said Marmont; "that is all I need."

An aide-de-camp was sent to hasten the arrival of Desaix's guns. His troops were advancing rapidly, and were scarcely half a mile from the field of battle. Their line of approach seemed formed for the purpose at hand; on the left of the road was a gigantic perpendicular hedge protected by a bank. The infantry was made to file in a narrow line along it, and it even hid the cavalry form view.

During this time Marmont had collected his guns and stationed them in battery on the right front of the army. Suddenly they burst forth, vomiting a deluge of grapeshot and canister upon the Austrians. For an instant the enemy wavered.

Bonaparte profited by that instant of hesitation to send forward the whole front of the French army.

"Comrades!" he cried, "we have made steps enough backward; remember, it is my custom to sleep on the battlefield!"

At the same moment, and as if in reply to Marmont's cannonade, volleys of musketry burst forth to the left, taking the Austrians in flank. It was Desaix and his division, come down upon them at short range and enfilading the enemy with the fire of his guns.

The whole army knew that this was the reserve, and that it behooved them to aid this reserve by a supreme effort.

"Forward!" rang from right to left. The drums beat the charge. The Austrians, who had not seen the reserves, and were marching with their guns on their shoulders, as if at parade, felt that something strange was happening within the French lines; they struggled to retain the victory they now felt to be slipping from their grasp.

But everywhere the French army had resumed the offensive. On all sides the ominous roll of the charge and the victorious Marseillaise were heard above the din. Marmont's battery belched fire; Kellerman dashed forward with his cuirassiers and cut his way through both lines of the enemy.

Desaix jumped ditches, leaped hedges, and, reaching a little eminence, turned to see if his division were still following him. There he fell; but his death, instead of diminishing the ardor of his men, redoubled it, and they charged with their bayonets upon the column of General Zach.

At that moment Kellermann, who had broken through both of the enemy's lines, saw Desaix's division struggling with a compact, immovable mass. He charged in flank, forced his way into a gap, widened it, broke the square, quartered it, and in less than fifteen

minutes the five thousand Austrian grenadiers who formed the mass were overthrown, dispersed, crushed annihilated. They disappeared like smoke. General Zach and his staff, all that was left, were taken prisioners.

Then, in turn, the enemy endeavored to make use of his immense cavalry corps; but the incessant volleys of musketry, the blasting canister, the terrible bayonets, stopped short the charge. Murat was manœuvring on the flank with two light-battery guns and a howitzer, which dealt death to the foe.

He paused for an instant to succor the aide and his nine hundred men. A shell from a howitzer fell and burst in the Austrian ranks; it opened a gulf of flame. The aide sprang into it, a pistol in one hand, his sword in the other. The whole Consular guard followed him, opening the enemy's ranks as a wedge opens the trunk of an oak. Onward he dashed till he reached an ammunition wagon surrounded by the enemy; then, without pausing an instant, he thrust the hand holding the pistol through the opening of the wagon and fired. A frightful explosion followed, a volcano had burst its crater and annihilated those around it.

General Elsnitz's corps was in full flight; the rest of the Austrian army swayed, retreated, and broke. The generals tried in vain to stop the torrent and form up for a retreat. In thirty minutes the French army had crossed the plain it had defended foot by foot for eight hours.

The enemy did not stop until Marengo was reached. There they made a vain attempt to reform under fire of the artillery of Carra-Saint-Cyr (forgotten at Castel-Ceriolo, and not recovered until the day was over); but the Desaix, Gardannes, and Chamberlhac divisions, coming up at a run, pursued the flying Austrians through the streets.

Marengo was carried. The enemy retired on Petra Bona, and that too was taken. Then the Austrians rushed toward the bridge of the Bormida; but Carra-Saint-Cyr was there before them. The flying multitudes sought the fords, or plunged into the Bormida under a devastating fire, which did not slacken before ten that night.

The remains of the Austrian army regained their camp at Alessandria. The French army bivouacked near the bridge. The day had cost the Austrian army four thousand five hundred men killed, six thousand wounded, five thousand prisoners, besides twelve flags and thirty cannon.

Never did fortune show herself under two such opposite aspects as on that day. At two in the afternoon, the day spelt defeat and its disastrous consequences to Bonaparte; at five, it was Italy reconquered and the throne of France in prospect.

Byron Sees Kean

Manager Arnold, of the Drury Lane Theatre, London, had been spying through one of those peepholes with which scenery abounds. He shook his head, in spite of the transformation of Kean, the actor. He was in despair at the thought that an amateur was to star.

"He's a statue," thought the not quite convinced watcher. "A pest on such a hopeless waste of a night. As for the secret angel who persuaded the committee to take this man, I wish I knew who he was, to dissuade him from another failure of this kind."

Kean stood alone, robed as Othello.

"What a dressed-up doll to suit the best theatre of Europe," grumbled the promoter.

The wide hall was practically deserted. There might be fifty in the pit, which held over a thousand, and not packed either. By their air, many had come just to get in out of the wet; others showed by their grimace of resignation that they had entered "with orders," given or sold cheaply by the tobacconists and small shopkeepers. The few deluded mortals, who, in their sweet simplicity, expected good to come out of Nazareth, submissively awaited a painful ordeal.

As for the critics, a formidable row, they grumbled at the dampness, cited failures, hemmed, snuffed and hawed, and chided the young gentlemen from the schools and universities who, up to town for a "lark," would have been joyous under a water-spout.

These collegians were under the beck of a lately emancipated fellow of theirs, apparently, whose pale face, exquisitely chiseled, dark curly hair, indescribably intelligent eyes, and alert, graceful manners, denoted a rare being. One pictured him with laurel over his high brow rather than a helmet and plume, but he seemed born to lead to glory or to death.

His intimates affectionately called him George, or Gordon; it was the poet Byron.

It was providential that he should be here to see Kean make his trial, for as he versified the emotions he experienced, so would our hero represent those he, too, had undergone. In both of them the gold was hammered out and fashioned in the burning forge, which seared their front and only overheated their brains.

This "cock of the colleges" had in his hand a paper-covered pamphlet of the play, which, rolled up, resembled a baton; but he had no need for it—like Kean, he had his Shakespeare by heart.

"Few," reported the prompter to Kean frankly, "but discriminative!"

Kean bit his quivering lip at this diplomatic story. But nothing now was to curb his long-restrained vigor. He was fully aware that while he should enact the loving husband of Desdemona with all his own fervid temperament, yet, as he conceived him to have been a refined Moor, temporarily varnished with civilization of the florid order there in progress, the vivid creation must show that the strength and quiescence are innate—only when the tiger

is dragged out of its chains must it roar and rend.

In the opening act, "the lion of St. Mark's" is in repose, in military trammels—Dante's figure: *"A guisa de leon quando si posa!"*

As a puff of hot air runs before the sirocco, so a thrill vibrated in the scanty audience, palpitating as the company of Othello proceeded to the Senate hall, where the Doge and the seigniors awaited their general. In an instant, one saw the separated auditors snuggle up to each other to compact themselves and not to lose that charming tremor of the consolidated crowd. Fellow feeling! The groups were compressed. The rear benches were quitted that the front ones should be without a gap.

"Dang 'un! I was told that he were a leetle undersized man!" grumbled a country squire, indignant at his misinformant of the theatre, on being taken aback by this dark-visaged soldier, with imposing dignity, and such a martial air that Brabantio was clearly robbed of half his hatred.

"Order!" For like the Arab at the oasis, not a drop must be lost of the precious spring, struck out of the rock by the magic wand of Shakespeare, worthily wielded. They contemplated and hung upon the finely-cut lips of this man with the new style, the fatal eye and the Italian physiognomy. With the first stride, one stopped to watch him; with the first syllable, one listened and wished to do nothing but listen, while that mellifluous voice intoned such apposite phrases.

"There, there!" said Lord Byron, in a softened voice, "do you doubt that some men can talk naturally in verse?"

Through the oriental serenity appeared, fitfully, a smile of haughty unconcern raising the tremulous nostrils.

No longer was there languor among the spectators; the most listless were the more intent now; and the stillness was of the spellbound, like that dreadful conception of the Arabian storytellers: the man still living in the brain, turned to marble from the waist down.

In the relation of the martial courtship, the voice became penetrative and so melodious that one glanced up to see if a nightingale had not alighted on the scenery.

How sublimely proof he was to the last shaft of malice: "Look to her, Moor!" and with what unfaltering trust he left his "moth of peace," this dragonfly, in charge of Iago's wife, after the hour of love which he was allowed to pass with her.

The charm redoubled while all listened to the dialogue of Iago and his dupe. Nothing abrupt or angular could be carped at, for in both bearing and diction was the unerring inspiration of mind at its superlative degree.

"Shakespeare is turning in his coffin!" said the Boanerges of the pit. "Amazing power! If I had not lost the faculty of weeping, hang me in my own shoestrings but I could blubber now!"

"Never was English verse more explicit!" expatiated the delighted poet to his circle.

On the other side of the bar of light, intuition woke up the actors from their crass reluctance to admit merit. In the very flap of the torn canvas, the squeak of the pulley-blocks and the hanging of the green baize-covered wind-doors, a voice kept murmuring:

"The great god, Pan, is living again! Success is here!"

The players gathered around the panting actor as he entered the common dressing-room; but he shrank from their congratulations. In his ears was the thunder of the popular approbation like the sea thundering on the rocks.

Bannister nudged Oxberry, and in a whisper said:

"That Cognac is great stuff! We must get in a gallon—and drink it!"

The auditors were like those honest peasants who, jogging to town as usual with their marketing, found they had arrived on a royal celebration day, when the fountains, commonly doling out water, poured wine.

They "fraternized," as the new word went, touched by the common delight, chatting like old friends, slapping backs and shaking hands like new-met brothers. Then a kind of awe succeeded, due to intense admiration. The fisher who saw the genie float out of the sealed bottle could not be more amazed. They felicitated themselves on being present on what would be a memorable night.

As for the enthusiastic young poet, who had not a drop of envy in him, he stood up among his cohort, for they expected him to "voice" their unspeakable feelings.

"There has rolled out on the scroll a red-letter day which I no more expected than you!" he said, readily. Then, as if a plan had appeared to him full-fledged, he added, peremptorily: "Let us be worthy of the prodigy! Young gentlemen of my school, of all the great educational houses of England, it is for us to hail this rising star! Get away, right and left, into the west, and rout you out every man who adores learning and her sweet sister, poesy! Say that Lord Byron invites them to 'sup with Shakespeare!' that a meteor's light illuminates the dark passages and all the beauties leap up without a veil or shadow!"

He concluded in Latin familiar to them as scholars and divines intended: "The feast is ready! the guests must be brought in from the highway!"

Rubbing his carefully-kept hands, of which he was proud as a lady, he observed, by way of apology, to an old person who frowned at his animation:

"By your leave, sir, do you see? This marvel is to be the delight of the coming brood, for he is young yet, and it is meet that they should not let the chorister of Diana's groves be chilled at the first flight and first song!"

"Hum! Very good, young sir! but wait till the second act! Wait till he is writhing in that scoundrel Iago's coils!"

Whereat he offered the lordling snuff out of a Scotch mull.

While the orchestra was lengthening out an aria of Lulli's, the collectors for the author of "British Bards" went out in the wet to seek their acquaintances and classmates in the pleasure resorts. The pit promised to be half filled by their garnering.

Then came in these springalds, nodding to Byron and clapping their congeners on the shoulder, uttering cries of scholastic recognition to those at a distance, and forming cliques which, be they individually powerless, are as a body courted by the wise since they vote *en masse*.

They did not reck whether the call

was a false one or not; they were happy because they had light and life around them, though they would have preferred a farce, and not one caviled at being summoned from revels rude and brutalizing for a feast intellectual. As long as the bait shone, they did not care whether it was metal or minnow. The pit was no longer an ice house; it glowed and fumed. The very lamps cast out a brighter ray and the candle-snuffer, crossing the stage on his duty, was not bantered or pelted by the many-headed.

I. Son of a Courtesan

The horse and servant belonging to Baron De Winter were waiting for him at the door; he proceeded toward his abode very thoughtfully, looking behind him from time to time to contemplate the dark and silent frontage of the Louvre. It was then that he saw a horseman, as it were, detach himself from the wall and follow him at a little distance. In leaving the Palais Royal he remembered to have observed a similar shadow.

"Tony," he said, motioning to his groom to approach.

"Here I am, my lord."

"Did you remark that man who is following us?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Who is he?"

"I do not know, only he has followed your grace from the Palais Royal, stopped at the Louvre to wait for you, and now leaves the Louvre with you."

"Some spy," said De Winter to him, aside. "Let us pretend not to notice that he is watching us."

And spurring on as he plunged into the labyrinth of streets which led to his hotel, situated near the Marais, for having for so long a time lived near the Place Royale Lord de Winter naturally returned to lodge near his ancient dwelling.

The unknown spurred his horse to a gallop.

De Winter dismounted at his hotel and went up into his apartment, intending to watch the spy; but as he was about to place his gloves and hat on a table, he saw reflected in a glass opposite to him a figure which stood on the threshold of the room. He turned around and Mordaunt, son of Milady, courtesan poisoner, stood before him.

There was a moment of frozen silence between these two.

"Sir," said De Winter, "I thought I had already made you aware that I am weary of this persecution; withdraw, then, or I shall call and have you turned out as you were in London. I am not your uncle, I know you not."

"My uncle," replied Mordaunt, with his harsh and bantering tone, "you are mistaken; you will not have me turned out this time as you did in London—you dare not. As for denying that I am your nephew, you will think twice about it, now that I have learned some things of which I was ignorant a year ago."

"And how does it concern me what you have learned?" asked De Winter.

"Oh, it concerns you very closely, my uncle, I am sure, and you will soon be of my opinion," added he, with a smile which sent a shudder through the veins of him he thus addressed. "When I presented myself before you for the first time in London, it was to ask you what had become of my fortune; the second time it was to demand who had sullied my name; and this time I come before you to ask a question far more terrible than any other, to say to you as God said to the first murderer: 'Cain, what hast thou done to thy brother Abel?' My lord, what have you done with your sister—your sister, who was my mother?"

De Winter shrank back from the fire of those scorching eyes.

"Your mother?" he said.

"Yes, my lord, my mother," replied the young man, advancing into the room until he was face to face with Lord De Winter, and crossing his arms. "I have asked the headsman of Bethune," he said, his voice hoarse and his face livid with passion and grief. "And the headsman of Bethune gave me a reply."

De Winter fell back in a chair as though struck by a thunderbolt and in vain attempted a reply.

"Yes," continued the young man; "all is now explained; with this key I open the abyss. My mother inherited an estate from her husband, you have assassinated her; my name would have secured me the paternal estate, you have deprived me of it; you have despoiled me of my fortune. I am no longer astonished that you knew me not. I am not surprised that you refused to recognize me. When a man is a robber it is hard to call him nephew whom he has impoverished; when one is a murderer, to recognize the man whom one has made an orphan."

These words produced a contrary effect to that which Mordaunt had anticipated. De Winter remembered the monster that Milady had been; he rose, dignified and calm, restraining by the severity of his look the wild glance of the young man.

"You desire to fathom this horrible secret?" said De Winter; "well, then, so be it. Know, then, what manner of woman it was for whom to-day you call me to account. That woman had, in all probability, poisoned my brother, and in order to inherit from me she was about to assassinate me in my turn. I have proof of it. What say you to that?"

"I say that she was my mother."

"She caused the unfortunate Duke of Buckingham to be stabbed by a man who was, ere that, honest, good and pure. What say you to that crime, of which I have the proof?"

"She was my mother."

"On our return to France she had a young woman who was attached to one of her opponents poisoned in the convent of the Augustines at Bethune. Will this crime persuade you of the justice of her punishment—for of all this I have the proofs?"

"She was my mother!" cried the young man, who uttered these three successive exclamations with constantly increasing force.

"At last, charged with murders, with debauchery, hated by every one and

yet threatening still, like a panther thristing for blood, she fell under the blows of men whom she had rendered desperate, though they had never done her the least injury; she met with judges whom her hideous crimes had evoked; and that executioner you saw —that executioner who you say told you everything—that excutioner, if he told you everything, told you that he leaped with joy in avenging on her his brother's shame and suicide. Depraved as a girl, adulterous as a wife, an unnatural sister, homicide, poisoner, execrated by all who knew her, by every nation that had been visited by her, she died accursed by Heaven and earth."

A sob which Mordaunt could not repress burst from his throat and his livid face became suffused with blood; he clenched his fists, sweat covered his face, his hair, like Hamlet's, stood on end, and racked with fury he cried out:

"Silence, sir! she was my mother! Her crimes, I know them not; her disorders, I know them not; her vices, I know them not. But this I know, that I had a mother, that five men leagued against one woman, murdered her clandestinely by night—silently—like cowards. I know that you were one of them, my uncle, and that you cried louder than the others: 'She must die.' Therefore I warn you, and listen well to my words, that they may be engraved upon your memory, never to be forgotten: this murder, which has robbed me of everything—this murder, which has deprived me of my name—this murder, which has impoverished me—this murder, which has made me corrupt, wicked, implacable—I shall summon you to account for it first, and then those who were your accomplices, when I discover them!"

With hatred in his eyes, foaming at his mouth, and his fist extended, Mordaunt had advanced one more step, a threatening, terrible step, toward De Winter. The latter put his hand to his sword, and said, with the smile of a man who for thirty years jested with death:

"Would you assassinate me, sir? *Then* I shall recognize you as my nephew, for you would be a worthy son of such a mother."

"No," replied Mordaunt, forcing his features and the muscles of his body to resume their usual places and be calm; "no, I shall not kill you; at least not at this moment, for without you I could not discover the others. But when I have found them, then tremble, sir. I stabbed to the heart the headsman of Bethune, who had branded her without mercy or pity, and he was the least guilty of you all."

II. Destiny

The obscurity of night was on the waters. A felucca was riding the waves, dimly observable. Then a large lantern carried on a pole appeared on the deck, defining the forms of shadows behind it.

Suddenly a terrible cry, a cry of despair, was wafted through space; and as if the shrieks of anguish had driven away the clouds, the veil which hid the moon was cleared away and the gray sails and dark shrouds of the felucca were plainly visible beneath the silvery light.

Shadows ran, as if bewildered, to and fro on the vessel, and mournful cries accompanied these delirious walkers. In the midst of these screams appeared Mordaunt, son of Milady, criminal and courtesan, upon the poop with a torch in hand.

The agitated figures, apparently wild with terror, consisted of Groslow, the captain, who at the hour fixed by Mordaunt, had collected his men and the sailors. Mordaunt, after having listened at the door of the cabin to hear if the muskeeters, Athos, Porthos and D'Artagnan, whom he had imprisoned, were still asleep, had gone down into the cellar, convinced by their silence that they were all in a deep slumber. Then he had run to the train, impetuous as a man who is excited by revenge, and full of confidence, as are those whom God blinds, he had set fire to the wick of nitre.

All this while Groslow and his men were assembled on deck.

"Haul up the cable and draw the boat to us," said Groslow.

One of the sailors got down the side of the ship, seized the cable, and drew it; it came without the least resistance.

"The cable is cut!" he cried; "no boat!"

"How! no boat!" exclaimed Groslow; "it is impossible."

"'Tis true, however," answered the sailor; "there's nothing in the wake of the ship; besides, here's the end of the cable."

"What's the matter?" cried Mordaunt, who, coming up out of the hatchway, rushed to the stern, waving his torch.

"Only that our enemies have escaped; they have cut the cord and gone off with the boat."

Mordaunt bounded with one step to the cabin and kicked the door.

"Empty!" he exclaimed; "the infernal demons!"

"We must pursue them," said Groslow; "they can't be gone far, and we will sink them, passing over them."

"Yes, but the fire," ejaculated Mordaunt; "I have lighted it."

"Ten thousand devils!" cried Groslow, rushing to the hatchway; "perhaps there is still time to save us."

Mordaunt answered only by a terrible laugh, threw his torch into the sea and plunged in after it. The instant Groslow put his foot upon the hatchway steps the ship opened like the crater of a volcano. A burst of flame rose toward the skies with an explosion like that of a hundred cannon; the air burned, ignited by flaming embers, then the frightful lightning

disappeared, the brands sank, one after another, into the abyss, where they were extinguished, and save for a slight vibration in the air, after a few minutes had elapsed one would have thought that nothing had happened.

Only—the felucca had disappeared from the surface of the sea and Groslow and his three sailors were consumed.

The four friends, the musketeers in their stolen boat, saw all this—not a single detail of this fearful scene escaped them. At one moment, bathed as they were in a flood of brilliant light, which illumined the sea for the space of a league, they might each be seen, each by his own peculiar attitude and manner expressing the awe which, even in their hearts of bronze, they could not help experiencing. Soon a torrent of vivid sparks fell around them—then, at last, the volcano was extinguished—then all was dark and still—the floating bark and heaving ocean.

They sat silent and dejected.

"By Heaven!" at last said Athos, the first to speak, "by this time, I think, all must be over."

"Here, my lords! save me! help!" cried a voice, whose mournful accents, reaching the four friends, seemed to proceed from some phantom of the ocean.

All looked around; Athos himself stared.

"'Tis he! it is his voice!"

All still remained silent, the eyes of all were turned in the direction where the vessel had disappeared, endeavoring in vain to penetrate the darkness. After a minute or two they were able to distinguish a man, who approached them, swimming vigorously.

Athos extended his arm toward him, pointing him out to his companions.

"Yes, yes, I see him well enough," said D'Artagnan.

"He—again!" cried Porthos, who was breathing like a blacksmith's bellows; "why, he is made of iron."

"Oh, my God!" muttered Athos.

Aramis and D'Artagnan whispered to each other.

Mordaunt, for it was he, made several strokes more, and raising his arm in sign of distress above the waves: "Pity, pity on me, gentlemen, in Heaven's name! my strength is failing me; I am dying."

The voice that implored aid was so piteous that it awakened pity in the heart of Athos.

"Poor fellow!" he exclaimed.

"Indeed!" said D'Artagnan, "monsters have only to complain to gain your sympathy. I believe he's swimming toward us. Does he think we are going to take him in? Row, Porthos, row." And setting the example he plowed his oar into the sea; two strokes took the bark on twenty fathoms further.

"Oh! you will not abandon me! You will not leave me to perish! You will not be pitiless!" cried Morduant.

"Ah! ah!" said Porthos to Morduant, "I think we have you now, my hero! and there are no doors by which you can escape this time but those of hell."

"Oh! Porthos!" murmured Athos.

"Oh, pray, for mercy's sake, don't fly from me. For pity's sake!" cried the young man, whose agony-drawn breath at times, when his head went

under water, under the wave, exhaled and made the icy waters bubble.

D'Artagnan, however, who had consulted with Aramis, spoke to the poor wretch. "Go away," he said; "your repentence is too recent to inspire confidence. See! the vessel in which you wished to fry us is still smoking; and the situation in which you are is a bed of roses compared to that in which you wished to place us and in which you have placed Monsieur Groslow and his companions."

"Sir!" replied Mordaunt, in a tone of deep despair, "my penitence is sincere. Gentlemen, I am young, scarcely twenty-three years old. I was drawn on by a very natural resentment to avenge my mother. You would have done what I did."

Mordaunt wanted now only two or three fathoms to reach the boat, for the approach of death seemed to give him supernatural strength.

"Alas!" he said, "I am then to die? You are going to kill the son, as you killed the mother! Surely, if I am culpable and if I ask for pardon, I ought to be forgiven."

Then, as if his strength failed him, he seemed unable to sustain himself above the water and a wave passed over his head, which drowned his voice.

"Oh! this is torture to me," cried Athos.

Mordaunt reappeared.

"For my part," said D'Artagnan, "I say this must come to an end; murderer, as you were, of your uncle! executioner, as you were, of King Charles! incendiary! I recommend you to sink forthwith to the bottom of the sea; and if you come another fathom nearer, I'll stave your wicked head in with this oar."

"D'Artagnan! D'Artagnan!" cried Athos, "my son, I entreat you; the wretch is dying, and it is horrible to let a man die without extending a hand to save him. I cannot resist doing so; he must live."

"Zounds!" replied D'Artagnan, "why don't you give yourself up directly, feet and hands bound, to that wretch? Ah! you wish to perish by his hands! I, your son, as you call me—I will not let you!"

'Twas the first time D'Artagnan had ever refused a request from Athos.

Aramis calmly drew his sword, which he had carried between his teeth as he swam.

"If he lays his hand on the boat's edge I will cut it off, regicide that he is."

"And I," said Porthos. "Wait."

"What are you going to do?" asked Aramis.

"Throw myself in the water and strangle him."

"Oh, gentlemen!" cried Athos, "be men! be Christians! See! death is depicted on his face! Ah! do not bring on me the horrors of remorse! Grant me this poor wretch's life. I will bless you—I——"

"I am dying!" cried Mordaunt, "come to me! come to me!"

D'Artagnan began to be touched. The boat at this moment turned around, and the dying man was by that turn brought nearer Athos.

"Monsieur," he cried, "I supplicate you! pity me! I call on you—where are you? I see you no longer—I am dying—help me! help me!"

"Here I am, sir!" said Athos, lean-

ing and stretching out his arm to Mordaunt with that air of dignity and nobility of soul habitual to him; "here I am, take my hand and jump into our boat."

Mordaunt made a last effort—rose—seized the hand thus extended to him and grasped it with the vehemence of despair.

"That's right," said Athos; "put your other hand here." And he offered him his shoulder as another stay and support, so that his head almost touched that of Mordaunt; and these two mortal enemies were in as close an embrace as if they had been brothers.

"Now, sir," said he, "you are safe—calm yourself."

"Ah! my mother," cried Mordaunt, with eyes on fire with a look of hate impossible to paint, "I can only offer thee one victim, but it shall at any rate be the one thou wouldst thyself have chosen!"

And whilst D'Artagnan uttered a cry, Porthos raised the oar, and Aramis sought a place to strike, a frightful shake given to the boat precipitated Athos into the sea; whilst Mordaunt, with a shout of triumph, grasped the neck of his victim, and in order to paralyze his movements, twined arms and legs around the musketeer. For an instant, without an exclamation, without a cry for help, Athos tried to sustain himself on the surface of the waters, but the weight dragged him down; he disappeared by degrees; soon nothing was to be seen except his long, floating hair; then both men disappeared and the bubbling of the water, which, in its turn, was soon effaced, alone indicated the spot where these two had sunk.

Mute with horror, the three friends had remained open-mouthed, their eyes dilated, their arms extended like statues, and, motionless as they were, the beating of their hearts was audible. Porthos was the first who came to himself. He tore his hair.

"Oh!" he cried, "Athos! Athos! thou man of noble heart; woe is me! I have let thee perish!"

At this instant, in the midst of the silver circle illumined by the light of the moon the same whirlpool which had been made by the sinking men was again obvious, and first were seen, rising above the waves, a wisp of hair, then a pale face with open eyes, yet, nevertheless, the eyes of death; then a body, which, after rising of itself even to the waist above the sea, turned gently on its back, according to the caprice of the waves, and floated.

In the bosom of this corpse was plunged a poniard, the gold hilt of which shone in the moonbeams.

"Mordaunt! Mordaunt!" cried the three friends; "'tis Mordaunt!"

"But Athos!" exclaimed D'Artagnan.

Suddenly the boat leaned on one side beneath a new and unexpected weight and Grimaud uttered a shout of joy; every one turned around and beheld Athos, livid, his eyes dim and his hands trembling, supporting himself on the edge of the boat. Eight vigorous arms lifted him up immediately and laid him in the boat, where directly Athos was warmed and reanimated, reviving with the caresses and cares of his friends, who were intoxicated with joy.

"You are not hurt?" asked D'Artagnan.

"No," replied Athos; "and he——"

"Oh, he! now we may say at last,

thank Heaven! he is really dead. Look!" and D'Artagnan, obliging Athos to look in the direction he pointed, showed him the body of Mordaunt floating on its back, which, sometimes submerged, sometimes rising, seemed still to pursue the four friends with looks of insult and mortal hatred.

At last he sank. Athos had followed him with a glance in which the deepest melancholy and pity were expressed.

"Bravo! Athos!" cried Aramis, with an emotion very rare in him.

"A capital blow you gave!" cried Porthos.

"I have a *son*. I wished to live," said Athos.

"In short," said D'Artagnan, "this has been the will of God."

"It was not I who killed him," said Athos in a soft, low tone, "'twas destiny."

The Call

According to the most likely calculations, my dog, Pritchard, might be nine or ten months old—past the age when dogs begin their education. The great thing was to select a good teacher.

I had an old friend in the forest of Le Vésinet. He was called Vatrin; indeed, I may say he *is* called, for I hope and believe he is still in the land of the living.

Our acquaintance dated from the early days of my boyhood; his father had been keeper of the division of the forest of Villers-Cotterets, over which my father had the right of shooting. Vatrin was a lad of twelve or fifteen then, and ever after he retained a heroically exaggerated mental picture of *the General*—so he always spoke of my father.

To give an instance. One day my father was thirsty, and stopped at Keeper Vatrin's door to ask for a glass of water.

Vatrin senior gave the General a glass of wine instead, and when he had drunk it, the admiring fellow actually put the glass on a pedestal of black oak and covered it with a glass shade, as if it had been a sacred relic.

When he died he left the glass by will to his son. To this day, most likely, it forms the chief ornament of the old forest-keeper's mantelshelf. For the son in turn has grown old—though that in no way prevented his still being, the last time I saw him, one of the most active head keepers of the forest of Saint-Germain.

Vatrin is perhaps fifteen or sixteen years my senior. When we were both of us young together, the difference was more noticeable and important than it is nowadays.

He was a tall, well-grown boy when I was still a little chap, and I used to follow his lead with all the simple admiration of childhood on bird-catching and bird-liming expeditions.

The truth is, Vatrin was one of the cleverest snares I have ever known.

More than once, when I have been telling my Parisian friends, male or female, of this eminently picturesque

form of sport known as liming, and after I had done my very best to make them understand how it is done, one of my auditors has ended by saying—

"Well, I must say I should enjoy seeing the thing in action."

Then I would ask the company to fix a day, and this settled, I would write a line to Vatrin—

"My Dear Vatrin,—Get a tree ready. We will sleep such and such a night at Counet's, and next morning at five o'clock we will be at your service."

You know, of course, who Collinet is—the landlord of the *Pavillon Henri IV* at Saint-Germain, one of the best cooks in creation.

Whenever you go to Saint-Germain, ask him to give you *côtelettes à la béarnaise*. Use my name, and tell me afterwards how you liked them!

Well, in due course Vatrin would turn up at Collinet's, and with a wink that was peculiar to himself—

"It's all right," he would say.

"The tree is ready?"

"Rather."

"And the jay?"

"We've got the jay."

"Up and at 'em, then! Hurrah!"

Then, turning to the company—

"Ladies and gentlemen," I would observe oratorically, "here's good news! They've got the jay!"

Nine times out of ten nobody knew what I meant.

Yet it was an all-important announcement; it meant the certainty of good sport to-morrow. The moment they had the jay, a good morning's work was assured.

A word of explanation to make the full importance of this apparent.

La Fontaine, whom folks will call *the worthy La Fontaine*, just as they speak of Plutarch as *the worthy Plutarch*, has written a fable about the jay, which he entitles, "The Jay that dressed in Peacock's feathers."

Well, that's all pure calumny—nothing more nor less! The jay, one of the most mischievous and ill-conditioned of birds, never conceived the notion, I'll swear, of doing anything so silly as La Fontaine says. He never did such a thing, and it's a hundred to one never thought of such a thing.

It would have been far better for him if he had, instead of doing what he does; he would have brought far fewer enemies about his ears.

What is it the jay does, then? You know the myth of Saturn, who used to devour his children? Well, the jay is a better father than Saturn; he only eats other people's, or rather other bird's children.

Now you can understand the virulent hatred vowed against the jay by all the smaller members of the feathered tribe—tomtits, siskins, chaffinches, gold-finches, nightingales, warblers, linnets, bullfinches, and red-breasts, whose eggs or chicks the jay gobbles up.

They all hate him like death; but none of them is strong enough to tackle a jay.

Only, let any misfortune, any accident, any disaster befall a jay, and all the birds of the countryside are in ecstasies.

Well, it is a misfortune, an accident,

a terrible disaster for a jay to fall into the hands of a bird-snarer, while at the same time it is a veritable stroke of luck for a bird-catcher to get hold of a jay. For when once the snarer has prepared his tree—that is to say, has thinned the leaves, made incisions in the boughs, and fixed limed twigs in these; when beneath the tree he has built his hut, well covered with broom and heather; when, alone or with his companions, he has taken up his position inside it, instead of being obliged to imitate by means of a leaf of couch grass or a bit of silk, the song, or rather the cry, of the different birds, he has only, if he has a jay, to pull the bird out of his pocket and twitch out a feather from its tail.

The jay gives a sharp cry, which rings through the forest.

Instantly all the tomtits, chaffinches, siskins, bullfinches, warblers, redbreasts, nightingales, goldfinches, red and grey linnets, for miles round give a simultaneous start and listen with all their ears.

Then the operator twitches another feather from the jay's wing, and the bird gives another cry.

Thereupon fierce rejoicing among all the feathered tribe; it is plain some calamity has befallen the common enemy.

What can it be? where is it? which way? We must hurry up to see!

The bird-catcher pulls a third feather from his captive's wing, and again the cry of pain is heard.

"Ah! there it is! This way, this way!" chorus the little birds, one and all—and they fly in flocks, in hosts, towards the tree from which those three shrill outcries have come.

Now, as the tree is armed with limed twigs, every bird that lights on it is a bird caught.

That's the reason why I would announce to my guests, as I introduced Vatrin: "Ladies and gentlemen great news! They've got the jay!"

The Dock Fight

At one period, the river Thames, England, being without an embankment, the water came up in the bend at Charing Cross so as to enable coal and other barges to discharge on the foreshore at Hungerford. To soothe the throats of these navigators, roughened with carbon, the cellars of the houses on the slopes waterward were converted into caves of refreshment.

The tunnels, alleys built over, and vaulted ways, led from these houses up on the Strand and out on Whitehall Place.

The whole tract was a monster rats' burrow.

Like the black rats, the colliers lumbered up, drank to a stupor, were rolled down to their craft and left the field to rats of all hues, who bored this dark lurking place with a hundred secret outlets.

There lodged here as in a sanctuary professional beggars, thieves who pro-

fessed nothing, but robbed with as much variety as persistency, mock-wounded victims of the wars, land and naval, and seekers after things lost by a little help. But they had not the prowling-ground to themselves; it was the fashion in the set to which Lord Newell was proud to belong, to descend into this black-country to make the finishing of night's revelry.

While the colliers, thieves, drunkards, and smugglers held each clan as neutrals, they all considered "the bloods" as interlopers. Luckily, those who regarded the enterprise as a crowning luxury, fortified themselves with experience, strong liquors or an understanding with the watchmen.

But the glory was to have combats with "the rough scurf," and many a noble lord and future bishop was king for a day after beating a Newcastle "Georgie" or a blackleg, or a 'long-shoreman of notoriety in a fair stand-up fight.

Besides the watch, lounging along the Strand, with a roundhouse at St. Martin's Bars, there was a military recruiting-office in Whitehall, having a secret communication with one or more of the low-ground taverns; and the King's Arms, public house, was connected similarly, it was said, with the Fox-under-the-Hill, facetiously known as "the Coalhole," for tricks concerning the business of crimping—that is, providing candidates for the lord high admiralship of England—by way of foremast hands to begin with.

Each man carried the law of this region in his hand, not his head; the weapon of expression was a life-preserver made according to personal whim; leaden ball, netted and slung with a cord, short club, thick pistol clubbed, but usually the fist, as the magistrates at Bow street had a prejudice, truly national, against the prisoner using so foreign an instrument as the sheath-knife.

So the denizens relied on themselves against the press gang or the soldierly trepanners. If one yielded to the drugged liquors of the Fox or the King's Arms, and woke up at sea on a gunbrig or in a military barrack black-hole, he blamed his own weakness in taking the drop too much.

Into this forbidding, if not forbidden, ground, always ominous, and when night came on, with a fog off the river to meet and blend with it, a man nonchalantly rolled from the thoroughfare as if pure chance guided his steps.

His black, crisped hair was plastered back thickly to fend a blow on the pate, and tied hard in a pigtail, stiff as a unicorn's horn; over that was apparently glued on a small, hard, round hat with bullet grazes and cutlass clips. It was set a little provokingly. The shoes were of South American horse-hide, defying weather and climate, and, no doubt, from the neatness, worked at leisure in the forecabin on the tropic seas. His coarse canvas trousers flowed widely around them, flapping against gray woolen stockings, the present of a lass who loved the sailor. At the trim waist, the slack was drawn in by a broad belt of glazed leather, to which was appended, or through which was thrust, the *desiderata* of a seaman who carries his arsenal with him and to the front—knife, short boarding-pistol, powder-horn, bullet-pouch, a purse, but no cutlass. The pistol was probably un-

loaded. His fists were not immense, but they were tough, as if rosined, and seemed moved by muscles of steel. His dark-blue jacket covered a wooden jersey, in which Boreas might be jeered at, and he bore the outer garment as jauntily as the hussar his extra pelisse.

Since he had laid aside his hanger, he supplied the omission with a fat bottle worked over with manila spunyarn, containing liquor emitting a pleasant swashing sound and an odor as pleasant to the passerby, of genuine Nantz. To counterbalance this was attached to the belt a box, which contained chewing tobacco, since he now and then replaced an exhausted cud with a new one from its depths.

Having drained his pocket pistol in his idle roamings, the seaman finally smashed it against a dead wall. A rat had incurred his spite, but the libations had muddled his sight, for it was the bottle which came to its end.

Perhaps, he had thought that the explosion would arouse the bashful dwellers, for he shouted in a voice to overcome a sixty-mile gale.

"Come ye out and come ye on, one and all, and the niggers to boot, hang ye! for I were thrown out, bare as a babby, last time I came ashore to enj'y my liberty, and I've come ag'in to play evens with you bearded pirates!"

But it was full early for the purlieus to begin that night! and, besides, the active inhabitants were confined in the main room of the Fob, where an interesting argument was being settled under their delighted eyes. Its room was crowded, and out of the window came the noises indicative of a much applauded hand-to-hand encounter of at least a couple of men. There was noise enough for a combat of twenty pair.

The sailor accordingly surged over that way. The heavy and dismal portals were fastened up as if to prohibit interference with the affair. On the window sill, from which the sash had long ago been carried by a delinquent customer, thus evading his bill, sat a figure so burly that it blocked up almost all the aperture. Only a rare student of human nature from all sides could have identified this novel shutter.

"Why, I know this 'back' as if he were of my own football crew!" said the seaman, surprised, his voice experiencing a "land," not a sea, change. "It is the constable of Freefolk! How comes he here?

"If he kept out the unasked public at the door as effectually as he does at a window, he would be invaluable!"

Upon which Edmund Kean, for it was the actor indulging in one of his eccentricities, smartly stepped up to the casement. Applying his shoulder to the bulky impediment so ruddily ensconced, he uttered a boisterous "Heave together, my hearties!" and exerted himself so handily that the occupant of the sill was pitched forward into the interior, like Falstaff of the three-man trap-ball plank.

A confusion of clamor resounded within: "Not fair! the referee had no business to pitch in! Put the umpire out of the ring!"

Kean coolly thrust his batted head in at the orifice which he had cleared.

The view was worth obtaining, to a student of men given up to the vilest passions.

The capacious but low drinking room, had the tables and settles removed to

the sides; on these and the bar-counter sat or stood a number of men of all sorts—coal heavers, colliers, barges, freshwater fishermen, beach-combers, "mudlarks," odd-job men, closely packed.

All surrounded what was clear space before Mr. Prettiman had been "catapulted" into it, and floored, sprawling like a man going to be quartered by wild horses. Two other men, interrupted by this apparition, stood quivering with passion, staring at him as if he had dropped from Mars.

One was a roughly-clad man, whose clothes were partly replaced with second-hand wearing apparel, retaining leather gaiters, fur waistcoat and velveteen breeches. His other things were hung on a chair.

His antagonist was in his shirt sleeves, as was his uniform in business, but as he had to do something in deference to the etiquette of the prize ring, he had cast aside his apron of office: he was Peter Pott, the landlord of the Fox, servant to Captain Figg, pugilistic professor; he held a great fame among devotees of the manly art of self-defense.

Prettiman sat up, rallying after his projection.

"I award the decision to Mr. Pott!" and he got up, rubbing his shoulder. Excellent in temper, he did not look around for the thrower of men, as if that incident were a pleasantry known to umpires.

"'Tain't fair!" grumbled the contestant, "for it were him what knocked me out!"

"Then, to another round!" said the indefatigable Pott.

"Nay! I am not up to your Lon'on ways," continued the vanquished. "But you might give a fellow consolation-stakes in a pot of ale! Why, I would not have knuckled up to you if I had the price of a mug!"

Kean bounded in at the window, with the warning: "'Ware scaldings!"

He landed on his feet with a seaman's precision, or a harlequin's.

The dregs adore strength and agility. When allied, they who admired one capable of hurling the stout constable into the arena and playing the human football, received him with a cheer.

Prettiman glared at the man who had displaced him from his judge's box. But the other met his furious gaze with unalterable good humor.

"Another time," said he, "do not block up the gangway! You shall drink with me, Mr. Rufferee, because you gave it ag'in that yokel! You were right; the Bunnyface had the more science and the more bottom!"

"But if you had knocked all the breath out of my body I could not have given any award!" still grumbled the constable.

Kean saw that his mask was impenetrable.

All were drinking, for the victor was bound to serve his congratulators a "round" without charge.

"So you pummeled the farmer?" asked the newcomer of the man behind the bar.

"Yes, he did not get a crack even at this Pott!" laughed the publican. "He will chew on one side of his jaw till his new teeth shoot! That is, all he gets to chew! The Fox got his back up, for he don't connive at hollow vessels sneaking in here and ordering

'lush' without the coppers to back the said order!"

"Never mind one here and there!" He slapped his purse. "There is there what can make up the shortage, host!"

Landlords have the weakness of all great men: they wish to be thought infallible in recalling faces. So he let a gleam of welcome illumine his darkening eyes and said joyfully:

"Cor-reck you are, Jack of di'mun's! my hearty! I minds you, my boy! The last time you paternizes the Fox, you left the change out of a Portugee yaller boy, and I am not taking any coin out of your poke this trip! And as I walloped the chaw-bacon, I stands 'Sam' on this horse-spice-ous occasion!"

"That is the rule!" was the chorus.

This recognition dissipated any doubts about the sailor being a spy on the smugglers. There was a general jolting as again all massed around the bar. Pott had to call his tapster into requisition.

"I am looking toward you, guardian of the peace!" said Kean, over a frothing tankard to Prettiman, armed similarly; "no harm done ye that a stitch of yarn won't a-mend, eh? I comes ashore, hereabouts and at large, to see 'rum' sights and visions that are queer, but smash my headlights! I did not look for'ard to seeing an officer of the peace ruffereeing a prize fight!"

Prettiman set down the pewter pot and, without a blush, replied:

"It's parfeckly nateral! I come up out of the countryside where the lads spend their spare time pounding each other's spare ribs! I am as reg'lar called to umpire as the parson to a funeral. I will back the New Forest again' all Middlesex for boxing. By the way, we are no sluggards at wrestling, and I want to compliment you on the hold and the sling—I am a man of fair weight for my inches!"

"I broke no bones, then?"

"I am getting fat, instead of bone, in town."

"I had no idea that the town gave a police officer so easy a berth?"

"What, them Mohocks? Well, they cannot, those whipper-snappers, stand me on my head! Ha!"

Kean rubbed his forehead, where the hard hat left a red welt, to hide his emotion. Then, grabbing the constable's hand, he squeezed it, saying:

"You are a fine fellow, and I shall never let out at a constable in the to-come, without begging of his pardon if I hits too hard! Landlord, take this ten-pun' note! You and your friends drink till all is blue, true blue, like your noble self, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Dobbin Prettiman, at your service!"

"Call me Jack! It's a purser's name, but I am the purser for the night, see?"

Regal Love

KING of France, Francis II, lay dying at the palace of brain fever.

The queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, plotting as usual, had sent a message to the King of Navarre and the Bourbons. Then she had received L'Hospital, Chancellor, who informed her of the near arrival of her ally, Constable Montmorency.

He promised her to be, at nine o'clock, in the great hall of the bailiwick, in front of the king's chamber, and to bring thither as many partisans of Catherine as he could find. Finally, the queen-mother summoned Chapelain and two or three other royal physicians, whose mediocrity was the natural-born enemy of the genius of Ambroise Paré, surgeon of de Guise, to meet her at half-past eight.

Her precautions thus taken, she was the first to enter the chamber of the king.

She went first to the bed of her son, gazed on him for some moments, with bent head, like a sorrowful mother, placed a kiss on his unheeding hand, and, after wiping away a tear or two, sat down so as to have him always in view.

She, too, like Mary Stuart, would henceforth watch over that agony on which so much depended.

The Duke de Guise entered almost immediately after. After exchanging a few words with Mary, he went to his brother.

"You have done nothing, then?" he asked.

"Alas! I have not been able to do anything," answered the cardinal.

"Then luck is against us," replied the Balafré. "There was a crowd this morning in the ante-chamber of Antony de Navarre. And have you any news of Montmorency?"

"None. I have waited for some in vain. He must not have taken the direct road. He is now perhaps at the gates of the city. If Ambroise Paré fails in his operation, good-bye to our fortune!" said Charles de Lorraine, in consternation.

The doctors, summoned by Catherine, arrived at this moment.

The queen-mother conducted them to the bed of the king, whose sufferings and groans had begun anew.

The doctors examined their royal patient in turn, then gathered in a corner to consult. Chapelain proposed a cataplasm to draw out the foreign matter; but the two others pronounced for the injection of a certain medicated water into the ear.

They had decided on this last method when Ambroise Paré entered, accompanied by Gabriel.

After examining the condition of the king, he joined his brethren.

Ambroise Paré, surgeon to the Duke de Guise, whose scientific renown was already established, was an authority with which it was necessary to reckon. The doctors therefore informed him of the resolution they had just come to.

"I affirm that the remedy is insufficient," said Ambroise Paré, in a loud voice; "but we must make haste, for the brain will fill much sooner than I expected."

"Oh, hasten, in the name of Heav-

en!" cried Mary Stuart, who had heard him.

The queen-mother and the two Guises drew near the physicians, and mingled with them.

"Have you, then, Master Paré," asked Chapelain, "a better and surer method than ours?"

"Yes," said Paré.

"What is it?"

"It would be necessary to trepan the king," said Ambroise Paré.

"Trepan the king!" cried the three doctors, with horror.

"And what is the nature of this operation?" asked the Duke de Guise.

"It is little known yet, monseigneur," said the surgeon. "It is an operation with an instrument invented by myself, and which I call a trepan, making on the top of the head, or rather on the lateral part of the brain, an opening the width of an angelot."

"God of mercy!" cried Catherine de Médicis, indignantly. "Pierce the king's head! And you would dare it!"

"Yes, madame," replied Ambroise, simply.

"But it would be an assassination!" returned Catherine.

"What! madame," said Ambroise, "is not the boring of a hole in the head, with every scientific precaution against danger, to do what is daily done on the field of battle by the blind and violent sword? Yet how many wounds do we not cure?"

"But, Master Ambroise, do you answer for the life of the king?" asked Lorraine.

"God alone has the life and death of men in His hands; you know better than I do, M. le Cardinal. All I can assure you of is that this is the last and only chance of saving the king,—yes, the only chance! but it is a chance."

"You say that your operation may succeed, do you not, Ambroise?" said the Balafré. "Tell us now whether you have ever practised it successfully?"

"Yes, monseigneur," replied Ambroise; "some time ago, on M. de La Bretesche, Rue de la Harpe, at the Rose Rouge; and, I performed the operation at the siege of Calais, on M. de Pienne, who was wounded in the breach."

"In fact, I remember that," said Guise. "Then I hesitate no longer; I consent to the operation."

"And I also," said Mary Stuart, doubtless enlightened by her love.

"But not I!" cried Catherine.

"But, madame," returned Mary, "since you know it is our only chance!"

"Who says so?" rejoined the queen-mother. "Master Ambroise Paré, a heretic. But it is not the opinion of the physicians."

"No, madame," said Chapelain; "and these gentlemen as well as I protest against the method of Master Paré."

"Ah! you see now!" cried Catherine, triumphantly.

The Balafré, who was beside himself with anxiety, went to the queen-mother and led her into the recess of a window.

"Madame," he said, in a low tone, and with clenched teeth, "listen to me. You wish your son to die, and the Prince de Condé to live— You have formed an alliance with the Montmorencies and Bourbons! The bargain is concluded; the spoils are divided in advance! I know everything. Take care! I know everything, I tell you!"

But Catherine de Médicis was not a woman easily frightened, and the Duke de Guise had blundered. His words only made her comprehend better the necessity of boldness, since her enemy had thrown off his mask. She darted a withering glance at him; and, escaping from his grasp by a sudden movement, she ran to the door, which she flung wide open herself.

"M. le Chancelier!" she cried.

L'Hôpital, in accordance with the instructions he had received, was in the grand hall, waiting to be called; and with him were all the partisans of the queen-mother and the princes he had been able to gather.

At the summons of Catherine he advanced hastily, and the group of lords pressed curiously towards the open door.

"M. le Chancelier," continued Catherine, in a loud voice, so as to be well heard, "it is proposed to authorise a violent and desperate operation on the person of the king. Master Paré wants to pierce his head with an instrument. I, his mother, protest, with the three doctors here present, against this crime. M. le Chancelier, register my protest."

"Close that door," cried the Duke de Guise.

In spite of the murmurs of the gentlemen gathered in the great hall, Gabriel did as the duke ordered.

The chancellor alone remained in the chamber of the king.

"Now, M. le Chancelier," said the Balafré, "this operation of which you have heard is necessary, and the queen and I, the Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, answer, if not for the operation, at least for the surgeon."

"And I," cried Ambroise Paré, "accept at this supreme moment all the responsibilities you wish to lay upon me. Yes; you may take my life if I do not succeed in saving that of the king. But, alas! it is full time! See there! look at the king!"

And, in fact, Francis the Second was livid, motionless, with lifeless eyes. He seemed no longer to see nor hear; nay, even to exist. He no longer responded to the caresses and appeals of Mary.

"Yes; hasten!" said the latter to Ambroise; "hasten, in Christ's name! Only try to save the life of the king; I will protect yours."

"I have not the right to prevent anything," said the impassive chancellor; "but my duty is to take the protest of the queen-mother."

"M. l'Hôpital, you are no longer chancellor," coldly rejoined the Duke de Guise. "Go on, Ambroise," he said to the surgeon.

"We retire," said Chapelain, "in the name of the physicians."

"Be it so," replied Ambroise. "I need the most absolute quiet around me. Leave me, then, if you please, gentlemen. Let me be the sole master for the time, as I am solely responsible."

For some time Catherine de Médicis had not uttered a word or made a gesture. She had withdrawn to the window, and was looking into the court of the bailiwick, where a great tumult was heard. But, in this critical conjuncture, nobody except herself had paid any attention to the noise outside.

All, even the chancellor, had their eyes riveted upon Ambroise Paré, who had regained all his self-possession as a great surgeon, and was now looking to his instruments.

But at the very moment when he

was bending over Francis the Second, the commotion approached nearer, even into the next hall. A bitter and joyous smile flickered over the pale lips of Catherine. The door opened violently, and the Constable de Montmorency, armed as if for battle, appeared menacingly upon the threshold.

"I arrive in season!" cried the constable.

"What does this mean?" cried the Duke de Guise, laying his hand on his dagger.

Ambroise Paré was compelled to stop. Twenty gentlemen accompanied Montmorency, and poured even into the chamber. At his side were Antony de Bourbon and the Prince de Condé. Moreover, the queen-mother and Chancellor came and stood beside him. There was no need for them to employ force to be masters in the royal chamber.

"I also," said Ambroise Paré, in despair, "retire."

"Master Paré," cried Mary Stuart, "I, the queen, order you to continue the operation!"

"Ah! madame, I have told you the greatest quietness was necessary," answered the surgeon. "And you see!"

He pointed to the constable and his suite.

"M. Chapelain," said he to the first physician, "try your injection."

"It will be the affair of an instant," said Chapelain, eagerly; "all is prepared."

With the aid of two assistants, he injected his preparation into the king's ear.

Mary Stuart, the Guises, Gabriel, and Ambroise made no opposition, and were silent, crushed, and, as it were, turned to stone.

The constable alone babbled foolishly.

"Well and good!" said he, pleased with the forced docility of Master Paré. "When I think that but for me you would have opened the head of the king in that fashion! Kings of France are only so treated on the field of battle, look you! The steel of the enemy alone can touch them; but a surgeon's steel, never!"

And, enjoying the dejection of the Duke de Guise, he continued,—

"I arrived in time, thank God! Ah, messieurs, you wanted, I have been told, to cut off the head of my dear and gallant nephew, the Prince de Condé! But you have aroused the old lion in his den, and here I am! I have delivered the prince; I have spoken to the States, which you oppress. I have, as constable, dismissed the sentinels you placed at the gates of Orléans. Since when has it been customary to thus guard the king, as if he were not in safety in the midst of his subjects?"

"Of what king do you speak?" asked Ambroise Paré. "There will soon be no other king except King Charles the Ninth; for you see, gentlemen," he said to the doctors, "in spite of your injection, the brain is affected, and is beginning to be filled."

Catherine de Médicis saw clearly from the despondent air of Ambroise Paré that all hope was lost.

"Your reign is coming to an end, monseigneur," she could not help saying to the Balafré.

Francis the Second at this moment raised himself with a sudden movement, opened wide his frightened eyes, stirred his lips as if to stammer a name, then fell back heavily on his pillow.

He was dead.

Ambroise Paré, with a sorrowful gesture, announced the fact to the spectators.

"Ah, madame, madame! you have slain your child!" cried Mary Stuart, leaping towards Catherine in her bewilderment and despair.

The queen-mother darted a cold and venomous glance at her daughter-in-law,—a glance big with the hidden hatred of eighteen months.

"My dear," said she, "you have no longer the right to speak thus, understand; for you are no longer queen. Ah, yes, indeed! queen in Scotland. And we shall send you back as soon as possible to reign over your foggy realm."

Mary, by a reaction inevitable after this first outburst of sorrow, fell on her knees, weak and sobbing, at the foot of the bed on which the king was stretched.

"Madame de Fiesque," continued Catherine, tranquilly, "go immediately for the Duke d'Orléans."

"Messieurs," she went on, looking at the Duke de Guise and the cardinal, "the States-General, which were, perhaps, devoted to you a quarter of an hour ago, are now, as you may very well suspect, devoted to us. It has been agreed between M. de Bourbon and myself that I shall be regent and he Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. Master. Fulfil, therefore, the duties of your charge; announce the death of King Francis the Second."

"The king is dead!" said the Balafré, in a deep, hoarse voice.

The knight-at-arms repeated, in a loud voice, on the threshold of the grand hall, according to the customary ceremonial—

"The king is dead! the king is dead! the king is dead! Pray to God for the salvation of his soul."

And the first gentleman cried immediately after,—

"Long live the king!"

At the same moment, was led the Duke d'Orléans to the queen-mother, who took him by the hand and passed out with him in order to show him to the courtiers, all of whom were shouting,—

"Long live our good King Charles the Ninth."

"Our fortunes are ruined now!" said the cardinal, sadly to his brother, who alone had remained behind with him.

"Ours, perhaps, but not that of our house," answered the ambitious warrior. "We must bethink ourselves of clearing a path for my son."

"Is there any way of renewing our alliance with the queen-mother?" asked Charles de Lorraine, musingly.

"Leave her to quarrel with her Bourbons and her Huguenots," said the Balafré.

They left the chamber by a secret door, all the time talking.

"Alas! alas!" murmured Mary Stuart, kissing the ice-cold hand of Francis the Second, "there is none left to weep for him but me,—the poor darling who loved me so much!"

A Bal-Masque

In the reign of the Orleans, 1718, the opera balls were at their height. It was an invention of the Chevalier de Bullon, who only obtained pardon for assuming the title of Prince d'Auvergne, nobody exactly knew why, by rendering this service to the dissipated society of the time. It was he who had invented the double flooring which put the pit on a level with the stage; and the regent, who highly appreciated all good inventions, had granted him in recompense a pension of two thousand livres, which was four times what the Grand Roi had given to Corneille. That beautiful room, with its rich and grave architecture, which the Cardinal de Richelieu had inaugurated by his "Mirame," where Sully and Quinault's pastorals had been represented, and where Molière had himself played his principal works, was this evening the rendezvous of all that was noble, rich, and elegant.

The gay chevalier and lover D'Harmental, a foe of the regent, had taken particular pains with his toilet. When he arrived the room was already full, and he had an instant's fear that the mask with the violet ribbons would not find him, inasmuch as she had neglected to assign a place of meeting, and he congratulated himself on having come unmasked. This resolution showed great confidence in the discretion of his adversaries, a word from whom would have sent him before the Parliament, or at least to the Bastile. But so much confidence had the gentleman of that day in each other's good faith, that, after having in the morning passed his sword through the body of one of the regent's favourites, the chevalier came, without hesitation, to seek an adventure at the Palais Royal. The first person he saw there was the young Duc de Richelieu, whose name, adventures, elegance, and perhaps indiscretions, had already brought him so much into fashion. It was said that two princesses of the blood disputed his affections, which did not prevent Madame de Nesle and Madame de Polignac from fighting with pistols for him, or Madame de Savran, Madame de Villars, Madame de Mouchy, and Madame de Tencin, from sharing his heart.

He had just joined the Marquis de Canillac, one of the regent's favourites, whom on account of the grave appearance he affected, his Highness called his mentor. Richelieu began to tell Canillac's story, out loud and with much gesticulation. The chevalier knew the duke, but not enough to interrupt a conversation; he was going to pass, when the duke seized him by the coat.

"*Pardieu!*" he said, "my dear chevalier, you are not *de trop*. I am telling Canillac an adventure which may be useful to him as nocturnal lieutenant to the regent, and to you, as running the same danger as I did. The history dates from to-day,—a further merit, as I have only had time to tell it to about twenty people, so that it is scarcely known. Spread it; you will oblige me, and the regent also."

D'Harmental frowned. The duke had chosen his time badly.

"Well, and the story?" asked Canillac.

"We are coming to it. Fancy that some time ago, when I left the Bastile, where my duel with Gacé had sent me, three or four days after my reappearance, Rafé gave me a charming little note from Madame de Parabère, inviting me to pass that evening with her. You understand, chevalier, that it is not at the moment of leaving the Bastille that one would despise a rendezvous, given by the mistress of him who holds the keys. No need to inquire if I was punctual; guess whom I found seated on the sofa by her side. I give you a hundred guesses."

"Her husband," said Canillac.

"On the contrary, it was his royal Highness himself. I was so much the more astonished, as I had been admitted with some mystery; nevertheless, as you will understand, I would not allow myself to appear astonished. I assumed a composed and modest air, like yours, Canillac, and saluted the marquise with such profound respect that the regent laughed. I did not expect this explosion, and was a little disconcerted. I took a chair, but the regent signed to me to take my place on the sofa. I obeyed.

" 'My dear duke,' he said, 'we have written to you on a serious affair. Here is this poor marchioness, who, after being separated from her husband for two years, is threatened with an action by this clown, under pretext that she has a lover.' The marchioness tried to blush, but finding she could not, covered her face with her fan. 'At the first word she told me of her position,' continued the regent, 'I sent for D'Argenson, and asked him who this lover could be.'

" 'Oh, monsieur, spare me!' said the marchioness.—'Nonsense, my little duck; a little patience. Do you know what the lieutenant of police answered me, my dear duke?'—'No,' said I, much embarrassed.—'He said it was either you or I.'—'It is an atrocious calumny,' I cried.—'Don't be excited, the marchioness has confessed all.'

" 'Then,' I replied, 'if the marchioness has confessed all, I do not see what remains for me to tell.'—'Oh!' continued the regent, 'I do not ask you for details. It only remains for us, as accomplices, to get one another out of the scrape.'—'And what have you to fear, monseigneur?' I asked. 'I know that, protected by your Highness's name, I might brave all. What have we to fear?'—'The outcry of Parabère, who wants me to make him a duke.'

" 'Well, suppose we reconcile them,' replied I.—'Exactly,' said his Highness, laughing; 'and you have had the same idea as the marchioness.'—*'Pardieu,* madame, that is an honour for me. There must be a kind of apparent reconciliation between this tender couple, which would prevent the marquis from incommoding us with the scandal of an action.'—'But the difficulty,' objected Madame de Parabère, 'is that it is two years since he has been here; and, as he piques himself on his jealousy and severity, what can we say? He has made a vow that if any one sets foot here during his absence, the law shall avenge him.'

" 'You see, Richelieu, this becomes rather uncomfortable,' added the re-

gent.—*'Peste!* It does indeed.'—'I have some means of coercion in my hands, but they do not go so far as to force a husband to be reconciled to his wife, and to receive her at his house.'—'Well,' replied I, 'suppose we bring him here.'—'There is the difficulty.'—'Wait a moment. May I ask if Monsieur de Parabère still has a weakness for champagne and burgundy?'—'I fear so,' said the marchioness.—'Then, monseigneur, we are saved. I invite the marquis to supper, with a dozen of *mauvais sujets* and charming women. You send Dubois.'—'What! Dubois?' asked the regent.

"'Certainly; one of us must remain sober. As Dubois cannot drink, he must undertake to make the marquis drink; and when everybody is under the table, he can take him away from us and do what he likes with him. The rest depends on the coachman.'—'Did I not tell you, marchioness,' said the regent, 'that Richelieu would give us good advice? Stop, duke,' continued he; 'you must leave off wandering round certain palaces; leave the old lady to die quietly at St. Cyr, the lame man to rhyme at Sceaux, and join yourself with us. I will give you, in my cabinet, the place of that old fool D'Axelles; and affairs will not perhaps be injured by it.'—'I dare say,' answered I. 'The thing is impossible; I have other plans.'—'Obstinate fellow!' murmured the regent."

"And Monsieur de Parabère?" asked the Chevalier D'Harmental, curious to know the end of the story.

"Oh! everything passed as we arranged it. He went to sleep at my house, and awoke at his wife's. He made a great noise, but there was no longer any possibility of crying scandal. His carriage had stopped at his wife's hotel, and all the servants saw him enter. He was reconciled in spite of himself. If he dares again to complain of his beautiful wife, we will prove to him, as clearly as possible, that he adores her without knowing it; and that she is the most innocent of women,—also without his knowing it."

"Chevalier!" at this moment a sweet and flute-like voice whispered in D'Harmental's ear, while a little hand rested on his arm.

"You see that I am wanted."

"I will let you go on one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you will tell my story to this charming bat, charging her to tell it to all the night-birds of her acquaintance."

"I fear," said D'Harmental, "I shall not have time."

"Oh! so much the better for you," replied the duke, freeing the chevalier, whom till then he had held by the coat; "for then you must have something better to say."

And he turned on his heel, to take the arm of a domino, who, in passing, complimented him on his adventure. D'Harmental threw a rapid glance on the mask who accosted him, in order to make sure that it was the one with whom he had a rendezvous, and was satisfied on seeing a violet ribbon on the left shoulder. He hastened to a distance from Canillac and Richelieu, in order not to be interrupted in a conversation which he expected to be highly interesting.

The unknown, whose voice betrayed her sex, was of middle height, and

young, as far as one could judge from the elasticity of her movements. As Monsieur de Richelieu had already remarked, she had adopted the costume best calculated to hide either graces or defects. She was dressed as a bat,—a costume much in vogue, and very convenient, from its perfect simplicity, being composed only of two black skirts. The manner of employing them was at the command of everybody. One was fastened, as usual, round the waist; the masked head was passed through the placket-hole of the other. The front was pulled down to make wings; the back raised to make horns. You were almost certain thus to puzzle an interlocutor, who could only recognise you by the closest scrutiny.

The chevalier made all these observations in less time than it has taken to describe them; but having no knowledge of the person with whom he had to deal, and believing it to be some love intrigue, he hesitated to speak; when, turning towards him,—

"Chevalier," said the mask, without disguising her voice, assuming that her voice was unknown to him, "do you know that I am doubly grateful to you for having come, particularly in the state of mind in which you are? It is unfortunate that I cannot attribute this exactitude to anything but curiosity."

"Beautiful mask!" answered D'Harmental, "did you not tell me that you are a good genius? Now, if really you partake of a superior nature, the past, the present, and the future must be known to you. You knew, then, that I should come; and, since you knew it, my coming ought not to astonish you."

"Alas!" replied the unknown, "it is easy to see that you are a weak mortal, and that you are happy enough never to have raised yourself above your sphere; otherwise you would know that if we, as you say, know the past, the present, and the future, this science is silent as to what regards ourselves, and that the things we most desire remain to us plunged in the most dense obscurity."

"*Diable!* Monsieur le Génie," answered D'Harmental, "do you know that you will make me very vain if you continue in that tone; for, take care, you have told me, or nearly so, that you had a great desire that I should come to your rendezvous."

"I did not think I was telling you anything new, chevalier. It appeared to me that my letter would leave you in doubt as to the desire I felt of seeing you."

"This desire, which I only admit because you confess it, and I am too gallant to contradict you,—has it not made you promise in your letter more than is in your power to keep?"

"Make a trial of my science; that will give you a test of my power."

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* I will confine myself to the simplest thing. You say you are acquainted with the past, the present, and the future. Tell me my fortune."

"Nothing easier! give me your hand."

D'Harmental did what was asked of him.

"Sir," said the stranger, after a moment's examination, "I see very legibly written by the direction of the 'adducta,' and by the arrangement of the longitudinal lines of the palm, five words, in which are included the his-

tory of your life. These words are courage, ambition, disappointment, love and treason."

"*Peste!*" interrupted the chevalier, "I did not know that the genii studied anatomy so deeply, and were obliged to take their degrees like a Bachelor of Salamanca!"

"Genii know all that men know, and many other things besides, chevalier."

"Well, then, what mean these words, at once so sonorous and so opposite? and what do they teach you of me in the past, my very learned Génie?"

"They teach me that it is by your courage alone that you gained the rank of colonel, which you occupied in the army in Flanders; that this rank awakened your ambition; that this ambition has been followed by a disappointment; that you hoped to console yourself for this disappointment by love; but that love, like fortune, is subject to treachery, and that you have been betrayed."

"Not bad," said the chevalier; "and the Sybil of Cuma could not have got out of it better. A little vague, as in all horoscopes, but a great fund of truth, nevertheless. Let us come to the present, beautiful mask."

"The present, chevalier? Let us speak softly of it, for it smells terribly of the Bastile."

The chevalier started in spite of himself, for he believed that no one except the actors who had played a part in it could know his adventure of the morning.

"There are at this hour," continued the stranger, "two brave gentlemen lying sadly in their beds, while we chat gaily at the ball; and that because a certain Chevalier D'Harmental, a great listener at doors, did not remember a hemistich of Virgil."

"And what is this hemistich?" asked the chevalier, more and more astonished.

"'Facilis descensus Averni,'" said the mask, laughing.

"My dear Génie," cried the chevalier, trying to peep through the openings in the stranger's mask, "that allow me to inform you, is a quotation rather masculine."

"Do you know that genii are of both sexes?"

"Yes; but I had never heard that they quoted the Æneid so fluently."

"Is not the quotation appropriate? You speak to me as the Sibyl of Cuma; I answer you in her language. You ask for existing things; I give them you. But you mortals are never satisfied."

"No; for I confess that this knowledge of the past and the present inspires me with a terrible desire to know the future."

"There are always two futures," said the mask; "there is the future of weak minds, and the future of strong minds. God has given man free will that he may choose. Your future depends on yourself."

"But we must know these two futures to choose the best."

"Well, there is one which awaits you somewhere in the environs of Nevers, in the depth of the country, among the rabbits of your warren, and the fowls of your poultry-yard. This one will conduct you straight to the magistrate's bench of your parish. It is an easy ambition, and you have only to let yourself go to attain it. You are on the road."

"And the other? " replied the chevalier, visibly piqued at the supposition that in any case such a future could be his.

"The other," said the stranger, leaning her arm on that of the young man, and fixing her eyes on him through her mask, "the other will throw you back into noise and light,—will make you one of the actors in the game which is playing in the world, and, whether you gain or lose, will leave you at least the renown of a great player."

"If I lose, what shall I lose?" asked the chevalier.

"Life, probably."

The chevalier tossed his head contemptuously.

"And if I win?" added he.

"What do you say to the rank of colonel of horse, the title of Grandee of Spain, and the order of the Saint Esprit, without counting the field-marshal's bâton in prospective?"

"I say that the prize is worth the stake, and that if you can prove to me that you can keep your promise, I am your man."

"This proof," replied the mask, "must be given you by another, and if you wish to have it you must follow me."

"Oh!" said D'Harmental, "am I deceived, and are you but a genius of the second order,—a subaltern spirit, an intermediate power? *Diable!* this would take away a little of my consideration for you."

"What does it matter if I am subject to some great enchantress, and she has sent me to you?"

"I warn you that I do not treat with ambassadors."

"My mission is to conduct you to her."

"Then I shall see her?"

"Face to face."

"Let us go, then."

"Chevalier, you go quickly to the work; you forget that before all initiations there are certain indispensable ceremonies to secure the discretion of the initiated."

"What must I do?"

"You must allow your eyes to be bandaged, and let me lead you where I like. When arrived at the door of the temple, you must take a solemn oath to reveal nothing concerning the things you may hear, or the people you may see."

"I am ready to swear by the Styx," said D'Harmental, laughing.

"No, chevalier," said the mask, in a grave voice; "swear only by your honour; you are known, and that will suffice."

"And when I have taken this oath," asked the chevalier, after an instant's reflection, "will it be permitted to me to retire, if the proposals made are not such as a gentleman may entertain?"

"Your conscience will be your sole arbiter, and your word the only pledge demanded of you."

"I am ready," said the chevalier.

"Let's go, then," said the mask.

The chevalier prepared to cross the room in a straight line toward the door; but perceiving three of his friends, who might have stopped him on the way, he made a turn, and described a curve which would bring him to the same end.

"What are you doing?" asked the mask.

"I am avoiding some one who might detain us."

"Ah!" said the mask, "I began to fear."

"Fear what?" asked D'Harmental.

"To fear that your ardour was diminished in the proportion of the diagonal to the two sides of a square."

"*Pardieu!*" said D'Harmental, "this is the first time, I believe, that ever a rendezvous was given to a gentleman at an opera ball to talk anatomy, ancient literature, and mathematics. I am sorry to say so, but you are the most pedantic genius I ever met in my life."

The bat burst out laughing, but made no reply to this sally, in which was betrayed the spite of the chevalier at not being able to recognise a person who appeared to be so well acquainted with his adventures; but as this only added to his curiosity, both descended in equal haste, and found themselves in the vestibule.

"What road shall we take?" asked the chevalier. "Shall we travel underground, or in a car drawn by griffins?"

"With your permission, chevalier, we will simply go in a carriage; and though you appear to doubt it, I am a woman, and rather afraid of the dark."

"Permit me, then to call my carriage," said the chevalier.

"Not at all; I have my own."

"Call it, then."

"With your permission, chevalier, we will not be more proud than Mahomet with the mountain; and as my carriage cannot come to us, we will go to it."

At these words the bat drew the chevalier into the Rue St. Honoré. A carriage without armorial bearings, with two dark-coloured horses, waited at the corner of the street. The coachman was on his seat, enveloped in a great cape which hid the lower part of his face, while a three-cornered hat covered his forehead and eyes. A footman held the door open with one hand, and with the other held his handkerchief so as to conceal his face.

"Get in," said the mask.

D'Harmental hesitated a moment. The anxiety of the servants to preserve their incognito, the carriage without blazon, the obscure place where it was drawn up, and the advanced hour of the night, all inspired the chevalier with a sentiment of mistrust; but reflecting that he gave his arm to a woman, and had a sword by his side, he got in boldly. The mask sat down beside him, and the footman closed the door.

"Well, are we not going to start?" said the chevalier, seeing that the carriage remained motionless.

"There remains a little precaution to be taken," said the mask, drawing a silk handkerchief from her pocket.

"Ah! yes, true," said D'Harmental; "I had forgotten. I give myself up to you with confidence."

And he advanced his head. The unknown bandaged his eyes; then said,—

"Chevalier, you give me your word of honour not to remove this bandage till I give you permission?"

"I do."

"It is well."

Then, raising the glass in front, she said to the coachman,—

"You know where, Monsieur le Comte."

And the carriage started at a gallop.

Both maintained a profound silence during the route. This adventure, which at first had presented itself under the appearance of an amorous intrigue, had soon assumed a graver aspect, and appeared to turn towards political machinations. If this new aspect did not frighten the chevalier, at least it gave him matter for reflection. There is a moment in the affairs of every man which decides upon his future. This moment, however important it may be, is rarely prepared by calculation or directed by will. It is almost always chance which takes a man as the wind does a leaf, and throws him into some new and unknown path, where, once entered, he is obliged to obey a superior force, and where, while believing himself free, he is but the slave of circumstances and the plaything of events.

It was thus with the chevalier. Interest and gratitude attached him to the party of the old court. D'Harmental did not weigh in the balance of genealogy Monsieur du Maine, son of Louis XIV., leader of bastard princes and Monsieur d'Orléans, leader of legitimate princes. He felt that he must devote his life to those who had raised him from obscurity, and knowing the old king's will, regarded as a usurpation Monsieur d'Orléans' accession to the regency.

Fully expecting an armed reaction against this power, he looked around for the standard which he should follow. Nothing that he expected happened; Spain had not even protested. Monsieur du Maine, fatigued by his short contest, had retired into the shade. Monsieur de Toulouse, good, easy, and almost ashamed of the favours which had fallen to the share of himself and his elder brother, would not permit even the supposition that he could put himself at the head of a party. The dukes and peers took patience, and paid court to the regent, in the hope that he would at last take away from the Dukes of Maine and Toulouse the precedence which Louis XIV. had given them.

Finally, there was discontent with, and even opposition to, the government of the Duc d'Orléans, but all impalpable and disjointed. This is what D'Harmental had seen, and what had resheathed his half-drawn sword: he thought he was the only one who saw another issue to affairs, and he gradually came to the conclusion that that issue had no existence, except in his own imagination, since those who should have been most interested in that result seemed to regard it as so impossible that they did not even attempt to attain to it.

Although the carriage had been on the road nearly half an hour, the chevalier had not found it long; so deep were his reflections that, even if his eyes had not been bandaged, he would have been equally ignorant of what streets they passed through.

At length he heard the wheels rumbling as if they were passing under an arch. He heard the gratings of hinges at the gate opened to admit him, and closed behind him, and directly after, the carriage, having described a semi-circle, stopped.

"Chevalier," said his guide, "if you have any fear, there is still time to draw back; if, on the contrary, you

have not changed your resolution, come with me."

D'Harmental's only answer was to extend his hand.

The footman opened the door; the unknown got out first, and then assisted the chevalier. His feet soon encountered some steps; he counted six,—still conducted by the masked lady,—crossed a vestibule, passed through a corridor, and entered a room.

"We are now arrived," said the unknown. "You remember our conditions; you are free to accept or refuse a part in the piece about to be played, but, in case of a refusal, you promise not to divulge anything you may see or hear."

"I swear it on my honour," replied the chevalier.

"Now sit down; wait in this room, and do not remove the bandage till you hear two o'clock strike. You have not long to wait."

At these words his conductress left him. Two o'clock soon struck, and the chevalier tore off the bandage. He was alone in the most marvellous boudoir possible to imagine. It was small and octagonal, hung with lilac and silver, with furniture and portières of tapestry, buhl tables, covered with splendid china, a Persian carpet, and the ceiling painted by Watteau, who was then coming into fashion. At this sight the chevalier found it difficult to believe that he had been summoned on grave matters, and almost returned to his first ideas.

At this moment a door opened in the tapestry, and there appeared a woman who, in the fantastic pre-occupation of his spirit, D'Harmental might have taken for a fairy, so slight, small, and delicate was her figure. She was dressed in pearl grey satin, covered with bouquets, so beautifully embroidered that, at a short distance, they appeared like natural flowers; the flounces, ruffles, and head-dress were of English point; it was fastened with pearls and diamonds. Her face was covered with a half-mask of black velvet, from which hung a deep black lace. D'Harmental bowed, for there was something royal in the walk and manner of this woman, which showed him that the other had been only an envoy.

"Madame," said he, "have I really, as I begin to believe, quitted the earth for the land of spirits, and are you the powerful fairy to whom this beautiful palace belongs?"

"Alas! chevalier," replied the masked lady, in a sweet but decided voice, "I am not a powerful fairy, but, on the contrary, a poor princess, persecuted by a wicked enchanter, who has taken from me my crown, and oppresses my kingdom. Thus, you see, I am seeking a brave knight to deliver me, and your renown has led me to address myself to you."

"If my life could restore you your past power, madame," replied D'Harmental, "speak; I am ready to risk it with joy. Who is this enchanter that I must combat, this giant that I must destroy? Since you have chosen me above all, I will prove myself worthy of the honour. From this moment I engage my word, even if it cost me my life."

"If you lose your life, chevalier, it will be in good company," said the

lady, untying her mask, and discovering her face, "for you would lose it with the son of Louis XIV., and the grand-daughter of the great Condé."

"Madame la Duchesse du Maine!" cried D'Harmental, falling on one knee; "will your Highness pardon me, if, not knowing you, I have said anything which may fall short of the profound respect I feel for you."

"You have said nothing for which I am not proud and grateful, chevalier, but perhaps you now repent. If so, you are at liberty to withdraw."

"Heaven forbid, madame, that having had the honour to engage my life in the service of so great and noble a princess, I should deprive myself of the greatest honour I ever dared to hope for. No, madame; take seriously, I beg, what I offered half in jest; my arm, my sword, and my life."

I. Chateau D'If

In the dungeon of Chateau d'If, near Marseilles, it was time for inspection of prisoners.

The inspector came to Edmond Dantès. He examined the register and found the following note concerning him:

Edmond Dantes

Violent Bonapartist—took an active part in the return from Elba.

The greatest watchfulness and care to be exercised.

The inspector could not contend against this accusation; he simply wrote,—

"Nothing to be done."

This visit had infused new vigour into Dantès; he had, till then, forgotten the date; but now, with a fragment of plaster, he wrote the date, 30th July, 1816; and made a mark every day in order not to lose his reckoning again. Days and weeks passed away, then months, Dantès still waited; he at first expected to be freed in a fortnight. This fortnight expired; he reflected the inspector would do nothing until his return to Paris; and that he would not reach there until his circuit was finished; he, therefore, fixed three months; three months passed away, and then six more. During these ten months no favourable change had taken place; and Dantès began to fancy the inspector's visit was but a dream, an illusion of the brain.

At the expiration of a year the governor was changed; he had obtained the government of Ham. He took with him several of his subordinates, and amongst them Dantès' gaoler. A fresh governor arrived; it would have been too tedious to acquire the names of the prisoners, he learned their numbers instead.

This horrible place consisted of fifty chambers; their inhabitants were designated by the number of their chamber; and the unhappy young man was no longer called Edmond Dantès, he was now number 34.

Dantès passed through all the degrees of misfortune that prisoners, forgotten in their dungeon, suffer. He commenced with pride, a natural con-

sequence of hope, and a consciousness of innocence; then he began to doubt his own innocence, which justified in some measure the governor's belief in his mental alienation; and then falling into the opposite extreme, he supplicated, not heaven, but his gaoler.

Dantès entreated to be removed from his present dungeon into another; for a change, however disadvantageous, was still a change, and would afford him some amusement. He entreated to be allowed to walk about, to have books and instruments. Nothing was granted; no matter, he asked all the same. He accustomed himself to speak to his fresh gaoler, although he was, if possible, more taciturn than the former; but still, to speak to a man, even though mute, was something. Dantès spoke for the sake of hearing his own voice; he had tried to speak when alone, but the sound of his voice terrified him. Often before his captivity Dantès' mind had revolted at the idea of those assemblages of prisoners, composed of thieves, vagabonds, and murderers. He now wished to be amongst them, in order to see some other face besides that of his gaoler; he sighed for the galleys, with their infamous costume, their chain, and the brand on the shoulder. The galley-slaves breathed the fresh air of heaven, and saw each other. They were very happy.

He besought the gaoler one day to let him have a companion, were it even the mad abbé.

The gaoler, though rude and hardened by the constant sight of so much suffering, was yet a man. At the bottom of his heart he had often compassionated the unhappy young man who suffered thus; and he laid the request of number 34 before the governor; but the latter sapiently imagined that Dantès wished to conspire, or attempt an escape, and refused his request.

Dantès had exhausted all human resources; and he then turned to God.

All the pious ideas that had been so long forgotten returned; he recollected the prayers his mother had taught him, and discovered a new meaning in every word. For in prosperity prayers seem but a mere assemblage of words until the day when misfortune comes to explain to the unhappy sufferer the sublime language by which he invokes the pity of heaven! He prayed, and prayed aloud, no longer terrified at the sound of his voice; for he fell into a species of ecstasy. He laid every action of his life before the Almighty, proposed tasks to accomplish, and at the end of every prayer introduced the entreaty oftener addressed to man than to God, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Spite of his earnest prayers Dantès remained a prisoner.

Then a gloomy feeling took possession of him. He was simple and without education; he could not, therefore, in the solitude of his dungeon, and of his own thoughts, reconstruct the ages that had passed, reanimate the nations that had perished, and rebuild the ancient cities that imagination renders so vast and so stupendous, and that pass before our eyes, illumined by the fires of heaven, as in Martin's pictures. He could not do this, he whose past life was so short, whose present so melancholy, and his future so doubtful. Nineteen years of light to reflect upon in eternal darkness. No distrac-

tion could come to his aid, his energetic spirit that would have exulted in thus revising the past was imprisoned like an eagle in a cage. He clung to one idea, that of his happiness, destroyed without apparent cause by an unheard-of fatality; he considered and reconsidered this idea, devoured it (thus to speak) as Ugolino devours the skull of the Archbishop Roger in the Inferno of Dante.

Rage succeeded to this. Dantès uttered blasphemies that made his gaoler recoil with horror, dashed himself furiously against the walls of his prison, attacked everything, and chiefly himself, and the least thing, a grain of sand, a straw, or a breath of air that annoyed him. His fate seemed visible in fiery letters on the wall, like the *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* of Belshazzar. He said that it was the vengeance of man, and not of heaven, that had thus plunged him into the deepest misery. He devoted these unknown persecutors to the most horrible tortures he could imagine, and found them all insufficient, because, after torture came death, and after death, if not repose, at least that insensibility that resembles it.

By dint of constantly dwelling on the idea that repose was death, and in order to punish, other tortures than death must be invented, he began to reflect on suicide.

Edmond found some solace in these ideas. All his sorrows, all his sufferings, with their train of gloomy spectres, fled from his cell, where the angel of death seemed about to enter. Dantès reviewed with composure his past life, and looking forward with terror to his future existence chose that middle line that seemed to afford him a refuge.

No sooner had this idea taken possession of him than he became more composed, arranged his couch to the best of his power, ate little, and slept less, and found this existence almost supportable, because he felt he could throw it off at pleasure, like a worn-out garment. He had two means of dying; the one was to hang himself with his handkerchief to the stanchions of the window; the other, to refuse food and starve himself. But the former means were repugnant to him. Dantès had always entertained the greatest horror of pirates, who are hung up to the yard-arm; he would not die by what seemed an infamous death; he resolved to adopt the second, and began that day to execute his resolve. Nearly four years had passed away; at the end of the second he had ceased to mark the lapse of time.

Dantès said, "I wish to die," and had chosen the manner of his death; and fearful of changing his mind, he had taken an oath to die. "When my morning and evening meals are brought," thought he, "I will cast them out of my window, and I shall be believed to have eaten them."

He kept his word; twice a day he cast out, by the barred aperture, the provisions his gaoler brought him, at first gaily, then with deliberation, and at last with regret; nothing but the recollection of his oath gave him strength to proceed. Hunger rendered these viands, once so repugnant, acceptable to him; he held the plate in his hand for an hour at a time, and gazed on the morsel of bad meat, of tainted fish, of black and mouldy bread. It was the last struggle of life, which occasionally vanquished his resolve:

then his dungeon seemed less sombre, his prospects less desperate. He was still young, he was only four or five-and-twenty, he had nearly fifty years to live. What unforeseen events might not open his prison-door and restore him to liberty? Then he raised to his lips the repast like a voluntary Tantalus, he refused himself; but he thought of his oath, and he would not break it. He persisted until, at last, he had not sufficient force to cast his supper out of the loophole.

The next morning he could not see or hear; the gaoler feared he was dangerously ill. Edmond hoped he was dying.

The day passed away thus: Edmond felt a species of stupor creeping over him, the gnawing pain at his stomach had ceased, his thirst had abated, when he closed his eyes he saw myriads of lights dancing before them, like the meteors that play about the marshes. It was the twilight of that mysterious country called Death!

Suddenly, about nine o'clock in the evening, Edmond heard a hollow sound in the wall against which he was lying.

So many loathsome animals inhabited the prison, that their noise did not, in general, awake him; but whether abstinence had quickened his faculties, or whether the noise was really louder than usual, Edmond raised his head and listened.

It was a continual scratching, as if made by a huge claw, a powerful tooth, or some iron instrument, attacking the stones.

Although weakened, the young man's brain instantly recurred to the idea that haunts all prisoners—liberty! It seemed to him that Heaven had at length taken pity on him, and had sent this noise to warn him on the very brink of the abyss. Perhaps one of those beloved ones he had so often thought of was thinking of him, and striving to diminish the distance that separated them.

No! no! doubtless he was deceived, and it was but one of those dreams that forerun death.

Edmond still heard the sound. It lasted nearly three hours; he then heard a noise of something falling, and all was silent.

Some hours afterwards, it began nearer and more distinct; Edmond became already interested in that labour, when the gaoler entered.

For a week that he had resolved to die, and for four days that he put this resolution into execution, Edmond had not spoken to this man, had not answered him when he inquired what was the matter with him, and turned his face to the wall when he looked too curiously at him; but now the gaoler might hear this noise and put an end to it, thus destroying a ray of something like hope that soothed his last moments.

The gaoler brought him his breakfast. Dantès raised himself up, and began to speak on everything; on the bad quality of his food, on the coldness of his dungeon, grumbling and complaining in order to have an excuse for speaking louder, and wearying the patience of his gaoler, who had solicited some broth and white bread for his prisoner, and who had brought it.

Fortunately he fancied Dantès was delirious; and placing his food on the rickety table, he withdrew.

Edmond listened, and the sound became more and more distinct.

Suddenly an idea took possession of

his mind, so used to misfortune, that it could scarcely understand hope; yet this idea possessed him, that the noise arose from the workmen the governor had ordered to repair the neighboring dungeon.

Then he said to himself, "I must put this to the test but without compromising anybody. If it is a workman I need but knock against the wall, and he will cease to work in order to find out who is knocking, and why he does so, but as his occupation is sanctioned by the governor he will soon resume it."

Edmond rose again but this time his legs did not tremble, and his eyes were free from mists: he advanced to a corner of his dungeon, detached a stone, and with it knocked against the wall where the sound came. He struck thrice.

At the first blow the sound ceased, as if by magic.

Edmond listened intently, an hour passed, two hours passed, and no sound was heard from the wall, all was silent there.

The day passed away in utter silence—night came without the noise having recommenced.

"It is a prisoner," said Edmond joyfully.

The night passed in perfect silence. Edmond did not close his eyes.

Three days passed—seventy-two long tedious hours!

At length one evening as the gaoler was visiting him for the last time that night, Dantès fancied he heard an almost imperceptible movement among the stones.

Edmond recoiled from the wall, walked up and down his cell to collect his thoughts, and replaced his ear against the wall.

There could be no doubt something was passing on the other side; the prisoner had discovered the danger, and had substituted the lever for the chisel.

Encouraged by this discovery, Edmond determined to assist the indefatigable laborer. He began by moving his bed and sought with his eyes for anything with which he could pierce the wall, penetrate the cement and displace a stone.

He saw nothing, he had no knife or sharp instrument, the grating of his window alone was iron, and he had too often assured himself of its solidity. All his furniture consisted of a bed, a chair, a table, a pail, and a jug. The bed had iron clamps but they were screwed to the wood, and it would have required a screw-driver to take them off. The table and chair had nothing, the pail had a handle, but that had been removed.

Dantès had but one resource, which was to break the jug, and with one of the sharp fragments attack the wall. He let the jug fall on the floor, and it broke in pieces.

Dantès concealed two or three of the sharpest fragments in his bed, leaving the rest on the floor. The breaking of his jug was too natural an accident to excite suspicion, Edmond had all the night to work in, but in the darkness he could not do much; and he soon felt his instrument was blunted against something hard, he pushed back his bed and awaited the day.

Dantès saw by the faint light that penetrated into his cell, that he had labored uselessly the previous evening,

in attacking the stone instead of removing the plaster that surrounded it.

The damp had rendered it friable, and Dantès saw joyfully the plaster detach itself, in small morsels, it is true, but at the end of half an hour he had scraped off a handful: a mathematician might have calculated that in two years, supposing that the rock was not encountered, a passage, twenty feet long, and two feet broad, might be formed.

In six years (the space he had been confined) what might he not have accomplished?

In three days he had succeeded, with the utmost precaution, in removing the cement, and exposing the stone; the wall was formed of rough stones, to give solidity to which were imbedded, at intervals, block of hewn stone. It was one of these he had uncovered, and which he must remove from its socket.

Dantès strove to do so with his nails, but they were too weak. The fragments of the jug broke, and after an hour of useless toil Dantès paused.

Suddenly an idea occurred to him, he smiled and the perspiration dried on his forehead.

The gaoler always brought Dantès' soup in an iron saucepan; this saucepan contained the soup of a second prisoner, for Dantès had remarked that it was either quite full, or half empty, according as the turnkey gave it to himself or his companion first.

The handle of this saucepan was of iron. Dantès would have given ten years of his life in exchange for it.

The gaoler poured the contents of this saucepan into Dantès' plate, who after eating his soup with a wooden spoon washed the plate, which thus served for every day. In the evening Dantès placed his plate on the ground near the door, the gaoler as he entered stepped upon it and broke it.

"Leave the saucepan," said Dantès.

This advice was to the gaoler's taste, as it spared him the necessity of ascending, descending, and ascending again.

He left the saucepan.

Dantès was beside himself with joy. He removed his bed, took the handle of the saucepan, inserted the point between the hewn stone and rough stones of the wall, and employed it as a lever. A slight oscillation showed Dantès all went well.

At the end of an hour the stone was extricated from the wall, leaving a cavity of a foot and a half in diameter.

Dantès carefully collected the plaster, carried it into the corners of his cell, and covered it with earth. Then wishing to make the best use of the night, in which chance, or rather, his own strategem, had placed so precious an instrument in his hands, he continued to work without ceasing.

At the dawn of day he replaced the stone, pushed his bed against the wall, and lay down.

The breakfast consisted of a piece of bread, the gaoler entered and placed the bread on the table.

Dantès raised his eyes to heaven, clasped his hands beneath the coverlid, and prayed.

He felt more gratitude for the possession of this piece of iron than he had ever felt for anything; he had, however, remarked that the prisoner on the other side had ceased to labor.

All day he toiled on untiringly, and by the evening he had succeeded in ex-

tracting ten handfuls of plaster and fragments of stone.

When the hour for his gaoler's visit arrived, Dantès straightened the handle of the saucepan as well as he could, and placed it in its accustomed place.

All was silent as it had been for the last three days.

Dantès sighed; it was evident that his neighbor distrusted him.

However, he toiled on all the night, without being discouraged; but after two or three hours he encountered an obstacle.

The iron made no impression, but met with a smooth surface; Dantès touched it and found it was a beam.

This beam crossed, or rather blocked up the hole Dantès had made.

It was necessary therefore to dig above or under it.

The unhappy young man had not thought of this.

"Oh, my God! my God!" murmured he. "I have so earnestly prayed to you, that I hoped my prayers have been heard. After having deprived me of my liberty, after having deprived me of death, after having re-called me to existence, my God, have pity on me, and do not let me die in despair!"

"Who talks of God and despair at the same time?" said a voice that seemed to come from beneath the earth, and, deadened by the distance, sounded hollow and sepulchral in the young man's ears.

Edmond's hair stood on an end, and he rose on his knees.

"Ah!" said he, "I hear a human voice." Edmond had not heard any one speak save his gaoler for four or five years, and a gaoler is not a man to a prisoner, he is a living door added to his door of oak, a barrier of flesh and blood added to his barrier of iron.

"In the name of Heaven," cried Dantès, "speak again though the sound of your voice terrifies me."

"Who are you?" said the voice.

"An unhappy prisoner," replied Dantès, who made no hesitation in answering.

"Of what country?"

"A Frenchman."

"Your name?"

"Edmond Dantès."

"Your profession?"

"A sailor."

"How long have you been here?"

"Since the 28th of February, 1815."

"Your crime?"

"I am innocent."

"But of what are you accused?"

"Of having conspired to aid the emperor's return."

"How for the emperor's return? The emperor is no longer on the throne, then?"

"He abdicated at Fontainebleau in 1814, and was sent to the island of Elba: but how long have you been here that you are ignorant of all this?"

"Since 1811."

Dantès shuddered, this man had been four years longer than himself in prison.

"Do not dig any more," said the voice; "only tell me how high up is your excavation?"

"On a level with the floor."

"How is it concealed?"

"Behind my bed."

"Has your bed been moved since you have been a prisoner?"

"No."

"What does your chamber open on?"

"A corridor."

"And the corridor?"

"On a court."

"Alas!" murmured the voice.

"Oh, what is the matter?" cried Dantès.

"I am deceived, and the imperfection of my plans has ruined all. An error of a line in the plan has been equivalent to fifteen feet in reality, and I took the wall you are mining for the wall of the fortress."

"But then you were close to the sea?"

"That is what I hoped."

"And supposing you succeeded?"

"I should have thrown myself into the sea, gained one of the islands near here—the Isle de Daume or the Isle de Tiboulen, and then I was safe."

"Could you have swam so far?"

"Heaven would have given me strength, but now all is lost."

"All?"

"Yes; stop up your excavation carefully: do not work any more, and wait until you hear from me."

"Tell me at least who you are?"

"I am—I am Number 27."

"You mistrust me, then?" said Dantès.

Edmond fancied he heard a bitter laugh proceed from the unknown.

"Oh! I am a Christian," cried Dantès, guessing instinctively that this man meant to abandon him. "I swear to you by Him who died for us that nought shall induce me to breathe one syllable to my gaolers, but I conjure you do not abandon me. If you do, I swear to you that I will dash my brains out against the wall, and you will have my death to reproach yourself with."

"How old are you? Your voice is that of a young man."

"I do not know my age, for I have not counted the years I have been here. All I do know is, that I was just nineteen when I was arrested the 28th of February, 1815."

"Not quite twenty-six!" murmured the voice; "at that age he cannot be a traitor."

"Oh! no, no!" cried Dantès. "I swear to you again, rather than betray you they shall hew me to pieces!"

"You have done well to speak to me, and entreat me, for I was about to form another plan, and leave you; but your age reassures me. I will not forget you; expect me."

"When?"

"I must calculate our chances; I will give you the signal."

"But you will not leave me; you will come to me, or you will let me come to you. We will escape, and if we cannot escape, we will talk, you of those whom you love, and I of those whom I love. You must love somebody?"

"No, I am alone in the world."

"Then you will love me. If you are young, I will be your comrade; if you are old, I will be your son. I have a father who is seventy, if he yet lives; I only love him and a young girl called Mercedes. My father has not yet forgotten me, I am sure; but God alone knows if she loves me still: I shall love you as I loved my father."

"It is well," returned the voice; "tomorrow."

These few words were uttered with an accent that left no doubt of his sincerity; Dantès rose, dispersed the fragments with the same precaution as before, and pushed back his bed against the wall. He then gave himself up to his happiness: he would no longer be alone. He was perhaps about to regain his liberty; at the worst, he would have a

companion, and captivity that is shared is but half captivity.

All day Dantès walked up and down his cell. He sat down occasionally on his bed, pressing his hand on his heart.

The gaoler came in the evening. Dantès was on his bed.

The gaoler retired, shaking his head.

The night came; Dantès hoped that his neighbor would profit by the silence to address him, but he was mistaken. The next morning, however, just as he removed his bed from the wall, he heard three knocks; he threw himself on his knees.

"Is it you?" said he, "I am here."

"Is your gaoler gone?"

"Yes," said Dantès, "he will not return until the evening, so that we have twelve hours before us."

"I can work then," said the voice.

"Oh! yes, yes, this instant, I entreat you."

In an instant the portion of the floor on which Dantès (half buried in the opening) was leaning his two hands gave way; he cast himself back, whilst a mass of stones and earth disappeared in a hole that opened beneath the aperture he himself had formed. Then from the bottom of this passage, the depth of which it was impossible to measure, he saw appear, first, the head, then the shoulders, and lastly the body of a man, who sprang lightly into his cell.

Rushing towards the friend so long and ardently desired, Dantès almost carried him towards the window, in order to obtain a better view of his features by the aid of the imperfect light that struggled through the grating of the prison.

He was a man of small stature, with hair blanched rather by suffering and sorrow than years. A deep-set, penetrating eye, almost buried beneath the thick grey eyebrow, and a long (and still black) beard reaching down to his breast. The meagreness of his features, deeply furrowed by care, joined to the bold outline of his strongly marked features, announced a man more accustomed to exercise his moral faculties than his physical strength. Large drops of perspiration were now standing on his brow, while his garments hung about him in such rags as to render it useless to form a guess as to their primitive description.

The stranger might have numbered sixty, or sixty-five years, but a certain briskness and appearance of vigor in his movements made it probable that he was aged more from captivity than the course of time. He received the enthusiastic greeting of his young acquaintance with evident pleasure, as though his chilled affections seemed rekindled and invigorated by his contact with one so warm and ardent. He thanked him with grateful cordiality for his kindly welcome, although he must at that moment have been suffering bitterly to find another dungeon where he had fondly reckoned on discovering a means of regaining his liberty.

"Let us first see," said he, "whether it is possible to remove the traces of my entrance here—our future comforts depend upon our gaolers being entirely ignorant of it." Advancing to the opening, he stooped and raised the stone as easily as though it had not weighed an ounce; then fitting it into its place he said,—

"You removed this stone very care-

lessly; but I suppose you had no tools to aid you."

"Why!" exclaimed Dantès, "do you possess any?"

"I made myself some; and with the exception of a file, I have all that are necessary—a chisel, pincers, and lever. First, here is my chisel!"

He displayed a sharp, strong blade, with a handle made of beech-wood.

"With what did you contrive to make that?" inquired Dantès.

"With one of the clamps of my bedstead; this tool has sufficed me to hollow out the road by which I came hither, a distance of at least fifty feet."

"Fifty feet!!" re-echoed Dantès, with a species of terror.

"Do not speak so loud, young man!—don't speak so loud! It frequently occurs in a state prison like this, that persons are stationed outside the doors of the cells purposely to overhear the conversation of the prisoners."

"But they believe I am shut up alone here!"

"That makes no difference."

"And you say that you penetrated a length of fifty feet to arrive here?"

"I do; that is about the distance that separates your chamber from mine—only unfortunately I did not curve aright; for want of the necessary geometrical instruments to calculate my scale of proportion; instead of taking an ellipsis of forty feet, I have made fifty. I expect, as I told you, to reach the outer wall, pierce through it, and throw myself into the sea; I have, however, kept along the corridor on which your chamber opens, instead of going beneath it. My labor is all in vain, for I find that the corridor looks into a court-yard filled with soldiers."

"That's true," said Dantès, "but the corridor you speak of only bounds *one* side of my cell; there are three others,—do you know anything of their situation?"

"This one is built against the solid rock, and it would take ten experienced miners, duly furnished with the requisite tools, as many years to perforate it;—this adjoins the lower part of the governor's apartments, and were we to work our way through, we should only get into some lock-up cellars, where we must necessarily be recaptured;—the fourth and last side of your cell looks out—looks out—stop a minute, now where does it open to?"

The side which thus excited curiosity was the one in which was fixed the loophole by which light was admitted into the chamber. This loophole, which gradually diminished as it approached the outside, until only an opening through which a child could not have passed, was, for better security, furnished with three iron bars, so as to quiet all apprehensions even in the mind of the most suspicious gaoler as to the possibility of a prisoner's escape.

As the stranger finished his self-put question, he dragged the table beneath the window.

"Climb up," said he to Dantès. The young man obeyed, mounted on the table, and divining the intentions of his companion, placed his back securely against the wall, and held out both hands. The stranger, whom as yet Dantès knew only by his assumed title of the number of his cell, sprang up with an agility by no means to be expected in a person of his years, and, light and steady as the bound of a cat or a lizard, climbed from the table to

the outstretched hands of Dantès, and from them to his shoulders; then, almost doubling himself in two, for the ceiling of the dungeon prevented his holding himself erect, he managed to slip his head through the top bar of the window, so as to be able to command a perfect view from top to bottom.

An instant afterwards he hastily drew back his head, saying, "I thought so," and sliding from the shoulders of Dantès, as dexterously as he had ascended, he nimbly leapt from the table to the ground.

"What made you say those words?" asked the young man in an anxious tone, in his turn descending from the table.

The elder prisoner appeared to meditate. "Yes," said he at length. "It is so. This side of your chamber looks out upon a kind of open gallery, where patrols are continually passing, and sentries keep watch day and night."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Certain. I saw the soldier's shako and the top of his musquet: that made me draw my head so quickly, for I was fearful he might also see me."

"Well?" inquired Dantès.

"You perceive, then, the utter impossibility of escaping through your dungeon?"

"Then," pursued the young man eagerly——

"Then," answered the elder prisoner, "the will of God be done!" and as the old man slowly pronounced those words, an air of profound resignation spread itself over his care-worn countenance.

II. Story of No. 27

Dantes gazed on the individual who could thus philosophically resign hopes so long and ardently nourished with an astonishment mingled with admiration.

"Tell me, I entreat you, who and what you are!" said he at length; "never have I met with so remarkable a person as yourself."

"Willingly," answered the stranger; "if indeed you feel any curiosity respecting one, now, alas! powerless to aid you in any way!"

"Say not so; you can console and support me by the strength of your own powerful mind. Pray let me know who you really are?"

The stranger smiled a melancholy smile. "Then listen," said he; "I am the Abbé Faria, and have been imprisoned in this Château d'If since the year 1811; previously to which I had been confined for three years in the fortress of Fenestrelle. In the year 1811 I was transferred to Piedmont in France; it was at this period I learned that the destiny which seemed subservient to every wish formed by Napoleon had bestowed on him a son, named King of Rome even in his cradle. I was very far then from expecting the change you have just informed me of, namely, that four years afterwards this colossus of power would be overthrown. Then who reigns in France at this present moment? Napoleon II.?"

"No, Louis XVIII.!"

"The brother of Louis XVI.!—How inscrutable are the ways of Providence!

—for what great and mysterious purpose has it pleased Heaven to abase the man once so elevated, and raise up the individual so beaten down and depressed?"

Dantès' whole attention was rivetted on a man who could thus forget his own misfortunes while occupying himself with the destinies of others.

"But so it was," continued he, "in England. After Charles I. came Cromwell; to Cromwell succeeded Charles II., and then James II., who was succeeded by some son-in-law or relation. Ah! my friend!" said the abbé, turning towards Dantès, and surveying him with the kindling gaze of a prophet; "these are the changes and vicissitudes that gave liberty to a nation. Mark what I say!—you are young, and may see my words come to pass that such will be the case with France—you will see it, I say."

"Probably, if I ever get out of prison."

"True," replied Faria, "we are prisoners; but I forget this sometimes, and there are even moments when my mental vision transports me beyond these walls, and I fancy myself at liberty."

"But wherefore are you here?"

"Because in 1807 I meditated the very scheme Napoleon wished to realise in 1811, because, like Machiavel, I desired to alter the political face of Italy, and instead of allowing it to be split up into a quantity of petty principalities, each held by some weak or tyrannical ruler, I sought to form one large, compact, and powerful empire and, lastly, because I fancied I had found my Cæsar Borgia in a crowned simpleton, who feigned to enter into my views only to betray me. It was projected equally by Alexander VI. and Clement VII., but it will never succeed now, for they attempted it fruitlessly, and Napoleon was unable to complete his work. Italy seems fated to be unlucky." The old man uttered these last words in a tone of deep dejection, and his head fell listlessly on his breast.

To Dantès all this was perfectly incomprehensible. In the first place, he could not understand a man risking his life and liberty for such unimportant matters as the division of a kingdom; then, again, the persons referred to were wholly unknown to him. Napoleon certainly he knew something of, inasmuch as he had seen and spoken with him; but the other individuals alluded to were strangers to him.

"Pray excuse my question," said Dantès, beginning to partake of the gaoler's opinion touching the state of the abbé's brain;—"but are you not the priest who is considered throughout the Château d'If—to—be—ill?"

"Mad, you mean, don't you?"

"I did not like to say so," answered Dantès, smiling.

"Well, then," resumed Faria, with a bitter smile, "let me answer your question in full, by acknowledging that I am the poor mad prisoner in the Château d'If; for many years permitted to amuse the different visitants to the prison with what is said to be my insanity; and, in all probability, I should be promoted to the honour of making sport for the children, if such innocent beings could be found in an abode devoted like this to suffering and despair."

Dantès remained for a short time mute and motionless; at length he said, "Then you abandon all hope of flight?"

"I perceive its utter impossibility;

and I consider it impious to attempt that which the Almighty evidently does not approve."

"Nay, be not discouraged. Would it not be expecting too much to hope to succeed at your first attempt? Why not try to find an opening in another direction to that which had so unfortunately failed?"

"Alas! it shews how little notion you can have of all it cost me to effect a purpose so unexpectedly frustrated that you talk of beginning over again. In the first place, I was four years making the tools I possess; and have been two years scraping and digging out earth, hard as granite itself; then what toil and fatigue has it not been to remove huge stones I should once have deemed impossible to loosen! Whole days have I passed in these Titanic efforts, considering my labour well repaid if by night time I had contrived to carry away a square inch of this hard-bound cement, changed by ages into a substance unyielding as the stones themselves; then, to conceal the mass of earth and rubbish I had dug up, I was compelled to break through a staircase, and throw the fruits of my labor into the hollow part of it; but the well is now so completely choked up, that I can scarcely think it would be possible to add another handful of dust without leading to a discovery. Consider, also, that I fully believed I had accomplished the end and aim of my undertaking, for which I had so exactly husbanded my strength as to make it just hold out to the termination of my enterprise; and just at the moment when I reckoned upon success, my hopes are forever dashed from me. No, I repeat again, that nothing shall induce me to renew attempts evidently at variance with the Almighty's pleasure."

Dantès held down his head, that his companion might not perceive how little of real regret at the failure of the scheme was expressed on his countenance; but, in truth, the young man could entertain no other feeling than delight at finding his prison would be no longer solitary or uncheered by human participation.

The abbé sunk upon Edmond's bed, while Edmond himself remained standing, lost in a train of deep meditation. Flight had never once occurred to him —There are, indeed some things which appear so morally impossible that the mind does not dwell on them for an instant. To undermine the ground for fifty feet—to devote three years to a labour which, if successful, would conduct you to a precipice over-hanging the sea—to plunge into the waves at a height of fifty or sixty feet, at the risk of being dashed to pieces against the rocks, should you have been fortunate enough to have escaped the balls from the sentinel's musquet; and even, supposing all these perils past, then to have to swim for your life a distance of at least three miles ere you reach the shore —were difficulties so startling and formidable, that Dantès had never even dreamed of such a scheme, but resigned himself to his fate. But the sight of an old man clinging to life with so desperate a courage gave a fresh turn to his ideas, and inspired him with new courage and energy. An instance was before him of one less adroit, as well as weaker and older, having devised a plan which nothing but an unfortunate mistake in geometrical calculation could have rendered abortive. This same in-

dividual, with almost incredible patience and perseverance, had contrived to provide himself with tools requisite for so unparalleled an attempt. If, then, one man had already conquered the seeming impossibility, why should not he, Dantès, also try to regain his liberty? Faria had made his way through fifty feet of the prison, Dantès resolved to penetrate through double that distance. Faria, at the age of fifty, had devoted three years to the task; he, but half as old, would sacrifice six. Faria, a churchman and philosopher, had not shrunk from risking his life by trying to swim a distance of three miles to reach the isles of Daume, Rattonneau, or Lemaire, should a hardy sailor, an experienced diver, like himself, shrink from a similar task? Should he, who had so often for mere amusement's sake plunged to the bottom of the sea to fetch up the bright coral-branch, hesitate to swim a distance of three miles? He could do it in an hour, and how many times had he for pure pastime continued in the water for more than twice as long! At once Dantès resolved to follow the brave example of his energetic companion, and to remember that what has once been done may be done again.

After continuing some time in profound meditation, the young man suddenly exclaimed, "I have found what you were in search of."

Faria started: "Have you, indeed?" cried he, raising his head with quick anxiety; "pray let me know what it is you have discovered?"

"The corridor through which you have bored your way from the cell you occupy here extends in the same direction as the outer gallery, does it not?"

"It does!"

"And is not above fifteen steps from it?"

"About that!"

"Well, then, I will tell you what we must do. We must pierce through the corridor by forming a side opening about the middle, as it were the top part of a cross. This time you will lay your plans more accurately; we shall get out into the gallery you have described; kill the sentinel who guards it, and make our escape. All we require to ensure success is courage, and that you possess, and strength, which I am not deficient in; as for patience, you have abundantly proved yours—you shall now see me prove mine."

"One instant, my dear friend," replied the abbé: "it is clear you do not understand the nature of the courage with which I am endowed, and what use I intend making of my strength. As for patience, I consider I have abundantly exercised that on recommencing every morning the task of the overnight, and every night beginning again the task of the day. But then, young man (and I pray of you to give me your full attention,) then I thought I could not be doing any thing displeasing to the Almighty in trying to set an innocent being at liberty,—one who had committed no offence, and merited not condemnation."

"And have your notions changed?" asked Dantès, with much surprise; "do you think yourself more guilty in making the attempt since you have encountered me?"

"No; neither do I wish to incur guilt. Hitherto I have fancied myself merely

waging war against circumstances, not men. I have thought it no sin to bore through a wall, or destroy a staircase, but I cannot so easily persuade myself to pierce a heart or take away a life."

A light movement of surprise escaped Dantès. "Is it possible," said he, "that where your liberty is at stake you can allow any such scruple to deter you from obtaining it?"

"Tell me," replied Faria, "what has hindered you from knocking down your gaoler with a piece of wood torn from your bedstead, dressing yourself in his clothes, and endeavoring to escape?"

"Simply that I never thought of such a scheme," answered Dantès.

"Because," said the old man, "the natural repugnance to the commission of such a crime prevented its bare idea from occurring to you; and so it ever is with all simple and allowable things. Our natural instincts keep us from deviating from the strict line of duty. The tiger, whose nature teaches him to delight in shedding blood, needs but the organ of smelling to know when his prey is within his reach; and by following this instinct he is enabled to measure the leap necessary to enable him to spring on his victim; but man, on the contrary, loathes the idea of blood; —it is not alone that the laws of social life inspire him with a shrinking dread of taking life; his natural construction and physical formation——"

Dantès remained confused and silenced by this explanation of the thoughts which had unconsciously been working in his mind, or rather soul; for there are two distinct sorts of ideas, those that proceed from the head and those that emanate from the heart.

"Since my imprisonment," said Faria. "I have thought over all the most celebrated cases of escape recorded. Among the many that have failed in obtaining the ultimate release of the prisoner, I consider there has been a precipitation —a haste, wholly incompatible with such undertakings. Those escapes that have been crowned with full success have been long meditated upon and carefully arranged—such, for instance, as the escape of the Duke de Beaufort from the Château de Vincennes, that of the Abbé Dubuquoi from Fort l'Evêque; Latude's from the Bastile, with similar cases of successful evasion; and I have come to the conclusion, that chance frequently affords opportunities we should never have ourselves thought of. Let us therefore, wait patiently for some favorable moment; rely upon it, you will not find me more backward than yourself in seizing it."

"Ah!" said Dantès, "you might well endure the tedious delay; you were constantly occupied in the task you set yourself, and when weary with toil, you had your hopes to refresh and encourage you."

"I assure you," replied the old man, "I did not turn to that source for recreation or support."

"What did you do then?"

"I wrote or studied!"

"Were you then permitted the use of pens, ink, and paper?"

"Oh, no!" answered the abbé; "I had none but what I made for myself."

"Do you mean to tell me," exclaimed Dantès, "that you could invent all those things—for real ones you could not procure unaided."

"I do, indeed, truly say so."

Dantès gazed with kindling eyes and rapidly increasing admiration on the

wonderful being whose hand seemed gifted with the power of a magician's wand; some doubt, however, still lingered in his mind, which was quickly perceived by the penetrating eye of the abbé.

"When you pay me a visit in my cell, my young friend," said he, "I will shew you an entire work, the fruits of the thoughts and reflections of my whole life; many of them meditated over in the ruins of the Coliseum of Rome, at the foot of St. Mark's Column at Venice, and on the borders of the Arno at Florence, little imagining at the time that they would be arranged in order within the walls of the Château d'If. The work I speak of is called *'A Treatise on the Practicability of forming Italy into one General Monarchy,'* and will make one large quarto volume."

"And on what have you written all this?"

"On two of my shirts. I invented a preparation that makes linen as smooth and as easy to write on as parchment."

"You are, then, a chemist?"

"Somewhat:—I know Lavoisier, and was the intimate friend of Cabanis."

"But for such a work you must have needed books;—had you any?"

"I possessed nearly 5000 volumes in my library at Rome, but after reading them over many times, I found out that with 150 well-chosen books a man possesses a complete analysis of all human knowledge, or at least all that is either useful or desirable to be acquainted with. I devoted three years of my life to reading and studying these 150 volumes, till I knew them nearly by heart. So that since I have been in prison, a very slight effort of memory has enabled me to recall the contents as readily as though the pages were open before me. I could recite you the whole of Thucydides, Xenophon, Plutarch, Titus Livius, Tacitus, Strada, Jornandès, Dante, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Spinosa, Machiavel, and Bossuet. Observe, I merely quote the most important names and writers."

"You are, doubtless, acquainted with a variety of languages, so as to have been able to read all these?"

"Yes; I speak five of the modern tongues; that is to say, German, French, Italian, English, and Spanish; by the aid of ancient Greek I learned modern Greek—I don't speak it so well as I could wish, but I am still trying to improve myself."

"Improve yourself!" repeated Dantès; "why, how can you manage to do so?"

"Why, I made a vocabulary of the words I knew; turned, returned, and arranged them, so as to enable me to express my thoughts through their medium. I know nearly one thousand words, which is all that is absolutely necessary; although I believe there are nearly one hundred thousand in the dictionaries. I cannot hope to be very fluent, but I certainly should have no difficulty in explaining my wants and wishes; and that would be quite as much as I should ever require."

Stronger grew the wonder of Dantès who almost fancied he had to do with one gifted with supernatural powers—still hoping to find some imperfection which might bring him down to a level with human beings, he added, "Then if you were not furnished with pens, how did you manage to write the work you speak of?"

"I made myself some excellent ones,

which would be universally preferred to all others, if once known.

"You are aware what huge whitings are served to us on *maigre* days. Well, I selected the cartilages of the heads of these fishes, and you can scarcely imagine the delight with which I welcomed the arrival of each Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, as affording me the means of increasing my stock of pens; for I will freely confess that my historical labors have been my greatest solace and relief. While retracing the past, I forget the present; and while following the free and independent course of historical record, I cease to remember that I am myself immured within the gloomy walls of a dungeon."

"But the ink requisite for copying down your ideas," said Dantès; "how have you procured that?"

"I will tell you," replied Faria; "there was formerly a fireplace in my dungeon, but closed up long ere I became an occupant of this prison. Still it must have been many years in use, for it was thickly covered with a coating of soot; this soot I dissolved in a portion of the wine brought to me every Sunday; and I assure you a better ink cannot be desired; for very important notes, for which closer attention is required, I have pricked one of my fingers and written facts claiming notice in blood."

The mind of Dantès was occupied by the idea that a person so intelligent, ingenious, and clear-sighted as the abbé, might probably be enabled to dive into the dark recesses of his own misfortunes, and cause that light to shine upon the mystery connected with them he had in vain sought to elicit.

"What are you thinking of?" asked the abbé, smiling, imputing the deep abstraction in which his visitor was plunged to the excess of his awe and wonder.

"I was reflecting, in the first place," replied Dantès, "upon the enormous degree of intelligence and ability you must have employed to reach the high perfection to which you have attained;—if you thus surpass all mankind while but a prisoner, what would you not have accomplished free?"

"Possibly nothing at all;—the overflow of my brain would probably, in a state of freedom, have evaporated in a thousand follies; it needs trouble and difficulty and danger to hollow out various mysterious and hidden mines of human intelligence. Pressure is required, you know, to ignite powder: captivity has collected into one single focus all the floating faculties of my mind; they have come into close contact in the narrow space in which they have been wedged, and you are well aware that from the collision of clouds electricity is produced—from electricity comes the lightning, from whose flash we have light amid our greatest darkness."

"Oh, I am very ignorant; and you must be blessed, indeed, to possess the knowledge you have."

III. The Story of No. 34

The two prisoners were silent for a few minutes. The abbé smiled. "Well," said he, "but you had another subject for your thoughts besides admiration for me; did you not say so just now?"

"I did!" said Dantès.

"You have told me as yet but one of them,—let me hear the other."

"It was this:—that while you had related to me all the particulars of your past life, you were perfectly unacquainted with mine."

"Your life, my young friend, has not been of sufficient length to admit of your having passed through any very important events," said No. 27.

"It has been long enough to inflict on me a misfortune so great, so crushingly overwhelming, that unconscious as I am of having in any way deserved it, I would fain know who, of all mankind, has been the accursed author of it, that I may no longer accuse Heaven, as I have done in my fury and despair, of wilful injustice towards an innocent and injured man."

"Then you profess ignorance of the crime with which you are charged?"

"I do, indeed; and this I swear by the two beings most dear to me upon earth—my father and Mercédès."

"Come," said the abbé, "let me hear your story."

Dantès obeyed, and commenced what he called his history, but which consisted of the account of a voyage to India and two or three in the Levant, until he arrived at the recital of his last cruise, death of the captain, the receipt of a packet to be delivered by himself to the grand maréchal; his interview with that personage, and his receiving in place of the packet brought a letter addressed to M. Noirtier—his arrival at Marseilles and interview with his father—his affection for Mercédès and their nuptial féte—his arrest and subsequent examination in the temporary prison of the Palais de Justice, ending in his final imprisonment in the Château d'If. From the period of his arrival all was a blank to Dantès—he knew nothing, not even the length of time he had been imprisoned. His recital finished, the abbé reflected long and earnestly.

"There is," said he, at the end of his meditations, "a clever maxim which bears upon what I was saying to you some little while ago, and that is, that unless wicked ideas take root in a naturally depraved mind, human nature, in a right and wholesome state, revolts at crime. Still, from an artificial civilisation have originated wants, vices, and false tastes, which occasionally become so powerful as to stifle within us all good feelings, and ultimately to lead us into guilt and wickedness—from this view of things then comes the axiom I alluded to—that if you wish to discover the author of any bad action, seek first to discover the person to whom the perpetration of that bad action could be in any way advantageous. Now to apply it in your case:—to whom could your disappearance have been serviceable?"

"To no breathing soul. Why, who could have cared about the removal of so insignificant a person as myself?"

"Do not speak thus, for your reply evinces neither logic nor philosophy;

every thing is relative, my dear young friend, from the king who obstructs his successor's immediate possession of the throne, to the occupant of a place for which the supernumerary to whom it has been promised ardently longs. Now, in the event of the king's death, his successor inherits a crown;—when the placeman dies, the supernumerary steps into his shoes, and receives his salary of twelve thousand livres. Well, these twelve thousand livres are his civil list, and are as essential to him as the twelve millions of a king. Every individual from the highest to the lowest degree, has his place in the ladder of social life, and around him are grouped a little world of interests, composed of stormy passions and conflicting atoms: but let us return to your world. You say you were on the point of being appointed captain of the Pharaon?"

"I was."

"And about to become the husband of a young and lovely girl?"

"True."

"Now could any one have had an interest in preventing the accomplishment of these two circumstances? But let us first settle the question as to its being the interest of any one to hinder you from being captain of the Pharaon. What say you?"

"I cannot believe such was the case. I was generally liked on board; and had the sailors possessed the right of selecting a captain themselves, I feel convinced their choice would have fallen on me. There was only one person among the crew who had any feeling of ill-will towards me. I had quarrelled with him some time previously, and had even challenged him to fight me; but he refused."

"Now we are getting on. And what was this man's name?"

"Danglars."

"What rank did he hold on board?"

"He was supercargo."

"And had you been captain, should you have retained him in his employment?"

"Not if the choice had remained with me; for I had frequently observed inaccuracies in his accounts."

"Good again! Now then tell me was any person present during your last conversation with the captain?"

"No; we were quite alone."

"Could your conversation be overheard by any one?"

"It might, for the cabin-door was open;—and—stay; now I recollect,—Danglars himself passed by just as Captain Leclere was giving me the packet for the grand maréchal."

"That will do," cried the abbé; "now we are on the right scent. Did you take any body with you when you put into the port of Elba?"

"Nobody."

"Somebody there received your packet, and gave you a letter in place of it, I think?"

"Yes, the grand maréchal did."

"And what did you do with that letter?"

"Put it into my pocket-book."

"Ah! indeed! You had your pocket-book with you then? Now, how could a pocket-book, large enough to contain an official letter, find sufficient room in the pockets of a sailor?"

"You are right: I had it not with me,—it was left on board."

"Then it was not till your return to the ship that you placed the letter in the pocket-book?"

"No."

"And what did you do with this same letter while returning from Porto-Ferrajo to your vessel?"

"I carried it in my hand."

"So then when you went on board the Pharaon, every body could perceive you held a letter in your hand!"

"To be sure they could."

"Danglars as well as the rest?"

"Yes; he as well as others."

"Now, listen to me, and try to recall every circumstance attending your arrest. Do you recollect the words in which the information against you was couched?"

"Oh, yes! I read it over three times, and the words sunk into my memory."

"Repeat it to me."

Dantès paused for a few instants as though collecting his ideas, then said: "This is it word for word:—'M. le Procureur du Roi is informed by a friend to the throne and religion, that an individual named Edmond Dantès, second in command on board the Pharaon, this day arrived from Smyrna, after having touched at Naples and Porto-Ferrajo, has been charged by Murat with a packet for the usurper, again, by the usurper, with a letter for the Bonapartist Club in Paris. This proof of his guilt may be procured by his immediate arrest, as the letter will be found either about his person, at his father's residence, or in his cabin on board the Pharaon."

The abbé shrugged up his shoulders. "The thing is clear as day," said he; "and you must have had a very unsuspecting nature, as well as a good heart, not to have suspected the origin of the whole affair."

"Do you really think so? Ah, that would, indeed, be the treachery of a villain!"

"How did Danglars usually write?"

"Oh! extremely well."

"And how was the anonymous letter written?"

"All the wrong way—backwards, you know."

Again the abbé smiled. "In fact it was a disguised hand?"

"I don't know; it was very boldly written, if disguised."

"Stop a bit," said the abbé, taking up what he called his pen, and, after dipping it into the ink, he wrote on a morsel of prepared linen with his left hand the first two or three words of the accusation. Dantès drew back, and gazed on the abbé with a sensation almost amounting to terror.

"How very astonishing!" cried he, at length. "Why, your writing exactly resembles that of the accusation!"

"Simply because that accusation had been written with the left hand; and I have always remarked one thing——"

"What is that?"

"That whereas all writing done with the right hand varies, that performed with the left hand is invariably similar."

"You have evidently seen and observed every thing."

"Let us proceed."

"Oh! yes, yes! Let us go on."

"Now as regards the second question. Was there any person whose interest it was to prevent your marriage with Mercédès?"

"Yes, a young man who loved her."

"And his name was——"

"Fernand."

"That is a Spanish name, I think?"

"He was a Catalan."

"You imagine him capable of writing the letter?"

"Oh, no! he would more likely have got rid of me by sticking a knife into me."

"That is in strict accordance with the Spanish character; an assassination they will unhesitatingly commit, but an act of cowardice never."

"Besides," said Dantès, "the various circumstances mentioned in the letter were wholly unknown to him."

"You had never spoken of them yourself to any one?"

"To no person whatever."

"Not even to your mistress?"

"No, not even to my betrothed bride."

"Then it is Danglars beyond a doubt."

"I feel quite sure of it now."

"Wait a little. Pray was Danglars acquainted with Fernand?"

"No—yes, he was. Now I recollect—"

"What?"

"To have seen them both sitting at table together beneath an arbor at Père Pamphile the evening before the day fixed for my wedding. They were in earnest conversation. Danglars was joking in a friendly way, but Fernand looked pale and agitated."

"Were they alone?"

"There was a third person with them whom I knew perfectly well, and who had, in all probability, made their acquaintance; he was a tailor named Caderousse, but he was quite intoxicated. Stay!—stay!—How strange that it should not have occurred to me before! Now I remember quite well that on the table round which they were sitting were pens, ink, and paper. Oh! the heartless, treacherous scoundrels!" exclaimed Dantès, pressing his hand to his throbbing brows.

"Is there any thing else I can assist you in discovering besides the villainy of your friends?" inquired the abbé.

"Yes, yes," replied Dantès, eagerly; "I would beg of you, who see so completely to the depths of things, and to whom the greatest mystery seems but an easy riddle, to explain to me, how it was that I underwent no second examination, was never brought to trial, and above all, my being condemned without ever having had sentence passed on me?"

"That is altogether a different and more serious matter," responded the abbé. "The ways of justice are frequently too dark and mysterious to be easily penetrated. All we have hitherto done in the matter has been child's play. If you wish me to enter upon the more difficult part of the business, you must assist me by the most minute information on every point."

"That I will gladly. So pray begin, my dear abbé, and ask me whatever question you please; for, in good truth, you seem to turn over the pages of my past life far better than I could do myself."

"In the first place, then, who examined you,—the procureur du roi, his deputy, or a magistrate?"

"The deputy."

"Was he young or old?"

"About six or seven-and-twenty years of age, I should say."

"To be sure," answered the abbé. "Old enough to be ambitious, but not sufficiently so to have hardened his heart. And how did he treat you?"

"With more of mildness than severity."

"Did you tell him your whole story?"

"I did."

"And did his conduct change at all in the course of your examination?"

"Yes; certainly he did appear much disturbed when he read the letter that had brought me into this scrape. He seemed quite overcome at the thoughts of the danger I was in."

"*You* were in?"

"Yes; for whom else could he have felt any apprehensions?"

"Then you feel quite convinced he sincerely pitied your misfortune?"

"Why he gave me one great proof of his sympathy, at least."

"And what was that?"

"He burnt the sole proof that could at all have criminated me."

"Do you mean the letter of accusation?"

"Oh, no! the letter I was intrusted to convey to Paris."

"Are you sure he burnt it?"

"He did so before my eyes."

"Ay, indeed! that alters the case, and leads to the conclusion, that this man might, after all, be a greater scoundrel than I at first believed."

"Upon my word," said Dantès, "you make me shudder. If I listen much longer to you, I shall believe the world is filled with tigers and crocodiles."

"Only remember that two-legged tigers and crocodiles are more dangerous than those that walk on four."

"Never mind, let us go on."

"With all my heart! You tell me he burnt the letter in your presence?"

"He did; saying at the same time, 'You see I thus destroy the only proof existing against you.'"

"This action is somewhat too sublime to be natural."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it. To whom was this letter addressed?"

"To M. Noirtier, No. 13 Rue Coq-Héron, Paris."

"Now can you conceive any interest your heroic deputy procureur could by possibility have had in the destruction of that letter?"

"Why, it is not altogether impossible he might have had, for he made me promise several times never to speak of that letter to any one, assuring me he so advised me for my own interest; and, more than this, he insisted on my taking a solemn oath never to utter the name mentioned in the address."

"Noirtier!" repeated the abbé; "Noirtier!—I knew a person of that name at the court of the Queen of Etruria,—a Noirtier, who had been a Girondin during the revolution! What was your deputy called?"

"De Villefort!"

The abbé burst into a fit of laughter; while Dantès gazed on him in utter astonishment.

"What ails you?" said he at length.

"Do you see this ray of light?"

"I do."

"Well! I see my way into the full meaning of all the proceedings against you more clearly than you even discern that sunbeam. Poor fellow! poor young man! And you tell me this magistrate expressed great sympathy and commiseration for you?"

"He did!"

"And the worthy man destroyed your compromising letter?"

"He burnt it before me!"

"And then made you swear never to utter the name of Noirtier?"

"Certainly!"

"Why, you poor short-sighted simpleton, can you not guess who this Noirtier was, whose very name he was so careful to keep concealed?"

"Indeed I cannot!"

"No other than the father of your sympathetic deputy procureur."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of Dantès, or hell opened its yawning gulf before him, he could not have been more completely transfixed with horror than at the sound of words so wholly unexpected, revealing as they did the fiendish perfidy which had consigned him to wear out his days in the dark cell of a prison, that was to him as a living grave. Starting up, he clasped his hands around his head as though to prevent his very brain from bursting, as in a choked and almost inarticulate voice he exclaimed, "His father! oh, no! not his father surely!"

"His own father, I assure you," replied the abbé; "his right name was Noirtier de Villefort."

At this instant a bright light shot through the mind of Dantès, and cleared up all that had been dark and obscure before. The change that had come over Villefort during the examination; the destruction of the letter, the exacted promise, the almost supplicating tones of the magistrate, who seemed rather to implore mercy than denounce punishment,—all returned with a stunning force to his memory. A cry of mental agony escaped his lips, and he staggered against the wall almost like a drunken man; then, as the paroxysm passed away, he hurried to the opening conducting from the abbé's cell to his own, and said,—

"I must be alone to think over all this."

When he regained his dungeon he threw himself on his bed, where the turnkey found him at his evening visit sitting, with fixed gaze and contracted features, still and motionless as a statue.

IV. Cemetery of the Chateau d'If

On the bed, at full length, and faintly lighted by the pale ray that penetrated the window, was visible a sack of coarse cloth, under the large folds of which was stretched a long and stiffened form; it was Faria's last winding-sheet,—a winding-sheet which, as the turnkey said, cost so little. All then was completed. A material separation had taken place between Dantès and his old friend,—he could no longer see those eyes which had remained open as if to look even beyond death,—he could no longer clasp that hand of industry which had lifted for him the veil that had concealed hidden and obscure things. Faria, the usual and the good companion, with whom he was accustomed to live so intimately, no longer breathed. He seated himself on the edge of that terrible bed, and fell into a melancholy and gloomy reverie.

Alone! he was alone again! again relapsed into silence! he found himself once again in the presence of nothingness.

Alone! no longer to see,—no longer to hear the voice of the only human

being who attached him to life! Was it not better, like Faria, to seek the presence of his Maker and learn the enigma of life at the risk of passing through the mournful gate of intense suffering?

The idea of suicide, driven away by his friend, and forgotten in his presence whilst living, arose like a phantom before him in the presence of his dead body.

"If I could die," he said, "I should go where he goes, and should assuredly find him again. But how to die? It is very easy," he continued, with a smile of bitterness, "I will remain here, rush on the first person that opens the door, will strangle him, and then they will guillotine me."

But as it happens that in excessive griefs, as in great tempests, the abyss is found between the tops of the loftiest waves, Dantès recoiled from the idea of this infamous death, and passed suddenly from despair to an ardent desire for life and liberty.

"Die! oh, no," he exclaimed, "not die now, after having lived and suffered so long and so much! Die! yes, had I died years since, but now it would be indeed to give way to my bitter destiny. No, I desire to live, I desire to struggle to the very last, I wish to re-conquer the happiness of which I have been deprived. Before I die, I must not forget that I have my executioners to punish, and, perhaps, too, who knows, some friends to reward. Yet they will forget me here, and I shall die in my dungeon like Faria."

As he said this, he remained motionless, his eyes fixed like a man struck with a sudden idea, but whom this idea fills with amazement. Suddenly he rose, lifted his hand to his brow as if his brain were giddy, paced twice or thrice round his chamber, and then paused abruptly at the bed.

"Ah! ah!" he muttered, "who inspires me with this thought? Is that thou, gracious God? Since none but the dead pass freely from this dungeon, let me assume the place of the dead!"

Without giving himself time to reconsider his decision, and indeed that he might not allow his thoughts to be distracted from his desperate resolution, he bent over the appalling sack, opened it with the knife which Faria had made, drew the corpse from the sack, and transported it along the gallery to his own chamber, laid it on his couch, passed round its head the rag he wore at night round his own, covered it with his counterpane, once again kissed the ice-cold brow, and tried vainly to close the resisting eyes which glared horribly, turned the head towards the wall, so that the gaoler might, when he brought his evening meal, believe that he was asleep, as was his frequent custom; returned along the gallery, threw the bed against the wall, returned to the other cell, to get from the hiding-place the needle and thread, flung off his rags that they might feel naked flesh only beneath the coarse sackcloth, and getting inside the sack, placed himself in the posture in which the dead body had been laid, and sewed up the mouth of the sack withinside.

The beating of his heart might have been heard, if by any mischance the gaolers had entered at that moment.

Dantès might have waited until the evening visit was over, but he was afraid the governor might change his resolution, and order the dead body

to be removed earlier. In that case his last hope would have been destroyed.

Now his project was settled under any circumstances, and he hoped thus to carry it into effect.

If during the time he was being conveyed the grave-diggers should discover that they were conveying a live instead of a dead body, Dantès did not intend to give them time to recognise him, but with a sudden cut of the knife, he meant to open the sack from top to bottom, and profiting by their alarm, escape; if they tried to catch him he would use his knife.

If they conducted him to the cemetery and laid him in the grave, he would allow himself to be covered with earth, and then as it was night, the grave-diggers could scarcely have turned their backs, ere he would have worked his way through the soft soil and escape, hoping that the weight would not be too heavy for him to support.

If he was deceived in this and the earth proved too heavy, he would be stifled, and then, so much the better, all would be over. Dantès had not eaten since the previous evening, but he had not thought of hunger or thirst, nor did he now think of it. His position was too precarious to allow even time to reflect on any thought but one.

The first risk that Dantès ran was, that the gaoler when he brought him his supper at seven o'clock, might perceive the substitution he had effected; fortunately, twenty times, at least, from misanthropy or fatigue, Dantès had received his gaoler in bed, and then the man placed his bread and soup on the table and went away without saying a word.

This time the gaoler might not be silent as usual, but speak to Dantès, and seeing that he received no reply, go to the bed, and thus discover all.

When seven o'clock came, Dantès' agony really commenced. His hand placed on his heart was unable to repress its throbbings, whilst, with the other, he wiped the perspiration from his temples. From time to time shudderings ran through his whole frame, and collapsed his heart as if it were frozen. Then he thought he was going to die. Yet the hours passed on without any stir in the Chateau, and Dantès felt he had escaped his first danger: it was a good augury. At length about the hour the governor had appointed, footsteps were heard on the stairs. Edmond felt that the moment had arrived, and summoning up all his courage, held his breath, happy if at the same time he could have repressed in like manner the hasty pulsation of his arteries.

They stopped at the door—there were two steps, and Dantès guessed it was the two grave-diggers who came to seek him—this idea was soon converted into certainty, when he heard the noise they made in putting down the hand-bier.

The door opened, and a dim light reached Dantès eyes through the coarse sack that covered him, he saw two shadows approach his bed, a third remaining at the door with a torch in his hand. Each of these two men, approaching the ends of the bed, took the sack by its extremities.

"He's heavy, though, for an old and thin man," said one, as he raised the head.

"They say every year adds half a pound to the weight of the bones," said another, lifting the feet.

"Have you tied the knot?" inquired the first speaker.

"What would be the use of carrying so much more weight?" was the reply; "I can do that when we get there."

"Yes, you're right," replied the companion.

"What's the knot for?" thought Dantès.

They deposited the supposed corpse on the bier. Edmond stiffened himself in order to play his part of a dead man, and then the party lighted by the man with the torch, who went first, ascended the stairs.

Suddenly he felt the fresh and sharp night air, and Dantès recognised the *Mistral*. It was a sudden sensation, at the same time replete with delight and agony.

The bearers advanced twenty paces, then stopped, putting their bier down on the ground.

One of them went away, and Dantès heard his shoes on the pavement.

"Where am I, then?" he asked himself.

"Really, he is by no means a light load," said the other bearer, sitting on the edge of the hand-barrow.

Dantès' first impulse was to escape, but fortunately he did not attempt it.

"Light me, you sir," said the other bearer, "or I shall not find what I am looking for."

The man with the torch complied, although not asked in the most polite terms.

"What can he be looking for?" thought Edmond. "The spade, perhaps."

An exclamation of satisfaction indicated that the grave-digger had found the object of his search.

"Here it is at last," he said, "not without some trouble though."

"Yes," was the answer, "but it has lost nothing by waiting."

As he said this the man came towards Edmond, who heard a heavy and sounding substance laid down beside him, and at the same moment a cord was fastened round his feet with sudden and painful violence.

"Well, have you tied the knot?" inquired the grave-digger who was looking on.

"Yes, and pretty tight too, I can tell you," was the answer.

"Move on, then."

And the bier was lifted once more, and they proceeded.

They advanced fifty paces farther, and then stopped to open a door, then went forward again. The noise of the waves dashing against the rocks, on which the Chateau is built, reached Dantès' ear distinctly as they progressed.

"Bad weather!" observed one of the bearers; "not a pleasant night for a dip in the sea."

"Why, yes, the abbé runs a chance of being wet," said the other; and then there was a burst of brutal laughter.

Dantès did not comprehend the jest, but his hair stood erect on his head.

"Well, here we are at last," said one of them; "a little farther—a little farther," said the other. "You know very well that the last was stopped on his way, dashed on the rocks, and the governor told us next day that we were careless fellows."

They ascended five or six more steps, and then Dantès felt that they took him one by the head and the other by the heels, and swung him to and fro.

"One!" said the grave-diggers. "Two! Three, and away!"

And at the same instant Dantès felt himself flung into the air like a wounded bird falling, falling with a rapidity that made his blood curdle. Although drawn downwards by the same heavy weight which hastened his rapid descent, it seemed to him as if the time were a century. At last, with a terrific dash, he entered the ice-cold water, and as he did so, he uttered a shrill cry stifled in a moment by his immersion beneath the waves.

Dantès had been flung into the sea, into whose depths he was dragged by a thirty-six-pound shot tied to his feet.

The sea is the Cemetery of Chateau d'If.

Dantès, although giddy, and almost suffocated, had yet sufficient presence of mind to hold his breath; and as his right hand (prepared as he was for every chance) held his knife open, he rapidly ripped up the sack, extricated his arm, and then his body, but in spite of all his efforts to free himself from the bullet, he felt it dragging him down still lower; he then bent his body, and by a desperate effort severed the cord that bound his legs at the moment he was suffocating. With a vigorous spring he rose to the surface of the sea, whilst the bullet bore to its depths the sack that had so nearly become his shroud.

Dantès merely paused to breathe, and then dived again in order to avoid being seen.

When he rose a second time he was fifty paces from where he had first sunk. He saw overhead a black and tempestuous sky, over which the wind was driving the fleeting vapors that occasionally suffered a twinkling star to appear: before him was the vast expanse of waters, sombre and terrible, whose waves foamed and roared as if before the approach of a storm. Behind him, blacker than the sea, blacker than the sky, rose like a phantom the giant of granite, whose projecting crags seemed like arms extended to seize their prey; and on the highest rock was a torch that lighted two figures. He fancied these two forms were looking at the sea; doubtless these strange grave-diggers had heard his cry. Dantès dived again, and remained a long time beneath the water. This manœuvre was already familiar to him, and usually attracted a crowd of spectators in the bay before the light-house at Marseilles when he swam there, and who, with one accord, pronounced him the best swimmer in the port.

When he reappeared the light had disappeared.

It was necessary to strike out to sea. Ratonneau and Pomègue are the nearest isles of all those that surround the Chateau d'If. But Ratonneau and Pomègue are inhabited together with the islet of Daume; Tiboulen or Lemaire were the most secure. The isles of Tiboulen and Lemaire are a league from the Chateau d'If. Dantès, nevertheless, determined to make for them; but how could he find his way in the darkness of the night!

At this moment he saw before him, like a brilliant star, the light-house of Planier.

By leaving this light on the right he kept the isle of Tiboulen a little on the left; by turning to the left, therefore, he would find it. But as we have said, it was at least a league from the Chateau d'If to this island.

Fear, that relentless pursuer, clogged Dantès' efforts; he listened if any noise was audible; each time that he rose over the waves his looks scanned the horizon, and strove to penetrate the darkness: every wave seemed a boat in his pursuit, and he redoubled exertions that increased his distance from the Chateau, but the repetition of which weakened his strength. He swam on still, and already the terrible Chateau had disappeared in the darkness. He could not see it, but he *felt* its presence. An hour passed, during which Dantès, excited by the feeling of freedom, continued to cleave through the waves.

"Let us see," said he, "I have swam above an hour; but as the wind is against me, that has retarded my speed; however, if I am not mistaken, I must be close to the isle of Tiboulen. But what if I were mistaken?"

A shudder passed over him. He sought to tread water in order to rest himself, but the sea was too violent, and he felt that he could not make use of this means of repose.

"Well," said he, "I will swim on until I am worn out, or the cramp seizes me, and then I shall sink"; and he struck out with the energy of despair.

Suddenly the sky seemed to him to become still darker and more dense, and compact clouds lowered towards him; at the same time he felt a violent pain in his knee, his imagination told him a ball had struck him, and that in a moment he would hear the report; but he heard nothing. Dantès put out his hand and felt resistance; he then extended his leg and felt the land, and in an instant guessed the nature of the object he had taken for a cloud.

Before him rose a mass of strangely formed rocks that resembled nothing so much as a vast fire petrified at the moment of its most fervent combustion. It was the isle of Tiboulen.

Dantès rose, advanced a few steps, and with a fervent prayer of gratitude stretched himself on the granite, which seemed to him softer than down. Then, in spite of the wind and rain, he fell into the deep sweet sleep of those worn out by fatigue.

The following day, sighting a vessel sailing near shore, he attempted to swim out to her but strength failed.

But the water passed over his head and the sky seemed livid. A violent effort again brought him to the surface. He felt as if something seized him by the hair; but he saw and heard nothing. He had fainted.

When he opened his eyes Dantès found himself on the deck of the vessel. His first care was to see what direction they were pursuing. They were rapidly leaving the Chateau d'If behind. Dantès was so exhausted that the exclamation of joy he uttered was mistaken for a sigh.

He was lying on the deck, a sailor was rubbing his limbs with a woollen cloth; another, whom he recognised as the one who had cried out "Courage!" held a gourd full of rum to his mouth; whilst the third, an old sailor, at once the pilot and captain, looked on with that egotistical pity men feel for a misfortune that they have escaped yesterday and which may overtake them to-morrow.

A few drops of the rum restored suspended animation, whilst the friction of his limbs restored their elasticity.

"Who are you?" said the pilot, in bad French.

"I am," replied Dantès, in bad Italian, "a Maltese sailor. We were coming from Syracuse laden with grain. The storm of last night overtook us at Cape Morigon, and we were wrecked on these rocks."

"Where do you come from?"

"From these rocks, that I had the good luck to cling to whilst our captain and the rest of the crew were all lost. I saw your ship, and fearful of being left to perish on the desolate island, I swam off on a fragment of the vessel in order to try and gain your bark. You have saved my life, and I thank you," continued Dantès. "I was lost when one of your sailors caught hold of my hair."

"It was I," said a sailor, of a frank and manly appearance; "and it was time, for you were sinking."

"Yes," returned Dantès, holding out his hand, "I thank you again."

"I almost hesitated though," replied the sailor, "you looked more like a brigand than an honest man, with your beard six inches and your hair a foot long."

Dantès recollected that his hair and beard had not been cut all the time he was at the Chateau d'If.

"Yes," said he, "I made a vow to our Lady of the Grotto not to cut my hair or beard for ten years if I were saved in a moment of danger; but to-day the vow expires."

"Now what are we to do with you?" said the captain.

"Alas! any thing you please. My captain is dead; I have barely escaped; but I am a good sailor. Leave me at the first port you make; I shall be sure to find employment."

"Do you know the Mediterranean?"

"I have sailed over it since my childhood."

"You know the best harbors?"

"There are few ports that I could not enter or leave with my eyes blinded."

"I say, captain," said the sailor, who had cried "Courage!" to Dantès, "if what he says is true, what hinders his staying with us?"

"If he says true," said the captain, doubtingly. "But in his present condition he will promise any thing, and take his chance of keeping it afterwards."

"I will do more than I promise," said Dantès.

"We shall see," returned the other, smiling.

"Where are you going to?" asked Dantès.

"To Leghorn."

"Then why, instead of tacking so frequently, do you not sail nearer the wind?"

"Because we should run straight on to the island of Rion."

"You shall pass it by twenty fathoms."

"Take the helm, and let us see what you know."

The young man took the helm, ascertaining by a slight pressure if the vessel answered the rudder, and seeing that, without being a first-rate sailer, she yet was tolerably obedient,—

"To the braces," said he.

The four seamen, who composed the crew, obeyed, whilst the pilot looked on.

"Haul taut."

They obeyed.

"Belay."

This order was also executed, and the vessel passed, as Dantès had predicted, twenty fathoms to the right.

"Bravo!" said the captain.

"Bravo!" repeated the sailors.

And they all regarded with astonishment this man whose eye had recovered an intelligence and his body a vigor they were far from suspecting.

"You see," said Dantès, quitting the helm, "I shall be of some use to you, at least, during the voyage. If you do not want me at Leghorn, you can leave me there, and I will pay you out of the first wages I get for my food and the clothes you lend me."

"Ah," said the captain, "we can agree very well if you are reasonable."

"Give me what you give the others, and all will be arranged," returned Dantès.

"That's not fair," said the seaman who had saved Dantès. "For you know more than we do."

"What is that to you, Jacopo?" returned the captain. "Every one is free to ask what he pleases."

"That's true," replied Jacopo. "I only made a remark."

"Well, you would do much better to lend him a jacket and a pair of trousers if you have them."

"No," said Jacopo; "but I have a shirt and a pair of trousers."

"That is all I want," interrupted Dantès.

Jacopo dived into the hold, and soon returned with what Edmund wanted.

"Now, then, do you wish for any thing else?" said the patron.

"A piece of bread and another glass of the capital rum I tasted, for I have not eaten or drunk for a long time."

He had not tasted food for forty hours.

A piece of bread was brought, and Jacopo offered him the gourd.

"Larboard your helm," cried the captain to the steersman.

Dantès glanced to the same side as he lifted the gourd to his mouth; but his hand stopped.

"Halloa! what's the matter at the Chateau d'If?" said the captain.

A small white cloud, which had attracted Dantès' attention, crowned the summit of the bastion of the Chateau d'If.

At the same moment the faint report of a gun was heard. The sailors looked at one another.

"What is this?" asked the captain.

"A prisoner has escaped from the Chateau d'If, and they are firing the alarm gun," replied Dantès.

The captain glanced at him, but he had lifted the rum to his lips, and was drinking it with so much composure, that his suspicions, if he had any, died away.

"At any rate," murmured he, "if it be, so much the better, for I have made a rare acquisition."

Under pretence of being fatigued, Dantès asked to take the helm, the steersman, enchanted to be relieved, looked at the captain, and the latter by a sign indicated that he might abandon it to his new comrade. Dantès could thus keep his eyes on Marseilles.

"What is the day of the month?" asked he of Jacopo, who sat down beside him.

"The 28th of February!"

"In what year?"

"In what year—you ask me in what year?"

"Yes," replied the young man, "I ask you in what year!"

"You have forgotten then?"

"I have been so frightened last night," replied Dantès, smiling, "that I have almost lost my memory. I ask you what year is it?"

"The year, 1829," returned Jacopo.

It was fourteen years, day for day, since Dantès' arrest.

He was nineteen when he entered the Chateau d'If; he was thirty-three when he escaped.

Madness

Edmund Kean, the actor, as Romeo, in the "balcony scene," was uniformly delightful. As he leaned on the flower urn, contemplating the fair Veronese above his enraptured eyes, artists were impressed by his striking, yet graceful, pose. They said that Barry's Romeo was after Poussin; Garrick's after a Louis XIV. court-painter; but this exponent's by a Sassoferrato.

In every feeling line there was such variety, though the tone is of love-making pure and torrentuous, that monotony was absent.

This the people were with him; the show was a benefit for players; he was succoring poor brothers of his professions; he had been mean and beggarly as they, but had risen through all difficulties to be the most prominent. In the low-priced parts of the house was repeated the tale that he had as a child been led on in the processions—at the head of which he was now exultantly borne. He was the paragon, and it was doubtful if he would leave a "legitimate" successor.

The curtain had noiselessly descended on the Lovers' Lullaby: "Sleep on thine eyes—peace in thy breast!" to rise on Verona's public square, where the quarrelers were stirring on the hot day.

It was a clever pendant with the delicious garden-scene, these daggers bristling after the roses.

Unlike Garrick, Kean was not "a great fidget." Not even now when the show to-night possessed a deadly reality. He who could brook no competition in love, felt not a twitter at the expectation of conflicting with Lord Newell, his rival in real life, who was to act as his opponent in the play, sword in hand. It was a critical hour. Never had he incurred the popular displeasure, for, adoring his profession, he was loyal to it. His divergences toward late suppers, coaching trips out of town to make him late to the theatre, etc., were made at least amusing, and were laughed away. But, since it was possible that the new actor would carry his part literally to the sword-point, or over the line, haply, to risk all in the endeavor to disable his rival—if not to kill him! to prevent that stroke by a counter one might compel his flight from the stage—ay, from the country.

An accident to a playfellow on the stage with the always perilous foils,

would be pardonable, but when the temporary actor is discovered to be a peer and the affianced of a woman for whose love the two were rivals, all would look black to a jury of unromantic citizens abhorring players and kotowing to the nobility and wealth.

In his studied vagary, Newell had not made friends behind the footlights, where he briefly ventured. Absorbed in his revengeful thirst, feeling that all was a passing diversion, scorning the actors, who, in turn, repaid him with lofty derision, since he was not going to be long of their number, he learned his lesson dutifully, spoke and acted with unsuspected intelligence, but it was all because this served and masked his end.

He gave full time to the fencing-master in vogue, but begrudged an hour to the stage. Its gloomy, deterrent aspect by day damped his ardor for threatrical honors, while deepening his unhallowed intention.

He was fool enough, in his ferocity, to ascribe to fear Kean's wary avoidance of contact with him, by sending Moses, the Jew prompter, to go over the lines and action with his Tybalt, and the fencing-master to repeat the set battle with rapiers, in its set progress.

Newell retained Gideon, his accomplice, as his "groom of the chambers," and dresser here, because he needed an accomplice more than a valet. He bade him, at the last favorable moment, to nick his foil-button with a file so that it could be snapped off at will. He even wished in his virulence that he could have the falsified weapon poisoned, as in "Hamlet."

Though careful of his person, like all cowardly at bottom, and dreading to die soon, like all young in evil-doing, when they perceive the sweet but ashen fruit only, he believed that vice protects her votaries—or, at least, the choicest ones; he would, somehow, escape the penalty. At the worst, if only he disabled his adversary, he would flee to the Continent; his friends were agreed to see him to the stage door, where a fleet conveyance would be waiting. There was the *Rose,* of Rotherithe, ready to slip her cable.

If he inflicted a mortal hurt, this flight would keep him an exile abroad, but, with his brother's experience, he believed that, to a man of means, this would not be onerous. Paris or Brussels was the asylum of broken gamesters and murderer-duellists.

Kean, dying in the greenroom, would not cast any sorrow on him sailing across the Straits.

As for his being harmed, he poohpoohed the idea. Angelo, his instructor, had felicitated him on his prowess with the small-sword. He could not believe that his contestant, with his burlesque practice, could compete with him, inured to the long-sword since his 'teens. On departing from the plan laid down, he trusted to dazzle and confuse the actor with his non-simulated attacks. Kean was forewarned, since he could not believe that the new actor would submit to stage regulations; but this only made the combat fair. He hoped to have his unwritten act set down to "stage fever"—the elation of being pitted before the multitude with a celebrity like Edmund Kean. In the

panic, anything was explicable, if not excusable, that an amateur was guilty of.

To be sure, his escape would forbid his hoping to see Miss Danby, daughter of a millionaire and cause of the quarrel, a second time, but if only his rival were dead, or lost to the stage through crippling, or disfiguring wound, that was filling his cup with delight; he would, in his loneliness, picture Alba in anguish, and be consoled.

So Newell, who looked "the Prince of Cats, the duellist-gentleman of the first house," came on, strutting like the veritable Champion of the Capulets; the applause of more than his *clique* told him that he was not risible or unseemly. Long debarred from participating in sword-play by the laws, the mob always rejoice in stage combats. They echoed the greeting. Flushed with his accelerated blood-flow, superheated by seeing that Miss Danby was on the watch, he bore himself with supreme conceit, justified by the excellent carriage he had in the preliminary encounter with Mercutio. Him he finished off with a gusto, arising from his feeling it was the prelude to his more dangerous attack.

His conquering swagger was better founded, and his hope invigorated him from its deep seat, that he might with one push cancel the scorn and humiliate the actor who had heaped so much on him.

He had seen Edmund act more than once. But he was not nerved for his transformation from the lover's sugary lines to his fiery passion on seeing Mercutio slain and his slayer doubly jubilant.

"The pit is now going to have it hot," remarked Kean to Moses, the prompter, who strove to cause him to be lenient and governed; "as the people craved ginger in the older days, and want mustard with everything now, they shall have it! This new hand went from Mercutio without a scratch, but—never mind! look!"

"The next in order of the Newells should give me the order for his 'inky cloak,'" observed the prompter, quietly.

"'This shall determine that!'" had said Romeo, as he bounded on like a panther, afraid that a prey long eluding him might again flee afar.

Never before had an audience learned how comprehensive is stage diction.

"They fight; Tybalt is slain!" is a short phrase. But as the two interpreted it, there was much in it. As Garrick made his cane act so the thin laths of steel revealed the vindictiveness electrifying them.

In a twinkling, the least experienced in the drama saw that strict order was wantonly departed from. It was full of the wicked tricks—this combat—of the rope-dancer, who, to show his perfect command, pretends to make a deadly slip! The actors in the wings, crowded on these exceptional nights, lost track of the passes. The stage had become an arena for gladiators. It would be to the death, as at Rome, unless there was a king-at-arms in the prince, to throw down the truncheon, putting an end to a fray.

For, at the second turn, Tybalt's foil, like its master, "lost its head," said Moses, alarmed, though anticipating treachery.

"Refrain! Desist! Pluck them asunder!" rose the cries above, below, and

around. Women smothered their shrieks, and some swooned. Miss Danby leaned out of the box, with set eyes and quivering lip.

No more in the fixed positions, the two enemies occupied the stage as if revolved in a cyclone. The steel emitted sparks as if applied to the cutler's wheel, and the wild and remote tracings of the points forbade an unarmed intermediator to rush between the vehement pair.

There would have been a shout for the protection of Kean, the favorite—a rush in a body of the stage hands, who idolized a "great man without nonsense about him," but Kean stood the frenzied lunges so coolly now, and the smile, becoming sinister, determined, blood-thirsty King Richard the Third's, without his desperation.

Miss Danby could, at last, understand how her sisters of three or four centuries before could calmly witness their knights ply the battle-ax on sheathed heads and charge on their ponderous horses with the long lance poised to perforate a mailed breast.

"Let the best man win!" seemed to be on every lip, almost steady.

Moses, in the wing, held up his brown hand, as if, he staying his fond heart, none other should feel anxiety.

"Let be! let be!" said he, softly, but forcibly still. "That's the wand of justice!" he added, like a prophet. "Kean's skean!" and he laughed low and grisly at his own pun.

The third curt onset ended soon. This time, in beating off the rapid thrusts, Kean deigned to retaliate. He advanced as Newell receded for a respite in order to renew when breathed, and twice slashed him with the studded foil-end, so that on his cheeks, right and left, a red spot appeared as if inflicted by the knot in a "cat." Then he began to let out the long steel lash, so to liken it to what it most resembled, in fact. Newell quaked; he began to pray—he who had forgot how to pray!—that the sea of faces on either side would break the barrier of stage etiquette and separate the two.

He despaired of any success now—any moderation in this signal defeat, which he had sedately brought about. He believed that he would no more be spared than he had resolved. He brought his sword round with a hand beginning to feel slow and benumbed, to ward off this fatal point. Kean, with a dextrous and strong engagement of his supple half of the blade, twisted it with the opposing; with a similar trick of the school-of-arms, he detached it entirely from his grasp, and sent it whirling up in the air. It stuck in the woodwork of a scene-frame, and, holding by the jagged end, vibrated to the handle, dancing up and down, like a reptile deferring quiet to the last.

Disarmed, feeling that he deserved his death—no less! Newell suffered those pangs of foiled rage, enmity, and revenge through which Brian de Bois-Gilbert perished in his shame. But the victor, while a thousand beholders suspended their breathing, as quickly reversed his own arm; he caught the blade in the middle, and, using the hilt as a club, smote his antagonist across the forehead. The blow must have broken off the blade or felled the man; the latter ensued. Newell gave a howl. He reeled, caught at nothing, and fell at the actor's foot.

"Come off, Romeo!" called the acting-manager in the wing, showing a little of his body and head in his excitement.

There was an outcry of mixed pain, horror, and delight.

It was the stage combat to be remembered in Drury's records.

Kean stood over the body, with his eyes rolling in an indescribable expression.

The stage assistants rushed out with other performers to seize the tragedian while gentlemen lifted up Newell. All in the house had pushed as far forward as possible. The clamor was deafening and indefinable. Without orders, the curtain and the drop fell abruptly.

The manager rushed before it; he had the gift of oiling the waters, and he could pacify even the Drury gallery and pit, but this time he was barely listened to by the boxes.

In the meantime, Whipstaffe, friend of Lord Newell, had failed to rouse him.

"A doctor! a doctor!" cried he.

"Our house physician is beside Mr. Kean," said an employee, loftily.

"Any doctor, then! Brandy—water! A dash of cold water, if you will so please!" appealed Whipstaffe, cowed by finding a nobleman so far below an actor, behind the scenes.

The old stage carpenter had returned from transporting Kean to his rooms. He looked, not ill-pleased, on the prostrate man.

"Water, is it?" said he, with affectation of interest. "Should we hang back from the new actor joined the Co.?" To his minions, he said this with his tongue in his cheek like a quid of tobacco. "Here, mateys, water! Water for the chicken who nearly got the best of our high-flyer by foul play!"

"This way for water!" said the chief fireman.

Indeed, at three steps, in a dark spot, unfindable by the unversed in the mysteries of the stage, there was ranged, on a stout oaken shelf, eight or ten leather buckets, kept full, according to the ordinance of the lord chamberlain, countersigned by the common council.

"No stint! Load up, lads!" continued Mr. Chips, delighted at being the Good Samaritan to the interloper, above his *rôle*.

Each took up a bucket, and he carried a pair. This new Aquarius and his nymphs strode back to where Newell was going to be bled by the hairdresser's second hand, who, as one trained in barber-surgery, flourished a pen-knife.

"Hold! Water is come!"

"Sprinkle his face!" said Whipstaffe, relieved.

"Stand from under! Sprinkle is the cue!" said Chips, setting down one bucket and taking the other between both hands. His action was closely imitated by his followers, an imposing file. "'Chuck!' is the word, one at a turn!"

Before the gentlemen could temper this excess of zeal, the long row of water-carriers discharged in regularity, admirable under other circumstances, as upon a fire, each his bucketful of icy liquid, all to drench "the fiery Tybalt." At the first shock, the victim opened his eyes, but the second mass closed them and knocked him down. His friends leaped away not to be swamped. Again, Newell tried to as-

sume a semi-upright posture, and to expostulate. But as a sheep fallen is felled by the next of his flock pursuing the straight line, and rises only to be laid flat, so the noble lord kept rising and falling under the douches like a sawyer in and out of his pit. This went on till the supply was exhausted.

"There is," observed the fireman, professionally, "more at the main pipe!"

"Stay! stay! dash you!" roared Whipstaffe, who had received some splashes.

And, with his friends, he extricated his suffering leader from the sea. They bore him, dripping so that his track was plain, to the street, finding their way by a miracle.

"That," remarked the stage carpenter to his rude, insensate helpers, who actually broadly grinned where they were not loudly laughing, "that will, another time, l'arn Mr. Parkiness to be as liberal with his small coin behind the scenes as we have been with the water! Footing money, my boys, if an interloper hopes to keep his standing good where there are greasy slides and no end of splintering flooring!"

"But, Mr. Kean," said the fireman, "how is Mr. Kean? Did they not say that this flimflamming ruffler had druv him mad?"

"Mad be fired! If Mr. Kean went off his head, it was with intention! Who knows but that limp-rag will go show his scarred cheek to 'the beak' at Bow street, and swear out a warrant ag'in him? They will believe white eye is black, if a lord vows to it! Mad? Him mad? Mad as he is in 'King Leary' and 'Homlet,' which they both knows their way about! Look ye, a man what brings us in ten thousand poun's a year, a-hacting only three nights a week, don't lose his balance in the head, or at his banker's for a shindy with a flippant flop like that!"

"Why, Chips, you are out there! They puts such genuses as him in the Abbey, don't they?"

"Along of Mr. Garrick? Well, I don't know about that! I were a-talking with that Mr. Richardson, for whom we got up this marred benefit—a showman, and who has brought us plenty of grist! And he says, says he, Garrick and them chaps had not the eddication for the stage! He never were with me, as Edmund Kean and all the regulars has been! No, Kean, when his time comes—and may he outlive old Drury itself, ought to have a mouseholeum of his own separate from the ruck, in Paul's!"

"Amen!" said the chorus.

Paradise for Hell

Eight months after the death of Francis the Second, her husband, on the 15th of August, 1561, Mary Stuart was about to embark at Calais for her kingdom of Scotland. During these eight months she had struggled day by day and, so to speak, hour by hour with Catherine de Médicis, and even with her uncles, who were anxious, for various reasons, to see her leave France. But Mary could not make up her mind to separate from that sweet land where

she had been so happy and beloved a queen. Even in the sorrowful memories which recalled her premature widowhood, the dear places where she dwelt had for her a charm and a poetry from which she could not tear herself.

Not only did Mary Stuart feel this poetry, she gave it expression also. She not only wept over the death of Francis the Second as a wife, she sang it as a muse. Brantôme, on account of his admiration, has preserved that sweet complaint which she made on the occasion, and which may be compared to the most noteworthy poetry of this epoch:—

"Ah! the dolorous plaint
Of a heart rent with anguish!
With my misery faint,
In dull sorrow I languish,
And, with gloom overcast,
All my young years have passed.

"Has grim fate ever dealt
Such a blow of disaster?
Or great queen ever felt
A calamity vaster
Than was mine when my sweet
Lay there, dead, at my feet?

"In the bloom of my youth,
When hope's flower is in blossom,
Pangs that know not of ruth
Make their home in my bosom,
And no hopes quench the fire
Of regret and desire.

"What once gave me delight
Now but heightens my sorrow;
From the day that is bright
Naught of brightness I borrow;
All things blissful and fair
Feed my lonely despair.

"For, wherever my way,
Be it forest or meadow,
In the noontide of day
Or in evening's gray shadow,
I am longing for One—
For the saint that is gone!

"If betimes to the skies
I look up in my dreaming,
The soft glance of his eyes
Through the cloud-rifts seems gleaming,
And the depths of the sea
Cannot hide him from me!

"When a respite from woe
On my couch I am questing,
His dear voice, soft and low,
Speaks, unceasing, unresting,—
Through the night, through the day,
He is with me alway!

"End, my song, this sad strain
Of thy grievous lamenting,
Whose despairing refrain
Tells of pangs unrelenting!
Nor can absence abate
A love stronger than fate!"

It was at Rheims, where she had first retired with her uncle of Lorraine, that Mary Stuart uttered this melodious and moving lament. She remained until the end of the spring in Champagne. Then the religious troubles which had broken out in Scotland demanded her presence in that country. Besides, the almost passionate admiration of Charles the Ninth, even while yet a child, for his fair sister-in-law, whenever he spoke of her, alarmed the suspicious regent Catherine.

Mary Stuart had therefore to resign herself to depart.

She came to St. Germain in the month of July, to take leave of the court. The tokens of devotion and of adoration almost which she received there augmented, if it were possible, her bitter regrets.

Her dowry, charged on Touraine and Poitou, brought her an income of twenty thousand livres; she was also carrying with her some rich jewels into Scotland; and this rich booty might tempt some sea-rover. Moreover, violence was feared from Elizabeth of England, who saw in the young queen of Scotland a rival. A number of gentlemen offered to escort Mary to her own dominions; and, when she arrived at Calais, she had around her not only her uncles, but Brantôme, Damville, and the best part of that elegant and chivalrous court.

Mary found two galleys awaiting her in the harbour of Calais, ready to sail whenever she ordered them. But she remained six days at Calais,—so hard did those who had accompanied her to this fatal place of separation find it to part from her!

At last, as we have said, the 15th of August was fixed for her departure. The weather on that day was gloomy and threatening; but there was no wind or rain.

On the shore, before putting her foot on the vessel that was to carry her away, Mary, in order to thank those who had escorted her to the utmost limit of their country, wished to give each her hand to kiss as a last farewell.

All came, sad and respectful, knelt down, and pressed with their lips that adored hand.

She tore herself away from those who still wished her to stay a while longer, entered the boat, and was rowed to the galley of M. de Mévillon, followed by the envied lords who were to accompany her to Scotland.

But, just as Scotland could not console Mary for France, those who came with her could not make her forget those she had left; and it was the latter she seemed to love the most.

Standing on the prow of her galley, she continued to wave the handkerchief with which she wiped away her tears to the friends and relatives that remained on the shore as long as the vessel was in sight.

At last she was in the open sea; and her eyes, in spite of herself, were drawn towards a ship about to enter the port she had just quitted. She was gazing earnestly upon it, envying it its destiny, when suddenly the vessel leaned over, as if it had received some sub-marine shock, and, trembling from stem to stern, began, amid the cries of her crew, to sink into the ocean. It disappeared before the boat despatched by M. Mévillon to its relief could reach it. For a moment some black points might be seen floating here and there on the surface of the water in the place where the ship had gone down, then vanishing, one after another, before the boat could come up with them, although the rowers exerted themselves vigorously. The boat returned without having rescued a single one of these poor shipwrecked creatures.

"O God!" cried Mary, "what an omen for my voyage is this!"

Meanwhile, the wind freshened and the sails of the galley were beginning to be filled, so that the crew were

able to rest for a while. Mary, seeing that she was so swiftly being borne away from land, leaned against the bulwarks, her eyes turned towards the port,—eyes that were darkened by big tears,—and never ceased repeating,—

"Adieu, France! adieu, France!"

She remained thus nearly five hours,—that is to say, until nightfall; and she would never have thought of retiring, perhaps, had not Brantôme come to tell her that they were waiting for her at supper.

Then, weeping and sobbing more bitterly than ever, she said,—

"It is now, indeed, dear France, that I really lose you, since night, jealous of my last happiness, drops its black veil before my eyes to bereave me of the pleasure of beholding thee. Adieu, then, dear France; I shall never see thee more!"

Then, making a sign to Brantôme that she would go down after him, she took her tablets, sat down on a bench, and wrote with a pencil, by the fading light, these well-known lines:—

"A last farewell! sweet France, a last!
Ah! land than all lands nearer
To this fond heart and dearer!
Land where my happy childhood passed
In joys I may again feel never!
The bark that bears me from thee fast
The links that bind us cannot sever!
One part of me bides with these still,
So that thy loving heart may fill
With memories of the other ever!"

At last she descended, and, approaching her shipmates, who were awaiting her, said,—

"I am acting quite differently from Dido; for, when Æneas abandoned the Queen of Carthage, she could not keep her eyes away from the ocean, while I cannot keep mine away from the land."

She was invited to sit down to supper, but she could eat nothing, and retired to her chamber, ordering the helmsman to wake her at daybreak if land was still in sight.

In this respect at least fortune favoured poor Mary; for the wind fell and the vessel only moved during the night by the aid of oars, so that when daylight dawned she could still see France.

The helmsman entered the cabin of the queen, as she had charged him to do. But he found her up, seated on her bed, and gazing through the window upon the beloved coast.

However, her pleasure did not last long; the wind freshened, and she soon lost sight of France. Mary had now but one hope; it was that they might perceive the English fleet and be obliged to put back. But this last chance failed her, like the others. A fog, so thick that one could not see from one end of the galley to the other, came down upon the sea, and this as it were by a miracle, for it was the middle of summer. They sailed, therefore, at hazard, running the risk of going out of their course, but avoiding that of being seen by the enemy.

On the third day, the fog vanished, and they discovered they were on a rocky coast, where undoubtedly the galley would have been dashed to pieces, if they had gone two cables' length further.

The pilot took an observation, and discovered that they were off the coast of Scotland, and, having very skilfully

piloted his vessel through the breakers around it, he anchored in the port of Leith, near Edinburgh.

The wits who accompanied Mary cut many jokes on the fog they had left, the fog they had met on their arrival, and the foggy state of things in Scotland generally. The coming of Mary not having been at all expected and prepared for, she and her suite had to travel to Edinburgh on wretched donkeys, still more wretchedly equipped, some being without a saddle, and others could not help contrasting these pitiable animals with the splendid palfreys of France which she was in the habit of seeing caracoling in the hunting-fields and tournaments. She shed a few tears of regret, as she compared the country she had left with the country she was returning to. But soon, with her charming graciousness, she said, trying to smile through her tears,—

"I have only to endure my misfortune patiently, since I have exchanged paradise for hell."

Battle of Charenton

Aramis and Athos, musketeers, were in Paris.

What had especially been observed by the two friends was the little interest taken by the court of France in the terrible events which had occurred in England, which they thought should have arrested the attention of all Europe.

In fact, aside from a poor widow and a royal orphan who wept in the corner of the Louvre, no one appeared to be aware that Charles I. had ever lived and that he had perished on the scaffold.

The two friends made an appointment for two o'clock on the following day; for though the night was well advanced when they reached the door of the hotel, Aramis said that he had certain important visits to make and left Athos to enter alone.

At ten o'clock the next day they met again. Athos had been out since six o'clock.

"Well, have you any news?" Athos asked.

"But Raoul? your son," said Aramis.

A light cloud passed over the count's face.

"Raoul gives me much uneasiness," he said. "He received yesterday a message from the Prince de Condé; he went to meet him at Saint Cloud and has not returned."

"Have you seen Madame de Chevreuse?"

"She was not at home. And you, Aramis, you were going, I think, to visit Madame de Longueville."

"I did go there."

"Well?"

"She was no longer there, but she had left her new address."

"Where was she?"

"Guess; I give you a thousand chances."

"How should I know where the most beautiful and active of the Frondists was at midnight? for I presume it was when you left me that you went to visit her."

"At the Hôtel de Ville, my dear fellow."

"What! at the Hôtel de Ville? Has she, then, been appointed provost of merchants?"

"No; but she has become queen of Paris, *ad interim,* and since she could not venture at once to establish herself in the Palais Royal or the Tuileries, she is installed at the Hôtel de Ville, where she is on the point of giving an heir or an heiress to that dear duke."

"You didn't tell me of that, Aramis."

"Really? It was my forgetfulness then; pardon me."

"Now," asked Athos, "what are we to do with ourselves till evening? Here we are without occupation, it seems to me."

"You forget, my friend, that we have work cut out for us in the direction of Charenton; I hope to see Monsieur de Châtillon, whom I've hated for a long time, there."

"Why have you hated him?"

"Because he is the brother of Coligny."

"Ah, true! he who presumed to be a rival of yours, for which he was severely punished; that ought to satisfy you."

"Yes, but it does not; I am rancorous—the only stigma that proves me to be a churchman. Do you understand? You understand that you are in no way obliged to go with me."

"Come, now," said Athos, "you are joking."

"In that case, my dear friend, if you are resolved to accompany me there is no time to lose; the drum beats; I observed cannon on the road; I saw the citizens in order of battle on the Place of the Hôtel de Ville; certainly the fight will be in the direction of Charenton, as the Duc de Châtillon said."

"I supposed," said Athos, "that last night's conferences would modify those warlike arrangements."

"No doubt; but they will fight, none the less, if only to mask the conferences."

"Poor creatures!" said Athos, "who are going to be killed, in order that Monsieur de Bouillon may have his estate at Sedan restored to him, that the reversion of the admiralty may be given to the Duc de Beaufort:

"Come, come, dear Athos, confess that you would not be so philosophical if your Raoul were to be involved in this affair."

"Perhaps you speak the truth, Aramis."

"Well, let us go, then, where the fighting is, for that is the most likely place to meet with D'Artagnan, Porthos, and possibly even Raoul. Stop, there are a fine body of citizens passing; quite attractive, by Jupiter! and their captain—see! he has the true military style."

"Why, it's Planchet. My old lackey. How men advance. He is the Captain of Militia."

"What?" asked Athos.

"Planchet."

"Lieutenant yesterday," said Aramis, "captain to-day, colonel doubtless, to-morrow; in a fortnight the fellow will be marshal of France."

"Question him about the fight," said Athos.

Planchet, prouder than ever of his new duties, deigned to explain to the two gentlemen that he was ordered to take up his position on the Place Royale with two hundred men, forming the

rear of the army of Paris, and to march on Charenton when necessary.

"This day will be a warm one," said Planchet, in a warlike tone.

"No doubt," said Aramis, "but it is far from here to the enemy."

"Sir, the distance will be diminished," said a subordinate.

Aramis saluted, then turning toward Athos:

"I don't care to camp on the Place Royale with all these people," he said. "Shall we go forward? We shall see better what is going on."

"And then Monsieur de Châtillon will not come to the Place Royale to look for you. Come, then, my friend, we will go forward."

"Haven't you something to say to Monsieur de Flamarens on your own account?"

"My friend," said Athos, "I have made a resolution never to draw my sword save when it is absolutely necessary."

"And how long ago was that?"

"When I last drew my poniard."

And Athos set forward toward Charenton, followed closely by Aramis.

As Athos and Aramis proceeded, and passed different companies on the road, they became aware that they were arriving near the field of battle.

"Ah! my friend!" cried Athos, suddenly, "where have you brought us? I fancy I perceive around us faces of different officers in the royal army; is not that the Duc de Châtillon himself coming toward us with his brigadiers?"

"Good-day, sirs," said the duke, advancing; "you are puzzled by what you see here, but one word will explain everything. There is now a truce and a conference. The prince, Monsieur de Retz, the Duc de Beaufort, the Duc de Bouillon, are talking over public affairs. Now one of two things must happen: either matters will not be arranged, or they will be arranged, in which last case I shall be relieved of my command and we shall still meet again."

"Sir," said Aramis, "you speak to the point. Allow me to ask you a question: Where are the plenipotentiaries?"

"At Charenton, in the second house on the right on entering from the direction of Paris."

"And was this conference arranged beforehand?"

"No, gentlemen; it seems to be the result of certain propositions which Mazarin made last night to the Parisians."

"And that house in which the plenipotentiaries are," asked Athos, "belongs to——"

"To Monsieur de Chanleu, who commands your troops at Charenton. I say your troops, for I presume that you gentlemen are Frondeurs?"

"Yes, almost," said Aramis.

"We are for the king and the princes," added Athos.

"We must understand each other," said the Duke. "The king is with us and his generals are the Duke of Orleans and the Prince de Conde, although I must add 'tis almost impossible now to know to which party any one belongs."

"Yes," answered Athos, "but his right place is in our ranks, with the Prince de Conti, De Beaufort, D'Elbeuf, and De Bouillon; but, sir, supposing that the conference is broken off—are you going to try to take Charenton?"

"Such are my orders."

"Sir, since you command the cavalry ——"

"Pardon me, I am commander-in-chief."

"So much the better. You must know all your officers—I mean those more distinguished."

"Why, yes, very nearly."

"And Monsieur de Bragelonne, a young man fifteen years of age, attached to the Prince de Condé—has he the honor of being known to you?" diffident in allowing Aramis to perceive how strong were his paternal feelings.

"Yes, surely, he came with the prince; a charming young man; he is one of your friends then, monsieur le comte?"

"Yes, sir," answered Athos, agitated; "so much so that I wish to see him if possible."

"Quite possible, sir; do me the favor to accompany me and I will conduct you to headquarters."

"Halloo, there!" cried Aramis, turning around; "what a noise behind us!"

"A body of cavaliers is coming toward us," said Châtillon.

"I recognize the coadjutor by his Frondist hat."

"And I the Duc de Beaufort by his white plume of ostrich feathers."

"They are coming, full gallop; the prince is with them—ah! he is leaving them!"

"They are beating the rappel!" cried Châtillon; "we must discover what is going on."

In fact, they saw the soldiers running to their arms; the trumpets sounded; the drums beat; the Duc de Beaufort drew his sword. On his side the prince sounded a rappel and all the officers of the royalist army, mingling momentarily with the Parisian troops, ran to him.

"Gentlemen," cried Châtillon, "the truce is broken, that is evident; they are going to fight; go, then, into Charenton, for I shall begin in a short time —there's a signal from the prince!"

The cornet of the a troop had in fact just raised the standard of the prince.

"Farewell, till the next time we meet," cried Châtillon, and he set off, full gallop.

Athos and Aramis turned also and went to salute the coadjutor and the Duc de Beaufort. As to the Duc de Bouillon, he had such a fit of gout as obliged him to return to Paris in a litter; but his place was well filled by the Duc d'Elbeuf and his four sons, ranged around him like a staff. Meantime, between Charenton and the royal army was left a space which looked ready to serve as a last resting place for the dead.

"Gentlemen," cried the coadjutor, tightening his sash, which he wore, after the fashion of the ancient military prelates, over his archepiscopal simar, "there's the enemy approaching. Let us save them half of their journey."

And without caring whether he were followed or not he set off; his regiment, which bore the name of the regiment of Corinth, from the name of his archbishopric, darted after him and began the fight. Monsieur de Beaufort sent his cavalry toward Etampes and Monsieur de Chanleu, who defended the place, was ready to resist an assault, or if the enemy were repulsed, to attempt a sortie.

The battle soon became general and the coadjutor performed miracles of valor. His proper vocation had always

been the sword and he was delighted whenever he could draw it from the scabbard.

Chanleu, whose fire at one time repulsed the royal regiment, thought that the moment was come to pursue it; but it was reformed and led again to the charge by the Duc de Châtillon in person. This charge was so fierce, so skillfully conducted, that Chanleu was almost surrounded. He commanded a retreat, which began, step by step, foot by foot; unhappily, in an instant he fell, mortally wounded. De Châtillon saw him fall and announced it in a loud voice to his men, which raised their spirits and completely disheartened their enemies, so that every man thought only of his own safety and tried to gain the trenches, where the coadjutor was trying to reform his disorganized regiment.

Suddenly a squadron of cavalry galloped up to encounter the royal troops, who were entering, *pêle-mêle,* the intrenchments with the fugitives. Athos and Aramis charged at the head of their squadrons; Aramis with sword and pistol in his hands, Athos with his sword in his scabbard, his pistol in his saddlebags; calm and cool as if on the parade, except that his noble and beautiful countenance became sad as he saw slaughtered so many men who were sacrificed on the one side to the obstinacy of royalty and on the other to the personal rancor of the princes. Aramis, on the contrary, struck right and left and was almost delirious with excitement. His bright eyes kindled, and his mouth, so finely formed, assumed a wicked smile; every blow he aimed was sure, and his pistol finished the deed—annihilated the wounded wretch who tried to rise again.

On the opposite side two cavaliers, one covered with a gilt cuirass, the other wearing simply a buff doublet, from which fell the sleeves of a vest of blue velvet, charged in front. The cavalier in the gilt cuirass fell upon Aramis and struck a blow that Aramis parried with his wonted skill.

"Ah! 'tis you, Monsieur de Châtillon," cried the chevalier; "welcome to you—I expected you."

"I hope I have not made you wait too long, sir," said the duke; "at all events, here I am."

"Monsieur de Châtillon," cried Aramis, taking from his saddle-bags a second pistol, "I think if your pistols have been discharged you are a dead man."

"Thank God, sir, they are not!"

And the duke, pointing his pistol at Aramis, fired. But Aramis bent his head the instant he saw the duke's finger press the trigger and the ball passed without touching him."

"Oh! you've missed me," cried Aramis; "but I swear to Heaven! I will not miss you."

"If I give you time!" cried the duke, spurring on his horse and rushing upon him with his drawn sword.

Aramis awaited him with that terrible smile which was peculiar to him on such occasions, and Athos, who saw the duke advancing toward Aramis with the rapidity of lightning, was just going to cry out, "Fire! fire, then!" when the shot was fired. De Châtillon opened his arms and fell back on the crupper of his horse.

The ball had entered his breast through a notch in the cuirass.

"I am a dead man," he said, and fell from his horse to the ground.

"I told you this; I am now grieved I have kept my word. Can I be of any use to you?"

Châtillon made a sign with his hand and Aramis was about to dismount when he received a violent shock; 'twas a thrust from a sword, but his cuirass turned aside the blow.

He turned around and seized his new antagonist by the wrist, when he started back, exclaiming, "Raoul!"

"Raoul?" cried Athos.

The young man recognized at the same instant the voices of his father and the Chevalier d'Herblay; two officers in the Parisian forces rushed at that instant on Raoul, but Aramis protected him with his sword.

"My prisoner!" he cried.

Athos took his son's horse by the bridle and led him forth out of the *mêlée*.

At this crisis of the battle, the prince, who had been seconding De Châtillon in the second line, appeared in the midst of the fight; his eagle eye made him known and his blows proclaimed the hero.

On seeing him, the regiment of Corinth, which the coadjutor had not been able to reorganize in spite of all his efforts, threw itself into the midst of the Parisian forces, put them into confusion and re-entered Charenton flying. The coadjutor, dragged along with his fugitive forces, passed near the group formed by Athos, Raoul and Aramis. Aramis could not in his jealousy avoid being pleased at the coadjutor's misfortune, and was about to utter some *bon mot* more witty than correct, when Athos stopped him.

"On, on!" he cried, 'this is no moment for compliments; or rather, back, for the battle seems to be lost by the Frondeurs."

"It is a matter of indifference to me," said Aramis; "I came here only to meet De Châtillon; I have met him, I am contented; 'tis something to have met De Châtillon in a duel!"

"And besides, we have a prisoner," said Athos, pointing to Raoul.

The three cavaliers continued their road on full gallop.

"What were you doing in the battle, my friend?" inquired Athos of the youth; " 'twas not your right place, I think, as you were not equipped for an engagement!"

"I had no intention of fighting today, sir; I was charged, indeed, with a mission to the cardinal and had set out for Rueil, when, seeing Monsieur de Châtillon charge, an invincible desire possessed me to charge at his side. It was then that he told me two cavaliers of the Parisian army were seeking me and named the Comte de la Fêre."

"What! you knew we were there and yet wished to kill your friend the chevalier?"

"I did not recognize the chevalier in armor, sir!" said Raoul, blushing; "though I might have known him by his skill and coolness in danger."

"Thank you for the compliment, my young friend," replied Aramis, "we can see from whom you learned courtesy."

"Now let us return to Paris and especially inquire of Planchet."

"Poor Planchet! He has probably been killed. All those fighting citizens

went out to battle and they have been massacred."

It was, then, with a sentiment of uneasiness whether Planchet was alive or dead, that the friends returned to the Place Royale; to their great surprise they found the citizens still encamped there, drinking and bantering each other, although, doubtless, mourned by their families, who thought they were at Charenton in the thickest of the fighting.

Athos and Aramis wished to take Planchet with them, but he could not leave his troop, who at five o'clock returned home, saying that they were returning from the battle, whereas they had never lost sight of the bronze equestrian statue of Louis XIII.

Mercedes

It was a tempestuous night. The wind howled dismally through the streets of Paris and the rain and sleet dashed fiercely against the casement. At intervals a wild shout might be caught as the blast paused in its furious career, and then a distant shot might be heard. But they passed away, and nothing save the wail of the storm-wind or the rushing sleet of the winter tempest was distinguished.

But, while all was thus wild, dark and tempestuous without, light, warmth, comfort and elegance, rendered yet more delightful by the elemental war, reigned triumphant within a large and splendidly furnished apartment in the noble mansion of M. Dantès, the Deputy from Marseilles, in the Rue du Helder. Every embellishment which art could invent, luxury court, wealth invoke, or even imagination conceive, seemed there lavished with a most prodigal hand. The soft atmosphere of summer, perfumed by the exotics of a neighboring conservatory, delighted the senses, the mild effulgence of gaslight transmitted through opaque globes of glass melted upon the sight, while sofas, divans and ottomans in luxurious profusion invited repose. To describe the rare paintings, the rich gems of statuary and the other miracles of art which were there to be seen would be as impossible as it would be to portray the exquisite taste which enhanced the value of each and constituted more than half its charm.

Upon one of the elegant sofas reclined Edmond Dantès, his tall and graceful figure draped in a dressing robe, while beside him on a low ottoman sat his beautiful wife, her arm resting on his knee, and her dark, glorious eyes gazing with confiding fondness into his face.

Mercédès was no longer the young, light-hearted and thoughtless being who once graced the village of the Catalans. Many years had flown since then and many sorrows passed over her. Each of these years and each of these sorrows, like retiring waves of the sea, upon the smooth and sandy beach, had left behind its trace. Mercédès was not now the young, light-hearted and thoughtless girl she once was; but she was a being far more perfect, far more winning, far more to be beloved—she was a matured, impassioned, accom-

plished, and still, despite the flight of years, most lovely woman. She was one who could feel passion as well as inspire it, and having once felt or inspired it, that passion, it was plain, could never pass lightly away. Her face could not boast, perhaps, that full and perfect oval which it formerly had, but the lines of care and of reflection, which here and there almost imperceptibly appeared, rendered it all the more charming. In the bold yet beautiful contour of those features, in the full red lips, in the high pale forehead and, above all, in those dark and haunting eyes lay a depth of feeling and profundity and nobleness of thought, which to a reflective mind have a charm infinitely more irresistible than that which belongs to mere youthful perfection. There was a bland beauty in the smile which slept upon her lips, a delicacy of sentiment in the faint flush that tinged her soft cheek, and a deep meaning in her dark and eloquent eye which told a whole history of experience even to a stranger; while the full and rounded outline of the figure, garbed in a loose robe of crimson, which contrasted beautifully with her luxuriant dark tresses, had that voluptuous development and grace which only maturity and maternity can impart to the female form. In short, never had Mercédès, in the days of her primal bloom, presented a person so fascinating as now. She was a woman to sigh for, perchance to die for, and one whom a man would willingly wish to love for, if he might but hope she would live for him, or, peradventure, he might even be willingly not only to risk, but ultimately to resign his life, would that fair being not only live for him, but love him with that entire and passionate devotedness which beamed from her dark eyes up into his who now gazed upon her as she sat at his feet. As for him, as for Edmond Dantès, his figure had now the same elegance, his hand the same delicate whiteness, his features the same spiritual beauty, his brow the same marble pallor, and his eye which beamed beneath its calm expanse the same deep brilliancy which, years before, had distinguished him from all other men and made the Count of Monte-Cristo the idol of every salon in Paris and the hero of every maiden's dream. Yet the face was not without its changes. Years, care, thought and sorrow had done their work; in the deep lines upon his brow and cheek, in the silvery threads which thickly sprinkled his night-black hair, and, more than all, in the mild light of those eyes which once glowed only with vindictive hate or gratified revenge and in the softened expression of those lips which once, in their stern beauty, had but curled with scorn or quivered with rage could be read that the lapse of time, though it might, indeed, have made him a sadder man, had made him also a better one.

The husband and wife were alone. They still loved as warmly as ever, and, if possible, more fondly than when first they were made one.

Dantès stretched himself out on the sofa, and Mercédès, dropping lower upon the low ottoman at his side, passed her full and beautiful arm around his waist and pressed her lips to his forehead. He returned the embrace with warmth, and placing his own arm about her form, drew it

closely to his bosom. Thus they remained, clasped in each other's arms, and thus they fixed on each other eyes beaming with love, passion, bliss, happiness unutterable.

"My own Edmond!" murmured Mercédès. "At length you are again with me—all my own!"

"Am I not always your own, dearest?" was the fond reply.

"But during the week past, I might almost say during the month past, you have been compelled to be so often absent from me."

"Ah! love, you know I was not willingly absent!" was the quick answer.

"No—no—no—but it was hardly the more endurable for that," said the lady, with a smile. "Oh, the anxiety of the last three days and nights! Dearest, I do believe I have not slept three hours during the whole of those three days and nights!"

"And I, dear, have not slept one!" was the laughing rejoinder.

"But all is over now, is it not?"

"In one sense all is over, and in another all now begins. The monarchy is ended in France, I believe, forever. The Republic of 1843 has begun, and, I trust, will prove lasting."

"And all the grand objects for which you have been striving with your noble colleagues for years and years are at length accomplished, are they not?"

"That is a question, love, not easily answered. That the cause of man and France has wonderfully triumphed during the past three days is, no doubt, most true. But this victory, love, I foresaw. Indeed, it was but the inevitable result of an irresistible cause. It was neither chance, love, nor a spontaneous burst of patriotism that, on the first day, filled the boulevards with fifty thousand blouses, which on the second won over to the people eighty thousand National Guards, and on the third choked the streets of Paris with barricades constructed by engineers and defended by men completely armed. The events of the last three days, Mercédès, have been maturing in the womb of Providence for the past ten years. It is their birth only which has now taken place, and to some the parturition seems a little premature, I suppose. This banquet caused the fright that hastened the event," added Dantès, laughing.

"You are very scientific in your comparisons," replied Mercédès, slightly blushing, "and I suppose I must admit, very apt. But tell me, love, is all over? That is, must you be away from me any more at night, and wander about, Heaven only knows where, in this dark and dangerous city, or Heaven only knows with whom or for what?"

Dantès kissed his fair wife, and, after a pause, during which he gazed fondly into her eyes, replied:

"I hope, I trust, I believe, dear, that all is over—at least all that will take me away from you, as during the past week. France has or will have a Republic. That is as certain as fate can make it. But first she will have to pass through strife and tribulation—perhaps bloodshed. The end surely, love, is not yet. But France is now comparatively free. The dreadful problem is now nearer solution than it ever was. Labor will hereafter be granted to all, together with the adequate reward of labor. Destitution will not be deemed guilt. The death-

penalty is abolished. The rich will not with impunity grind the poor into powder beneath their heels. Asylums for the suffering, the distressed, the abandoned of both sexes will be sustained. The efforts which, as individuals, we have some of us made for years to ameliorate the condition of mankind, to assuage human woes and augment human joys, will henceforth be encouraged and directly aided by the State. This Revolution, love, is a social Revolution, and during the sixty-four hours the Provisional Government was in session, in the Hôtel de Ville, I became thoroughly convinced that the thousands and tens of thousands who, with sleepless vigilance, watched their proceedings, had learned the deep lesson too well to be further deceived, and that the fruits of the Revolution they had won would not again be snatched from their lips."

"And the result of this triumph on the people you believe has advanced the cause of human happiness?" asked Mercédès.

"Most unquestionably, dear, and most incalculably, too, perhaps."

"All your friends are not as disinterested as you have been, Edmond," said Mercédès.

"And why think you that, my dear?"

"For six full years I know you have devoted all your powers of mind and body and all your immense wealth to one single object."

"And that object?"

"Has been the happiness of your race."

"Well, dear?"

"And now, when a triumph has been achieved—now, when others, who have been but mere instruments—blind instruments, many of them, in your hands to accomplish they knew not what— come forward and assume place and power—you, Edmond, the noble author and first cause of all, remain quietly in seclusion, unknown, unnamed, unappreciated and uncommended, while the others reap the fruits of your toil!"

"Well, dear?" said Dantès, smiling at the warmth of his wife in his behalf.

"But it is not 'well,' Edmond. I say no one is as disinterested as you."

"Ah! love, what of ambition?"

Mercédès smiled.

"Let me tell you all, love, and then you will not, I fear, think me disinterested," said Dantès seriously. "I should blush, indeed, at praise so little deserved. You know all my early history. I suffered—I was wronged—I was avenged. But was I happy? I sought happiness. All men do so, even the most miserable. Some seek happiness in gratified ambition, some in gratified avarice, some in gratified vanity, and some in the gratification of a dominant lust for pleasure or for power. I sought happiness in gratified revenge."

Mercédès shuddered, and, hiding her face on the bosom of her husband, clung to it more closely as if for protection. Dantès drew her form to his as he would have drawn that of a child, and continued:

"I sought happiness in vengeance for terrible wrongs, and to win it I devoted a life and countless wealth. What was the result? Misery!—misery!—misery!"

"Poor Edmond!" murmured Mercédès, clinging to him closer than ever.

"At length I awoke, as from a dream. I saw my error. My whole life had

been a lie. I saw that God by a miracle had bestowed on me untold riches for a nobler purpose than to make his creatures wretched. I saw that if I would be happy I must make others happy, and to this end—the happiness, not the misery, of my race—must my wealth and power be devoted. To this end, then, did I devote myself, and to this end, for six years, have I been devoted—to make myself happy by making others happy—you among the rest, dear, dear Mercédès," he added, pressing her to his bosom. "And am I then so disinterested?"

"But why should you achieve triumphs for others to enjoy, Edmond?" asked the wife.

"You refer to the Provisional Government," said Dantès with a smile. "Well, I see I must tell you all, even though by the revelation I prove myself utterly unworthy of the praise of disinterestedness. I may tell you, love—you my second self—without danger of being charged with egotism, what I might not say to others. Our friend Lamartine is the actual head of this Government. I had but to assent to the urgent entreaties to secure that position for myself. These appointments seem the result of nomination by the people. Yet they are not!"

"And why did you refuse to head the Government, Edmond?"

"I am ashamed to confess to you that I feared to accept," said Dantès after a pause. "My own selfishness, not, alas! my disinterestedness, has kept me from the post of peril. Perhaps, indeed, I can do far more for the cause of my race as I am than I could by sacrificing myself for office and position; at least, I hope so."

"Is the position of your friends then so perilous?" asked Mercédès.

"Dearest, they stand upon a volcano!" said Dantès, solemnly.

"Ha!" cried the lady in alarm.

"Mercédès — Mercédès!" continued Dantès with enthusiasm, "I sometimes am startled with the idea that to me have been entrusted the awful powers of foreknowledge, of prophecy, so fearfully true have some of my predictions proved! The events of the past week I foresaw and foretold, even to minute circumstances and the hours of their occurrence. And now—glorious as is the triumph that France and the cause of man have achieved—I perceive in the dim future a sea of commotion! All is not yet settled. Within one month, revolution will succeed revolution throughout Europe! Berlin, Vienna, and Madrid, perhaps also St. Petersburg, London, and all the cities of Italy, will be in revolt. All Europe must and will feel the events of the past week in Paris. Europe must be free!"

"And our friends—Lamartine—Louis Blanc?"

"Within six months Louis Blanc will be an exile, and Lamartine—he may be in a dungeon or on a scaffold!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mercédès, clinging yet more closely to her husband.

"But the cause of human happiness, human right and human freedom will live forever! That must be, will be eternal—as eternal, my adored Mercédès, as is our own deathless love!"

Death of the King's Mistress

A YEAR had elapsed since the death of Charles IX., and the accession of his successor.

King Henry III., of France, happily reigning by the grace of God and his mother Catherine, had gone in a fine procession in honor of Notre-Dame de Clery.

He had gone on foot with the queen, his wife, and all the court.

King Henry III. was able to afford himself this little pastime, for no serious business occupied him at the moment: the king of Navarre was in Navarre, where he had so long desired to be; and they said was very much taken up with a beautiful girl of the blood of the Montmorencies, whom he called *la Fosseuse* (dimple-cheek). Marguerite was with him, sad and gloomy, and finding only in her beautiful mountains, not an amusement, but a soother of the two great griefs of human life—absence and death.

Paris was very quiet, and the queen-mother, really regent since her dear son Henry was king, resided sometimes at the Louvre, sometimes at the Hotel de Soissons.

One evening, when she was deeply occupied in studying the stars with Rene, whose little treason she had never detected, and who had been reinstated in her favor, she was informed that a man desired to see her who had a matter of the utmost importance to communicate.

She went hastily to her oratory, and found the Sirèe de Maurevel.

"HE is here!" exclaimed the ancient captain of the Petardiers, not giving Catherine time to address him, according to royal etiquette.

"What HE?" she asked.

"Who can it be, madame, but the king of Navarre?"

"Here?" cried Catherine. "Here!—he—Henry!—and what is the madman doing here?"

"If appearances may be trusted, he has come to see Madame de Sauve; if probabilities are considered, he comes to conspire against the king."

"How did you know he was here?"

"Because I saw him enter a house here yesterday, and, very soon afterward, Madame de Sauve joined him there."

"Are you sure it was he?"

"I waited until he came out. At three o'clock, the two lovers appeared. The king conducted Madame de Sauve to the wicket of the Louvre. There the porter, who is no doubt in her interest, admitted her, and she entered without interruption, and the king returned humming a tune, and with a step as free and unconcerned as if he were among his mountains in Béarn."

"And whither did he betake himself?"

"Rue de l'Arbre-Sec, to the hotel of the Belle Etoile, at the same man's where the two sorcerers lodged whom your majesty executed last year."

"Why did you not come and inform me the moment you first saw him?"

"Because I was not quite sure of my man."

"While now—"

"I am perfectly certain."

"You saw him, then?"

"Perfectly. I concealed myself at the wine shop in front of the house, and saw him enter the same place as on the previous night. Then, as Madame de Sauve was late, he imprudently put his face against the window on the first-floor, and then I had no further doubt. Besides, a few moments afterward, Madame de Sauve came and rejoined him."

"And do you think they will remain, as they did last night, until three o'clock in the morning?"

"It is probable."

"Where is the house you mention?"

"Near the Croix-des-Petits-Champs, close by Saint Honore."

"Very good!" replied Catherine. "Does Monsieur de Sauve know your handwriting?"

"No," said Maurevel.

"Sit down there and write."

Maurevel obeyed.

"I am ready, madame," said he.

Catherine dictated:

"While the Baron de Sauve is on service at the Louvre, his wife is with her lover in a house near the Croix-des-Petits-Champs, Rue Saint Honore. The baron will recognize the house by a red cross on the wall."——"Well?"

"Now make a second copy of this letter." Maurevel did so.

"Now," continued the queen, "let this billet be given adroitly to the baron, and let fall the other in the corridor of the Louvre."

"I do not understand."

Catherine shrugged her shoulders.

"You do not see that a husband who receives such a letter must be angry."

"In the king of Navarre's time he was not offended."

"Do you not know there is a great difference between a king and an exile? Besides, if he is not offended, you will be for him."——"I?"

"Yes; take four or six men, masked. You burst open the door—you surprise the lovers—you strike, in the baron's name, and the next day, the letter found in the Louvre proves that it is the husband who revenged himself, only it happened the lover was the king of Navarre; but who could think he was there, when every one believed he was at Pau?"

Maurevel bowed and withdrew.

Just as he quitted the Hotel de Soissons, Madame de Sauve entered the house of the Croix-des-Petits-Champs.

Henry was waiting for her.

"Have you been followed?" said he.

"No," said Charlotte, "not that I know of."

"I think I have; not only to-night, but last evening also."

"Oh, sire, you terrify me. I should be inconsolable if anything were to happen to you."

"Fear nothing, love," said the Béarnais, "three faithful followers watch over me."

"Only three?"

"Three are sufficient, when they are called De Mouy, Saucourt, and Barthelemy."

"Du Mouy is then at Paris? Has he, like you, some poor lady in love with him?"

"No; but a mortal enemy, whose death he has sworn to compass. Nothing else but hate makes men commit such follies as they commit in love."

"Thank you, sire!"

"Oh, I do not speak of our present follies, but those past and to come. But let us leave off this conversation, for my time is short."

"You leave Paris, then?"

"To-night."

"Your affairs in Paris are finished?"

"My only business was to see you."

"Gascon!"

"Mamie, it is true; but we have a few more hours to pass together, and then we separate forever."

"Oh, Henry," said Charlotte, "nothing but my love lasts forever."

It was arranged that Henry should leave the house at twelve o'clock, that he and his companions should escort Madame de Sauve to the Louvre, and should go from thence to the Rue de Cerisaie, where Maurevel dwelt.

The three Huguenots had been on guard about an hour when they saw a man, followed at some distance by five others, approach the door of the house, and apply successively several keys to the lock.

At this sight, De Mouy sprang from his concealment, and catching the man by the arm:

"Stay!" said he; "you do not enter there!"

The man started, and his hat fell off.

"De Mouy de Saint-Phale!" cried he.

"Maurevel!" thundered the Huguenot, brandishing his sword; "I sought you, and you come to find me!"

But he did not forget Henry, and turning to the window, he whistled like the Béarnese shepherds.

"That is sufficient," said he to Saucourt.

"Now then, murderer!"

Maurevel had time to draw a pistol from his belt, and leveling it at the young man:

"This time," said the king's slayer, "you are dead."

But De Mouy sprang on one side, and the ball passed by him.

"It is my turn now!" cried he; and he dealt Maurevel so terrible a thrust with his rapier, that it traversed his thick buff belt, and inflicted a severe wound.

Maurevel uttered so piercing a cry that his followers thought he was killed, and ran away down the Rue St. Honore.

Maurevel, seeing himself abandoned, took to flight, crying, "Help! help!"

De Mouy, Saucourt, and Barthelemy pursued him hotly.

As he entered the Rue de Grenelle, a man sprang out of a window on the first-floor.

It was Henry.

Warned by De Mouy's signal, and by the report of the pistol, that something had occurred, he hastened to the assistance of his friends.

Active and vigorous, he dashed after them sword in hand.

A cry guided him; it came from the Barrier des Sergens; it was Maurevel, who, hard pressed by De Mouy, called again for help.

He was forced to turn, or else be run through the back: he turned, therefore, and thrust fiercely at De Mouy, and pierced his scarf; De Mouy lunged in his turn, and a second time wounded him.

"At him—at him!" cried Henry.

De Mouy needed no exhortation: he charged Maurevel again, who, pressing his hand over his wound, took to flight once more.

"Kill him quickly!" cried the king. "Here are the soldiers!"

Maurevel, breathless and exhausted, could not go further; he fell on one knee, and presented his sword-point to De Mouy.

"There are only two!" cried he. "Fire—fire!"

Saucourt and Barthelemy had been carried away in pursuit of the other soldiers, so that De Mouy and the king found themselves opposed to four men.

"Fire!" cried Maurevel, while one of the soldiers prepared his arquebuse.

"Yes, but first die—assassin, murderer, traitor—die!"

So saying, De Mouy seized Maurevel's sword with one hand, and plunged his own so violently into his breast, that he pinned him to the earth.

"Take care—take care!" cried Henry.

De Mouy sprang back, leaving his sword in the body of Maurevel, for a soldier was in the act of firing at him.

Henry instantly passed his sword through the soldier's body, who fell, uttering a cry.

The two others betook themselves to flight.

"Come, De Mouy, come!" said Henry. "We have not a moment to lose; if we are recognized, we are lost!"

"One moment, sire, while I recover my sword. You do not suppose I would leave it sticking in the body of that wretch!"

He went toward Maurevel, who lay, to all appearance, deprived of motion, but the moment that De Mouy laid his hand on the hilt of the sword which had remained in his body, he raised himself, with the petronel in his hand, which the soldier had dropped as he fell, and placing the muzzle full against De Mouy's breast, pulled the trigger.

De Mouy fell without a cry. He was killed outright.

Henry rushed toward Maurevel, but he had fallen again, and the king's sword pierced only a dead carcass.

It was necessary for him to flee; the noise had attracted a great number of persons, and the guard might arrive. Henry then looked about him, to see if there was a face he knew, and gave a cry of joy, as he recognized Maitre la Huriere.

"My dear La Huriere, look after De Mouy, I pray you; although I have great fear that he is past hope. Have him taken to your house, and if he still lives, spare no expense—here is my purse: as to the other, leave the scoundrel to rot in the kennel like a dog!"

"But yourself?" said La Huriere.

"I have a farewell to make. I will hasten and be back with you in ten minutes. Have my horses ready."

Henry then hastened away in the direction of the little house in the Croix-des-Petits-Champs; but as he turned the corner, he stopped, in great alarm.

There was a great crowd before the door.

"What has happened in this house?" inquired Henry.

"Oh," replied a bystander, "a terrible affair, sir! A beautiful lady has been stabbed by her husband, to whom some one had sent a note, informing him that she was there with her lover."

"And the husband?" cried Henry.

"Has gone."

"The wife?"

"Is there still."

"Dead?"

"Not yet; but there is no hope."

"Oh," exclaimed Henry, "cursed fate!" and he rushed into the house.

The room was filled with people, all surrounding the bed on which lay poor Charlotte, stabbed with two blows of a poniard. Her husband, who had for two years concealed his jealousy of Henry, had seized this opportunity of avenging himself.

"Charlotte, Charlotte!" cried Henry, falling on his knees at the bedside.

Charlotte opened her beautiful eyes, already veiled by death, and gave a cry which made the blood flow from her two wounds; and making an effort to rise, she said: "Oh, I was sure I could not die without seeing him once more!"

And, as if she had awaited the moment of Henry's coming to die, she pressed her lips on the king of Navarre's forehead, and murmuring for the last time, "I love thee!" fell back, and expired.

Theory of War

About the year 1799, a young citizen and a young royalist were discussing the period while traveling in a coach. "Citizen," said the young man with strange persistence, "I stand in need of correction. I left France two years ago, and during my absence so many things have changed, such as dress, morals, and accents, that even the language may have changed also. In the language of the day in France what do you call stopping coaches and taking the money which they contain?"

"Sir," said the young noble, in the tone of a man determined to sustain his argument to its end, "I call that war. Here is your companion whom you have just called general; he as a military man will tell you that, apart from the pleasure of killing and being killed, the generals of all ages have never done anything else than what the highwayman is doing."

"What!" exclaimed the young man, whose eyes flashed fire. "You dare to compare—"

"Permit the gentleman to develop his theory," said a dark traveller, whose eyes, unlike those of his companion, which dilated as they flamed, were veiled by long black lashes, thus concealing all that was passing in his mind.

"Ah!" said the young man in his curt tone, "you see that you, yourself, are becoming interested in the discussion." Then, turning to the young noble, whom he seemed to have selected for his antagonist, he said: "Continue, sir, continue; the general permits it."

The young noble flushed as visibly as he had paled a moment before. Between clinched teeth, his elbow on the table, his chin on his clinched hand, as if to draw as close to his adversary as possible, he said with a Provençal accent, which grew more pronounced as the discussion waxed hotter: "Since *the general* permits"—emphasizing the two words—"I shall have the honor to tell him and you, too, citizen, that I believe I have read in Plutarch that Alexander the Great, when he started for India,

took with him but eighteen or twenty talents in gold, something like one hundred or one hundred and twenty thousand francs. Now, do you suppose that with these eighteen or twenty talents alone he fed his army, won the battle of Granicus, subdued Asia Minor, conquered Tyre, Gaza, Syria and Egypt, built Alexandria, penetrated to Lybia, had himself declared Son of Jupiter by the oracle of Ammon, penetrated as far as the Hyphases, and, when his soldiers refused to follow him further, returned to Babylon, where he surpassed in luxury, debauchery and self-indulgence the most debauched and voluptuous of the kings of Asia? Did Macedonia furnish his supplies? Do you believe that King Philip, most indigent of the kings of poverty-stricken Greece, honored the drafts his son drew upon him? Not so. Alexander did as citizen highwayman is doing; only, instead of stopping the coaches on the highroads, he pillaged cities, held kings for ransom, levied contributions from the conquered countries. Let us turn to Hannibal. You know how he left Carthage, don't you? He did not have even the eighteen or twenty talents of his predecessor; and as he needed money, he seized and sacked the city of Saguntum in the midst of peace, in defiance of the fealty of treaties. After that he was rich and could begin his campaign. Forgive me if this time I no longer quote Plutarch, but Cornelius Nepos. I will spare you the details of his descent from the Pyrenees, how he crossed the Alps and the three battles which he won, seizing each time the treasures of the vanquished, and turn to the five or six years he spent in Campania. Do you believe that he and his army paid the Capuans for their subsistence, and that the bankers of Carthage, with whom he had quarreled, supplied him with funds? No; war fed war—the robber system, citizen. Let us pass on to Cæsar. Ah, Cæsar! That's another story. He left for Spain with some thirty millions of debt, and returned with practically the same. He started for Gaul, where he spent ten years with our ancestors. During these ten years he sent over one hundred millions to Rome, repassed the Alps, crossed the Rubicon, marched straight to the Capitol, forced the gates of the Temple of Saturn, where the treasury was, seized sufficient for his private needs—and not for those of the Republic—three thousand pounds of gold in ingots; and died (he whom creditors twenty years earlier refused to allow to leave his little house in the Suburra) leaving two or three thousand sesterces per head to the citizens, ten or twelve millions to Calpurnia, and thirty or forty millions to Octavius; always the robber system, save that robber, I am sure, would die sooner than subvert to his personal needs either the silver of the Gauls or the gold of the capital. Now let us spring over eighteen centuries and come to the General Buonaparté." And the young aristocrat, after the fashion of the enemies of the Conqueror of Italy, affected to emphasize the *u*, which Bonaparte had eliminated from his name, and the *e*, from which he had removed the accent.

This affectation seemed to irritate the young citizen intensely. He made a movement as if to spring forward, but his companion stopped him.

"Let be," said he, "let be. I am quite sure that citizen Barjols will not

say the General Buonaparté, as he calls him, is a thief."

"No, I will not say it; but there is an Italian proverb which says it for me."

"What is the proverb?" demanded the general in his companion's stead, fixing his calm, limpid eye upon the young noble.

"I give it in all its simplicity: 'Francesi non sono tutti ladroni, ma buona parte'; which means: "All Frenchmen are not thieves, but—"

"—A good part are?" concluded the citizen.

"Yes, 'Buonaparté,'" replied Alfred de Barjols.

Scarcely had these insolent words left the young aristocrat's lips than the plate with which the citizen was playing flew from his hands and struck De Barjols full in the face. The women screamed, the men rose to their feet. He burst into that nervous laugh which was habitual with him, and threw himself back in his chair. The young aristocrat remained calm, although the blood was trickling from his brow to his cheek.

At this moment the conductor entered with the usual formula:

"Come! citizen travellers, take your places."

The travellers, anxious to leave the scene of the quarrel, rushed to the door.

"Pardon me, sir," said Alfred de Barjols to the citizen, "you do not go by diligence, I hope?"

"No, sir, I travel by post; but you need have no fear; I shall not depart."

"Nor I," said the Royalist. "Have them unharness my horses; I shall remain."

"I must go," sighed the dark young man whom the citizen had addressed as general. "You know it is necessary, my friend; my presence yonder is absolutely imperative. But I swear that I would not leave you if I could possibly avoid it."

In saying these words his voice betrayed an emotion of which, judging from its usual harsh, metallic ring, it had seemed incapable.

Then, looking attentively at the two adversaries, he added with an indescribable note of tenderness: "Above all, citizen, do not let yourself be killed; but if it is a possible thing don't kill your adversary. Everything considered, he is a gallant man, and the day will come when I shall need such men at my side."

Two Fugitives

The inhabitants of Saint-Quentin, Protestant and Catholic, knew well what a terrible game they were playing, in opposing, to the triple Spanish, Flemish, and English army encircling the walls, that obstinate resistance over which the fortunes of Philip II. had triumphed.

They never dreamed therefore of asking for mercy, and according to all probability the conqueror never dreamed of granting it.

It was the nature of the wars of this period of 1557 to carry frightful reprisals in their train. In those armies composed of men of all countries, when

the *condottieri* of the same nation often fought against one another, and when money engagements were often badly enough kept by the contracting parties, pillage was considered in the accounts as a part of the pay, and became sometimes, in case of defeat, the only pay obtained; but in this case friends were pillaged instead of enemies.

The defence had been desperate everywhere except at the point where the Company of the Dauphin had weakened. The enemy occupied the Tour Rouge, the admiral, Coligny, Protestant, was taken, but fighting was still going on, not to save the city, but to kill or be killed, at the three breaches: those defended by Captain Soleil, the company of M. de la Fayette, and Dandelot, the admiral's brother, with the Catholic adventurer, Yvonnet.

The same was the case at several points of the city: the Spaniards, on penetrating into the square by the Rue du Billon, found bands of armed citizens defending the cross-roads of Cépy, and the entrance to the Rue de la Fosse.

However, at the cries of "City taken!" at the glare of the fire and the sight of the smoke, these partial resistances ceased; the breach of Captain Soleil was forced, then that of M. de la Fayette, then finally, the last, that of M. Dandelot.

According as these breaches were taken, great cries were heard, to which succeeded a gloomy silence; the cries were cries of victory, the silence was that of death.

The breach forced, its defenders butchered or held for ransom,—if their appearance showed they were rich enough to be ransomed,—the conquerors next rushed on the part of the city nearest the rampart they had first assaulted, and the pillage began.

It lasted five days; conflagration, violation, and murder, those devastating guests of cities taken by assault, walked along the streets, sat on the thresholds of ruined or deserted houses, and wallowed even on the bloody flagstones of churches.

Nothing was spared, neither women, nor children, nor old men, nor monks, nor nuns. In a feeling of piety for stones which he had not for human beings, Philip II. gave orders to respect the sacred edifices, fearing doubtless that the sacrileges committed would fall on his own head. The order was useless; nothing arrested the destruction spread by the hands of the victors. The church of Saint-Pierre-au-Canal was overturned as by an earthquake. The Collegiate church, perforated by cannon-balls, bereft of its magnificent stained glass windows, which were shattered by the discharges of artillery, was despoiled of its silver-gilt ciboriums, its silver vases and chandeliers; the grand Hôtel-Dieu was burned, and the hospitals of Les Belles-Portes, Notre-Dame, Lembay, Saint-Antoine, the convent of Beguines, and the house of the Seminary were heaps of ruins at the end of these five days.

Once the rampart was seized, once the resistance in the streets was annihilated, each thought only of submitting to his fate or escaping. Some offered their throats to the knife or halbred; others took refuge in caves or cellars, where they hoped to avoid the search of their enemies; others, in fine, glided down the walls, hoping to be able to pass between the three

armies, which were not very closely united. But almost all those who adopted the last method of escape served as targets for the Spanish arquebusiers or the English archers, and very few ran the gauntlet of the bullets of the one or the arrows of the other.

The butchery went on then, not only in the city, but outside of the city, not only on the ramparts, but in the fosses, the meadows, and even in the rivers, across which some in their desperation tried to swim.

However, night fell, and the fusillades ceased for the time.

About three-quarters of an hour after nightfall, about twenty minutes after the last arquebuse-shot was heard, a slight shiver stirred the reeds on that part of the shore of the Somme extending from the sources of the Grosnard to the cutting made in front of Tourival in order to allow the waters of the river to flow into the fosses of the city.

This shiver was so slight that it would have been impossible for the most piercing eye or the most trained ear to distinguish, at ten paces distant, whether it was caused by the first breezes of the night, or by the movement of some otter engaged in the noctural exercise of fishing. All that could be seen was that it arose from the water, which was rather shallow at this spot, and also that, on reaching the outskirts of the reeds, it died away for some minutes, during which something like a body plunging might be heard; at the same time bubbles of water rose from the bottom of the river to the surface.

Some seconds after, a black point appeared in the middle of the channel of the river; but, remaining visible only as long as an animal requires to do in our atmosphere to breathe, it disappeared immediately.

Two or three times again at equal distances, without approaching either bank, and always following the current of the water, the same object disappeared to reappear again.

Then, in fine, the swimmer,—for, as he got farther from the grief-stricken city, and as a glance to the right and the left assured him that the two banks of the Somme were deserted, the individual whose course we are following appeared to have less dread of being recognised as belonging to the species of the animal kingdom which, by its own private authority, has declared itself the noblest,—then, in fine, we repeat, the swimmer swerved voluntarily from the right line, and after a few vigorous strokes, during which the top of his head alone appeared above the surface of the water, he approached the left bank of the river just at a spot where the shadow of a clump of willows rendered the darkness thicker still than in the open places.

He stopped a moment, held his breath, and, remaining as dumb and motionless as the gnarled trunk against which he leaned, he questioned with all his senses, rendered more subtle by the idea of the peril he had just escaped and that which still menaced him, the air, the earth, and the water.

Everything seemed silent and tranquil; the city alone, covered with a cloud of smoke through which sometimes rose a jet of flame, seemed, as we have said, to be struggling in the tortures of a ghastly agony.

The fugitive, however, from the very fact that he felt almost in safety, appeared to experience the keener regret

at abandoning thus a city in which he left, doubtless, memories of friendship or love dear to his heart.

But this regret, keen though it might be, did not for a moment inspire him with the desire of returning into the city; he was contented to heave a sigh, to murmur a name, and, after assuring himself that his poniard,—the only weapon left him, and suspended from his neck by a chain, which, although its material might be dubious during daylight, at night really looked like gold,—after assuring himself, we say, that his poniard could be easily drawn from its sheath and that a leather belt, to which he seemed to attach great importance, continued to clasp beneath his doublet the slender and flexible waist with which nature had endowed him, he ran towards the marshes of the Abbiette at that pace which is a medium between a run and an ordinary walk, and which modern strategy has baptised by the name of the gymnastic step.

For any one at all unfamiliar with the neighbourhood around the city, the road taken by the fugitive would not have been without peril. At the period during which the events occurred which we are relating, all that part of the left bank of the Somme, on which our nocturnal traveller was venturing, was filled with marshes and ponds that could only be crossed by narrow causeways. But what became a peril for an inexperienced man, offered, on the contrary, a chance of safety to one who was acquainted with the passes of the muddy labyrinth; and an invisible friend who followed our man with his eyes, and who anticipated danger to him from the course he was taking, would have been very speedily reassured.

In fact, without ever going aside for a single instant from the line of solid ground which he had to follow, in order not to sink in one of those morasses where the constable had lost so many soldiers, the fugitive crossed the marsh, always keeping the same step, and soon found himself on the first hillock of the undulating plain extending from the village of L'Abbiette to the mill of Cauchy, which, when covered with its harvests of wheat, has all the appearance of a tempestuous sea stirred by the wind.

However, as it was becoming rather difficult to keep up the same step among these harvests which had been partially mown by the enemy in order to obtain straw for their tents or food for their horses, the person whose adventurous course we have been following turned to the left, and was soon treading a well-beaten road; indeed, to meet this road was seemingly the principal object of the clever evolution he had just executed.

As always happens when an aim is reached, our explorer, as soon as he felt the pebbles of the highway instead of the stubbles of the plain under his feet, stopped some moments, for the purpose both of looking around him and recovering his breath; then he continued his way on a line that separated him further from the city than any of those he had taken so far. He ran in this fashion for nearly a quarter of an hour, then stopped anew, with eye fixed, mouth half open, and ear stretched.

To the right, a hundred yards away in the plain, stood the mill of Cauchy;

its immobility in the darkness gave it double its ordinary size.

But what had brought the fugitive to a standstill was not the sight of this mill, which did not seem to be unknown to him, and which doubtless appeared to him under its true form, not under the form of a giant, as in the case of Don Quixote; what had brought the fugitive to a standstill was a ray of light which suddenly flashed out through the door of the mill, and the noise of a little band of horsemen which reached his ear at the same moment, while a compact and moving mass, growing more and more visible to his eyes, was approaching in his direction.

There was no doubt it was a Spanish patrol which was beating up the country.

The fugitive started on his way.

On the left was the little wood through which two of the assailants had fled; this wood did not appear to be a stranger to the unknown traveller; he darted towards it with the rapidity of a startled deer, and found himself under the shelter of a copse of trees twenty or twenty-five years old, above which rose other mighty trunks that seemed like ancestors of all this little grove.

It was time; the troop was marching along the road, at about fifteen yards from him, at the moment when he vanished into the little wood.

Whether that he thought his power of hearing increased by contact with the ground, or that he believed there was more security in lying flat on his stomach than in standing erect, the fugitive threw himself on the earth, and remained as motionless and as silent as the trunk at the foot of which he was stretched.

Our man was not mistaken; it was a party of the enemy's cavalry which was scouring the country, and which, perhaps, having learned of the capture of the city by some messenger or by the flames and smoke which rose above the horizon, was going to claim its share of the booty.

A few Spanish words uttered by the troopers, as they passed within hearing of the fugitive, left no doubt as to their identity.

He became more motionless and dumb than ever.

He remained in this condition until these nocturnal prowlers were at a safe distance, until the sound of their voices had entirely faded and even the hoof-beats of their horses were no longer heard; then he raised his head, and either for the purpose of observing the best route to follow, so as to avoid such meetings in future, or to still the pulsations of his heart, whose violence denoted the strength of his emotions, he rose slowly, first on his knees, then on his hands, crept along for about six feet, and, feeling by the roughness of the roots springing from the earth that he was protected by the shadow of one of those immense trees towering here and there above the copse already mentioned by us, he turned round, and found himself sitting, with his back against the trunk and his face towards the road.

Only then did the fugitive feel like breathing freely, and, although his clothes were still wet with the waters of the Somme, he wiped his forehead covered with sweat, and passed his small

and elegant hand through the curls of his long hair.

No sooner had he finished this operation, which made him heave a sigh of contentment, than it seemed to him as if some object, moving above his head, was also caressing in similar fashion the fair locks of which he evidently, in the ordinary circumstances of life, took particular care.

Desirous to know what was this object, animate or inanimate, that ventured on such liberties, the young man—it was easy to guess, by the suppleness and elasticity of his movements, that the fugitive was a young man—threw himself backwards, and, leaning on his elbows, tried to distinguish in the thick darkness the object which for a moment had excited his curiosity.

But all around him was so sombre that he could only distinguish a straight line standing at one time vertically above his head, at another above his breast, and waving stiffly backwards and forwards at the will of the breeze that was drawing from the surrounding trees those vague, nocturnal murmurs which make the traveller shudder in spite of himself, disposed, as he is likely to be, to take them for the wailings of souls in pain.

Our senses, we know, are seldom sufficient singly to give us a clear idea of the objects with which they are brought in contact, and are rendered complete only by the aid of one another. Our fugitive therefore resolved to complete the sight by the touch, the eye by the hand; he stretched out his hand, and the result seemed to turn him to stone; then suddenly, as if he had forgotten that the precarious situation in which he was, enjoined silence and immobility, he uttered a scream, and rushed out of the wood, a prey to the most frightful terror.

It was not a hand that had just amorously caressed his black hair, it was a foot, and that foot belonged to a man who was hanged.

The stag started anew by the hounds does not clear the woods and bound over the plain more speedily than did a dark-haired young man, who appeared to be troubled with a violent nervous susceptibility.

The only precaution he took, when at the outskirts of the little coppice, was to turn his back on Saint-Quentin, and run in a direction opposite to the city; the only desire he appeared to have was to get away from there as soon as possible.

The fugitive consequently for more than an hour went at a pace that would have seemed impossible in the case of a professional runner, so that in three-quarters of an hour he had made nearly two leagues.

These two leagues accomplished, he found himself beyond Essigny-le-Grand, and on this side of Gibercourt.

Two things forced the fugitive to a momentary halt: first, his breath was failing him; next, the ground was becoming so uneven that it was necessary, I do not say to run, but even to walk with extreme caution, under penalty of stumbling at every step.

Consequently, it being clearly impossible to go farther, he lay down on one of the little knolls around him, panting like a stag at bay.

Besides, he had without doubt reflected that he must have long passed the Spanish outposts; and as to the hanged man, if he could have come

down from his tree and pursued him, he would not have waited three-quarters of an hour in leaving the other world and having his little fun in this one.

Our young fugitive might have made a reflection on this latter point which would have been still more correct; if the hanged were able to come down from the gibbet, whether that gibbet stretches out its dry and naked arm at the corner of a cross-road, or a leafy and succulent branch in the forest, the situation is not so agreeable for them that they would not descend on the first day, if they could. Now, if our calculation is correct, twenty days had elapsed between the battle of Saint-Quentin and the capture of the city; and since the man had remained patiently hanging from his rope for twenty days, it is probable that he would continue to do so, at least until the rope should break.

While our fugitive was recovering his breath, and no doubt giving way to the reflections we have just made, the church clock of Gibercourt struck eleven and three-quarters, and the moon was rising behind the woods of Rémigny.

As a result, when, after these reflections, the fugitive raised his head, he was able, in the light of the trembling moonbeams, to recognise the landscape of which he formed the most animated part.

He was on the field of battle, on the cemetery hastily constructed by Catherine de Laillier, mother of the Seigneur of Gibercourt; the little knoll on which he had sought a moment's repose was nothing else than the mound of a grave in which twenty French soldiers had found eternal rest.

It looked as if the fugitive could not get out of the funereal circle which seemed to surround him ever since he left Saint-Quentin.

However, as it appears that, for certain organisations, the dead bodies sleeping three feet under ground are less frightful than those swinging three feet above, our fugitive was satisfied this time with yielding to a nervous trembling accompanied by that little shake in the voice which denotes that an icy thrill is passing between the hide and the flesh of that poor animal, the most easily frightened of all next to the hare,—namely, man.

Then, though still breathing hard from the headlong race he had just finished, our fugitive strained his ears to listen to the cries of an owl that arose, regular and melancholy, from a clump of trees left standing as if to point out the centre of the cemetery.

But soon, closely as this doleful chant appeared to hold his attention, his brow became full of wrinkles, and his head turned slightly from right to left, as if his mind was affected by another sound blending with the one he was attracted by.

This noise was more material than the first; the first seemed to descend from heaven to earth, the second seemed to rise from earth to heaven. It was the noise of the far-away gallop of a horse so well imitated in the Latin language, according to the saying of professors, lost in admiration for two thousand years, in presence of the verses of Virgil:—

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

I would not dare to say that our fugitive knew this verse; but most un-

doubtedly he knew the gallop of a horse, for scarcely was the sound of this gallop perceptible to human ears when the young man was on his legs and questioning the horizon with his eyes. However, as the horse was not galloping on a highway, but on a dusty ground ploughed by the marches and counter-marches of the French and Spanish armies, and as this ground, furrowed by cannon-balls and covered with the remains of the harvest, had not the capacity of yielding a very clear sound, it happened that horse and rider were in reality much nearer the fugitive than the latter had in the beginning imagined.

The first idea that came to our young man was that the individual lately hanged whose acquaintance he had so unpleasantly made, having no confidence in his legs, on account of their stiffness, had borrowed from the stables of Death some fantastic steed or other, with whose aid he had pursued him; and the rapid march of the rider, the little noise made by the horse on the way, rendered this supposition possible, particularly in the case of a nervous organisation abnormally excited by the events that had just occurred and the lugubrious aspect of the theatre on which they were accomplished.

One thing was certain, however; namely, that horse and rider were very nearly within five hundred yards of the young man, and that the latter was beginning to distinguish them both, as far as it was possible to distinguish by the dim light of the moon, now in its last quarter, the spectres of a horse and his rider.

Perhaps, if the fantastic centaur had shaped his course twenty paces to the right or left of our fugitive, the latter would not have budged, and would have lain in the shadow somewhere between two tombs while the apocalyptic vision was passing, instead of taking to flight; but no, he was in a direct line with the course of the new-comer, and it was necessary to fly as quickly as possible, if he did not want to be treated by the infernal horseman as Heliodorus, twenty years before, had been treated by the heavenly horseman.

He gave one rapid glance towards the point of the horizon opposite him from which the danger came, and about three hundred yards in front of him, he perceived, like a gloomy curtain, the outskirts of the Rémigny woods.

He thought for a moment of making for the village of Gibercourt, or for the village of Ly-Fontaines, placed, as he was, midway between these hamlets, the first being on his right and the second on his left; but after calculating the distances, he recognised that he was at least five hundred yards from each of them, while it was hardly three hundred to the borders of the wood.

It was, then, to the wood he ran with the fleetness of a stag whom the pack, having missed the trail, has let rest for a few moments his stiffened limbs; but at the very moment our fugitive exchanged inaction for motion, it seemed to him that the rider uttered a cry of joy which had nothing human in it. This cry, borne to his ears by the vaporous wings of the night, gave fresh nimbleness to his feet; and as the noise of this chase frightened the owl hid in the clump of trees, who fled, uttering a last wail more doleful than the others, he envied those rapid and silent wings by whose aid the sombre bird of night

was soon lost in the curtain of woods stretched out before him.

But if the fugitive had not the wings of the owl, the horse of the rider pursuing him appeared to have those of the Chimæra; while leaping across the tombs, the young man cast a look behind him, and he saw horse and rider drawing nearer and nearer to him with frightful rapidity, and at the same time increasing enormously in size.

Moreover, the horse was neighing and the horseman was howling.

If the arteries of the temples of the fugitive did not beat so strongly, he would have understood that there was nothing supernatural in the neighing of the horse, and that the howling of the rider was simply the repetition of the word *Stop!* uttered in all sorts of tones, from that of entreaty to that of menace; but, as in spite of this ascending gamut, the fugitive, far from stopping, redoubled his efforts to gain the wood, the horseman also redoubled his efforts to reach the fugitive.

However, although the breathing of the latter was as hoarse as that of the quadruped pursuing him, he had managed to get within fifty yards of the outskirts of the wood; but then the horse and the horseman were not more than a hundred yards from him.

These last fifty yards were for the fugitive what the last fifty strokes are to a sailor tossed by the waves, and who must reckon on them as his sole chance of reaching the shore; and yet the shipwrecked sailor has this chance that, if his strength fail him, the flow of the tide may bear him to the strand alive, while no such hope could encourage the fugitive, if—as was more than probable—his legs failed him before reaching that blessed shelter where the owl had gone first, and seemed now to be mocking with her dismal voice his last impotent efforts.

With arms strained, body bent forward, parched throat, gasping breath, a tempestuous buzzing in the ears and a cloud of blood in the eyes, our fugitive was within twenty yards of the wood, when, turning round, he saw that the horse, which never ceased neighing, and the rider, who never ceased shouting, were within ten yards of him.

Then he made an effort to redouble his speed; but his voice died away in his throat, his limbs grew stiff. He heard something like the rumbling of the thunder behind him, felt something like a breath of flame on his shoulder, experienced a shock like that which a rock hurled by a catapult might have caused, and rolled, half-fainting, down into the ditch of the little wood.

Then he saw, as through a mist of flame, the rider get off his horse, or rather leap out of the saddle, run up to him, support, and raise him up, seat him on the slope, and, after examining him by the moonlight, suddenly cry out,—

"By the soul of Luther, it is our dear Yvonnet, the Catholic adventurer!"

At these words, the adventurer, who was beginning to recognise the fact that the rider was human, made an effort to collect his senses, riveted his haggard eyes on the person who, after such a savage chase, now addressed him with such reassuring words, and in a voice which the dryness of his throat rendered like the rattle of one in the last agony, murmured,—

"By the soul of the Pope, it is Monseigneur Dandelot, the admiral's brother!"

Chastelard

THE YOUTHFUL Chastelard was descended from the Chevalier Bayard and belonged to the household of Marechal of France Damville. Handsome, intelligent, dignified and daring, he was the type that would charm any female heart. He had lost his heart to Mary Stuart (now widow of Francis II of France) and poured it out in rhyme, but she had looked upon those flaming verses as only the fashion and good breeding of the period.

He was in the flush of his romantic love at the time of Mary's departure from France, as was also the very Marechal himself. The latter took him to Scotland not knowing of his rivalry. Duties forced Marechal to return to France, and the young handsome Chastelard was left in charge at Scotland.

The position of confidant, almost that of an ambassador, threw Chastelard constantly into the society surrounding the Queen, and, as in his capacity of poet she treated him fraternally, his unhappy passion increased and encouraged him to believe that Mary was not indifferent and that he might gain another title than that of "my poet," by which she frequently addressed him.

Emboldened by the Queen's affability, he stole into her chamber one evening and hid beneath her bed; but before she had dismissed her women, her lapdog began to bark and growl with such vehemence that her attendants were alarmed, and, searching the cause of the animal's excitement, discovered Chastelard. A woman easily forgives a wrong committed through love, and Mary Stuart, being more woman than queen, pardoned Chastelard. But her gentleness only served to increase the unfortunate gentleman's mistaken confidence; he attributed the sharp reprimand he received to the presence of her women, and was persuaded that had she been alone she would have forgiven the audacity. Three weeks later he again secreted himself in her room, but a maid, having occasion to go to the closet where he was concealed, discovered him after the Queen was in bed, and this time the officer of the guard was summoned and Chastelard delivered into his hands.

The moment was inauspicious; such a scandal occurring at a time when the Queen again contemplated matrimony would have proved fatal to her reputation and interest if the audacious lover had not been made to pay the full penalty of the law. Lord Murray took the matter in hand, and, deeming that a public trial alone could save his sister's reputation, he pushed the accusation of lese-majesty with such vigor that Chastelard was condemned to death. The Queen desired to commute his sentence to banishment and to send him back to France, but Murray convinced her that such use of the pardoning power would entail terrible consequences, and greatly against her desires she was forced to let justice take its course.

On mounting the scaffold which had been erected before the palace, Chastelard declined the services of a priest, and requested that Ronsard's "Ode to Death" be read to him. He listened

with evident pleasure, and when the reading was at an end, turned toward the Queen's windows and cried: "Farewell, most lovely and most cruel Queen! Farewell!" He then submitted himself to the executioner and died bravely without expressing either repentance or complaint. His death made a deep impression upon Mary, who grieved over the gallant gentleman's sad fate, feeling it the more keenly because she dared not be openly compassionate.

I. The Big Spider

If one passes in Marseilles from the Main street across Villeneuve place, and turns into Prison street, there appears a dirty old house just opposite this street, which upon a signboard bears the appellation: "The Big Spider." This house is a resort for sailors of the worst kind, and soon as darkness sets in, becomes crowded with customers, whose physiognomies are anything but encouraging. The worst of vices found here in the Big Spider their formation, and the scum of all parts of the world used to assemble here. In fact, the whole surroundings of that quarter were nicknamed "the spider quarter," and many a one who had entered the quarter with well-filled pockets never left it again. The "Spider's web" closed upon him, and he was lost, for the walls never betrayed what passed behind them, nor did the inhabitants feel any desire to do so.

In the dark smoky rooms alcoholic drinks were the principal beverage, and characterless women shared and indulged in the drunken revels. Continual strife and quarrels in which the knife was the chief weapon were always going on, while the police took good care not to come into contact with the guests of the Spider. At present, of course, the Spider's quarter has ceased to exist, and one who nowadays perceives the well-lighted streets, will hardly believe, what a place it formerly was—*tempora mutantur*. Whilst the Zouave Coucou took leave in the villa, a mixed company, like on all other nights, had gathered together in the Spider. English, French, Maltese, Italians and Spanish sailors sat round the heavy oak tables; girls in curious dresses, and whose painted cheeks showed plainly the traces of debauchery, thronged around a female card conjurer, who in a corner was performing her black art, whilst a woman with a harp was waiting with her old instrument till called upon to play or sing before the company. Here and there sat groups of men and women on whose foreheads vice was plainly written, and according as the dice rolled and the cards dropped, there could be heard curses and imprecations, as well as shouts of joy. The atmosphere was impregnated with the filthy oil of the dimly lighted lamps, the odor of alcoholic drinks and the poisonous smell of tobacco.

It was almost midnight when a newcomer entered. The man wore a short jacket, a red girdle held the dark trousers around the waist, and a broad-

brimmed oilcloth hat sat at an angle upon a head full of rich red-blonde hair. The beard of the man was red and thick, whilst his form showed that he was possessed of great muscular power.

It was plain that the stranger was an English sailor, and the sharp accent with which he gave his orders to the morose landlord of whom he demanded a mixture of rum and cordial, testified to this supposition. The host, who was a suspicious-looking individual with piercing black eyes, which wickedly squinted from under a pair of peculiar thick eyelashes, soon brought the drink to the sailor, and whilst placing the tin can containing the hot beverage on the table, he held out his right hand to receive payment; for in the Spider the rule is: "First pay and then you may drink." The sailor did not seem to relish this custom: he drew a heavy purse from his pocket, took out a gold piece and threw it on the table.

While the host took the gold piece, a louis d'or, and curiously looked at it, more than twenty eyes turned greedily upon the sailor; the customers of the Spider knew well the sound of the gold pieces. Out of pure mischief the host tried the sound of the gold piece again on the tin can, and then smilingly placed it in his pocket; again, suspicious looks turned upon the man who paid in gold, and their bewilderment was increased as the stranger refused the change. "Keep it for yourself," said he, loud enough to hear. The landlord, who understood many languages, shook his head and dryly replied:

"Keep your money, old fellow—I only take my due."

The Englishman felt vexed, struck with his fist on the table, took hold of the tin can and emptied the drink with one draught.

"You decline my money?" he asked with a strong English accent.

"I do not say so," added the host, in a half-satisfactory tone, "but to-day and to-morrow do not resemble each other, and what you bestow on me to-day you may rue to-morrow."

"That concerns no one but myself," exclaimed the sailor; "if I like to be generous, I have a right to be so. Yes or no — will you accept the money?"

"No—braggart, I do not need your money! The host of the Big Spider is richer than you!"

"Richer than I am? who the dickens can say so?" ejaculated the sailor in a rage, and pulling out his purse and opening it he threw all its contents on the table. A heap of gold rolled on the oaken surface, and with loud shouting the guests around the table jumped up.

Only the landlord looked upon it indifferently.

"Englishman, you are a fool," he muttered half aloud; "you wish to be duped under all circumstances! Beware!"

"Shut up," shouted the sailor, and turning toward the rest, he said in a low voice:

"Do you know what the host has just whispered to me? He cautions me to be on my guard; he seemingly believes that you intend to murder me in order to get my money!"

A death-like silence followed these bold words, and the eyes of all present turned with unmistakable eagerness upon

the heap of gold. Most of these miserable beings had already often bathed themselves knee-deep in blood; and therefore to commit murder was a bagatelle, as long as it brought profit.

The landlord, shrugging his shoulders, returned to his place near the door; he would let the sailor take his own part, if he really wanted to be stupid.

Now, a large fellow, a Provencale, approached and placed himself on a seat right before the Englishman, and was at once ready to take hold of the money.

"Old fellow," said he, grumbling, "is that lot of money really your own property?"

"Yes, all honestly earned money."

"Hm—that I care for but very little. Do you know, I am just at present short of cash, and I suppose you will not hesitate, to lend a friend a helping hand, eh? Well, then, I'll take just what I am in want of."

The hand of the Provencale selected a few gold pieces, but almost at the same time he shouted aloud and staggered back.

The sailor, with a vise-like grip, grasped the wrist of the intruder and he soon dropped the gold pieces.

The Provencale gnashed his teeth in rage, and, rubbing his bruised wrist, muttered:

"If you do not wish your sinful money to be touched, then you should not expose it so boastingly! You will not even assist me a little? It stands to reason that later on I will pay you everything back; well, are you satisfied?"

"No," replied the sailor coolly, "go to the devil! Away—do not touch my money; I can skin you!"

"Ah, that we shall soon see," loudly exclaimed the Provencale, and putting his hand in his pocket he produced a large knife. At the same time he uttered a few words to his comrades in their own jargon, and immediately the sailor was surrounded by a dozen men whose hands were armed with glittering knives.

The Englishman seemed, however, not in the least affected; he put the money all in one heap, and placing himself with his back toward the wall, he crossed his arms over his chest, and asked, scornfully:

"What do you mean to do? Are you ready to murder me?"

"Keep your peace, braggart! you wish to entice us with your money, Give us half of it, or you will not fare very well here. Well, are you willing to divide?"

"I don't know about that. If anybody in my part of the country says 'I will,' then he must prove that he is also able."

"What does this all mean? Do you think of defying us?"

"I am ready for you. Just come on, if you think proper!"

"Stand back, comrades!" exclaimed the Provencale, "I will teach him something better. Just wait, John Bull, you will soon know me; I'll get the best of you, and then we will divide the spoils."

"Yes, yes!" the others cried, "let us divide!"

"Keep quiet," said the Englishman, coolly. "You want a regular fight with knives, do you? Pah, I have no objection; but you will allow me, instead of using a knife, to make use of this weapon!" and thereupon he drew from

his pocket a small, brightly polished poniard about three or four inches long, which looked more like a lady's plaything than anything else.

The shabby lot laughed at him loudly; and, comparing the Catalonian knives they handled with the sailor's poniard, it appeared like a sewing-needle.

"Perhaps you think I am a tailor?" said the Provencale, scornfully; "and have you not also a measure in your pocket?"

"Large words, large knives, and that is all," said the sailor, contemptuously. "Listen. I make you an offer; if you can touch me, the money is yours; and mark well, not only half, but the whole of it!"

"Agreed. Comrades, step aside!"

With a push of his foot the Provencale cleared one of the tables, and the rest did the same in putting tables and chairs aside; and on this open space they all awaited the spectacle to take place. The host alone remained passive; he had seen enough of these occurrences, and was in nowise astonished. Even the female portion of the guests seemed to take an interest in the combat; everywhere you could see glittering eyes awaiting the spectacle to come, and now and then the call went forth: "The impertinent fool!" "Well, the Provencale will teach him better!" "Just look, the poniard is set with diamonds!" "Where could he have stolen it?" "Perhaps from his sweetheart, ha! ha! ha!"

One of the guests, however, does not share in the general noise. He was a man who sat at a side table, his head resting in both his hands, so that his face could not exactly be recognized. Raven black, long hair, slightly tinged with gray, fell down on his broad shoulders; the man wore sailors' clothes, but they looked tattered and worn out. Before him stood a large-half-emptied bottle, with liquor. He sat motionless, and, in spite of the noise around him, remained at the table without stirring. The glance of the English sailor was at different times directed toward him, and it even seemed as if he wanted to speak to him, but nobody noticed it.

Now the Provencale approached the Englishman. It was quite a sight to see him standing with spread-out legs, half-naked, hairy arms, muscular chest, the knife lifted up in his right hand, and a vulgar smile on his thick lips, and many a one would have considered twice before he ventured on such a task. His age was, no doubt, about forty, and his glaring eyes glanced continually from the Englishman to the gold, and then again at his comrades, as if intending to say:

"Just be a little patient, I'll procure the prize for us."

The Englishman too had arisen; his slender figure appeared almost meager when compared with his opponent, and yet his dark eyes looked around steadily and quietly. Either he plays with the danger threatening him, or he is not able to see it; one stroke of the Provencale was sufficient to batter down the Englishman, and what use is the neat little weapon in comparsion with the terrible large knife?

"Are you ready?" shouted aloud the Provencale.

"Yes, bandit," sounded loudly in reply.

The sailor leaned with his back to the

wall; a retrogarde movement was impossible and yet—yet the Provencale began to press him closely. The knife glittered—a jump—and the Provencale shrieked with pain, and sank to the ground. The poniard of the Englishman had penetrated deeply into the hand which held the knife; a dark stream of blood flowed from the wound, when the sailor drew out the point of the blade, and the Provencale screamed in his agony:

"Wait, miserable juggler, you will suffer for it."

Breathing heavily he stepped back a few paces, and again swinging his knife, he threw it quickly at the face of the sailor. The sailor had lifted his left hand, and in a second struck the weapon as it fell, the knife whirled around, and the next moment the Englishman caught it in his hand. Triumphantly he swung round the knife in his left, and the poniard in his right hand; the Provencale uttered a heavy curse, and withdrawing the knife from a comrade standing behind him, he began again to attack his opponent.

The Englishman allowed him to approach, but as soon as he was ready to jump at him, he threw away poniard and knife, took hold of the Provencale by his wrists, and as easily as if he were a child, pitched him right in the midst of bottles and glasses, placed upon a table some distance off.

The Provencale howled with rage; and the breaking of the bottles and glasses scattered the glass all over the place, cutting many bloody hands and heads. The giant bled from a wound on his forehead, and, turning to his comrades, he called aloud:

"Kill him, ye *canaille!* Can you look on quietly, when he is killing me?"

Irresolute, the crowd stared at the sailor, and he, taking advantage of the momentary quietness, jumped over the tables and benches into a corner, where the solitary guest sat, and placed his hand upon his shoulder:

"Up!" he called with penetrating voice, "up in the name of Manuelita!"

As if touched by an electric shock, the man jumped up, and, throwing one single glance at the sailor, he gave a yell and leaped right in the midst of the vagabonds, and with herculean power he knocked down all who were near him, crying with rage,

"Away with you, bandits! Whoever touches a hair on this man's head dies!"

As soon as the men heard the voice, they remained standing as if petrified, and even the most courageous turned pale.

"Jacopo!" went from mouth to mouth; "what the devil brought him here? Let us hasten to depart. See only how his eyes are rolling; he is once again in a passion!"

The other must have been aware of his ruling power over these miserable vagabonds, for he pulled the door open and peremptorily ordered them to leave the room, saying threateningly:

"March off, or I'll get you on the galleys again, which you ought never to have left!"

"We are going; pardon us!" cringingly replied the men; and like beaten dogs they all left quite hastily.

The Provencale lingered awhile at the door.

"How about the money?" he inquired, in dog-like submission.

"Throw it to the bandit outside the door, Jacopo," said the sailor, despisingly.

Jacopo took the money in both hands and scattered it in a large circle on the street.

Howling, shrieking, and with a tremendous noise, the bandits fought for the booty. Jacopo locked the door, closed the latch, and kneeling before the sailor whispered: "Master, what is it you demand of me?"

Who was Jacopo?

II. The Count of Monte-Cristo

About nineteen years ago, in February, 1829, Edmond Dantès, a prisoner for life in the Castle d'If, owing to his energy escaped from his jailers sewed up in a sack which had contained the corpse of his friend, the Abbe Faria. He was dragged by the jailers to the church yard of the Castle d'If, and there buried. The church yard of the Castle d'If, however, was the ocean! The waves were more merciful than man; they gave the deserted one a friendly reception, and washed him close to a ship, a genuine tartane, where in despair he called out for help. He waved the red sailor's cap which a sympathizing gust of wind had thrown down from a rock, and the men on board of the tartane saw it. "Courage!" they called to him. With a weak, despairing grasp he took hold of the rope which had been thrown toward him, and then became insensible.

When he came to he lay on the deck, and sympathizing sailors bent over him. They administered rum, they rubbed his benumbed body, and he who had first seen the unfortunate man, put his own woolen jacket around the man's shivering shoulders. This sympathizing sailor was called Jacopo; he was a powerful young fellow, with laughing blue eyes. When Edmond Dantès had recourse to stratagem, and, in order to remain alone at Monte-Cristo, leaped from the rock, it was Jacopo who picked him up, and only against his will left him again.

"Who knows whether you will not one time become a captain? Has not your countryman Bonaparte become emperor?"

Hereupon Jacopo almost went into hysterics; how could he become captain? no, so high he never climbed even in his boldest dreams; he felt satisfied if he only continued to have a place on the deck of a ship; then the ocean was his home, his family, his all!

Edmond Dantès had the name Jacopo fixed in his memory. He would, no doubt, have an after opportunity to reward the brave fellow.

Years had passed when Edmond Dantès, now the Count of Monte-Cristo, began to recollect the brave Corsican. He searched for him and said:

"Do you remember a sailor whose life you once saved, and who prophesied that you would become a captain?"

Jacopo blushed; no, he had not forgotten yet this prophecy.

"I knew this sailor," continued the count, "and received of him the commission to cancel his debt to you."

"His debt?" exclaimed Jacopo, not knowing the meaning thereof.

"Yes, your dream points to a captaincy, and I have the order to realize this dream."

"You! oh, do not make fun of me—"

"What are you thinking of? Look here, Jacopo, do you see this yacht which is now riding on the waves?"

"I see her. She appears to me slender and beautiful—she is a pearl of a vessel."

"I am glad that the yacht is to your taste; she is my property, and I appoint you as captain, if you have no objection!"

Jacopo became almost wild with joy. During the next few months the elegant yacht, called the Ice Bird, moved her wings actively, crossing every sea, and the captain was delighted with her.

When the count came to Paris, Jacopo received his dismissal, or rather his temporary freedom.

"Master," he asked, sorrowfully, "why do you send me away? Have you to complain of anything concerning me?"

"No, Jacopo; but at present I do not need the yacht any further; I intend for a time to remain in Paris."

"Well, at any rate, I will always be ready to obey your least hint," said the Corsican, with enthusiasm. "Command me, and I shall at once honor your call."

"How, who knows?" said Monte-Cristo, laughingly.

"What do you wish to say by that assertion, master? Do you believe Jacopo will be remiss in fulfilling his promise?"

"Who knows?" repeated the count, still laughing, and then drawing his pocket-book, he said in an earnest tone: "Jacopo, you have a secret."

"I?"

"Why avoid my question? Your blushing cheeks convict you of untruth, and then you ought to know me sufficiently; you know that my looks can penetrate the innermost of thy soul."

Jacopo bent down his head, turned the cap in his hand confusedly, and became red like a red garden flower.

"Am I tell you that I am able to read you to the bottom of your heart?"

"Master——"

"I read there a name——"

Jacopo trembled, and grasped a chair to support himself.

"It is the name of a woman."

"Master, master, I entreat you not to mention the name. I suffer enough without that."

The count's countenance grew gloomy.

"Jacopo," said he, peremptorily, "I am forbearing if anybody places confidence in me; irreconcilable if any one seeks to deceive me. I keep silent if you wish it, but we are forever separated. Farewell, you will never see me more!"

He turned to go, but the power which this singular man exercised over others was so great that Jacopo broke out into loud lamentations. He preferred to suffer anything rather than consent to constant separation.

"Say, master," he said, with a sigh, "am I able to leave you?"

Monte-Cristo smiled.

"You are a child," he then said. "You cannot bear to hear anybody speaking of your love, because you are forever separated from her."

"Oh, master, then you know everything."

"Listen to me. I am ready to tell you all I know. There below, in the Catalonian quarter of Marseilles, lives a fisherman's family; brave and diligent, they were never ashamed of their calling. They have worked day and night with boat and net, and accumulated a nice amount of property. The family consists of ten persons: father, mother, seven sons, and one daughter live in the modest but decent hut. The sons are strong and courageous fellows, who are not afraid of anybody; the daughter is charming with dark curly hair, her glowing sloe-black eyes and her marble white skin. Jacopo, am I to tell you the name of the little one?"

"Manuelita"—it sounded gently like a breath from the lips of Jacopo.

"You have liked this beautiful child since you first saw her, and one day you took heart and you went to Manuelita's father——"

"Who turned me out like a beggar," interrupted Jacopo, gloomily.

"That he did not do," continued the count, coolly. "He told you quietly Manuelita will not become a poor man's wife."

"And perhaps that was no insult?" continued Jacopo, vehemently. "All people cannot be rich."

"But Manuelita's father has also told you something else?" asked Monte-Cristo, quietly.

"Oh, yes," replied Jacopo, bitterly, "he called after me that if I came back with twenty thousand francs, then Manuelita should be mine. I earn such wealth! He was making sport of me."

And Jacopo stamped angrily, and uttered a heavy curse.

Monte-Cristo looked at him reflectively. Then he took a leaf from his pocket-book, which he held in his hand, and offering it to Jacopo, said:

"Here, take this."

"What am I to do with it, master?" asked Jacopo, astonished.

"Well, can't you read any more?"

"Oh, yes; I read an order for 20,000 francs to which your name is affixed."

"And payable at ——"

"Thomson & French, in Rome."

"You perhaps doubt whether these gentlemen will honor my signature?"

"Oh, master, your signature is as good as ready cash!"

"Well, then, go to the first banker you can find and have the check cashed."

Jacopo looked at the count quite bewildered, and thus the conversation about Manuelita was ended, and his master gave him simply an order.

"Am I to deliver the cash to you, master?" he asked, not being certain yet.

"No, not to me."

"To whom, then, otherwise, master?"

"To nobody."

"Yes, but, dear me, what is the money for?"

"You shall keep it."

"I?"

"Yes, you yourself."

"And what am I to do with it."

"You have to look for Manuelita's father, show him the money, and remind him of his pledge."

Pale, not able to utter a word, Jacopo

stared at the count. Monte-Cristo waited a moment, and then said, smilingly:

"Have you now understood me?"

"No, master—I do not comprehend—"

"Nay, one might almost believe that you have not a grain of sense. The amount is your property—you have deserved it honestly."

"I deserve it? Oh, you make sport of me! If I have done my duty, that is my best recompense."

"Yes, for your services as captain of the yacht. But there are also other services which cannot be paid for; submission, honesty, and courage cannot be paid for in gold, and in spite of the 20,000 francs I remain still your debtor."

"Oh, master, you make me feel ashamed!"

"Jacopo," said the count, sorrowfully, "do not speak like that. Of what value is money to me? I can give you still more, but to what purpose? You have enough to be happy; you have had a dream of domestic happiness, try to realize it! Your desires are moderate; you intend to work and be useful from morning to night, and as the only reward for your labor you require Manuelita's love. Have you any further wishes, my brave man?"

"No, none; only Manuelita!"

"Then take her, and be happy!"

Jacopo stared yet at his master rather doubtfully.

"What is it to be, Jacopo, yes or no?"

Instead of answering, Jacopo kissed the hand of his master.

"All right, Jacopo," said Monte-Cristo. "I only require one thing of you."

"Oh, speak—speak only!"

"I know, in case I came in a few months to Marseilles, you will hesitate to accompany me."

"I hesitate, master? How can you believe that? My life belongs to you!"

"No, Jacopo; from the moment you call Manuelita yours your life belongs to her. Do not take any oath, for you will never keep it. Did not even Peter deny the Lord three times? and Peter had no loving wife. In six, in twelve months, the thought of leaving Manuelita will surely make you unhappy; I know man, and I know you."

Jacopo looked toward the ground rather ashamed; he was aware that the count had spoken the truth.

"Nor do I demand that you should leave her."

Jacopo breathed a great deal easier.

"What am I to do?" he inquired hastily.

"Swear to me, that, at any day or any hour I should call on you in Manuelita's name to assist me, you will follow my orders!"

Jacopo lifted his right hand on high.

"Master, I swear it to you," said he, solemnly.

"I trust to your oath; go and be happy."

Overcome with joy Jacopo hastened to Marseilles, soon reached the Catalonian quarter, and greeted Manuelita with a bright smile.

The father of the beautiful Catalonian was on the point of becoming vexed when he saw Jacopo but soon became almost dumb, when the Corsican waved a well-filled purse and reminded him of his promise.

Scarcely a month elapsed before the marriage was celebrated, and happy

Jacopo led the beautiful Manuelita to the neat abode which he had prepared for her.

There have passed days and months full of undisturbed happiness. Jacopo bought a barge and baptized her Manuelita; he has sailed on the blue ocean and returned with a rich harvest of fish; prosperity reigns in the little cottage on the strand, and Manuelita is beautiful as the young day.

The count appeared one morning, when Jacopo was just ready for his fishing excursion.

"Will you accompany me?" he asked, laughingly.

The Corsican flushed, and Monte-Cristo said in a consoling tone: "Quiet yourself, I am only joking; what I want of you to-day will only take a short time."

When the Ice Bird with sails unfurled left Marseilles Jacopo felt somewhat dissatisfied with himself, and sometimes it appeared to him as if Manuelita had changed. Beautiful and lovely she still appeared, but her manner made on Jacopo some impression, and by degrees he found that others also thought his young, lovely wife had undergone a change. First, it was only hinted at, but afterward the talk spread and became louder that Manuelita deceived her husband; she loved another, Jacopo's friend; Jacopo did not at first mind this talk, but one evening he saw Manuelita fly at Parlo and offer him her sweet lips to kiss, and it enraged him to think that the people were in the right. He mastered with superhuman exertion all the thoughts that surged within him, and nobody might know that he was aware of the disgrace of his wife, nor that he contemplated an awful revenge. Why Manuelita betrayed him none could tell! He was a most faithful and indulgent husband; he would have gone for the beautiful Catalonian into the fire, and she—the lips which she offered him were soiled from the adulterous kisses of Parlo—the arm which she placed round his neck had also embraced Judas lovingly—she was a monster in enticing form. From this time, when Jacopo realized Manuelita's faithlessness he resolved to destroy her and her lover, and that the boat which bore the name of the faithless wife should become the instrument to carry out his revenge!

One morning Jacopo said to Manuelita:

"The weather is delightful; I think I shall take a fishing cruise, will you accompany me?"

Manuelita hesitated; she thought perhaps Parlo might visit her.

Jacopo noticed her hesitation, and said with a smile that tore his heart into pieces:

"I have also asked Parlo to accompany us because he is such good company!"

Manuelita's countenance began to beam, and Jacopo suffered the pains of torment when he perceived it, but took heart and said coolly:

"I shall in the meantime go to the shore to see whether the nets are all in proper condition."

He went, and when he after a while returned, and accidentally threw a glance at the window, he found Parlo in Manuelita's arms.

Pale as death and with tottering knees the unfortunate remained almost petrified on the spot, and when he revived a little and came ten minutes later into

the house he appeared gay, and nobody could guess what anguish of soul he suffered.

"Are you ready?" he inquired quietly.

"Yes," nodded Manuelita.

"Then let us go; the nets are all ready."

Like an automaton Jacopo walked along the shore between the guilty pair; he mechanically answered questions, and when Manuelita offered her lips for a kiss after helping her into the boat, he had sufficient power over himself to touch with his lips the false mouth.

The boat glided through the blue waves of the ocean; Manuelita's dark curls played with the wind, and Parlo was intoxicated with joy as he looked at her. Jacopo sat at the rudder and looked inquiringly at a small dark cloud which appeared on the horizon some distance off and quickly neared them.

The Corsican allowed the boat to go with full sail before the wind, and soon nothing but the sky and water could be seen.

Parlo and Manuelita, engaged with each other, did not perceive the change in the weather, and when they heard in the distance a hollow, rolling sound they quickly arose to their feet.

Manuelita trembled, and lifting her beautiful eyes to Jacopo she inquired anxiously:

"Jacopo, there is a storm coming on."

"Pah," replied the Corsican reassuringly, as he threw his net into the sea; "it is of no importance."

Jacopo was an experienced seaman; when he said the storm did not signify, you could depend on it that he was right. Manuelita saw that Jacopo was quite unconcerned, and looking at the roaring, rising waves she again grew calm and again watched Parlo. He also seemed careless; he laughed and joked, and behind Jacopo's back, stole many a kiss from his beloved.

A bright flash of lightning came down; the thunder rolled and the black, cloudy wall rose even higher on the blue horizon. Jacopo, however, did not mind it; he hummed a Corsican fisher-song and dipped his net into the sea. That he always drew it out empty did not trouble him; from time to time he threw unnoticed a glance at the others and gnashed his teeth.

Suddenly a heavy gale caught the foresail and tore it to shreds; the mainsail was also destroyed, then the foresail fell to the deck.

With a loud cry Manuelita sank on her knee and Parlo cried out terrified:

"Jacopo, we are lost!"

"Save us, Jacopo," sobbed the Catalonian, and then she made the sign of the cross and muttered a prayer, whilst the storm increased in fury.

Jacopo remained motionless. He took an axe and lifted it high in his right hand, whilst the boat tossed like a nutshell and the noise of the storm deadened all other sounds.

"The boat is too heavy," muttered Jacopo to himself, and swinging his ax he cut off the mizzen-mast close to the deck. Neither Parlo nor Manuelita said a word, and, engaged only with each other, believed that Jacopo was trying to save them, and only as the mast heavily struck the waves realized their peril.

The storm now absolutely controlled the light boat and twisted her round here and there; Jacopo lifted his ax again and cut down also the foremast.

"Parlo," shrieked Manuelita, despairingly, "save us—we drown!"

Parlo pretended that he did not hear these words, for Jacopo's curious fixed look had put him on his guard. Manuelita, overcome with fright, forgot everything, and, clasping her hand around Parlo's neck, she sobbed out:

"Save me—oh, save me, Parlo!"

Jacopo swung his ax afresh, but this time it remained deep in the keel of the ship, and now light dawned on Parlo. Jacopo meant to destroy them.

"Hold on, Jacopo," he called aloud despairingly, and tried to take hold of the ax.

The Corsican said not a word, but he, with his ax uplifted, kept Parlo at a distance, and then cut again into the keel, till a loud creaking was audible.

Jacopo had at last succeeded in his object—gurgling and roaring, the agitated waters rose through the leak in the ship, and Parlo shrieked like a madman.

"Jacopo—you carry us to destruction!"

Jacopo's pale features became at last animated; he threw himself on Parlo, grasped his shoulders, and, forcing him on the floor of the boat, pressed his knee on his chest.

"Manuelita!" he called, with a voice which sounded through the storm like a trumpet, "you shall be happy with your lover, miserable woman!"

Manuelita heard the words—she saw the quick-rising flood—she saw Jacopo kneeling upon Parlo's chest, and she understood all—all!

Higher and higher still rose the water, and now Jacopo laughingly left his rival—he was drowning in the waves.

Manuelita raised her folded hands in entreaty—then came a last shriek, a hoarse laugh, and the boat sunk, never to be seen again.

The next day the sea was serene and calm in the splendor of the rising sun, and a man engaged in fishing noticed a motionless body lying on the strand. Alarmed, he hastened to lift up the body, and recognized Jacopo!

Singularly enough, life was not quite extinct; the fisher brought the half-dead man to his house, and under the careful treatment of kind neighbors Jacopo soon revived as far as his body was concerned, but his mind remained affected.

A few days later the corpses of Parlo and Manuelita were driven on the strand, and now it was to nobody any more a riddle what caused Jacopo to become insane—had he not in one day lost the wife and the friend?

Jacopo's madness was of a quiet kind; for hours he would sit on the shore and watch the playful movements of the waves; sometimes he bent over the blue waters, as if he were in search of something, and then he shook his head sorrowfully. One day he sat again during a heavy gale on the strand; he saw a boat in which two men and a woman were sitting fighting with the waves and in his eyes it began to dawn all at once. He plunged into the water and had soon reached the boat. Breathless stood the people who saw it and noticed all his movements, and now they found him swimming toward the shore, holding a human figure in his arms, and loud hurrahs and rejoicing met him for his courage.

He had succeeded in saving the woman; the two men found a watery grave. In expectation of something, he knelt

down by the woman, and when she opened her eyes Jacopo uttered sorrowfully:

"It is not her," and then departed.

From this day Jacopo's madness was broken; he roamed about for days on the strand, but the veil which had clouded his mind was torn, and only when a storm raged it came over him like inspiration, and he ventured courageously upon saving the lives of those in danger.

Thus not a week passed in which Jacopo had not found opportunity to save people from shipwreck; the inhabitants on the strand surrounded him with a godlike veneration, and whenever a vessel was in danger there he was on the spot. Heaven seemingly favored him; hundreds he saved from a watery grave, and Jacopo clearly remembered the entire affair.

As it happened on that eventful morning, and in order to drown those recollections he became a drunkard. In this state the English sailor found him, in whom he recognized the voice of his beloved master, and his heart became animated with fresh hopes when he called him to his help.

Monte-Cristo put aside the long, entangled hair which hung down over the Corsican's face, and in a sorrowful tone compassionately moved by the sight, said to him:

"Jacopo, you have suffered heavily," the Corsican sobbed bitterly, and the count continued: "How long it is since I saw your bright face on the strand; at that time you were happy in the possession of Manuelita, and today I find you broken, despairing and alone!"

Jacopo could only go on sobbing and hot tears came down his pale, haggard cheeks.

"You have killed Manuelita," whispered the count softly.

Jacopo trembled.

"Who has told you, master?"

"Don't you know that I can read your soul?"

"Yes," nodded Jacopo, "I have killed her!"

"And do you regret the deed?"

"This question I cannot exactly answer," observed Jacopo timidly. "I was for a time insane, and often I wish I were it even now; the clouded mind was bliss compared with the terrible recollections which now break my heart! Oh, what wouldn't I give to have courage enough to take my own life, but I lack that courage; I suffer terribly, I cry, I wring my hands, and yet I live. Oh, the cowardice! who will save me from my own person?"

"I," said Monte-Cristo, earnestly.

"You, master? Yes, you are almighty, and if you like you are able to pull out of my bleeding wounds the painful darts which are tearing my heart. Pity me, count, and I am free."

Monte-Cristo's look rested pitifully upon the unfortunate, and his voice sounded soft and mild when saying:

"Jacopo, only to save you I came here."

"I feel it, I know it; oh, how kind you are!"

"Jacopo, when man is carried away by his passion and has done evil—what you have done was bad, because you did not possess the right to judge Manuelita, and you feel it by your remorse—then there is only one remedy, to atone for the sin——"

"Oh, mention the remedy, master!

It is singular, but since I have looked into your eyes and heard your voice, I have the sensibility as if the bloody fog which darkened my eyes has disappeared. I breathe again more freely, and my head is clear as it was previously, when I passed days on the ocean and saw nothing above me but heaven and sun. Master, tell me, what am I to do?"

"So much good, that evil may disappear before it."

"Alas, if I could do that! I have killed, and I am lacking the power to raise the dead."

"And if you could nevertheless atone for your crime?"

"Master, I hear your words, but their meaning is clouded for me; please speak plain to me, that I may understand you."

"Jacopo, life and death are related together, which, however, a secret and indissoluble union connect with each other. Not for nothing, I have put you here to risk; when I visited this cursed place, when I sounded my gold pieces, it happened only because I wanted to find out whether misery had also corrupted your soul."

"Oh," replied Jacopo, contemptuously, "it does not say much to have remained an honest man."

"You are too modest, Jacopo; I have found you again, as I left you ten years ago; now, listen, will you accompany me?"

Jacopo trembled all over.

"Leave Marseilles?" muttered he, in half suppressed words; "oh, master, if you would only know that it is my sole and only joy to wander on the strand, and that blue ocean which swallowed her up, to contemplate!"

"Jacopo, I have come here for the purpose to fetch you, because you once saved my life. I have been mistaken?"

Instead of an answer Jacopo made a bow, and taking the hands of his master, kissed them.

"Thanks, master," muttered he; "I am yours in body and soul."

The Slaughter

When the eastern army of Bonaparte was marching upon Jaffa, to the great delight of the soldiers, the clouds gathered over their heads and rain fell.

A delegation was sent to Bonaparte, asking permission for the army to take a bath.

Bonaparte granted the request, and ordered a halt, so each soldier removed his clothing and allowed the cool rain to fall upon his burning body. Then the army resumed its march, refreshed and cheerful, singing, as if with one voice, the "Marseillaise."

Abdallah's Mamelukes and cavalry were not willing to wait for the French here, but hastened into the city, firmly convinced that every Mussulman who is behind a rampart is safe.

This garrison at Jaffa which, intoxicated with fanaticism, was about to set at defiance the finest army in the world, was a strange medley, embodying as it did representatives from every part of the Orient—from the furthermost lim-

its of Africa to the furthest extremity of Asia. There were Mangrabins, with their black and white cloaks, and Albanians, with their long guns mounted in silver and incrusted with coral. There were Kurds, with their long lances adorned with bunches of ostrich plumes, and Aleppians, who all wore on one cheek or the other the mark of the famous button of Aleppo. There were men of Damascus, with swords of such finely tempered steel that they would cut a silk handkerchief floating in the air, and there were Natolians, Karamanians, and negroes.

It was the 3d of March, 1799, when the army arrived before the gates of Jaffa, and on the 4th the city was invested.

That same day General Murat made a reconnoissance around the ramparts, to ascertain where it would be best to make the attack.

On the 7th everything was ready for the bombardment; but before beginning that, Bonaparte concluded to try conciliatory measures, for he knew what a conflict with such a population would be, even if he came off victorious. So he dictated the following summons:

"God is merciful and compassionate."

"General Bonaparte, whom the Arabs have sur-named the Sultan of Fire, bids me remind you that Djezzar Pasha began hostilities in Egypt by taking the fortress of El-Arich; that God, who is always on the side of the right, gave the victory to the French army, which recaptured the fort. He also bids me inform you that he has come to Palestine to drive out the troops of Djezzar Pasha, who ought never to have entered it; that Jaffa is surrounded on all sides; that the batteries will in two hours proceed to destroy the walls and defenses of the city with shot and shell; that his heart is saddened by the thought of the injury that would befall the city and its inhabitants if it should be taken by assault, and that he consequently offers a safe-conduct to the garrison and protection to the inhabitants of the city, together with a postponement of the bombardment until seven o'clock in the morning."

This communication was addressed to Abou Saib, governor of Jaffa.

Bonaparte, turning to his dragoman, said:

"See if there is any Turk or Arab, or, in fact, any Mussulman who will undertake to deliver this message."

The dragoman repeated the question in a loud tone, and a Mameluke from the dromedary corps stepped forward.

"I will," he said.

The dragoman glanced inquiringly at Bonaparte.

"Tell him the risk he runs," said the commander-in-chief.

"The Sultan of Fire wishes you to know that you risk your life by undertaking this commission."

"What is written, is written!" answered the Mameluke, holding out his hand.

A trumpeter and a white flag were given to him.

They approached the town on horseback, and the gates opened to admit them.

Ten minutes afterward there was a great commotion on the ramparts directly in front of the general's camp, and the trumpeter appeared, dragged roughly along by two Albanians. They

made him sound his trumpet to attract the attention of the French, and he sounded the *diane*.

At that same instant, while all eyes were riveted upon that portion of the wall, a man appeared, holding in his right hand a severed head enveloped in a turban. He stretched his arms over the rampart, the turban slowly unrolled, and the head dropped to the bottom of the wall.

It was the head of the Mussulman who had taken the summons to surrender.

A few minutes afterwards the trumpeter emerged from the same gate through which he had entered, but he was alone.

The next day, at seven o'clock in the morning, six pieces of artillery began to thunder one after another.

By four o'clock the breach was practicable, and Bonaparte ordered the assault. He glanced around for his aide with the intention of giving him command of one of the regiments, but he was not there.

The carabineers and chasseurs of the 22d Light Brigade, supported by the artillery, rushed forward under command of General Rambeau, Adjutant General Netherwood, and Vernois.

They all mounted the breach, and in spite of the fierce fusillade that greeted them in front, and the shower of grape from some guns they had not been able to silence, a terrible fight was waged over the remains of the fallen town.

This fight lasted for at least a quarter of an hour without the besiegers being able to force an entrance through the breach or the besieged being able to drive the besiegers back.

All the fighting seemed to be centered at this point, when the aide suddenly appeared upon the dismantled walls waving a Turkish standard and followed by about fifty men.

"The city is taken!" he shouted.

This is what had occurred:

About six o'clock that morning he, on going down to the sea to bathe, had discovered a sort of breach at the angle formed by the intersection of one of the walls and a tower. He had first satisfied himself that this breach really led into the city; then he had taken his bath, returning to the camp just as the bombardment began.

"Fifty volunteers!" he shouted.

One hundred sprung forward.

"Fifty," he repeated, selecting every other man in order not to hurt any person's feelings. Then, taking two drummers and two trumpeters, he himself led the way, through the breach he had discovered, into the city.

His fifty men followed him. They soon met a squad of about one hundred Moslems carrying a flag.

These they quickly dispatched, and he took possession of the flag. It was this same flag that he had waved from the wall.

He was greeted with the enthusiastic shouts of the entire army; but he thought the time had now come to utilize his drums and trumpets.

The entire garrison was at the breach, anticipating no attack elsewhere, when they suddenly heard drums beside them and French trumpets behind them.

At the same time there came two discharges of musketry, and a shower of bullets fell upon the besieged, who turned only to see gun-barrels gleaming and tri-colored plumes waving on every side of them.

The smoke which the sea-breeze blew in upon them concealed the insignificance of the French force from them, and they fancied they had been betrayed. A terrible panic seized them, and they abandoned the breach.

But the aide had already sent ten of his men to open one of the gates, and Lannes' division had poured in through this gateway, so the Mussulmans met French bayonets where they had expected to find the way clear for flight.

With one of those reactions common to ferocious people who, as they never give quarter, expect none in return, they caught up their weapons with increased fury, and the fighting began again.

Bonaparte, ignorant of what was going on in the city, but seeing a dense smoke rising above its walls, and hearing the continuous rattle of musketry, sent Eugene de Beauharnais and Croisier to ascertain the state of affairs.

They both wore upon their arms the scarf of an aide-de-camp, the insignia of their rank, and as they had been waiting with the utmost impatience for a word that would enable them to take part in the fight, they started off at a run, and did not pause until they had reached the very thickest of the fray.

They were recognized as envoys from the commander-in-chief, and as they were supposed to be the bearers of some message, the firing ceased for a moment.

Some of the Albanians could speak French, and one of them cried out:

"We will surrender if you promise that our lives shall be spared. If not, we will fight until the very last one of us is killed."

The two aids-de-camp had no means of knowing Bonaparte's secret wishes. They were both young, and the instincts of humanity were strong in their hearts; so they promised the poor fellows that their lives should be spared, though they had no authority to do so. The firing accordingly ceased, and the prisoners were taken to the French camp.

There were four thousand of them.

As for the soldiers, they knew their rights. The town had been taken by assault, and after the capture came the pillage.

Bonaparte was pacing to and fro in front of his tent with Bourrienne, his secretary, impatiently waiting for news, when he saw two large bodies of unarmed men leaving the town by two different gates.

One of them was led by Croisier; the other by Eugene de Beauharnais, son of Josephine.

The countenances of both young men were radiant with joy.

Croisier, who had not smiled since he had had the misfortune at one time to offend the commander-in-chief, was smiling now, for he felt confident that this fine prize would bring about a reconciliation between them.

But Bonaparte saw the whole situation at a glance, and turning very pale, he exclaimed, sorrowfully:

"What do they suppose I am going to do with those men? Have I food to give them? Have I vessels in which to send the poor wretches to Egypt or to France?"

The two young men paused a few yards from him. The stern expression of his face told them they had made a terrible mistake.

"What have you there?" he asked.

Croisier dared not reply; so Eugene answered for both:

"Prisoners, as you see, general."

"Did I tell you to take any prisoners?"

"You told us to stop the carnage as much as possible," responded Eugene, timidly.

"Yes, of women and children and aged men, of course, but not of armed soldiers. Do you know that you have made it necessary for me to commit a crime?"

The young men understood him, and shrunk back in dismay. Croisier could not control his feelings, and burst into tears. Eugene tried to console him, but he shook his head despondently, murmuring:

"It's all up with me. I shall allow myself to be shot the first chance I have."

Before deciding the fate of the unfortunate prisoners, Bonaparte concluded to call a council of war, but both soldiers and officers had remained in the city. The soldiers did not cease their deadly work until they became tired of slaughter.

There were five thousand dead, besides the four thousand prisoners.

The pillage continued all night.

Every minute or two shots were heard, and cries of anguish resounded incessantly in the streets, houses, and mosques. They were uttered by Moslem soldiers, who were being dragged from their hiding-places and cruelly slain; by persons who were endeavoring to protect their property; by husbands and fathers who were trying to save their wives or children from the brutality of the soldiers.

But the vengeance of Heaven was concealed under all this cruelty for, the plague was in Jaffa, and the army carried the germs of it away with them.

The prisoners, with their hands tied behind their backs, were all made to sit down together in front of the tents. Their faces were gloomy, rather from a presentiment of what was to come, than anger, however, for they had seen Bonaparte's countenance darken at the sight of them, and had heard, without fully understanding, the reprimand he had bestowed on the two young men.

Some of them ventured to say: "I am hungry;" others, "I am thirsty."

Water was brought to all of them, and each man received a piece of bread taken from the soldiers' rations, and this reassured them somewhat.

As fast as the generals returned they were requested to step into the tent of the commander-in-chief.

They deliberated there a long time without coming to any decision.

On the following day, when the reports of the generals of division came in, all complained of insufficient rations. The only soldiers who had eaten as much as they wanted were those who had been in the town during the fight and consequently had a right to their share of the plunder.

But these soldiers numbered barely one-fourth of the army, and all the rest grumbled at having to share their rations with enemies who had been rescued from legitimate vengeance, inasmuch as, according to the rules of war, Jaffa, having been taken by storm, all the soldiers within its walls should have perished by the sword.

Another council of war was convened, and five questions were submitted for consideration.

1st. Should the prisoners be sent to Egypt?

To do this a large escort would be required, and the French army was now none too strong to defend itself against the universal and bitter hostility of the country.

Besides, how could the Moslems and their escort be fed until they reached Cairo, traveling through an enemy's country which the French army had just devastated in its passage, when they had no food to give them on their departure?

2d. Should the prisoners be placed on shipboard?

Where were the ships? Where could any be obtained? The sea was deserted, and not a friendly sail was to be seen.

3d. Should they be restored to liberty?

In that case they would either go straight to Saint Jean d'Acre, to reenforce the pasha there, or to the mountains of Nabloos, after which the French would be subjected to a constant fusillade from invisible sharpshooters in every ravine.

4th. Should they be incorporated in the French army?

In that case the supply of provisions, which was already inadequate for ten thousand men, would be even more scanty for fourteen thousand. Besides, such comrades would prove dangerous in a hostile country, and would be almost certain to embrace the first opportunity to give death in exchange for the life which had been spared to them. What is a dog of a Christian to a Turk? Is it not a pious and praiseworthy deed in the eyes of the prophet to kill an infidel?

As the fifth question was about to be submitted, Bonaparte hastily rose.

"Let us wait until to-morrow," he said, though he himself did not know what could possibly be gained by waiting.

It was really for one of those mysterious chances which sometimes prevent the commission of a great crime, and which are styled interpositions of Providence.

But he waited in vain.

On the fourth day, the question which no one had dared to ask the day before, had to be answered.

"Should the prisoners be shot?"

The dissatisfaction was increasing, and the evil itself was growing. The soldiers might throw themselves upon the unfortunate creatures at any moment, and thus give the semblance of revolt and assassination to a measure that was really a necessity.

The decision was unanimous, with one exception.

One of the officers present did not vote at all.

The poor creatures were to be shot.

Bonaparte hurried from his tent and gazed out anxiously over the sea, as if hoping some relief might come from that quarter. A storm of grief and remorse was raging in his heart.

At that time he had not acquired the stoicism subsequently won on numerous battle-fields. This man, who afterward gazed unmoved upon Austerlitz, Eylau, and Moscow, had not yet become sufficiently familiar with death to draw such a prize to him without remorse.

On the vessel that transported him to Egypt, his compassion, like Cæsar's, had astonished everybody.

Of course it was inevitable that some

accident should occur during so long a voyage, and that a few men should fall into the sea.

This happened several times aboard the "Orient," and as soon as Bonaparte heard a cry of "Man overboard!" he rushed upon deck, if he did not happen to be there already, and ordered a boat lowered. He did not relax his efforts for an instant until the man was found and saved. Bourrienne, his secretary, was ordered to liberally reward all who had aided in the rescue, and if there chanced to be among them any sailor who had incurred punishment for neglect of duty, he forgave the offense, and made him a present of money besides.

One dark night a sound like that of a body falling into the water was heard, and Bonaparte rushed up on deck as usual, and ordered a boat to be lowered.

The sailors, knowing that they would not only be doing a good deed, but that they were sure to be liberally rewarded for it afterward, jumped into the boat without a moment's hesitation. After about five minutes Bonaparte's constantly reiterated question: "Is he saved?—is he saved?" was answered by loud shouts of laughter.

The man that had fallen into the water proved to be a quarter of beef from the store-room.

"Double the reward, Bourrienne," said Bonaparte. "It might have been a man, and the next time they might think it was a quarter of beef."

The order for the execution must come from him. He deferred giving it, and time was passing. At last he called for his horse, sprung into the saddle, took an escort of twenty men, and galloped off, crying:

"Do it!"

He dared not say, "Fire!"

The scene that ensued is one of those that can never be described. The great massacres of ancient times have no counterparts in modern history. Out of the four thousand a few escaped by throwing themselves into the water and swimming to reefs beyond rifle range.

The Italian Lover

THE Scottish Queen, Mary Stuart, was besieged with suitors at her court. Her beauty, grace, and charming personality lured many aspirants from the European royal powers.

The first was Archduke Charles, third son of the Emperor of Germany, the second, the Crown Prince of Spain, Don Carlos, who was afterward put to death by his father; and thirdly, the Duke d'Anjou, who later became Henri III. The English queen, Elizabeth, her implacable foe, however, objected to them all, and as to have married a foreign prince was to renounce her right to the English throne, Mary yielded to Elizabeth's wishes. At last Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennôx and a descendant of the royal family of Scotland, went with Elizabeth's permission to try his fortune at Holyrood.

Darnley was young, handsome, elegant, accomplished, and a clever and amusing talker, possessing in perfec-

tion the use of the attractive jargon affected by the nobles of the courts of France and England. Mary was charmed by his specious appearance, and failed to perceive that beneath it Darnley hid profound ignorance, doubtful courage, and a weak but brutal nature. In his pursuit of the Queen's heart Darnley did not disdain to ally himself with one of her secretaries, David Rizzio, who had great influence with her—an influence as singular as his rise to the position he held in her household.

David Rizzio, who played so prominent a rôle in Mary Stuart's life and whose extraordinary favor in her sight furnished her foes with such deadly weapons against her, was a son of a musician of Turin, who had given him an excellent education. At the age of fifteen he left home and went to Nice, where the Duke of Savoy then held his court; there, thanks to his proficiency as a musician, he entered the service of the Duke of Moreto, and when, some years later, the Duke was appointed ambassador to Scotland, Rizzio travelled in his suite to Edinburgh. As the young man played both the violin and rebec in a masterly manner, and was, moreover, possessed of a fine voice and sang delightfully ballads of which he composed both the music and the verse, the Duke spoke of him to the Queen, who desired to see him, and Rizzio was accordingly summoned to play before her Majesty. Being both shrewd and ambitious, the Italian saw a chance to better his position and exerted himself to the utmost to please; he succeeded so well that Mary asked him of Moreto, attaching no more importance to the request than if she had asked for a well-bred dog or a well-trained falcon, and Moreto, delighted with this opportunity of doing her a favor, at once acceded to her request.

Rizzio had been but a short time in the Queen's service before she perceived that music was the least of his accomplishments; that he had a fine education, a clear, quick mind, and a strong, patient character hidden under refined, almost effeminate manners. He recalled to her the Italian artists whom she had met at the French court; he spoke to her in the language of Marot and Ronsard, whose poems he knew by heart; he flattered her with the subtle grace of a courtier, and the Queen, who found little congenial society at Holyrood, soon became warmly attached to him, and, the secretaryship of foreign dispatches becoming vacant, she appointed him to the office.

Fearing some intrigue on the part of Elizabeth, Mary hastened the preparations for her marriage and it was celebrated with great pomp on the 29th of July, 1565, amid the rejoicing of the people and with the full approval of the majority of the nobility. On the eve of the wedding the Earl of Lennox and his son received orders to return to England, and a fortnight later they learned that Queen Elizabeth had wreaked her wrath at their disregard of her commands on the Countess of Lennox, the only member of the family who was within her reach, by committing her to the Tower.

Elizabeth, however, was not a woman to rest satisfied with so futile a revenge, and she soon released the Countess and turned her attention to Murray, and it was not long before she persuaded him to take up arms against

his sister. This was the first act of that hostility which proved fatal to Mary.

The Earl and his accomplices could not stand against the Queen's troops, and the campaign consisted in rapid marches and countermarches, which gained it the name of "the Runabout Raid." Driven out of Scotland, the nobles presented themselves before Elizabeth, who called them traitors in public and privately assisted them in accordance with her crafty nature.

Mary returned to Edinburgh overjoyed with the success of her first campaign, and little dreaming that it was the last favor fickle Dame Fortune would bestow upon her. She soon discovered that in wedding Darnley she had not given herself a gallant and devoted husband, but an imperious and brutal master, who, having no further reason for dissimulation, showed his true character; he drank, frequented low society, ate gluttonously, and made a contemptible spectacle of himself in many mean and vain ways, and grave differences soon arose in the royal household.

On marrying Mary, Darnley had not become king, but simply the Queen's husband, and in order to endow him with authority equal to that of a regent it was necessary that she should confer upon him the "Consort's Crown," which François II. of France had worn during his brief reign, and this, because of his conduct, Mary steadily refused to do. Astonished at such resolution in one who had loved him well enough to raise him to her side, and convinced that she was not acting independently, Darnley sought to discover the secret counsellor whose advice militated against him, and his suspicion fell upon David Rizzio.

From whatever source Rizzio's influence had its rise, whether he entreated like a lover or counselled like a minister, his advice was always for Mary's best interests, and bitterly regretful for his share in a marriage which he saw was destined to bring nothing but pain, humiliation, and sorrow to his beloved Queen, he urged her not to relinquish an iota of her authority to one who already possessed far more than he deserved in the possession of her person. Darnley, therefore, was not mistaken in thinking that he owed the failure of his ambitious projects to the opposition of the Italian.

Like all men of weak but violent character, Darnley doubted the existence of firmness and resolution in others; he could not conceive it possible for a woman to hold steadily to a course of action unless supported by some extraneous influence, and believing that if Rizzio were out of the way he could persuade his wife to accord him the "Consort's Crown," he made a contract with James Douglas, Earl of Morton, Lord Ruthven, and three other nobles to get rid of him by murder.

When Douglas and Ruthven had determined upon a plan for the assassination, they bargained with Darnley that, in payment for the bloody service they were to render him, he should obtain a pardon for Murray and the other nobles implicated in the "Runabout Raid." This Darnley agreed to do, and a courier was dispatched to the Earl apprising him of the cowardly deed about to be committed and advising him to make ready to return to Scotland. The conspirators then made Darnley

sign a statement acknowledging himself as the instigator and leader of the undertaking, and agreeing to furnish a sum of money for the payment of the hired assassins with whom they had reinforced their numbers. Darnley reserved the right to fix the time of the murder.

On the 9th of March, 1566, Mary, who had inherited the hatred for etiquette and the strong love of freedom and unconventionality which had distinguished her father, James V., invited half a dozen people, including Rizzio, to sup with her. Darnley, being early informed of the Queen's plans, communicated them to his confederates, with the promise that he himself would admit them to the palace between six and seven in the evening.

The day was gloomy and tempestuous, as the early days of spring are apt to be in Scotland; toward evening the wind redoubled in fury and snow began to fall heavily. Mary was with Rizzio all the afternoon, and Darnley, stealing frequently to listen at the private door, could hear soft laughter, with the sound of the guitar and the favorite's voice singing those sweet melodies which have come down to our own day, and which the people of Edinburgh still ascribe to him. They recalled to Mary her happy life in France and the artists who had come thither in the suite of the Médicis, but to Darnley they were an insult; the sound of their pleasure maddened him and fed the flame of his jealousy, and each time that he left the door he was more determined upon the Italian's death.

At the appointed hour the conspirators, who had received the countersign during the day, knocked at a door leading into an unfrequented part of the palace and were admitted by Darnley; the majority, numbering over a hundred, stole into an inner court, where they sought shelter from the storm and from prying eyes under a cart-shed. A single brilliantly lighted window gave upon this courtyard—it was that of the Queen's cabinet, wherein Mary with her ladies, her sister, Lady Argyle, and the doomed man sat at supper, and upon a given signal, which was to proceed from this window, the soldiers were to force the palace door and rush to the assistance of their leader.

Having given these instructions, Darnley conducted Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, Douglas, and Carew up a private staircase, dark and steep, into an apartment adjoining the Queen's cabinet and separated from it only by a tapestried door, which rendered it possible to hear all that was said by Mary and her guests, and to rush in upon them at an instant's notice.

After warning them that they were on no account to appear until he cried, "Help, Douglas," and going around by a private corridor so that, seeing him come in by the door he ordinarily used, the Queen's suspicions might not be aroused by his unforeseen visit, Darnley entered the cabinet.

The conversation around Mary's supper-table was gay and unrestrained by court etiquette; the company were in the best of spirits and had abandoned themselves to the delightful sense of well-being which one experiences when seated at a sumptuous table in a warm, bright room, while the wind is howling around the house and the sleet beating on the windows. Surprised by a silence which abruptly fell upon her

guests, and inferring from the direction of their glances that the cause of their disquietude was behind her, Mary turned and perceived Darnley leaning on the back of her chair. Noting the malignancy of his expression, she divined that something terrible was about to occur, and at once rose to her feet. At the same moment she heard a heavy, dragging step approach the cabinet, the portières separating it from the larger room beyond were pushed aside, and Lord Ruthven, who had risen from a sick-bed to do this murder, came in gaunt and ghastly, and drawing his sword, leaned silently upon it.

"What do you wish, my Lord Ruthven?" demanded the Queen, "and why do you appear at the palace in armor?"

"Question your husband, madam," replied Ruthven gruffly; "it is his place to answer that question."

"Explain this intrusion, my Lord," Mary demanded, turning haughtily toward Darnley; "what is the meaning of this unsolicited visit, this disregard of propriety?"

"It means, madam," answered Darnley, pointing toward Rizzio, "that that man must leave this room instantly."

"He shall not leave the room," replied the Queen; "I read his danger in your face, and it is my will that he remain here."

"Help, Douglas!" cried Darnley.

At these words the murderous nobles, who had been drawing nearer to Ruthven for some moments, fearing from the well-known fickleness of Darnley's character that he might not dare give the signal and so would have brought them there to no purpose, rushed into the room, overturning the supper-table and pushing the guests roughly aside. Rizzio, comprehending that it was his life that they sought, ran behind the Queen for shelter and protection, crying in Italian, "Giustizia! giustizia!"

The Queen, true to the gallant blood that flowed in her veins, stood before the trembling man and strove to protect him with the mantle of her majesty. But she relied too much upon the respect of these rough Scotch nobles, whose ancestors had been fighting against their kings for five centuries; they were not men to be balked by a helpless woman, even if she was their queen, and Andrew Carew, pointing his dagger at her breast, threatened her with instant death if she persisted in shielding the man whose life they had vowed to take. Then Darnley, regardless of the fact that the Queen was soon to become a mother, seized her around the waist and half carried, half dragged her away from Rizzio, while the bastard Douglas, fulfilling the priests' prophecy, sprang upon the luckless secretary and plunged a dagger into his breast. Rizzio sank to the ground, wounded, but not dead, whereupon they all fell upon him, struggled with him, and dragged him from the room, leaving upon the floor a long trail of blood, the stain of which may be seen to this day, and at the head of the grand staircase they killed him with fifty-one stabs. During all this time Darnley held the Queen, who, thinking all hope was not lost, never ceased to plead for mercy; finally Ruthven reappeared, ghastlier than ever, and on Darnley's inquiring if Rizzio was dead, merely nodded affirmatively, and then, unable to bear any further fatigue in his weakened condition, he calmly seated himself, although the Queen,

whom Darnley had released, was still standing.

"My Lord!" she cried indignantly, "who gave you permission to sit in my presence? What do you mean by such insolence?"

"Madam," responded Ruthven coolly, "I am not insolent, but exhausted, for I have taken, in your husband's service, rather more exercise than my doctors would recommend."

Then turning toward her lackey, he ordered a glass of wine, and showing his bloody dagger to Darnley, said as he drained the glass: "Here is the proof that I have earned it."

"My Lord Ruthven," cried the Queen, taking a step toward him, "it may be that being a woman I shall never find an opportunity to avenge this hour, but the child I bear, and whose life you should have respected, though you respect your Queen's so little, will one day make you pay dearly for these insults." Then with a menacing gesture she left the room by the private door, which she locked behind her.

Rizzio, being an Italian, his death was not avenged by the nobles of the Scottish court.

Mary Stuart closed the door upon that awful scene with but one desire in her heart—a burning desire for vengeance. But comprehending that she could not simultaneously wreak her wrath upon her husband and his accomplices, she brought into play all her charm of mind and person in order to win Darnley from his confederates. It was not a difficult task, for when the brutal rage which had driven him crazy subsided, he was horrified at the crime he had committed; and while his accomplices, united at the seat of the Earl of Murray, were planning to give him the coveted crown, Darnley, as unstable as violent, as cowardly as cruel, signed a treaty with Mary by which he engaged to betray his associates, and three days after the murder the conspirators learned that the leader had fled with the Queen to Dunbar.

From Dunbar a proclamation was issued, audaciously denying that Darnley had any knowledge of the late bloody business and calling upon the nobles to join her Majesty; even the Earl of Murray and his companions in the "Runabout Raid" were invited to come back and fight under the Queen's banner, a full pardon and the return of her confidence being promised then.

In this manner Mary succeeded in separating Murray's cause from that of Morton and the other assassins, and being joined by the Earl of Bothwell, whom she appointed Warden of the Marches, she raised an army of eight thousand men. The conspirators, finding their heads in danger, fled to England, where, notwithstanding the ostensible friendship of Elizabeth, Mary Stuart's enemies were always welcome.

Mary, who was always more woman than sovereign, no sooner felt herself once more firmly seated on her throne than she caused the body of Rizzio, which had been hurriedly buried at the gate of the church nearest Holyrood, to be exhumed and interred in the royal sepulchre.

Dormice

It was morning. The Count of Monte-Cristo had gone out by the Barrier d'Enfer, taking the road to Orleans. Leaving the village of Linas, without stopping at the telegraph, a signal tower of movable arms, which, at the moment the count passed, threw out its long, bony arms, he reached the tower of Montlhéry, situated, as every one knows, upon the highest point of the plain of that name. At the foot of the hill the count dismounted, and began to ascend the mountain by a little winding path; when he reached the summit he found himself stopped by a hedge.

Monte-Cristo looked for the door of the enclosure and was not long in finding it. It was a little wooden gate, working on willow hinges, and fastened with a nail and string. The count soon understood its mechanism, and the door opened. He then found himself in a little garden, bounded on one side by part of the hedge, in which was formed the ingenious machine we have named a door; and on the other, by the old tower, covered with ivy and studded with wild flowers.

The garden was crossed by a path of red gravel, edged by a border of thick box of many years' growth. This path was formed in the shape of the figure 8, thus, in its windings, making a walk of sixty feet in a garden of only twenty. Never had Flora been honored with a purer or more minute worship than that which was paid to her in this little enclosure. In fact, of the twenty rose-trees which formed the *parterre,* not one bore the mark of the fly, nor were there to be seen any of those clusters of green insects which destroy plants growing in a damp soil. And yet it was not because the damp had been excluded from the garden; the earth, black as soot, the thick foliage of the trees, told it was there; besides, had natural humidity been wanting it could have been immediately supplied by artificial means, thanks to a tank of water, sunk in one of the corners of the garden, and upon which were stationed a frog and a toad, who, from antipathy, no doubt, always remained on the two opposite sides of the basin. There was not a blade of grass to be seen in the paths, nor a weed in the flower-beds; no fine lady ever trained and watered the geraniums, her cactus, and rhododendrons with more pains than this hitherto unseen gardener bestowed upon his little enclosure. Monte-Cristo stopped after having closed the door and fastened the string to the nail and cast a look around.

"The man at the telegraph," said he, "must either engage a gardener or devote himself passionately to horticulture."

Suddenly he struck against something crouching behind a wheelbarrow filled with leaves; the something rose, uttering an exclamation of astonishment, and Monte-Cristo found himself facing a man about fifty years old, who was plucking strawberries, which he was placing upon vine-leaves. He had twelve leaves and about as many strawberries, which, on rising suddenly, he let fall from his hand.

"You are gathering your crop, sir?" said Monte-Cristo, smiling.

"Excuse me, sir," replied the man, raising his hand to his cap, "I am not up there, I know, but I have only just come down."

"Do not let me interfere with you in anything, my friend," said the count; "gather your strawberries, if, indeed, there are any left."

"I have ten left," said the man, "for here are eleven, and I had twenty-one, five more than last year. But I am not surprised, the spring has been warm this year, and strawberries require heat, sir. This is the reason that, instead of the sixteen I had last year, I have this year, you see, eleven, already plucked—twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen. Ah, I miss two! they were here last night, sir—I am sure they were here—I counted them. It must be the son of Mère Simon who has stolen them; I saw him strolling about here this morning. Ah! the young rascal! stealing in a garden, he does not know where that may lead him to."

"Certainly it is wrong," said Monte-Cristo; "but you should take into consideration the youth and greediness of the delinquent."

"Of course," said the gardener, "but that does not make it the less unpleasant.

"But, sir, once more I beg pardon, perhaps you are an officer that I am detaining here?" And he glanced timidly at the count's blue coat.

"Calm yourself, my friend," said the count, with that smile which at his will became so terrible or benevolent, and which this time beamed only with the latter expression; "I am not an inspector, but a traveller, conducted here by a curiosity he half repents of, since he causes you to lose your time."

"Ah! my time is not valuable," replied the man, with a melancholy smile.

"Still it belongs to government, and I ought not to waste it, but having received the signal that I might rest for an hour," (here he glanced at the sun-dial, for there was every thing in the enclosure of Montlhéry, even a sun-dial,) "and having ten minutes before me, and my strawberries being ripe, when a day longer—by the by, sir, do you think dormice eat them?"

"Indeed, I should think not," replied Monte-Cristo; "dormice are bad neighbors for us who do not eat them preserved, as the Romans did."

"Really! They can't be nice, though they do say, 'as fat as a dormouse.' It is not a wonder they are fat, sleeping all day, and only waking to eat all night. Listen; last year I had four apricots, they stole one. I had one nectarine, only one; well, sir, they ate half of it on the wall,—a splendid nectarine; I never ate a better."

"You ate it?"

"That is to say the half that was left,—you understand: it was exquisite, sir. Ah! those gentlemen never choose the worst morsels; like Mère Simon's son, who has not chosen the worst strawberries. But this year," continued the horticulturist, "I'll take care it shall not happen, even if I should be forced to sit up the whole night to watch when the strawberries are ripe."

Monte-Cristo had seen enough. Every man has a devouring passion in his heart, as every fruit has its worm; that of the man at the telegraph was horticulture. He began gathering the vine-

leaves which screened the sun from the grapes, and won the heart of the gardener.

"Did you come here, sir, to see the telegraph?" he said.

"Yes; if it be not contrary to the rules."

"Oh, no!" said the gardener, "there are no orders against doing so, providing there is nothing dangerous, and that no one knows what we are saying."

"I have been told," said the count, "that you do not always yourselves understand the signals you repeat."

"Certainly, sir, and that is what I like best," said the man, smiling.

"Why do you like that best?"

"Because then I have no responsibility, I am a machine then, and nothing else, and, so long as I work nothing more is required of me."

"Is it possible," said Monte-Cristo to himself, "that I can have met with a man that has no ambition?"

"Sir," said the gardener, glancing at the sun-dial, "the ten minutes are nearly expired, I must return to my post. Will you go up with me?"

"I follow you."

Monte-Cristo entered the tower, which was divided into three stages; the lowest contained gardening implements, such as spades, rakes, watering-pots, hung against the wall; this was all the furniture. The second was the usual dwelling, or rather sleeping-place, of the man; it contained a few poor articles of household furniture; a bed, a table, two chairs, a stone pitcher, and some dry herbs, hung up to the ceiling.

"Does it require much study to learn the art of telegraphing, sir?" asked Monte-Cristo.

"The study does not take long; it was acting as a supernumerary that was so tedious."

"And what is the pay?"

"A thousand francs, sir."

"It is nothing."

"No; but then we are lodged, as you perceive."

Monte-Cristo looked at the room.

They passed on to the third stage, it was the room of the telegraph. Monte-Cristo looked in turns at the two iron handles by which the machine was worked.

"It is very interesting," he said; "but it must be very tedious for a lifetime."

"Yes! at first my neck was cramped with looking at it, but at the end of a year I became used to it; and then we have our hours of recreation and our holydays."

"Holydays!"

"Yes."

"When?"

"When we have a fog."

"Ah! to be sure."

"Those are, indeed, holydays to me, I go into the garden, I plant, I prune, I trim, I kill the insects, all day long."

"How long have you been here?"

"Ten years, and five as a supernumerary, make fifteen."

"You are——"

"Fifty-five years old."

"How long must you have served to claim the pension?"

"Oh, sir! twenty-five years."

"And how much is the pension?"

"A hundred crowns."

"Poor humanity!" murmured Monte-Cristo.

"What did you say, sir?" asked the man.

"I was saying it was very interesting."

"What was?"

"All you were showing me. And you really understand none of these signals?"

"None at all."

"And have you never tried to understand them?"

"Never! why should I?"

"But still there are some signals only addressed to you."

"Certainly."

"And do you understand them?"

"They are always the same."

"And they mean——"

"*Nothing new; You have an hour;* or, *To-morrow.*"

"This is simple enough," said the count; "but look, is not your correspondent putting itself in motion?"

"Ah, yes; thank you, sir!"

"And what is it saying—any thing you understand?"

"Yes; it asks if I am ready."

"And you reply?"

"By the same sign, which, at the same time, tells my right-hand correspondent that I am ready, while it gives notice to my left-hand correspondent to prepare in his turn."

"It is very ingenious," said the count.

"You will see," said the man, proudly, "in five minutes he will speak."

"I have, then, five minutes," said Monte-Cristo to himself, "it is more time than I require.—My dear sir, will you allow me to ask you a question?"

"What is it, sir?"

"You are fond of gardening?"

"Passionately."

"And you would be pleased to have, instead of this terrace of twenty feet, an enclosure of two acres?"

"Sir, I should make a terrestrial paradise of it."

"You live badly on your thousand francs?"

"Badly enough; but yet I do live."

"Yes! but you have only a wretched garden?"

"True, the garden is not large."

"And, then, such as it is, it is filled with dormice, who eat every thing."

"Ah, they are my scourges."

"Tell me, should you have the misfortune to turn your head while your right-hand correspondent was telegraphing——"

"I should not see him."

"Then what would happen?"

"I could not repeat the signals."

"And then?"

"Not having repeated them, through negligence, I should be fined."

"How much?"

"A hundred francs."

"The tenth of your income—that would be fine work."

"Ah!" said the man.

"Has it ever happened to you?" said Monte-Cristo.

"Once, sir, when I was grafting a rose-tree."

"Well, suppose you were to alter a signal, and substitute another?"

"Ah, that is another case, I should be turned off and lose my pension."

"Three hundred francs?"

"A hundred crowns; yes, sir; so you see I am not likely to do any of these things."

"Not even for fifteen years' wages? Come, it is worth thinking about?"

"For fifteen thousand francs?"

"Yes."

"Sir, you alarm me."

"Nonsense!"

"Sir, you are tempting me?"

"Just so; fifteen thousand francs, do you understand?"

"Sir, let me see my right-hand correspondent!"

"On the contrary, do not look at him, but on this."

"What is it?"

"What! do you not know these little papers?"

"Bank-notes!"

"Exactly; there are fifteen of them."

"And whose are they?"

"Yours, if you like."

"Mine!" exclaimed the man, half-suffocated.

"Yes; yours—your own property."

"Sir, my right-hand correspondent is signalling."

"Let him!"

"Sir, you have distracted me, I shall be fined!"

"That will cost you a hundred francs; you see it is to your interest to take my bank-notes."

"Sir, my right-hand correspondent redoubles his signals, he is impatient."

"Never mind—take these;" and the count placed the packet in the hands of the man.

"Now this is not all," he said; "you cannot live upon your fifteen thousand francs."

"I shall still have my place."

"No! you will lose it, for you are going to alter the sign of your correspondent."

"Oh, sir, what are you proposing?"

"A jest!"

"Sir, unless you force me——"

"I think I can effectually force you"; and Monte-Cristo drew another packet from his pocket. "Here are ten thousand more francs," he said, "with fifteen thousand already in your pocket, they will make twenty-five thousand. With five thousand you can buy a pretty little house with two acres of land! the remaining twenty thousand will bring you in a thousand francs a-year."

"A garden with two acres of land!"

"And a thousand francs a-year!"

"Oh, heavens!"

"Come, take them!" and Monte-Cristo forced the bank-notes into his hand.

"What am I to do?"

"Nothing very difficult."

"But what is it?"

"To repeat these signs;" Monte-Cristo took a paper from his pocket, upon which were drawn three signs, with numbers to indicate the order in which they were to be worked.

"There you see it will not take long."

"Yes; but——"

"Do this, and you will have nectarines and all the rest."

The mark was hit; red with fever, while the large drops fell from his brow, the man executed, one after the other, the three signs given by the count, notwithstanding the frightful contortions of the right-hand correspondent, who, not understanding the change, began to think the gardener had become mad. As to the left-hand one, he conscientiously repeated the same signals, which were definitely carried to the Minister of the Interior.

"Now you are rich," said Monte-Cristo.

"Yes," replied the man, "but at what a price!"

"Listen, friend," said Monte-Cristo. "I do not wish to cause you any remorse; believe me, then, when I swear to you that you have wronged no man,

but on the contrary have benefitted mankind."

The man looked at the bank-notes, felt them, counted them; he turned pale, then red; then rushed into his room to drink a glass of water, but he had not time to reach the water-jug, and fainted in the midst of his dried herbs.

Five minutes after, the new telegraph reached the minister; Debray, his secretary, had the horses put to his carriage, and drove to Danglars, the enemy of Monte-Cristo, and banker unscrupulous.

"Has your husband any Spanish bonds?" he asked of the baroness.

"I think so, indeed! He has six millions' worth."

"He must sell them at whatever price."

"Why?"

"Because Don Carlos has fled from Bourges, and has returned to Spain."

"How do you know?"

Debray shrugged his shoulders. "The idea of asking how I hear the news!" he said.

The baroness did not wait for a repetition; she ran to her husband, who immediately hastened to his agent, and ordered him to sell at any price.

When it was seen that Danglars sold, the Spanish funds fell directly. Danglars lost five hundred thousand francs; but he rid himself of all his Spanish shares.

The same evening the following was read in "in Le Messager:"—

"Telegraphic despatch. The king, Don Carlos, has escaped the vigilance exercised over him at Bourges, and has returned to Spain by the Catalonian frontier. Barcelona has risen in his favor."

All that evening nothing was spoken of but the foresight of Danglars who had sold his shares, and of the luck of the stock-jobber, who only lost five hundred thousand francs by such a blow. Those who had kept their shares, or bought those of Danglars, looked upon themselves as ruined, and passed a very bad night.

Next morning "Le Moniteur" contained the following:—

"It was without any foundation that 'Le Messager' yesterday announced the flight of Don Carlos and the revolt of Barcelona. The king (Don Carlos) has not left Bourges, and the Peninsula is in the enjoyment of profound peace. The telegraphic signal, improperly interpreted, owing to the fog, was the cause of this error."

The funds rose one per cent higher than before they had fallen. This, reckoning his loss, and what he had missed gaining, made the difference of a million to Danglars.

"Good!" said Monte-Cristo to Morrel, his friend, who was at his house when the news arrived of the strange reverse of fortune, of which Danglars had been the victim, "I have just made a discovery for twenty-five thousand francs, for which I would have paid a hundred thousand."

"What have you discovered?" asked Morrel.

"I have just discovered the method of ridding a gardener of the dormice that eat his peaches."

The First Consul

THE year VII. of the French Republic saw Bonaparte in command of the city and army by appointment of the Council.

On entering the Rue de la Victoire, Bonaparte found Sebastiani's dragoons drawn up in line of battle. He wished to address them, but they interrupted him at the first words, shouting: "We want no explanations. We know that you seek only the good of the Republic. Vive Bonaparte!"

The cortège followed the streets which led from the Rue de la Victoire to the Tuileries, amid the cries of "Vive Bonaparte!"

General Lefebvre, according to promise, was waiting at the palace gates. Bonaparte, on his arrival at the Tuileries, was hailed with the same cheers that had accompanied him. Once there, he raised his head and shook it. Perhaps this cry of "Vive Bonaparte!" did not satisfy him. Was he already dreaming of "Vive Napoleon"?

He advanced in front of the troop, surrounded by his staff, and read the decree of the Five Hundred, which transferred the sessions of the Legislature to Saint-Cloud and gave him the command of the armed forces.

Then, either from memory, or offhand—Bonaparte never admitted any one to such secrets—instead of the proclamation which he had dictated to Bourrienne, his secretary, two days earlier, he pronounced these words:

"Soldiers—The Council of Ancients has given me the command of the city and the army.

"I have accepted it, to second the measures to be adopted for the good of the people.

"The Republic has been ill governed for two years. You have hoped for my return to put an end to many evils. You celebrated it with a unanimity which imposes obligations that I now fulfil. Fulfil yours, and second your general with the vigor, firmness, and strength I have always found in you.

"Liberty, victory, and peace will restore the French Republic to the rank it occupied in Europe, which ineptitude and treason alone caused her to lose!"

The soldiers applauded frantically. It was a declaration of war against the Directory, and soldiers will always applaud a declaration of war.

The general dismounted, amid shouts and bravos, and entered the Tuileries. It was the second time he had crossed the threshold of this palace of the Valois, whose arches had so ill-sheltered the crown and head of the last Bourbon who had reigned there. Beside him walked citizen Roederer. Bonaparte started as he recognized him, and said:

"Ah! citizen Roederer, you were here on the morning of August 10."

"Yes, general," replied the future Count of the Empire.

"It was you who advised Louis XVI. to go before the National Assembly."

"Yes."

"Bad advice, citizen Roederer! I should not have followed it."

"We advise men according to what we know of them. I would not give General Bonaparte the same advice I gave King Louis XVI. When a king has the fact of his flight to Varennes

and the 20th of June behind him, it is difficult to save him."

As Roederer said these words, they reached a window opening on the garden of the Tuileries. Bonaparte stopped, and seizing Roederer by the arm, he said: "On the 20th of June I was there," pointing with his finger to the terrace by the water, "behind the third linden. Through the open window I could see the poor king, with the red cap on his head. It was a piteous sight; I pitied him."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing, I could do nothing; I was only a lieutenant of artillery. But I longed to go in like the others, and whisper: 'Sire, give me four cannon, and I'll sweep the whole rabble out.'"

What would have happened if Lieutenant Bonaparte had followed his impulse, obtained what he wanted from Louis XVI., and *swept the rabble out,* that is to say the people of Paris? Had his cannon made a clean sweep on June 20th, would he have had to make another bloody day for the benefit of the Convention,—the Revolutionists?

While the ex-Syndic, who had grown grave, was outlining in his mind the opening pages of his future "History of the Consulate," Bonaparte presented himself at the bar of the Council of the Ancients, followed by his staff, and by all those who chose to do likewise. When the tumult caused by this influx of people had subsided, the president read over the decree which invested Bonaparte with the military power. Then, after requesting him to take the oath, the president added:

"He who has never promised his country a victory which he did not win, cannot fail to keep religiously his new promise to serve her faithfully."

Bonaparte stretched forth his hand and said solemnly:

"I swear it!"

All the generals repeated after him, each for himself:

"I swear it!"

The last one had scarcely finished, when Bonaparte recognized Barras' secretary, that same Bollot of whom Barras had spoken that morning to his two colleagues. He had come there solely to give his patron an account of all that was happening there, but Bonaparte fancied he was sent on some secret mission by Barras. He resolved to spare him the first advance, and went straight to him, saying:

"Have you come on behalf of the Directors?" Then, without giving him time to answer, he continued: "What have they done with that France I left so brilliant? I left peace; I find war. I left victories; I find reverses. I left the millions of Italy, and I find spoliation and penury. What have become of the hundred thousand Frenchmen whom I knew by name? They are dead!"

It was not precisely to Barras' secretary that these words should have been said; but Bonaparte wished to say them, needed to say them, and little he cared to whom he said them. Perhaps even, from his point of view, it was better to say them to some one who could not answer him. At that moment Sièyes rose.

"Citizens," said he, "the Directors Moulins and Gohier ask to be admitted."

"They are no longer Directors," said

Bonaparte, "for there is no longer a Directory."

"But," objected Sièyes, "they have not yet sent in their resignation."

"Then admit them and let them give it," retorted Bonaparte.

Moulins and Gohier entered. They were pale but calm. They knew they came to force a struggle, but behind their resistance may have loomed the Sinnamary. The exiles they sent there pointed the way.

"I see with satisfaction," Bonaparte hastened to say, "that you have yielded to our wishes and those of your two colleagues."

Gohier made a step forward and said firmly: "We yield neither to your wishes, nor to those of our two colleagues, who are no longer our colleagues, since they have resigned, but to the law. It requires that the decree transferring the legislative body to Saint-Cloud shall be proclaimed without delay. We have come here to fulfil the duty which the law imposes on us, fully determined to defend it against all factious persons, whoever they may be, who attempt to attack it."

"Your zeal does not astonish us," replied Bonaparte; "and because you are a man who loves his country you will unite with us."

"Unite with you! And why?"

"To save the Republic."

"To save the Republic! There was a time, general, when you had the honor to be its prop. But to-day the glory of saving it is reserved for us."

"You save it!" retorted Bonaparte. "How will you do that? With the means your Constitution gives you? Why, that Constitution is crumbling on all sides, and even if I did not topple it over, it could not last eight days."

"Ah!" cried Moulins, "at last you avow your hostile intentions."

"My intentions are not hostile!" shouted Bonaparte, striking the floor with the heel of his boot. "The Republic is in peril; it must be saved, and I shall do it."

"You do it?" cried Gohier. "It seems to me it is for the Directory, not you, to say, 'I shall do it!' "

"There is no longer a Directory."

"I did indeed hear that you said so just a moment before we came in."

"There is no longer a Directory, now that Sièyes and Ducos have resigned."

"You are mistaken. So long as there are three Directors, the Directory still exists. Neither Moulins, Barras nor myself, have handed in our resignations."

At that moment a paper was slipped in Bonaparte's hand, and a voice said in his ear: "Read it." He did so; then said aloud: "You, yourself, are mistaken. Barras has resigned, for here is his resignation. The law requires three Directors to make a Directory. You are but two, and as you said just now, whoever resists the law is a rebel." Then handing the paper to the president, he continued: "Add the citizen Barras' resignation to that of citizens Sièyes and Ducos, and proclaim the fall of the Directory. I will announce it to my soldiers."

Moulins and Gohier were confounded. Barras' resignation snapped the foundations of all their plans. Bonaparte had nothing further to do at the Council of Ancients, but there still remained much to be done in the court of the Tuileries. He went down, followed by

those who had accompanied him up. His soldiers no sooner caught sight of him than they burst into shouts of "Vive Bonaparte!" more noisily and more eagerly than ever. He sprang into his saddle and made them a sign that he wished to speak to them. Ten thousand voices that had burst into cries were hushed in a moment. Silence fell as if by enchantment.

"Soldiers," said Bonaparte, in a voice so loud that all could hear it, "your comrades in arms on the frontiers are denuded of the necessaries of life. The people are miserable. The authors of these evils are the factious men against whom I have assembled you to-day. I hope before long to lead you to victory; but first we must deprive those who would stand in the way of public order and general prosperity of their power to do harm."

Whether it was weariness of the government of the Directory, or the fascination exercised by the magic being who called them to victory—so long forgotten in his absence—shouts of enthusiasm arose, and like a train of burning powder spread from the Tuileries to the Carrousel, from the Carrousel to the adjacent streets. Bonaparte profited by this movement. Turning to Moreau, he said:

"General, I will give you proof of the immense confidence I have in you. Bernadotte, whom I left at my house, and who refused to follow us, had the audacity to tell me that if he received orders from the Directory he should execute them against whosoever the agitators might be. General, I confide to you the guardianship of the Luxembourg. The tranquillity of Paris and the welfare of the Republic are in your hands."

And without waiting for a reply he put his horse to a gallop, and rode off to the opposite end of the line.

Moreau, led by military ambition, had consented to play a part in this great drama; he was now forced to accept that which the author assigned him. On returning to the Louvre, Gohier and Moulins found nothing changed apparently. All the sentries were at their posts. They retired to one of the salons of the presidency to consult together. But they had scarcely begun their conference, when General Jubé, the commandant of the Luxembourg, received orders to join Bonaparte at the Tuileries with the guard of the Directory. Their places were filled by Moreau and a portion of the soldiers who had been electrified by Bonaparte. Nevertheless the two Directors drew up a message for the Council of the Five Hundred, in which they protested energetically against what had been done. When this was finished Gohier handed it to his secretary, and Moulins, half dead with exhaustion, returned to his apartments to take some food.

It was then about four o'clock in the afternoon. An instant later Gohier's secretary returned in great perturbation.

"Well," said Gohier, "why have you not gone?"

"Citizen president," replied the young man, "we are prisoners in the palace."

"Prisoners? What do you mean?"

"The guard has been changed, and General Jubé is no longer in command."

"Who has replaced him?"

"I think some one said General Moreau."

"Moreau? Impossible! And that coward, Barras, where is he?"

"He has started for his country-place at Grosbois."

"Ah! I must see Moulins!" cried Gohier, rushing to the door. But at the entrance he found a sentry who barred the door. Gohier insisted.

"No one can pass," said the sentry.

"What! not pass?"

"No."

"But I am President Gohier!"

"No one can pass," said the sentry; "that is the order."

Gohier saw it would be useless to say more; force would be impossible. He returned to his own rooms.

In the meantime, General Moreau had gone to see Moulins; he wished to justify himself. Without listening to a word the ex-Director turned his back on him, and, as Moreau insisted, he said: "General, go into the antechamber. That is the place for jailers."

Moreau bowed his head, and understood for the first time into what a fatal trap his honor had fallen.

At five o'clock, Bonaparte started to return to the Rue de la Victoire; all the generals and superior officers in Paris accompanied him. The blindest, those who had not yet understood the return from Egypt, now saw, blazing over the Tuileries, the star of his future, and as everybody could not be a planet, each sought to become a satellite.

The shouts of "Vive Bonaparte!" which came from the lower part of the Rue du Mont Blanc, and swept like a sonorous wave toward the Rue de la Victoire, told Josephine of her husband's return. The impressionable Creole had waited him anxiously. She sprang to meet him in such agitation that she was unable to utter a single word.

"Come, come!" said Bonaparte, becoming the kindly man he was in his own home, "calm yourself. We have done to-day all that could be done."

"Is it all over?"

"Oh, no!" replied Bonaparte.

"Must it be done all over again to-morrow?"

"Yes, but to-morrow it will be merely a formality."

That formality was rather rough; but every one knows of the events at Saint-Cloud.

One word more. The 20th Brumaire, at one o'clock in the morning, Bonaparte was appointed First Consul for ten years. He himself selected Cambacérès and Lebrun as his associates under the title of Second Consuls, being firmly resolved this time to concentrate in his own person, not only all the functions of the two consuls, but those of the ministers.

The 20th Brumaire he slept at the Luxembourg in president Gohier's bed, the latter having been liberated with his colleague Moulins.

Death of Hercules

Let us describe at once the combatants and the field of battle. Aramis and Porthos, the Musketeers, had gone to the grotto of Locmaria with the expectation of finding there their canoe ready armed, as well as the three Bretons, their assistants; and they at first hoped to make the bark pass through the little issue of the cavern, concealing in that fashion their flight. The grotto extended the space of about a hundred *toises,* to that little slope dominating a creek. Formerly a temple of the Celtic divinities, when Belle-Isle was still called Colonese, this grotto had beheld more than one human sacrifice accomplished in its mystic depths. The first entrance to the cavern was by a moderate descent, above which distorted rocks formed a weird arcade; the interior, very uneven and dangerous from the inequalities of the vault, was subdivided into several compartments, which communicated with each other by means of rough and jagged steps, fixed right and left, in uncouth natural pillars. At the third compartment the vault was so low, the passage so narrow, that the bark would scarcely have passed without touching the side; nevertheless, in moments of despair, wood softens and stone grows flexible beneath the human will. Such was the thought of Aramis, when he decided upon flight—a flight most dangerous, since all the assailants were not dead; and that, admitting the possibility of putting the bark to sea, they would have to fly in open day. Aramis, familiar with the windings of the cavern, he immediately commanded that the canoe should be rolled as far as the great stone, the closure of the liberating issue. Porthos collected all his strength, took the canoe in his arms, and raised it up, whilst the Bretons made it run rapidly along the rollers. They had descended into the third compartment; they had arrived at the stone which walled the outlet. Porthos seized this gigantic stone at its base, applied his robust shoulder, and gave a heave which made the wall crack. A cloud of dust fell from the vault, with the ashes of ten thousand generations of sea birds, whose nests stuck like cement to the rock. At the third shock the stone gave way, and oscillated for a minute. Porthos, placing his back against the neighboring rock, made an arch with his foot, which drove the block out of the calcareous masses which served for hinges and cramps. The stone fell, and daylight was visible, brilliant, radiant, flooding the cavern through the opening, and the blue sea appeared to the delighted Bretons. They began to lift the bark over the barricade. Twenty more *toises,* and it would glide into the ocean. It was during this time that the company arrived, was drawn up by the captain, and disposed for either an escalade or an assault. Aramis watched over everything, to favor the labors of his friends. He saw the reinforcements, counted the men, and convinced himself at a single glance of the insurmountable peril to which fresh combat would expose them. To escape by sea, at the moment the cavern was about to be invaded, was impossible. In fact, the daylight which

had just been admitted to the last compartments had exposed to the soldiers the bark being rolled towards the sea, the two rebels within musket-shot; and one of their discharges would riddle the boat if it did not kill the navigators. Besides, allowing everything,—if the bark escaped with the men on board of it, how could the alarm be suppressed—how could notice to the royal lighters be prevented? What could hinder the poor canoe, followed by sea and watched from the shore, from succumbing before the end of the day? Aramis, digging his hands into his gray hair with rage, invoked the assistance of God and the assistance of the demons. Calling to Porthos, who was doing more work than all the rollers—whether of flesh or wood—"My friend," said he, "our adversaries have just received a reinforcement."

"Ah, ah!" said Porthos, quietly, "what is to be done, then?"

"To commence the combat," said Aramis, "is hazardous."

"Yes," said Porthos, "for it is difficult to suppose that out of two, one should not be killed; and certainly, if one of us were killed, the other would get himself killed also." Porthos spoke these words with that heroic nature which, with him, grew grander with necessity.

Aramis felt it like a spur to his heart. "We shall neither of us be killed if you do what I tell you, friend Porthos."

"Tell me what?"

"These people are coming down into the grotto."

"Yes."

"We could kill about fifteen of them, but no more."

"How many are there in all?" asked Porthos.

"They have received a reinforcement of seventy-five men."

"Seventy-five and five, eighty. Ah!" sighed Porthos.

"If they fire all at once they will riddle us with balls."

"Certainly they will."

"Without reckoning," added Aramis, "that the detonation might occasion a collapse of the cavern."

"Ay," said Porthos, "a piece of falling rock just now grazed my shoulder."

"You see, then?"

"Oh! it is nothing."

"We must determine upon something quickly. Our Bretons are going to continue to roll the canoe towards the sea."

"Very well."

"We two will keep the powder, the balls, and the muskets here."

"But only two, my dear Aramis—we shall never fire three shots together," said Porthos, innocently, "the defense by musketry is a bad one."

"Find a better, then."

"I have found one," said the giant, eagerly; "I will place myself in ambuscade behind the pillar with this iron bar, and invisible, unattackable, if they come in in floods, I can let my bar fall upon their skulls, thirty times in a minute. *Hein!* what do you think of the project? You smile!"

"Excellent, dear friend, perfect! I approve it greatly; only you will frighten them, and half of them will remain outside to take us by famine. What we want, my good friend, is the entire destruction of the troop. A single survivor encompasses our ruin."

"You are right, my friend, but how can we attract them, pray?"

"By not stirring, my good Porthos."

"Well! we won't stir, then; but when they are all together——"

"Then leave it to me, I have an idea."

"If it is so, and your idea proves a good one—and your idea is most likely to be good—I am satisfied."

"To your ambuscade, Porthos, and count how many enter."

"But you, what will you do?"

"Don't trouble yourself about me; I have a task to perform."

"I think I hear shouts."

"It is they! To your post. Keep within reach of my voice and hand."

Porthos took refuge in the second compartment, which was in darkness, absolutely black. Aramis glided into the third, the giant held in his hand an iron bar of about fifty pounds weight. Porthos handled this lever, which had been used in rolling the bark, with marvelous facility. During this time, the Bretons had pushed the bark to the beach. In the further and lighter compartment, Aramis, stooping and concealed, was busy with some mysterious maneuver. A command was given in a loud voice. It was the last order of the captain commandant. Twenty-five men jumped from the upper rocks into the first compartment of the grotto, and having taken their ground, began to fire. The echoes shrieked and barked, the hissing balls seemed actually to rarify the air, and then opaque smoke filled the vault.

"To the left! to the left!" cried Biscarrat, captain of the enemy, who, in his first assault, had seen the passage to the second chamber, and who, animated by the smell of powder, wished to guide his soldiers in that direction. The troop, accordingly, precipitated themselves to the left—the passage gradually growing narrower. Biscarrat, with his hands stretched forward, devoted to death, marched in advance of the muskets. "Come on! come on!" exclaimed he, "I see daylight!"

"Strike, Porthos!" cried the sepulchral voice of Aramis.

Porthos breathed a heavy sigh—but he obeyed. The iron bar fell full and direct upon the head of Biscarrat, who was dead before he had ended his cry. Then the formidable lever rose ten times in ten seconds, and made ten corpses. The soldiers could see nothing; they heard sighs and groans; they stumbled over dead bodies, but as they had no conception of the cause of all this, they came forward jostling each other. The implacable bar, still falling, annihilated the first platoon, without a single sound to warn the second, which was quietly advancing; only, commanded by the captain, the men had stripped a fir, growing on the shore, and, with its resinous branches twisted together, the captain had made a flambeau. On arriving at the compartment where Porthos, like the exterminating angel, had destroyed all he touched, the first rank drew back in terror. No firing had replied to that of the guards, and yet their way was stopped by a heap of dead bodies,—they literally walked in blood. Porthos was still behind his pillar. The captain, illumining with trembling pine-torch this frightful carnage, of which he in vain sought the cause, drew back towards the pillar behind which Porthos was concealed. Then a gigantic hand issued from the shade, and fastened on the throat of the captain, who uttered a stifled rattle; his stretched-out arms,

beating the air, the torch fell and was extinguished in blood. A second after, the corpse of the captain dropped close to the extinguished torch, and added another body to the heap of dead which blocked up the passage. All this was effected as mysteriously as though by magic. At hearing the rattling in the throat of the captain, the soldiers who accompanied him had turned round, caught a glimpse of his extended arms, his eyes starting from their sockets, and then the torch fell and they were left in darkness. From an unreflective, instinctive, mechanical feeling, the lieutenant cried:

"Fire!"

Immediately a volley of musketry flamed, thundered, roared in the cavern, bringing down enormous fragments from the vaults. The cavern was lighted for an instant by this discharge, and then immediately returned to pitchy darkness rendered thicker by the smoke. To this succeeded a profound silence, broken only by the steps of the third brigade, now entering the cavern.

At the moment when Porthos, more accustomed to the darkness than these men, coming from open daylight, was looking round him to see if through this artificial midnight Aramis were not making him some signal, he felt his arm gently touched, and a voice low as a breath murmured in his ear, "Come."

"Oh!" said Porthos.

"Hush!" said Aramis, if possible, yet more softly.

And midst the noise of the third brigade, which continued to advance, the imprecations of the guards still left alive, the muffled groans of the dying, Aramis and Porthos glided unseen along the granite walls of the cavern. Aramis led Porthos into the last but one compartment, and showed him, in the hollow of the rocky wall, a barrel of powder weighing from seventy to eighty pounds, to which he had just attached a fuse. "My friend," said he to Porthos, "you will take this barrel, the match of which I am going to set fire to, and throw it amidst our enemies; can you do so?"

"*Parbleu!*" replied Porthos; and he lifted the barrel with one hand. "Light it!"

"Stop," said Aramis, "till they are all massed together, and then, my Jupiter, hurl your thunderbolt among them."

"Light it," repeated Porthos.

"On my part," continued Aramis, "I will join our Bretons, and help them to get the canoe to the sea. I will wait for you on the shore; launch it strongly, and hasten to us."

"Light it," said Porthos, a third time.

"But do you understand me?"

"*Parbleu!*" said Porthos again, with laughter that he did not even attempt to restrain, "when a thing is explained to me I understand it; begone, and give me the light."

Aramis gave the burning match to Porthos, who held out his arm to him, his hands being engaged. Aramis pressed the arm of Porthos with both his hands, and fell back to the outlet of the cavern where the three rowers awaited him.

Porthos, left alone, applied the spark bravely to the match. The spark—a feeble spark, first principle of conflagration—shone in the darkness like a glowworm, then was deadened against the match which it set fire to, Porthos en-

livening the flame with his breath. The smoke was a little dispersed, and by the light of the sparkling match objects might, for two seconds, be distinguished. It was a brief but splendid spectacle, that of this giant, pale, bloody, his countenance lighted by the fire of the match burning in surrounding darkness! The soldiers saw him, they saw the barrel he held in his hand—they at once understood what was going to happen. Then these men, already choked with horror at the sight of what had been accomplished, filled with terror at thought of what was about to be accomplished, gave out a simultaneous shriek of agony. Some endeavored to fly, but they encountered the third brigade, which barred their passage; others mechanically took aim and attempted to fire their discharged muskets; others fell instinctively upon their knees. Two or three officers cried out to Porthos to promise him his liberty if he would spare their lives. The lieutenant of the third brigade commanded his men to fire; but the guards had before them their terrified companions, who served as a living rampart for Porthos. We have said that the light produced by the spark and the match did not last more than two seconds; but during these two seconds this is what it illumined: in the first place, the giant, enlarged in the darkness; then, at ten paces off, a heap of bleeding bodies crushed, mutilated, in the midst of which some still heaved in the last agony, lifting the mass as a last respiration inflating the sides of some old monster dying in the night. Every breath of Porthos, thus vivifying the match, sent towards this heap of bodies a phosphorescent aura, mingled with streaks of purple. In addition to this principal group, scattered about the grotto, as the chances of death or surprise had stretched them, isolated bodies seemed to be making ghastly exhibition of their gaping wounds. Above ground, bedded in pools of blood, rose, heavy and sparkling, the short, thick pillars of the cavern, of which the strongly marked shades threw out the luminous particles. And all this was seen by the tremulous light of a match attached to a barrel of powder, that is to say, a torch which, whilst throwing a light on the dead past, showed death to come.

As I have said, this spectacle did not last above two seconds. During this short space of time an officer of the third brigade got together eight men armed with muskets, and, through an opening, ordered them to fire upon Porthos. But they who received the order to fire trembled so that three guards fell by the discharge, and the five remaining balls hissed on to splinter the vault, plow the ground, or indent the pillars of the cavern.

A burst of laughter replied to this volley; then the arm of the giant swung round; then was seen whirling through the air, like a falling star, the train of fire. The barrel, hurled a distance of thirty feet, cleared the barricade of dead bodies, and fell amidst a group of shrieking soldiers, who threw themselves on their faces. The officer had followed the brilliant train in the air; he endeavored to precipitate himself upon the barrel and tear out the match before it reached the powder it contained. Useless! The air had made the flame attached to the conductor more active; the match which at rest might have

burnt five minutes, was consumed in thirty seconds, and the infernal work exploded. Furious vortices of sulphur and nitre, devouring shoals of fire which caught every object, the terrible thunder of the explosion, this is what the second which followed disclosed in that cavern of horrors. The rocks split like planks of deal beneath the axe. A jet of fire, smoke, and *debris* sprang from the middle of the grotto, enlarging as it mounted. The large walls of silex tottered and fell upon the sand, and the sand itself, an instrument of pain when launched from its hard bed, riddled the face with its myriad cutting atoms. Shrieks, imprecations, human life, dead bodies—all were engulfed in one terrific crash.

The three first compartments became one sepulchral sink into which fell grimly back, in the order of their weight, every vegetable, mineral, or human fragment. Then the lighter sand and ash came down in turn, stretching like a winding sheet and smoking over the dismal scene. And now, in this burning tomb, this subterranean volcano, seek the king's guards with their blue coats laced with silver. Seek the officers, brilliant in gold, the arms upon which they depended for their defense. One single man has made of all those things a chaos more confused, more shapeless, more terrible than the chaos which existed before the creation of the world. There remained nothing of the three compartments—nothing by which God could have recognized His handiwork. As for Porthos, after having hurled the barrel of powder amidst his enemies, he had fled, as Aramis had directed him to do, and had gained the last compartment, into which air, light, and sunshine penetrated through the opening. Scarcely had he turned the angle which separated the third compartment from the fourth when he perceived at a hundred paces from him the bark dancing on the waves. There were his friends, there liberty, there life and victory. Six more of his formidable strides, and he would be out of the vault; out of the vault! a dozen of his vigorous leaps and he would reach the canoe. Suddenly he felt his knees give way; his knees seemed powerless, his legs to yield beneath him.

"Oh! oh!" murmured he, "there is my weakness seizing me again! I can walk no further! What is this?"

Aramis perceived him through the opening, and unable to conceive what could induce him to stop thus—"Come on, Porthos! come on," he cried; "come quickly!"

"Oh!" replied the giant, making an effort that contorted every muscle of his body—"oh! but I cannot." While saying these words, he fell upon his knees, but with his mighty hands he clung to the rocks, and raised himself up again.

"Quick! quick!" repeated Aramis, bending forward towards the shore, as if to draw Porthos towards him with his arms.

"Here I am," stammered Porthos, collecting all his strength to make one step more.

"In the name of Heaven! Porthos, make haste! the barrel will blow up!"

"Make haste, monseigneur!" shouted the Bretons to Porthos, who was floundering as in a dream.

But there was no time; the explosion thundered, earth gaped, the smoke which hurled through the clefts obscured the

sky; the sea flowed back as though driven by the blast of flame which darted from the grotto as if from the jaws of some gigantic fiery chimera; the reflux took the bark out twenty *toises;* the solid rocks cracked to their base, and separated like blocks beneath the operation of the wedge; a portion of the vault was carried up towards heaven, as if it had been built of cardboard; the green and blue and topaz conflagration and black lava of liquefactions clashed and combated an instant beneath a majestic dome of smoke; then oscillated, declined, and fell successively the mighty monoliths of rock which the violence of the explosion had not been able to uproot from the bed of ages; they bowed to each other like grave and stiff old men, then prostrating themselves, lay down forever in their dusty tomb.

This frightful shock seemed to restore to Porthos the strength that he had lost; he arose, a giant among granite giants. But at the moment he was flying between the double hedge of granite phantoms, these latter, which were no longer supported by the corresponding links, began to roll and totter round our Titan, who looked as if precipitated from heaven amidst rocks which he had just been launching. Porthos felt the very earth beneath his feet becoming jelly-tremulous. He stretched both hands to repulse the falling rocks. A gigantic block was held back by each of his extended arms. He bent his head, and a third granite mass sank between his shoulders. For an instant the power of Porthos seemed about to fail him, but this new Hercules united all his force, and the two walls of the prison in which he was buried fell back slowly and gave him place. For an instant he appeared, in this frame of granite, like the angel of chaos, but in pushing back the lateral rocks, he lost his point of support, for the monolith which weighed upon his shoulders, and the boulder, pressing upon him with all its weight, brought the giant down upon his knees. The lateral rocks, for an instant pushed back, drew together again, and added their weight to the ponderous mass which would have been sufficient to crush ten men. The hero fell without a groan—he fell while answering Aramis with words of encouragement and hope, for, thanks to the powerful arch of his hands, for an instant he believed that, like Enceladus, he would succeed in shaking off the triple load. But by degrees Aramis beheld the block sink; the hands, strong for an instant, the arms stiffened for a last effort, gave way, the extended shoulders sank, wounded and torn, and the rocks continued to gradually collapse.

'Porthos! Porthos!" cried Aramis, tearing his hair. "Porthos! where are you? Speak!"

"Here, here," murmured Porthos, with a voice growing evidently weaker, "patience! patience!"

Scarcely had he pronounced these words, when the impulse of the fall augmented the weight; the enormous rock sank down, pressed by those others which sank in from the sides, and, as it were, swallowed up Porthos in a sepulcher of badly jointed stones. On hearing the dying voice of his friend, Aramis had sprung to land. Two of the Bretons followed him, with each a lever in his hand—one being sufficient to take care of the bark. The dying rattle of the valiant gladiator guided

them amidst the ruins. Aramis, animated, active and young as at twenty, sprang towards the triple mass, and with his hands, delicate as those of a woman, raised by a miracle of strength the corner-stone of this great granite grave. Then he caught a glimpse, through the darkness of that charnel-house, of the still brilliant eye of his friend, to whom the momentary lifting of the mass restored a momentary respiration. The two men came rushing up, grasped their iron levers, united their triple strength, not merely to raise it, but sustain it. All was useless. They gave way with cries of grief, and the rough voice of Porthos, seeing them exhaust themselves in a useless struggle, murmured in an almost cheerful tone those supreme words which came to his lips with the last respiration, "Too heavy!"

After which his eyes darkened and closed, his face grew ashy pale, the hands whitened, and the colossus sank quite down, breathing his last sigh. With him the rock, which, even in his dying agony, he had still held up. The three men dropped the levers, which rolled upon the tumulary stone. Then, breathless, pale, his brow covered with sweat, Aramis listened, his breast oppressed, his heart ready to break.

Nothing more. The giant slept the eternal sleep, in the sepulcher which God had built about him to his measure.

An Act of Faith

SITTING at a desk in her prison room, writing, was one of the most beautiful and noble women of all time, Mary Stuart of Scotland.

The letter was to her confessor as the bitter jealousy of Elizabeth of England denied her the consolation of his presence.

The extreme penalty had been pronounced upon innocence and love by villainy and rancour.

The pen moved:

"DEAR AND REVEREND FATHER:—I have been harassed because of my religious beliefs and importuned to receive the ministrations of a heretic. You will learn from Bourgoin, my old servitor, that I was unmoved by anything they said, and that I made a firm declaration of the faith in which I propose to die. I requested that you be permitted to receive my confession and administer the sacrament, but that solace was cruelly refused me, as well as my requests that my body should be taken to France and that I be allowed to make my will without hindrance, so that I can write nothing save under their eyes and subject to their mistress' pleasure. Being thus prevented from seeing you, I here confess my sins in general, as I would have done in detail had the opportunity been given me, and I beseech you, in God's name, to watch and pray with me this night for the forgiveness of my sins, and to send me absolution, and your pardon for any wrong I may unwittingly have done you. I will strive to see you in their presence, as I am to be permitted to see my old steward, and if my endeavors are successful I will ask your

blessing on my knees before them all. Send me the most fervent and comforting prayers you know of for to-night and to-morrow morning, for my time is limited and I have not the leisure to write. Do not be troubled, for I have recommended you to the care of my friends, as I have all my household, and a benefice will certainly be given you. Farewell, for I have no more time to write; send me by the hand of the bearer such prayers and exhortations as are best suited to my state and eternal salvation. I send you my last little ring."

When she had finished this letter she set about making her will, and covered two large sheets of paper with the expression of her wishes regarding the distribution of her property; distributing the little that remained to her with scrupulous equity and rather according to the beneficiary's needs than his services. The executors she selected were her cousins, the Duke of Guise, the Archbishop of Glasgow, the Bishop of Ross, her first chaplain, and M. de Ruysseau, her chancellor; all four were eminently proper selections for the position, the first because of his rank and influence, the bishops because of their standing as pious, conscientious men, and the fourth because of his knowledge of her affairs. Her testament drawn, Mary wrote the following letter to the King of France:

"Honored Sir and Brother—Having by the will of God, and probably because of my sins, placed myself in the power of my cousin, Queen Elizabeth, and having for twenty years suffered grievously by her will, I am at last, by her, condemned to death. I asked for the papers which had been taken from me in order to make my last will, but this was denied me, as was permission to legally set forth my last wishes, and likewise my request that my body be taken to your kingdom, where I once had the honor to reign. My sentence was read to me this afternoon with as little ceremony as though I was a common criminal, and I am to be executed at eight o'clock to-morrow morning; I have not, therefore, the time to relate in detail all that has happened, but if you will deign to hear my physician, and others of my broken-hearted household, you will receive a truthful account of all that occurs and learn that, praise be to God, I die fearlessly, though I protest against my execution, being innocent of any crime, and moreover, not being an English subject. My steadfast adherence to the Catholic faith and my claims to the English throne are the veritable causes of my condemnation; they will not admit that I die for my religion, nevertheless they have taken my chaplain from me, and, although he is confined in this very castle, they will not permit him to hear my last confession or to administer extreme unction—but they have been most persistent in their endeavors to make me accept the ministrations of a schismatic, whom they brought here with that purpose in view. The bearer of this letter and the rest of my servants, who are for the most part your subjects, will bear witness to the manner in which I performed this last duty; and it now only remains for me to beseech you as a most Christian King, my brother-in-law and long-time ally, to demonstrate the affection you have often protested for me by relieving my conscience of a burden of which

I cannot free it without your aid,—that is to say, to reward my desolate servants, over and above their wages, and also to cause prayers to be offered for one who was called a most Christian Queen and who dies in the Catholic faith, sick, impoverished, and imprisoned. As regards my son, I beg your Majesty to show him such friendship as he may merit, for I cannot answer for his conduct; but I implore you to take an interest in my poor servants, whom I commend to you unreservedly and with all my heart. I have ventured to send you two rare stones which possesss health-giving virtues, desiring that you may enjoy perfect health for many years to come; pray accept them in token of the deep affection of your dying sister in-law. I recommend my servants to you in a memorandum, and request you, for the salvation of my soul, in whose behalf it will be expended, to order a part of your indebtedness to me to be paid, that I may leave enough to found an obit and to bestow the necessary alms. I conjure you, for the honor of Christ, whose mercy I will implore for you in my dying hour, to fulfil these my last wishes.

"Your affectionate sister,

"Mary R.

"Wednesday, two hours after midnight."

The Queen had copies made of all these documents, including her will, so that if the originals fell into the hands of the English, the others might reach their destinations. Bourgoin suggested that it was inadvisable to hasten to seal them, as later she might think of something she would desire to add; but the Queen declined to follow his advice, saying she was sure she had thought of everything, and that, even if something were omitted, she had no further time for the affairs of earth, but must pray and make ready to meet her Maker. She then signed and sealed every document and placed them in the drawer of a wardrobe, the key of which she gave to Bourgoin; a foot-bath was then brought her, and she remained in it for about ten minutes and then went to bed, but not to sleep, for her attendants observed that her lips moved constantly as if in prayer.

Toward four in the morning the Queen, who had long been in habit of having the life of some saint read to her at the close of her evening devotion, requested Jane Kennedy to read the story of the repentant thief who was crucified with Christ, saying, with great humility, that although he was a great sinner he was less culpable than she, and that she would pray him, in memory of Christ's passion, to intercede for her in the hour of her death.

When the reading was at an end she ordered all her handkerchiefs brought to her, and selected the handsomest, which was of fine batiste, embroidered with gold thread, for a bandage for her eyes.

At dawn she rose and dressed. Bourgoin came in and begged that she would summon all her household and read her will to them, because he feared that there might be some dissatisfaction after her death, and that those who had not been immediately about her when it was made might accuse her personal attendants of having influenced her to increase their portions at the expense of their absent fellows.

Thinking this a wise suggestion, the Queen sent for all her people, and after telling them that her will had been made freely, and begging that each person there present would do all in his power to insure the fulfilment of her wishes, without omission or change, she read the document to them in a clear voice; then, having received their promise to abide by its conditions, she confided the instrument to Bourgoin, charging him to place it in the hands of M. de Guise, her principal executor, together with her letters and other important papers. She then asked for the casket wherein she had placed purses, opened them one after another, and on seeing by the slip she had placed in each for whom it was intended, gave it to that person with her own hand, none of the recipients knowing what his purse contained: the gifts varied from twenty to three hundred crowns, none receiving less than the smaller nor more than the larger sum. To these she added seven hundred pounds to be given to the poor, two hundred to those in England, and five hundred to those in France, and to each man in her service she gave two rose nobles to be distributed in alms at his discretion; lastly, she gave a hundred and fifty crowns to Bourgoin, to be divided among them at the moment of their separation. All this the Queen accomplished without any display of emotion, and bade them good-by serenely and calmly with words of cheer, rather as if preparing for a journey, or a change of abode, than taking final leave of those who loved her dearly and had served her faithfully.

When her toilet was completed she went from her bedroom to the antechamber, where there was an altar at which, before she was deprived of his services, her chaplain was accustomed to celebrate mass; she knelt upon the steps, her servants kneeling around her, and began to recite the prayers of the communion service. When she had finished she drew from her pocket a little gold box containing a wafer consecrated by Pope Pius V., which she had always carefully preserved for the time of her death, and, handing it to Bourgoin, bade him perform the office of the priest who was denied her, as he was the oldest of her servitors, and age was a venerable and holy thing; thus, despite the pains taken to deprive her of that consolation, Mary Stuart received the blessed sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Bernadotte

Son of a lawyer at Pau, Bernadotte, born in 1764—that is to say, five years before Bonaparte—was in the ranks as a private soldier when only eighteen. In 1789 he was only a sergeant-major. But those were the days of rapid promotion. In 1794, Kléber created him brigadier-general on the field of battle, where he had decided the fortunes of the day. Becoming a general of division, he played a brilliant part at Fleurus and Juliers, forced Maestricht to capitulate, took Altdorf, and protected, against an army twice as numerous as

his own, the retreat of Joubert. In 1797 the Directory ordered him to take seventeen thousand men to Bonaparte. These seventeen thousand men were his old soldiers, veterans of Kléber, Marceau and Hoche, soldiers of the Sambre-et-Meust; and yet Bernadotte forgot all rivalry and seconded Bonaparte with all his might, taking part in the passage of the Tagliamento, capturing Gradiska, Trieste, Laybach, Idria, bringing back to the Directory, after the campaign, the flags of the enemy, and accepting, possibly with reluctance, an embassy to Vienna, while Bonaparte secured the command of the army of Egypt.

At Vienna, a riot, excited by the tricolor flag hoisted above the French embassy, for which the ambassador was unable to obtain redress, forced him to demand his passports. On his return to Paris, the Directory appointed him Minister of War. An underhand proceeding of Sièyes, who was offended by Bernadotte's republicanism, induced the latter to send in his resignation. It was accepted, and when Bonaparte landed at Fréjus the late minister had been three months out of office. Since Bonaparte's return, some of Bernadotte's friends had sought to bring about his reinstatement; but Bonaparte had opposed it. The result was a hostility between the two generals, none the less real because not openly avowed.

Bernadotte's appearance in Bonaparte's salon was an event almost as extraordinary as the presence of Moreau. And the entrance of the conqueror of Maestricht caused as many heads to turn as had that of the conqueror of Rastadt. Only, instead of going forward to meet him, as he had Moreau, Bonaparte merely turned round and awaited him.

Bernadotte, from the threshold of the door, cast a rapid glance around the salon. He divided and analyzed the groups, and although he must have perceived Bonaparte in the midst of the principal one, he went up to Josephine, who was reclining on a couch at the corner of the fireplace, like the statue of Agrippina in the Pitti, and, addressing her with chivalric courtesy, inquired for her health; then only did he raise his head as if to look for Bonaparte. At such a time everything was of too much importance for those present not to remark this affectation of courtesy on Bernadotte's part.

Bonaparte, with his rapid, comprehensive intellect, was not the last to notice this; he was seized with impatience, and, instead of awaiting Bernadotte in the midst of the group where he happened to be, he turned abruptly to the embrasure of a window, as if to challenge the ex-minister of war to follow him. Bernadotte bowed graciously to right and left, and controlling his usually mobile face to an expression of perfect calmness, he walked toward Bonaparte, who awaited him as a wrestler awaits his antagonist, the right foot forward and his lips compressed. The two men bowed, but Bonaparte made no movement to extend his hand to Bernadotte, nor did the latter offer to take it.

"Is it you?" asked Bonaparte. "I am glad to see you."

"Thank you, general," replied Bernadotte. "I have come because I wish to give you a few explanations."

"I did not recognize you at first."

"Yet I think, general, that my name

was announced by your servant in a voice loud enough to prevent any doubt as to my identity."

"Yes, but he announced General Bernadotte."

"Well?"

"Well, I saw a man in civilian's dress, and though I recognized you, I doubted if it were really you."

For some time past Bernadotte had affected to wear civilian's dress in preference to his uniform.

"You know," said he, laughing, "that I am only half a soldier now. I was retired by citizen Sièyes."

"It seems that it was lucky for me that you were no longer minister of war when I landed at Fréjus."

"How so?"

"You said, so I was told, that had you received the order to arrest me for violating quarantine you would have done so."

"I said it, and I repeat it, general. As a soldier I was always a faithful observer of discipline. As a minister I was a slave to law."

Bonaparte bit his lips. "And will you say, after that, that you have not a personal enmity to me?"

"A personal enmity to you, general?" replied Bernadotte. "Why should I have? We have always gone together, almost in the same stride; I was even made general before you. While my campaigns on the Rhine were less brilliant than yours on the Adige, they were not less profitable for the Republic; and when I had the honor to serve under you, you found in me, I hope, a subordinate devoted, if not to the man, at least to the country which he served. It is true that since your departure, general, I have been more fortunate than you in not having the responsibility of a great army, which, if one may believe Kléber's despatches, you have left in a disastrous position."

"What do you mean? Kléber's last despatches? Has Kléber written?"

"Are you ignorant of that, general? Has the Directory not informed you of the complaints of your successor? That would be a great weakness on their part, and I congratulate myself to have come here, not only to correct in your mind what has been said of me, but to tell you what is being said of you."

Bonaparte fixed an eye, darkling as an eagle's, on Bernadotte. "And what are they saying of me?" he asked.

"They say that, as you must come back, you should have brought the army with you."

"Had I a fleet? Are you unaware that De Brueys allowed his to be burned?"

"They also say, general, that, being unable to bring back the army, it would have been better for your renown had you remained with it."

"That is what I should have done, monsieur, if events had not recalled me to France."

"What events, general?"

"Your defeats."

"Pardon me, general; you mean to say Schérer's defeats."

"Yours as well."

"I was not answerable for the generals commanding our armies on the Rhine and in Italy until I was minister of war. If you will enumerate the victories and defeats since that time you will see on which side the scale turns."

"You certainly do not intend to tell me that matters are in a good condition?"

"No, but I do say that they are not in so desperate a state as you affect to believe."

"As I affect!—Truly, general, to hear you one would think I had some interest in lowering France in the eyes of foreigners."

"I don't say that; I say that I wish to settle the balance of our victories and defeats for the last three months; and as I came for that, and am now in your house, and in the position of an accused person—"

"Or an accuser."

"As the accused, in the first instance—I begin."

"And I listen," said Bonaparte, visibly on thorns.

"My ministry dates from the 30th Prairial, the 8th of June if you prefer; we will not quarrel over words."

"Which means that we shall quarrel about things."

Bernadotte continued without replying.

"I became minister, as I said, the 8th of June; that is, a short time after the siege of Saint-Jean-d'Acre was raised."

Bonaparte bit his lips. "I did not raise the siege until after I had ruined the fortifications," he replied.

"That is not what Kléber wrote; but that does not concern me." Then he added, smiling: "It happened while Clark was minister."

There was a moment's silence, during which Bonaparte endeavored to make Bernadotte lower his eyes. Not succeeding, he said: "Go on."

Bernadotte bowed and continued: "Perhaps no minister of war—and the archives of the ministry are there for reference—ever received the portifolio under more critical circumstances: civil war within, a foreign enemy at our doors, discouragement rife among our veteran armies, absolute destitution of means to equip new ones. That was what I had to face on the 8th of June, when I entered upon my duties. An active correspondence, dating from the 8th of June, between the civil and military authorities, revived their courage and their hopes. My addresses to the armies—this may have been a mistake—were those, not of a minister to his soldiers, but of a comrade among comrades, just as my addresses to the administrators were those of a citizen to his fellow-citizens. I appealed to the courage of the army, and the heart of the French people; I obtained all that I had asked. The National Guard reorganized with renewed zeal; legions were formed upon the Rhine, on the Moselle. Battalions of veterans took the place of old regiments to reinforce the troops that were guarding our frontiers; to-day our cavalry is recruited by a remount of forty thousand horses, and one hundred thousand conscripts, armed and equipped, have received with cries of 'Vive la Republique!' the flags under which they will fight and conquer—"

"But," interrupted Bonaparte bitterly, "this is an apology you are making for yourself."

"Be it so. I will divide my discourse into two parts. The first will be a contestable apology; the second an array of incontestable facts. I will set aside the apology and proceed to facts. June 17 and 18, the battle of the Trebbia. Macdonald wished to fight without Moreau; he crossed the Trebbia, attacked the enemy, was defeated and retreated to Modena. June 20, battle of

Tortona; Moreau defeated the Austrian Bellegarde. July 22, surrender of the citadel of Alexandria to the Austro-Russians. So far the scale turns to defeat. July 30, surrender of Mantua, another check. August 15, battle of Novi; this time it was more than a check, it was a defeat. Take note of it, general, for it is the last. At the very moment we were fighting at Novi, Masséna was maintaining his position at Zug and Lucerne, and strengthening himself on the Aar and on the Rhine; while Lecourbe, on August 14 and 15, took the Saint-Gothard. August 19, battle of Bergen; Brune defeated the Anglo-Russian army, forty thousand strong, and captured the Russian general, Hermann. On the 25th, 26th and 27th of the same month, the battles of Zurich, where Masséna defeated the Austro-Russians under Korsakoff. Hotz and three other generals are taken prisoners. The enemy lost twelve thousand men, a hundred cannon, and all its baggage; the Austrians, separated from the Russians, could not rejoin them until after they were driven beyond Lake Constance. That series of victories stopped the progress the enemy had been making since the beginning of the campaign; from the time Zurich was retaken, France was secure from invasion. August 30, Molitor defeated the Austrian generals, Jellachich and Luiken, and drove them back into the Grisons. September 1, Molitor attacked and defeated General Rosenberg in the Mutterthal. On the 2d, Molitor forced Souvaroff to evacuate Glarus, to abandon his wounded, his cannon, and sixteen hundred prisoners. The 6th, General Brune again defeated the Anglo-Russians, under the command of the Duke of York. On the 7th, General Gazan took possession of Constance. On the 8th you landed at Fréjus.—Well, general," continued Bernadotte, "as France will probably pass into your hands, it is well that you should know the state in which you find her, and in place of receipt, our possessions bear witness to what we are giving you. What we are now doing, general, is history, and it is important that those who may some day have an interest in falsifying history shall find in their path the denial of Bernadotte."

"Is that said for my benefit, general?"

"I say that for flatterers. You have pretended, it is said, that you returned to France because our armies were destroyed, because France was threatened, the Republic at bay. You may have left Egypt with that fear; but once in France, all such fears must have given way to a totally different belief."

"I ask no better than to believe as you do," replied Bonaparte, with sovereign dignity; "and the more grand and powerful you prove France to be, the more grateful am I to those who have secured her grandeur and her power."

"Oh, the result is plain, general! Three armies defeated; the Russians exterminated, the Austrians defeated and forced to fly, twenty thousand prisoners, a hundred pieces of cannon, fifteen flags, all the baggage of the enemy in our possession, nine generals taken or killed, Switzerland free, our frontiers safe, the Rhine our limit—so much for Masséna's contingent and the situation of Helvetia. The Anglo-Russian army twice defeated, utterly discouraged, abandoning its artillery, baggage, munitions of war and commissariat, even to

the women and children who came with the British; eight thousand French prisoners, effective men, returned to France; Holland completely evacuated—so much for Brune's contingent and the situation in Holland. The rearguard of General Klénau forced to lay down its arms at Villanova; a thousand prisoners and three pieces of cannon fallen into our hands, and the Austrians driven back beyond Bormida; in all, counting the combats at la Stura and Pignerol, four thousand prisoners, sixteen cannon, Mondovi, and the occupation of the whole region between la Stura and Tanaro—so much for Championet's contingent and the situation in Italy. Two hundred thousand men under arms, forty thousand mounted cavalry; that is my contingent, mine, and the situation in France."

"But," asked Bonaparte satirically, "if you have, as you say, two hundred thousand soldiers under arms, why do you want me to bring back the fifteen or twenty thousand men I have in Egypt, who are useful there as colonizers?"

"If I ask you for them, general, it is not for any need we may have of them, but in the fear of some disaster overtaking them."

"What disaster do you expect to befall them, commanded by Kléber?"

"Kléber may be killed, general; and who is there behind Kléber? Menou. Kléber and your twenty thousand men are doomed, general!"

"How, doomed?"

"Yes, the Sultan will send troops; he controls by land. The English will send their fleet; they control by sea. We, who have neither land nor sea, will be compelled to take part from here in the vacuation of Egypt and the capitulation of our army."

"You take a gloomy view of things, general!"

"The future will show which of us two have seen things as they are."

"What would you have done in my place?"

"I don't know. But, even had I been forced to bring them back by way of Constantinople, I should never have abandoned those whom France had intrusted to me. Xenophon, on the banks of the Tigris, was in a much more desperate situation than you on the banks of the Nile. He brought his ten thousand back to Ionia, and they were not the children of Athens, not his fellow-citizens; they were mercenaries!"

From the instant Bernadotte uttered the word Constantinople Bonaparte listened no longer; the name seemed to rouse a new train of ideas in his mind, which he followed in solitary thought. He laid his hand on the arm of the astonished Bernadotte, and, with eyes fixed on space, like a man who pursues through space the phantom of a vanished project, he said: "Yes, yes! I thought of it. That is why I persisted in taking that hovel, Saint-Jean-d'Acre. Here you only thought it obstinacy, a useless waste of men sacrificed to the self-love of a mediocre general who feared that he might be blamed for a defeat. What should I have cared for the raising of the siege of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, if Saint-Jean-d'Acre had not been the barrier in the way of the grandest project ever conceived. Cities! Why, good God! I could take as many as ever did Alexander or Cæsar, but it was Saint-Jean-d'Acre that had to be taken! If I had taken Saint-Jean-

d'Acre, do you know what I should have done?"

And he fixed his burning eyes upon Bernadotte, who, this time, lowered his under the flame of this genius.

"What I should have done," repeated Bonaparte, and, like Ajax, he seemed to threaten Heaven with his clinched fist; "if I had taken Saint-Jean-d'Acre, I should have found the treasures of the pasha in the city and three thousand stands of arms. With that I should have raised and armed all Syria, so maddened by the ferocity of Djezzar that each time I attacked him the population prayed to God for his overthrow. I should have marched upon Damascus and Aleppo; I should have swelled my army with the mal-contents. Advancing into the country, I should, step by step, have proclaimed the abolition of slavery, and the annihilation of the tyrannical government of the pashas. I should have overthrown the Turkish empire, and founded a great empire at Constantinople, which would have fixed my place in history higher than Constantine and Mohammed II. Perhaps I should have returned to Paris by way of Adrianople and Vienna, after annihilating the house of Austria. Well, my dear general, that is the project which that little hovel of a Saint-Jean-d'Acre rendered abortive!"

And he so far forgot to whom he was speaking, as he followed the shadows of his vanished dream, that he called Bernadotte "my dear general." The latter, almost appalled by the magnitude of the project which Bonaparte had unfolded to him, made a step backward.

"Yes," said Bernadotte, "I perceive what you want, for you have just betrayed yourself. Orient or Occident, a throne! A throne? So be it; why not? Count upon me to help you conquer it, but elsewhere than in France. I am a Republican, and I will die a Republican."

Bonaparte shook his head as if to disperse the thoughts which held him in the clouds.

"I, too, am a Republican," said he, "but see what has come of your Republic!"

"What matter!" cried Bernadotte. "It is not to a word or a form that I am faithful, but to the principle. Let the Directors but yield me the power, and I would know how to defend the Republic against her internal enemies, even as I defended her from her foreign enemies."

As he said these words, Bernadotte raised his eyes, and his glance encountered that of Bonaparte. Two naked blades clashing together never sent forth lightning more vivid, more terrible.

Josephine had watched the two men for some time past with anxious attention. She saw the dual glance teeming with reciprocal menace. She rose hastily and went to Bernadotte.

"General," said she.

Bernadotte bowed.

"You are intimate with Gohier, are you not?" she continued.

"He is one of my best friends, madame," said Bernadotte.

"Well, we dine with him the day after to-morrow; dine there yourself and bring Madame Bernadotte. I should be so glad to know her better."

"Madame," said Bernadotte, "in the days of the Greeks you would have been one of the three graces; in the Middle Ages you would have been a fairy; to-

day you are the most adorable woman I know."

And making three steps backward, and bowing, he contrived to retire politely without including Bonaparte in his bow. Josephine followed him with her eyes until he had left the room. Then, turning to her husband, she said:

"Well, it seems that it was not as successful with Bernadotte as with Moreau, was it?"

"Bold, adventurous, disinterested, sincere republican, inaccessible to seduction, he is a human obstacle. We must make our way around him, since we cannot overthrow him."

I. The Pilgrimage

The pilgrimage time was at hand. It was only necessary to ask in what direction lay Notre Dame de Liesse, and by what road. We are concerned with two.

Conscience, a blind soldier, and Mariette, the maiden, set out for the miraculous shrine.

They had, however, to pass nearly all the city.

A strange sight to the inhabitants who were attracted to their doors, was that young and beautiful girl in her holyday garb leading the poor blind soldier through the streets. Laon, too, is not a large city. Every spectator was touched to see Conscience walking by her side, with his knapsack on his shoulders, and the green shade over his eyes. The pride and joy which shone on Mariette's face, diffused something eminently noble and beautiful over her whole bearing.

Even a dog, the modest Bernard, participated in the triumph.

Mariette was so proud of this triumph that she walked with her radiant brow erect, without shrinking from the attention their appearance excited.

At last she reached the gates of the city, and saw extending before her the long row of trees, the vast horison of the country, and breathed freely for the first time.

Then, only, a frank, free, and joyous exclamation burst from her breast, for only then did she really think herself happy.

"Ah!" said she, lifting her eyes to heaven, and making the sign of the cross. "Conscience, Conscience, now we are happy, for nothing intervenes between us and the sight of the Lord."

Conscience did not need stimulation, as long as he was in the city; he had, if not seen, divined the curiosity of the crowd. Once in the fields, he also felt free, satisfied and happy as a poor blind creature who presses the woman he loves to his heart can be when doomed to see her only with the eyes of memory.

What Conscience saw, however, almost as distinctly as with the real sight, was the green and flower strewn plain, the leafy wood echoing with the songs of birds, the azure May sky, with its thin white clouds slowly sailing across the blue firmament.

Rapidly however as they walked, on that day they could accomplish but five leagues, having left Laon after three

o'clock. They slept therefore at Gizy in the usual inn of the Pilgrims.

Mariette began her almost mother's part. She saw that Conscience needed nothing, bathed with spring water, his lustreless eyes, for the pellicle of the cornea which had been burned was about to exfoliate. After a meal, which modest as it was, was far more luxurious than what the lad for two months had been used to, she took him herself to a room prepared for him, and then delightedly sought her own.

To do so was to leave him, but she was satisfied that her absence was but momentary, that nothing really separated them, and that at dawn on the next day she would find him where she had left him.

And the next day, as the rising sun, penetrating the small windows of the inn, it was warm, though as yet wrapped in the morning clouds, as the early birds chirped on the branches of the trees of the garden, arranging the while their feathery toilette, Mariette rapped gently at the door of the room occupied by Conscience, whom she found already dressed and ready to set out.

A dozen pilgrims had passed the night in the same inn with Conscience and Mariette, and all stood prepared in the yard.

Among them were some who journeyed for themselves, and who hoped divine intercession would relieve incurable maladies which physicians had abandoned.—Others had come in simple devotion, as representatives of invalids doomed to inactivity. Each of these pilgrims, whether for his own sake or in behalf of another, seemed to feel the necessity of telling others his trouble and—as in this sad world doubt is the lot of all—of sustaining his own faith by that of a stouter heart than his own.

In a quarter of an hour Conscience and Mariette were acquainted with the sorrows and hopes of all who surrounded them. It then became necessary for them, to avoid the imputation of wanting that confidence, the unfortunate have in each other, of telling not only that Conscience was blind, but how he became so.

The story of Mariette, for she spoke while Conscience caressed by the sweet sound in her voice, smiled and listened, aroused sympathy in all, which was translated by hopes and encouragements.

Each one had the story of some blind man to tell.—All had known some one cured by the intercession of our Lady of Liesse. Some of those favored by her had even been blind from their birth, and one the victim of an accident had yet greater chances.

What however made all these chances more real, was the ardent faith of the two young people.

They continued to advance, and from the top of a hill saw the village of Liesse with a wood in the back ground, and amid the humble houses the tower of the miraculous church.

Each fell on his knees, and one of the pilgrims uttered a chant, which all followed, if not with words, at least mentally.

When the chant was over, they made the sign of the cross and arose, and at the sight of the holy oasis, forgetful of all the fatigue of that and of the preceding days, doubled their pace, to reach the sooner the end of the journey.

Our young couple with the deepest devotion entered the church, still per-

fumed by the odor of the incense and lighted with tapers. Every where on the walls hung the *ex voto* of grateful pilgrims, and a huge circle of the faithful prayed around the principal altar, where in a rich robe, with the holy babe in her arms, stood the venerated Madonna.

Mariette and Conscience knelt as near the altar as they could get, and the first emotion of each was to plunge as deeply as possible in silent prayer, which while apparently separating, in fact united them, for each praying for the other seemed endowed with another more devoted and more exalted soul than the first.

Certainly the Saviour from the height of heaven saw these two souls thus linked at his mother's feet, and smiled on their prayers.

When the two prayers were finished, and it was almost at the same moment, their hands were clasped again, for they were so satisfied of the chastity of their love, that this was almost a continuation of the prayer.

"Now," said Conscience, slightly clasping her hand and smiling, for he was afraid that his words would distress her—"now Mariette, as I must accustom myself to see by your eyes, tell me who Our Lady before whom we kneel is, that I may see her glitter like a star amid the night that surrounds me."

"Oh," said Mariette, "she is very beautiful, and glitters so that I scarcely dare look at her."

"She stands on an altar covered with lace, in a marble niche. She wears a diamond crown, a collar of pearls, and a robe of gold, with golden and silver lilies, which seem natural. Our Saviour is in her arms, which are covered with golden bracelets. He wears a robe like hers, and smiles on us. All is lighted by such a number of tapers that I dare not even attempt to count them. Oh my poor Conscience, could you but see!"

Conscience closed his eyes, crossed his hands on his breast, and made in his mind a kind of luminous picture of all Mariette had said.

"Thanks," said he, "I see her with the eyes of the soul."

"Holy Lady of Liesse, grant that my Conscience, who kneels before you, and for whom I would give my life, having seen you with the eyes of the soul, some day may see you with those of the body."

Suddenly inspired, she advanced to one of the vases of holy water by the side of the water, dipped his handkerchief in it, and moistened Conscience's eyelids.

"My God, Mariette!"—he guessed what she had done—"is not this sacrilege?"

"Sacrilege," said she, "is in the heart, and God who knows my wish will judge."

"Mariette," murmured Conscience, "I think you are right, for the water seems fresher even than that of the spring, and may do me good."

Mariette lifted her hands to heaven, and with an indescribable expression of faith, exclaimed, "God grant it may be so."

II. Conscience's Dream

It was two o'clock in the afternoon, and though it was early in May, as is sometimes the case, the heat exceeded that of the warmest days of the year. A burning vapor had in the morning arisen in the form of a cloud from the earth, and now seemed to descend in flame. Not a breath of air moved the trees, and the birds were mute. The lizards alone, those fire-worshippers, for whom the rays of the sun are never too warm, glided rapidly amid the grass, while the busy bees sailed through the air bearing to their hives or trees the harvest of wax which man contrives to turn to his profit.

Apart from these noises, which were rather motions than sounds, all the voices of nature were silent. Far as sight could extend, not a living soul was visible. All creation seemed to slumber.

A hundred paces from the pool of Salmoncy, on the edge of a little wood of the same name, Conscience, the blind soldier, slept with his head on his knapsack. The branches of the two young oaks cast a leafy roof over him, while Mariette, the maiden, watched by his side with a compassion full of love, driving away with a bough covered with rosy flowers, the flies which persisted in alighting on his face.

And all around him, not in the wind, for we have said there was none, but in the slight motion of the air affected by Mariette, the blue gentian bowed its cup, and the companella bowed as it shook its thousand cups.

It was the day after the one when they had prayed together in the Church of our Lady of Liesse. Thence they had gone to the Inn of the Pilgrims, a poor inn used by poor guests, for in general the rich of this world have neither faith to undertake, nor courage to accomplish such pilgrimages.

They had returned with those bouqets of gold and silver the Pilgrims buy at the church door, and with which at home they deck their mantel-pieces and headboards of their beds, to prove to their descendants that they have accomplished a pilgrimage.

The next day, having heard mass, they set out. It was, consequently, nine o'clock.

They had left the high road on being told that by doing so, they would save two leagues, and by following a by-path, at noon had reached the pool of Salmoncy, where they sat down to rest, and where Conscience, yet enfeebled by the hospital diet, and from fatigue had softly glided from conversation into slumber. He had slept thus for two hours, and Mariette, who was unwilling to awaken him, began as she computed the distance to the village of Prasles, where they had been advised to halt, to be uneasy about the duration of his sleep.

Another thing, also, made her uneasy. It was that the sun, as it moved to the west, for, to Mariette the sun moved, was about to fall on Conscience's eyes.

Laying her rosy bough by his side, Mariette went into the wood, cut two green boughs which she placed between Conscience and the sun, and hanging her apron over them, made a kind of tent over the eyes of the sleeper.

She then took up her bush again, and resumed her place by her friend so as to be also in the shade.

Thus she continued for half an hour longer, listening to the respiration of Conscience, and so to say, counting the pulsations of his heart.

From time to time, Bernard, who lay at the young man's feet, opened his eyes, lifted up his head, looked at his master, and seeing that he did not awake, again replaced his head on the grass and sank to sleep.

Mariette, who never moved her eyes from his face, fancied that she saw some nervous contractions of his cheeks, and that by his quickening respiration, some painful dream agitated him. She was about to arouse him when all at once he opened his sightless eyes, and tossing arms, cried:

"Mariette, where are you? Mariette?

The young girl took his hands.

"Ah!" said Conscience with a sigh.

His head sank back on his knapsack.

"My God, Conscience, what is the matter with you?"

She put her arms under his neck, and tried to lift him up.

"Nothing," murmured Conscience.

"But you tremble in every limb."

"I had a terrible dream. That during my sleep you had left me, and on my awaking, strange dream, for in my sleep I saw—that you were gone."

Resting his head in his two hands:

"My God," murmured he, "never did I suffer so much."

"Poor lad," said Mariette, "who abandon yourself even in a dream to the idea that I can leave you. You are ungrateful."

In a gentler and kinder voice, she said, "God will punish you, Conscience, if you yield to such fancies."

"Mariette," Conscience said, "dreams come from God, and sometimes if not a presage, are a warning."

"A warning! . . . what mean you, Conscience?"

"Nothing, my dear Mariette. I did but talk to myself as I often do. Help me up, Mariette, it must be late, I do not know how I came to sink into this heavy sleep."

With a sigh he added, "it was God's will."

Mariette looked at him with surprise,and said:

"My God, Conscience, what are you murmuring there? Can a dream so overcome you? You dreamed that I left you? Well, dreams must always be taken by contraries. You dream that I left you; it is a proof that I am bound to you for life."

Conscience felt for Mariette's hands.

He soon found them, for Mariette placed them in his.

Clasping them, he fixed his dull eye on hers, as if he wished to tell her the secret that oppressed him. All at once, however, his muscles threw off their contraction, he shook his head, and said in a broken voice:

"Mariette, give me my knapsack, and let us go on."

"Yes," said Mariette, "I will go on, but I will carry your knapsack."

"You, a woman? impossible!"

"Conscience, you know I am strong. Besides, when fatigued I will buckle it on Bernard, who, I hope, is large enough to be able to carry it."

She laughed, hoping that Conscience would join in her mirth.

On the contrary, Conscience, seeing

the efforts the young girl made to amuse and console him, became more and more distressed.

"Very well. Put me in the middle of the road, give me my stick, and let us resume our journey."

Mariette did so, and having given him her arm, said:

"Listen, Conscience, if I walk too quickly check me, for I must regulate my steps by yours; yet Conscience, I confess to you," continued she, seeing that his head sank on his breast "that I wished we had not feet, but wings like the birds, which fly so rapidly, and come, they say, from so far. Ah, could we at once fly to our homes."

Conscience sighed.

"Be easy, however," said Mariette, with an apparent feeling of joy she was far from entertaining, "for if we lack wings, we have resolution and courage, and by means of them to-morrow evening or the next morning we will be there. Think of our return, dear Conscience, of your mother's joy, of the satisfaction of mine. Do you see, Conscience? she fancies you in a hospital, on a miserable pallet, within four walls, and does not fancy that you have just risen from sleeping beneath the blue canopy of heaven, free as that lark which sings as it soars to heaven. Hear, Conscience, hear it. Oh, could you, like it soar to heaven. I scarce see it, so far it is."

"Yes," said Conscience, "I see, but alas, unlike you, I cannot see it. I shall never see again, for, alas, I am blind."

"Do I not see for you? Am I not here to guide you, to tell you the form and color of things? Did you not see the Madonna yesterday, when I described her to you? Well, Conscience, I will ever be by your side to do thus. Is not that misfortune made a blessing, which says, 'Conscience never again shall be separated from Mariette, nor she from Conscience.' "

"Yes, Mariette, I know. There is supreme bliss in the idea. Yes, by your eyes I see better than I do by means of my hands; when you speak, your voice makes me tremble with emotion, and when I hear you, I see. Listen, at this moment as you walk before me, and as I follow you, a heavenly lustre seems to penetrate my dimmed eyes. I feel as a man would, who, with closed eyes, followed an angel of light. There are moments, Mariette, when I think God restores my sight, to show you to me in this world, as you will appear in the other, when you shall have received from his hands, the eternal recompense you will so well have merited. But—"

Conscience sighed and shook his head sadly.

"But what?" asked Mariette pausing.

The blind man divined that Mariette had paused. He reached out his left hand and placed it under Mariette's right arm.

"But, my beloved, my dream just now has made me think."

"What?"

"That God, Mariette, who made you at once, both brilliant and tender, naturally made devotion one of your virtues. This devotion, Mariette, you offer me; with all your heart you do so. While, though you should offer, I should not accept it."

"My God, Conscience, have you ceased to love me? What have I done to deserve this?"

The young girl looked at Conscience

with clasped hands, and was ready to sob aloud.

"Nothing, Mariette, and so far from not loving, I adore you; the adoration of a poor blind one like me, can never pay for your devotion to me."

"Pay! who spoke of pay?"

Conscience smiled sadly.

"Let me continue, Mariette, and let us talk calmly . . . You are young, and beautiful. You have a strong heart, and a great soul. You are used to toil, and inactivity, instead of being repose to you, is fatigue. Well, I cannot—understand me—I cannot, blind as I am, rob you of youth, beauty and life, because you love me and pity me. What will become of you, when you are old, and when I shall have made you poor? What will become of you when our relations shall sleep beneath the grass of the cemetery? You will be deserted, in want, sad, and why? Because you obstinately persisted in loving me."

"My God and Savior, do you hear him? Thus he rewards me."

"Be quiet, Mariette. For what you would have done in this, and in the next world, I will be as grateful as if you had done it. You, poor child, offered, and I refused. If God granted, do you see? not that my poor eyes were restored to me—that would be too much—but to grant me sufficient sight to be able to work a little, lead ox and ass in the furrow, to go into the forest for wood, if by toiling twice as much as others, I would earn half what they do. If I were sure only of the daily bread for which we pray to God, I would here, where we stand, fall on my knees before you, and say, 'Thanks, Mariette, for being so beautiful and good, and merciful enough withal to love me.' Alas, though," continued Conscience, shaking his head, "that may never be."

"For heaven's sake, Conscience," said Mariette, "hush. Do you not know that you are breaking my heart, and that I am weeping bitter tears, that in despair I wring my hands?"

"I see nothing," said Conscience, "nothing but night."

He added in so low a tone, that all Mariette's attention was required to catch the sound,

"Nothing but death."

"Death? You think of death!" said Mariette, "and for that you would separate yourself from me. You were right, for while I was by your side, you could not die. Conscience, this is not all, you distress me so that I cannot go on. No, I will not go a step towards the village, unless you explain yourself here. Come, Conscience, let us sit by the side of the road, for I have lost my strength and cannot continue."

Conscience let himself be led to the road-side and sat down.

"Now," said she, "explain yourself, and tell me all that is in your heart."

"What, Mariette, is in my heart, is, that you must promise not to neglect your youth for me, that you will not sacrifice your existence, and that henceforth you will be to me but a sister. Mariette, you are but nineteen, and there still are festivals at Longpre, at Talle-Fontaine and at Vivieres, and handsome lads to escort you."

"Ah! that is what you sought to get at?" replied Mariette sobbing. "Thus you thank me for my kindness—no, I mistake, for my love. Do you not see that you torture me more than the executioner could?—'There are festivals

and handsome lads,' and he says there are such things yet in store for me! My God! tell me, for you know if I have deserved this!" she sobbed.

Now though Conscience could not see her tears, he could hear her sobs.

"Mariette," said he, seizing her hand, "understand my idea, and read my heart. Had I ten eyes, I would suffer them to be burned out one after the other, if I might thus ruin the right of preventing your loving another. But an accident has blinded me for life. You see, Mariette, blindness is a suffering no human being with two eyes can conceive of. God would punish me if I linked you to such misfortune."

"Then," said Mariette, somewhat consoled by the grief Conscience expressed, "if I followed the advice you give me—if I went to the festivals with the handsome lads you speak of, you would forget Mariette as she would forget you."

"Forget you, the only human being that has remained visible to me? How can I forget you, of whom my whole life will be one dream and memory? Of what else but you can I think?"

"Then if I were to cease to love you, yet you would love me."

"I, Mariette? until death."

"Then all is said. As I love you, and as you love me, there is no use talking. . . . Conscience, truly as there is a God, who made the sun that shines on us, before Martinmas of next year, I will be your wife, or if you refuse me, I will be a grey sister at the hospital of Villers-Cotterets, and will nurse the poor blind, who are nothing to me, because the one I love refuses me."

"Oh!" cried Conscience, "You would marry me, Mariette.'

"Yes, I would marry the man, who would have ten eyes burned out, to have the right to love me, and prevent me from loving another."

"Mariette, this is grand, beautiful and sublime, but—"

"Be silent," said Mariette, putting her hand over his mouth, "just now, I heard you out without opposing you, or interrupting you, though every word made my heart bleed. Well! now I wish to speak without being interrupted."

"Go on, Mariette—it is pleasant to hear you."

"Well! If Mariette were blind, would you have deserted her? Would you have deserted the poor girl, left her wandering at hazard? Tell me, would you have done so? If, in her misery she still persisted in loving you, would you have crushed her heart by deserting her, to dance with some beautiful girl at some festival? Conscience, answer me."

"Mariette, I dare not . . ."

"I know you dare not. Well! I will answer for you. Had you done so, you would have been a wretch. Conscience, let there be no discussion, no reply. There is my hand. May God bless you."

Then, pressing her lips on those of the soldier before he could think or move, she said, "Conscience, I am your wife."

Conscience uttered a cry of mingled pleasure and pain, in which his strength passed away.

"Mariette," said he, "you will have it so. . . ."

"Yes, I will," said Mariette. "Yes, I will take you to church, to repeat aloud, and with head erect, the oath I take here. Yes, I will do so."

Conscience could not reply, he kissed the hands of Mariette, weeping and sobbing.

"Oh!" murmured Conscience, "if there were any hope."

Mariette seemed ready to answer. Her lips were half open, but a burning sigh escaped from them, and she passed her hand over her brow, as if to wipe away a vertigo.

"No," murmured she, "it would be too cruel if the kind Surgeon-in-chief were mistaken."

"What do you murmur there in so low a tone?" said Conscience.

"I am praying God to take care of the handsome young lad with whom I hope some day, to go to the village festivals."

They resumed their journey. Conscience sadly shaking his head, and Mariette looking with her bright eyes to heaven, as if she sought the star of hope which guided the shepherds of yore to the Cradle of Bethlehem.

III. Mariette's Dream

At dawn the next day, having slept at Prasles, a little village of five hundred souls, on the cross-roads, three leagues from Laon, and five from Soissons, Conscience, the blind soldier, and Mariette, the maiden, resumed their journey through woods and fields, according to the directions of the peasants in the villages and in the fields.

The weather had continued unchanged and fine. The sun was still bright and enlivening, but tempered by the morning breeze, which might, perhaps, at a later hour be swallowed up by the increasing heat of the day, as would be the transparent diamond drops, which fell from the leaves and branches of the trees. The song of the birds, who had been silent on the day before was re-awakened, and seemed like a dew of harmony to penetrate the sonorous air. The grasshoppers chirped, the butterflies hovered, and the bees hummed, each contributing his cry to the universal concert, which the awakening earth sent like a hymn of gratitude to its creator.

Mariette revived, and consoled, refreshed, by her morning toilette, like the plants by their bath of dew, seemed to have wings like the butterflies, song like the birds, which she strewed along the path of her blind companion to render it shorter and more easy.

Conscience smiled. The perpetual song and joy of Mariette re-opened his heart. He walked some time in silence, and then paused.

"Mariette," said he, "how gay you are this morning!"

"Because I am happy this morning."

"Happy to see the bright sun, are you not? To hear the welcome of the birds, and the hum of the laborious bees? That makes you happy!"

"Yes, and more than that too."

"Then, my good, kind Mariette, you do not repent of your promise yesterday."

"No; for God has already rewarded me for it."

"Rewarded?"

"Yes—I too have dreamed, not such a sad dream, Conscience, as your's was, but a bright and sparkling dream."

"Tell it me."

"Take my arm, walk slowly, and I will."

"Let us walk slowly. We have time enough, have we not? The journey, Mariette, is so pleasant with you—now for your dream!"

"Listen. Yesterday evening, after I had bathed your eyes with the good fresh water I got from the spring myself, and which did you so much good, I left you in your room, and asked our hostess to show me mine. The blessing of good God certainly rests on you, Conscience; all who see, seem at once to pity and to love me. While pitying you, and caressing me, and asking if I needed nothing, our hostess took me to a little room, very clean and nice, such a one as would do for both of us, Conscience. . . . In this room was a little bed, white as possible, but the woman made an excuse for the absence of curtains. 'Bah! though,' said she, 'it is all the better to-night, for the moon will light you like a lamp, and to-morrow, as you wish to leave by daylight, the first ray of morning will awaken you.' She kissed me, and told me that her daughter was in service at Fismes, and that before she went to sleep, she would pray for her and for me. In half an hour, I was in bed, my candle was out, and I had said my prayer before my bouquet from our Lady of Liesse's. It was in vain, however, that I was in bed, and my candle out, I do not know why, but I could not sleep. Happy thoughts, doubtless, kept me awake, for I have been so delighted, Conscience, since our explanation, and if you knew. . ."

She kissed his brow.

"Dear Mariette," murmured Conscience.

"What, though, contributed most to keep me awake, was a bright moon, which seemed to look gently on me through my window, so that both myself and my bed were illumined by its rays."

"Mariette," said Conscience, "how well you describe and how distinctly I see all you speak of. You are right, Mariette. With you, I shall be able to do without my eyes."

"I do not know when I went to sleep, so gentle was my passage into slumber. It seemed, however, that whether open or shut, my eyes saw the moon, which seemed in all its lustre to look at me. Gradually, those spots which make it a kind of face, seemed to become regular, and smiled on me, gradually assuming not only the form of a head, but of a body. It grew like our Lady of Liesse, with the child Jesus in her arms. She wore her diamond crown, and her robe decked with natural flowers and with golden lilies, but besides the diamonds she had around her brow a coronet of light. Understanding that this was the true Madonna, for she was in heaven, I glided to my knees, saying—'Hail, Mary! full of grace, the Lord is with you!' I saw a ray of gold fall from her feet to my chamber, down which she glided, filling the window like the niche in the church. I turned to look for you, feeling so delighted that I wished you to share my happiness: and there you were kneeling with me. I do

not know how and when you entered, but you with your blind eyes looked with me at the Virgin, to whom we lifted our hands and prayed. She then came into the room, still holding the infant Jesus in her arms, and approaching the foot of my bed, took thence the holy bouquet, and placed them in the hand of Jesus, and having said a few words passed by me, as she did so replying to my sign of the cross, by a smile, to you. Jesus too smiled, and reaching forth his hand, touched your eyes with the blessed bouquet, when you too, in a tone of joy so deep that it almost seemed pain, exclaimed, 'I see, blessed Virgin, I see!' At this sound I opened my eyes. Alas! it was but a dream. All had disappeared, but the moon still shone, though somewhat paler, and was descending. This much of reality, however, remained, Conscience, 'Faith, calmness, and almost confidence.' Therefore am I so happy to-day. . . . Well, Conscience, why do you not reply?" said Mariette.

"Because, beloved, I hear you yet. While you spake, Mariette, my heart overflowed with joy, for I saw all the bright and tranquil moon growing to be the Virgin with the coronet of diamonds and glory of light, her golden robe and purple roses—and silver lilies—all was so vivid, that when you told me the infant Jesus had touched me, I felt the tickling of the blessed bouquet, and I seemed to see countless sparkles of light."

"You saw—you felt that," said Mariette,—"joy! joy! joy!"

"Mariette," said Conscience sadly, "you should not nurse a foolish hope. What I saw and felt was the effect of imagination, excited by your words. Let us thank God for this consolation sent us during our journey, but ask no more. I do not say what He can not, but what He will not grant."

"It matters not," said Mariette, "for believe me, Conscience, there is a presage beneath all this. I love and venerate the Mother of God since our pilgrimage to the chapel, even more than before. Now let us walk faster before the sun becomes high, and at noon we will sit down to rest beneath some tree, or if we come to a village, we will pause until the heat grows less."

They continued their journey in silence,—for each was immersed in thought—Mariette about her dream, and Conscience about her account of it.

The result of this abstraction was, that Mariette, who was the guide, did not attend to the direction as she should have done, in an unknown district and in a cross road.

The path of the two young people became gradually narrower and less distinct, and ended in a meadow with little groups of trees.

Mariette looked around her, and seeing no traces of the path, stopped.

"Mariette, what is the matter?" asked Conscience.

"My dear Conscience, I have done prettily!"

"What?"

"I have walked, walked, walked on, thinking of other matters, and have left the road. We are now by the banks of a stream which divides the meadow, and I can see no way to cross over it."

"That is bad. You have no idea, Mariette, how fatiguing it is to walk without seeing clearly, and to stumble at every inequality, even when one has

so excellent a guide as you are. Is the water deep?"

"No—it is broad, but one can see the bottom. Bernard has crossed it without swimming, and awaits us on the other side."

"Then what is there to prevent our doing so likewise?"

"Nothing—except that we will wet ourselves to the knees."

"Ah! that will be no great difficulty on so hot a day as this."

"Besides, we will thus avoid a long detour, which probably would take us farther out of our way."

"Come on," said Conscience.

"Very well—hold fast to my neck."

"Why?"

"Because the bank is steep on both sides. Fortunately on the other side, the branches of a willow hang almost to the water, and if you cling to them they will assist you."

Conscience descended to the water, and sustained by Mariette, reached the other bank, where, as the young girl had told him, he easily climbed up by means of the green willows.

He sat down and said, "Ah, it is well that you were mistaken in the road. This water is very refreshing. Is this a good place to make a little halt?"

"Very—and if you please, we will breakfast."

"Willingly," said Conscience, "for I am hungry, and it has been long since I felt an appetite. The fresh air causes it."

Mariette took a loaf and a piece of cold veal from the double paper in which they were wrapped, cut the bread, and divided the meat into a number of little pieces, of which she gave Conscience a portion as if he had been a child.

"Mariette," said he, "you are the personification of devotion and goodness, and I do not see how I can reward you for so much love and pity."

"Good!" said Mariette. "Let us talk of all my goodness—because by my assistance you crossed a stream, and because I wet myself to the knees, because I cut you a piece of bread you do not know how you will ever be able to reward my pity and love. Indeed Conscience, you estimate too highly, the little services which I expect to make the happiness of my life."

"Good, kind Mariette!" said Conscience. After a moment, he continued—

"Is the water of this stream clear?"

"Like crystal."

"Let me drink then."

Mariette had bought a wooden bucket, which she used both to drink from and to carry water, in which from time to time she bathed Conscience's eyes. Mariette went to the stream, and returned with it full.

Conscience took the bucket, and having drunken, said—

"How good it is!"

"But," said Mariette with the gayety which had not left her since their explanation on the previous day—"it is but water after all."

"True. Perhaps it is good only because you give it to me."

"Ah!" said Mariette, "that is polite." She made a courtesy which poor blind Conscience could not see.

"But do you now eat and drink."

"I would willingly drink, but you have emptied the bucket."

"True. When you have finished you shall bathe my eyes, for it seems to me it will do me more good than any other has done."

"Why wait? If, dear Conscience, it will do you any good, the sooner I bathe them the better."

"The fact is, Mariette, my eyes smart, and that is doubtless the effect of the heat of the sun."

Mariette had however already gone to the stream, and returned with the bucket full of fresh water, in which she dipped her handkerchief and began to moisten his eyes.

"Ah," said he, "what a pleasant sensation. One might almost think it a second baptism, it is so reviving. Your hand is so light."

"How you reward me by these thanks. That, however, will do, for I remember the prescription of the Surgeon-in-chief."

"Whither are you going, Mariette?"

"Whither am I going?"

"Yes, it seems to me you move."

"To hang my handkerchief in the sun, so that I may dry it and put it in my pocket again, Mr. Curious."

"Go, Mariette, go."

Guided by the sound of the steps of the young girl, and by the song with which she accompanied her steps, Conscience directed his sightless eyes towards a place covered with grass and flowers, on which she spread her handkerchief.

All at once, Conscience uttered a cry.

Mariette turned around, and saw him with his eyes fixed, and his mouth half open.

"My God," said she, "dear Conscience, what has happened?"

"Mariette," said he, trembling, and gently pushing her away.

"What means this?"

Conscience, by muscular effort arose without the aid of his hands, which he reached forth towards Mariette, saying, "there, there."

The young girl, without knowing why, placed herself in the place he indicated in the sunlight, which shone on her like a mantle of flame.

"Mariette," said Conscience, "I see you, my eyes are not entirely gone."

The young girl trembled as if she had been attacked by vertigo.

"Conscience, dear Conscience, do not kill me with joy."

"I tell you I see you; like a dark shadow it is true, but yet I see you. I repeat to you, Mariette, my poor eyes are not altogether dead. Your dream is fulfilled."

Mariette fell on her knees, and thanked the Virgin in fervent prayer.

Conscience saw this as one sees in the obscurity of a mist.

"I see," said he, "and the proof is, that now you kneel. Mariette, you see that I see."

"Holy Mother of God," said the young girl, "you have worked this miracle. Holy mother of God, we never will forget you, and swear, that, before we die, we will make another pilgrimage to your Holy Chapel, not to invoke, but to thank you for this mercy."

After this invocation, by a great effort she sprang from the ground into the young man's arms.

"Conscience," said she, "is it true that you have seen me?"

"I saw you," said he.

"Ah!" murmured they, as they stood locked in each other's arms, with their

eyes lifted to the heaven. "Glory to God, who has suffered his heavenly glance to rest on us!"

The cry of joy and gratitude was deep as that which rises from the abyss to heaven in the prayer of the dead.

Conscience saw again the light of the sun, and all the magnificent creation which glows in that light. Conscience emerged from the hell of darkness into the paradise of day.

Then a future of happiness and love was unfolded to his eyes, life again returned to him, not supportable as Mariette's devotion promised, but bright and joyous as the will of God had made it.

Vision of Athos

THE musketeer Athos, now Comte de Fère, had dressed himself and ordered his horse, determined to ride to Blois, to open correspondence with either Africa, D'Artagnan, or Aramis. In fact, the letter from Aramis informed the Comte de la Fère of the bad success of the expedition of Belle-Isle. It gave him sufficient details of the death of Porthos to move the tender and devoted heart of Athos to its innermost fibers. Athos wished to go and pay his friend Porthos a last visit. To render this honor to his companion in arms, he meant to send to D'Artagnan, to prevail upon him to recommence the painful voyage to Belle-Isle, to accomplish in his company that sad pilgrimage to the tomb of the giant he had so much loved, then to return to his dwelling to obey that secret influence which was conducting him to eternity by a mysterious road. But scarcely had his joyous servants dressed their master whom they saw with pleasure preparing for a journey which might dissipate his melancholy; scarcely had the comte's gentlest horse been saddled and brought to the door, when the father of Raoul felt his head become confused, his legs give way, and he clearly perceived the impossibility of going one step further. He ordered himself to be carried into the sun; they laid him upon his bed of moss where he passed a full hour before he could recover his spirits. Nothing could be more natural than this weakness after the inert repose of the latter days. Athos took a *bouillon,* to give him strength, and bathed his dried lips in a glassful of the wine he loved the best—that old Anjou wine mentioned by Porthos in his admirable will. Then, refreshed, free in mind, he had his horse brought again; but only with the aid of his servants was he able painfully to climb into the saddle. He did not go a hundred paces; a shivering seized him again at the turning of the road.

"This is very strange!" said he to his *valet-de-chambre,* who accompanied him.

"Let us stop, monsieur—I conjure you!" replied the faithful servant; "how pale you are getting!"

"That will not prevent my pursuing my route, now I have once started," replied the comte. And he gave his horse his head again. But suddenly, the animal, instead of obeying the thought of his master, stopped. A

movement, of which Athos was unconscious, had checked the bit.

"Something," said Athos, "wills that I should go no further. Support me," added he, stretching out his arms; "quick! come closer! I feel my muscles relax—I shall fall from my horse."

The valet had seen the movement made by his master at the moment he received the order. He went up to him quickly, received the comte in his arms, and as they were not yet sufficiently distant from the house for the servants, who had remained at the door to watch their master's departure, not to perceive the disorder in the usually regular proceeding of the comte, the valet called his comrades by gestures and voice, and all hastened to his assistance. Athos had gone but a few steps on his return, when he felt himself better again. His strength seemed to revive and with it the desire to go to Blois. He made his horse turn round: but, at the animal's first steps, he sunk again into a state of torpor and anguish.

"Well! decidedly," said he, "it is *willed* that I should stay at home."

His people flocked around him; they lifted him from his horse, and carried him as quickly as possible into the house. Everything was soon prepared in his chamber, and they put him to bed.

"You will be sure to remember," said he, disposing himself to sleep, "that I expect letters from Africa this very day."

"Monsieur will no doubt hear with pleasure that Blaisois's son is gone on horseback, to gain an hour over the courier of Blois," replied his *valet-de-chambre.*

"Thank you," replied Athos, with his placid smile.

The comte fell asleep, but his disturbed slumber resembled torture rather than repose. The servant who watched him saw several times the expression of internal suffering shadowed on his features. Perhaps Athos was dreaming.

The day passed away. Blaisois's son returned; the courier had brought no news. The comte reckoned the minutes with despair; he shuddered when those minutes made an hour. The idea that he was forgotten seized him once, and brought on a fearful pang of the heart. Everybody in the house had given up all hopes of the courier—his hour had long passed. Four times the express sent to Blois had repeated the journey, and there was nothing to the address of the comte. Athos knew the courier only arrived once a week. Here, then, was a delay of eight mortal days to be endured. He commenced the night in this painful persuasion. All that a sick man, irritated by suffering, can add of melancholy suppositions to probabilities already gloomy, Athos heaped up during the early hours of this dismal night. The fever rose: it invaded the chest, where the fire soon caught, according to the expression of the physician, who had been brought back from Blois by Blaisois at his last journey. Soon it gained the head. The physician made two successive bleedings, which dislodged it for a time, but left the patient very weak, and without power of action in anything but his brain. And yet this redoubtable fever had ceased. It besieged with its last palpitations the tense extremities; it ended by yielding as midnight struck.

The physician, seeing the incontest-

able improvement, returned to Blois, after having ordered some prescriptions, and declared that the comte was saved. Then commenced for Athos a strange, indefinable state. Free to think, his mind turned towards Raoul, that beloved son. His imagination painted the fields of Africa in the environs of Gigelli, where M. de Beaufort must have landed with his army. A waste of gray rocks, rendered green in certain parts by the waters of the sea, when it lashed the shore in storms and tempest. Beyond, the shore, strewed over with these rocks like gravestones, ascended, in form of an amphitheater among mastic-trees and cactus, a sort of small town, full of smoke, confused noises, and terrified movements. All of a sudden, from the bosom of this smoke arose a flame, which succeeded, creeping along the houses, in covering the entire surface of the town, and increased by degrees, uniting in its red and angry vortices tears, screams, and supplicating arms outstretched to heaven.

There was, for a moment, a frightful *pêle-mêle* of timbers falling to pieces, of swords broken, of stones calcined, trees burnt and disappearing. It was a strange thing that in this chaos, in which Athos distinguished raised arms, in which he heard cries, sobs, and groans, he did not see one human figure. The cannon thundered at a distance, musketry madly barked, the sea moaned, flocks made their escape, bounding over the verdant slope. But not a soldier to apply the match to the batteries of cannon, not a sailor to assist in maneuvering the fleet, not a shepherd in charge of the flocks. After the ruin of the village, the destruction of the forts which dominated it, a ruin and destruction magically wrought without the co-operation of a single human being, the flames were extinguished, the smoke began to subside, then diminished in intensity, paled and disappeared entirely. Night then came over the scene; night dark upon the earth, brilliant in firmament. The large blazing stars which spangled the Afric sky glittered and gleamed without illuminating anything.

A long silence ensued, which gave, for a moment, repose to the troubled imagination of Athos; and as he felt that that which he saw was not terminated, he applied more attentively the eyes of his understanding on the strange spectacle which his imagination had presented. This spectacle was soon continued for him. A mild pale moon rose behind the declivities of the coast, streaking at first the undulating ripples of the sea, which appeared to have calmed after the roaring it had sent forth during the vision of Athos—the moon, we say, shed its diamonds and opals upon the briers and bushes of the hills. The gray rocks, so many silent and attentive phantoms, appeared to raise their heads to examine likewise the field of battle by the light of the moon, and Athos perceived that the field, empty during the combat, was now strewn with fallen bodies.

An inexpressible shudder of fear and horror seized his soul as he recognized the white and blue uniform of the soldiers of Picardy, with their long pikes and blue handles, and muskets marked with the *fleur-de-lis* on the butts. When he saw all the gaping wounds, looking up to the bright heavens as if to demand back of them the souls to which they had opened a passage,—when he saw the slaughtered horses, stiff, their tongues

hanging out at one side of their mouths, sleeping in the shiny blood congealed around them, staining their furniture and their manes,—when he saw the white horse of M. de Beaufort, with his head beaten to pieces, in the first ranks of the dead, Athos passed a cold hand over his brow, which he was astonished not to find burning. He was convinced by this touch that he was present, as a spectator, without delirium's dreadful aid, the day after a battle fought upon the shores of Gigelli by the army of the expedition, which he had seen leave the coast of France and disappear upon the dim horizon, and of which he had saluted with thought and gesture the last cannon-shot fired by the duke as a signal of farewell to his country.

Who can paint the mortal agony with which his soul followed, like a vigilant eye, these effigies of clay-cold soldiers, and examined them, one after the other, to see if Raoul slept among them? Who can express the intoxication of joy with which Athos bowed before God, and thanked him for not having seen him he sought with so much fear among the dead? In fact, fallen in their ranks, stiff, icy, the dead, still recognizable with ease, seemed to turn with complacency towards the Comte de la Fère, to be the better seen by him, during his sad review. But yet, he was astonished, while viewing all these bodies, not to perceive the survivors. To such a point did the illusion extend, that this vision was for him a real voyage made by the father into Africa, to obtain more exact information respecting his son.

Fatigued, therefore, with having traversed seas and continents, he sought repose under one of the tents sheltered behind a rock, on the top of which floated the white *fleur-de-lised* pennon. He looked for a soldier to conduct him to the tent of M. de Beaufort. Then, while his eye was wandering over the plain, turning on all sides, he saw a white form appear behind the scented myrtles. This figure was clothed in the costume of an officer; it held in its hand a broken sword; it advanced slowly towards Athos, who, stopping short and fixing his eyes upon it, neither spoke nor moved, but wished to open his arms, because in this silent officer he had already recognized Raoul. The comte attempted to utter a cry, but it was stifled in his throat. Raoul, with a gesture, directed him to be silent, placing his finger on his lips and drawing back by degrees, without Athos being able to see his legs move. The comte, still paler than Raoul, followed his son, painfully traversing briers and bushes, stones and ditches, Raoul not appearing to touch the earth, no obstacle seeming to impede the lightness of his march. The comte, whom the inequalities at the path fatigued, soon stopped, exhausted. Raoul still continued to beckon him to follow him. The tender father, to whom love restored strength, made a last effort, and climbed the mountain after the young man, who attracted him by gesture and by smile.

At length he gained the crest of the hill, and saw, thrown out in black, upon the horizon whitened by the moon, the aerial form of Raoul. Athos reached forth his hand to get closer to his beloved son upon the plateau, and the latter also stretched out his; but suddenly, as if the young man had been

drawn away in his own despite, still retreating, he left the earth, and Athos saw the clear blue sky shine between the feet of his child and the ground of the hill. Raoul rose insensibly into the void, smiling, still calling with gesture: —he departed towards heaven. Athos uttered a cry of tenderness and terror. He looked below again. He saw a camp destroyed, and all those white bodies of the royal army, like so many motionless atoms. And then, raising his head, he saw the figure of his son still beckoning him to climb the mystic void.

Athos was at this part of his marvelous vision, when the charm was suddenly broken by a great noise rising from the outer gates. A horse was heard galloping over the hard gravel of the great alley, and the sound of noisy and animated conversations, ascended to the chamber in which the comte was dreaming. Athos did not stir from the place he occupied; he scarcely turned his head towards the door to ascertain the sooner what these noises could be. A heavy step ascended the stairs; the horse, which had recently galloped, departed slowly towards the stables. Great hesitation appeared in the steps, which by degrees approached the chamber. A door was opened, and Athos, turning a little towards the part of the room the noise came from, cried in a weak voice:

"It is a courier from Africa, is it not?"

"No, monsieur le comte," replied a voice which made the father of Raoul start upright in his bed.

"Grimaud!" murmured he. And the sweat began to pour down his face. Grimaud appeared in the doorway. It was no longer Grimaud, the faithful servant, still young with courage and devotion, when he jumped the first into the boat destined to convey Raoul de Bragelonne to the vessels of the royal fleet. 'Twas now a stern and pale old man, his clothes covered with dust, and hair whitened by old age. He trembled whilst leaning against the door-frame, and was near falling on seeing, by the light of the lamps, the countenance of his master. These two men who had lived so long together in a community of intelligence, and whose eyes, accustomed to economize expressions, knew how to say so many things silently—these two old friends, one as noble as the other in heart, if they were unequal in fortune and birth, remained tongue-tied whilst looking at each other. By the exchange of a single glance they had just read to the bottom of each other's hearts. The old servitor bore upon his countenance the impression of a grief already old, the outward token of a grim familiarity with woe. He appeared to have no longer in use more than a single version of his thoughts. As formerly he was accustomed not to speak much, he was now accustomed not to smile at all. Athos read at a glance all these shades upon the visage of his faithful servant, and in the same tone he would have employed to speak to Raoul in his dream:

"Grimaud," said he, "Raoul is dead. *Is it not so?*"

Behind Grimaud the other servants listened breathlessly, with their eyes fixed upon the bed of their sick master. They heard the terrible question, and a heart-breaking silence followed.

"Yes," replied the old man, heaving

the monosyllable from his chest with a hoarse, broken sigh.

Then arose voices of lamentation, which groaned, without measure, and filled with regrets and prayers the chamber where the agonized father sought with his eyes the portrait of his son. This was for Athos like the transition which led to his dream. Without uttering a cry, without shedding a tear, patient, mild, resigned as a martyr, he raised his eyes toward heaven, in order there to see again, rising above the mountain of Gigelli, the beloved shade that was leaving him at the moment of Grimaud's arrival. Without doubt, while looking towards the heavens, resuming his marvelous dream, he repassed by the same road by which the vision, at once so terrible and sweet, had led him before; for after having gently closed his eyes, he reopened them and began to smile: he had just seen Raoul, who had smiled upon him. With his hands joined upon his breast, his face turned towards the window, bathed by the fresh air of night which brought upon its wings the aroma of the flower and the woods, Athos entered, never again to come out of it, into the contemplation of that paradise which the living never see. God willed, no doubt, to open to this elect the treasures of eternal beatitude, at the hour when other men tremble with the idea of being severely received by the Lord, and cling to this life they know, in the dread of the other life of which they get but merest glimpses by the dismal murky touch of death. Athos was spirit-guided by the pure serene soul of his son. Everything for this just man was melody and perfume in the rough road souls take to return to the celestial country. After an hour of this ecstasy, Athos softly raised his hands, as white as wax; the smile did not quit his lips, and he murmured low, so low as scarcely to be audible, these three words addressed to God or to Raoul:

"HERE I AM!"

And his hands fell slowly, as though he himself had laid them on the bed.

Le Terrain De Dieu

THE Duke of Buckingham and De Wardes, the French noble, traveled in excellent companionship, and made the journey from Paris to Calais in undisturbed harmony together. Buckingham had hurried his departure, so that the greater part of his *adieux* were very hastily made. His visit to Monsieur and Madame Duke and Duchess of Orleans, to the young queen, and to the queen-dowager, had been paid collectively—a precaution on the part of the queen-mother which saved him the distress of any private conversation with Monsieur, and also the danger of seeing Madame again. The carriages containing the luggage had already been sent on beforehand, and in the evening he set off in his traveling carriage with his attendants.

De Wardes, friend of madame, irritated at finding himself dragged away in so abrupt a manner by this Englishman, had sought in his subtle mind for

some means of escaping from his fetters; but no one having rendered him any assistance in this respect, he was absolutely obliged, therefore, to submit to the burden of his own evil thoughts and caustic spirit.

Such of his friends in whom he had been able to confide, had, in their character of wits, rallied him upon the duke's superiority. Others, less brilliant, but more sensible, had reminded him of the king's orders prohibiting dueling. Others, again, and they the larger number, who, in virtue of charity, or national vanity, might have rendered him assistance, did not care to run the risk of incurring disgrace, and would, at the best, have informed the ministers of a departure which might end in a massacre on a small scale. The result was, that, after having fully deliberated upon the matter, De Wardes packed up his luggage, took a couple of horses, and, followed only by one servant, made his way toward the barrier, where Buckingham's carriage was to await him.

The duke received his adversary as he would have done an intimate acquaintance, made room beside him on the same seat with himself, offered him refreshments, and spread over his knees the sable cloak that had been thrown on the front seat. They then conversed of the court, without alluding to Madame; of Monsieur, without speaking of domestic affairs; of the king, without speaking of his brother's wife; of the queen-mother, without alluding to her daughter-in-law; of the king of England, without alluding to his sister-in-law; of the state of the affections of either of the travelers, without pronouncing any name that might be dangerous. In this way the journey, which was performed by short stages, was most agreeable, and Buckingham, almost a Frenchman from wit and education, was delighted at having so admirably selected his traveling companion. Elegant repasts were served, of which they partook but lightly; trials of horses made in the beautiful meadows that skirted the road; coursing indulged in, for Buckingham had his greyhounds with him; and in such ways did they pass away the pleasant time. The duke somewhat resembled the beautiful river Seine, which folds France a thousand times in its loving embrace, before deciding upon joining its waters with the ocean. In quitting France, it was her recently adopted daughter he had brought to Paris whom he chiefly regretted; his every thought was a remembrance of her—his every memory a regret. Therefore, whenever, now and then, despite his command over himself, he was lost in thought, De Wardes left him entirely to his musings. This delicacy might have touched Buckingham, and changed his feelings towards De Wardes, if the latter, while preserving silence, had shown a glance less full of malice, and a smile less false. Instinctive dislikes, however, are relentless; nothing appeases them; a few ashes may sometimes, apparently, extinguish them; but beneath those ashes the smothered embers rage more furiously. Having exhausted every means of amusement the route offered, they arrived, as we have said, at Calais towards the end of the sixth day. The duke's attendants, since the previous evening, had traveled in advance, and now chartered a boat, for the purpose of joining the yacht, which had been

tacking about in sight, or bore broadside on, whenever it felt its white wings wearied, within cannon-shot of the jetty.

The boat was destined for the transport of the duke's equipages from the shore to the yacht. The horses had been embarked, having been hoisted from the boat upon the deck in baskets expressly made for the purpose, and wadded in such a manner that their limbs, even in the most violent fits of terror or impatience, were always protected by the soft support which the sides afforded, and their coats not even turned. Eight of these baskets, placed side by side, filled the ship's hold. It is well known that in short voyages horses refuse to eat, but remain trembling all the while, with the best of food before them, such as they would have greatly coveted on land. By degrees, the duke's entire equipage was transported on board the yacht; he was then informed that everything was in readiness, and that they only waited for him, whenever he would be disposed to embark with the French gentleman De Wardes, for no one could possibly imagine that the French gentleman would have any other accounts to settle with his Grace than those of friendship. Buckingham desired the captain to be told to hold himself in readiness, but that, as the sea was beautiful, and as the day promised a splendid sunset, he did not intend to go on board until nightfall, and would avail himself of the evening to enjoy a walk on the strand. He added also, that, finding himself in such excellent company, he had not the least desire to hasten his embarkation.

As he said this he pointed out to those who surrounded him the magnificent spectacle which the sky presented, of deepest azure in the horizon, the amphitheatre of fleecy clouds ascending from the sun's disc to the zenith, assuming the appearance of a range of snowy mountains, whose summits were heaped one upon another. The dome of clouds was tinged at its base with, as it were, the foam of rubies, fading away into opal and pearly tints, in proportion as the gaze was carried from base to summit. The sea was gilded with the same reflection, and upon the crest of every sparkling wave danced a point of light, like a diamond by lamplight. The mildness of the evening, the sea breezes, so dear to contemplative minds, setting in from the east and blowing in delicious gusts; then, in the distance, the black outline of the yacht with its rigging traced upon the empurpled background of the sky—while, dotting the horizon, might be seen, here and there, vessels with their trimmed sails, like the wings of a seagull about to plunge; such a spectacle indeed well merited admiration. A crowd of curious idlers followed the richly dressed attendants, amongst whom they mistook the steward and the secretary for the master and his friend. As for Buckingham, who was dressed very simply, in a gray satin vest, and doublet of violet-colored velvet, wearing his hat thrust over his eyes, and without orders or embroidery, he was taken no more notice of than De Wardes, who was in black, like an attorney.

The duke's attendants had received directions to have a boat in readiness at the jetty head, and to watch the embarkation of their master, without

approaching him until either he or his friend should summon them,—"whatever may happen," he had added, laying a stress upon these words, so that they might not be misunderstood. Having walked a few paces upon the strand, Buckingham said to De Wardes, "I think it is now time to take leave of each other. The tide, you perceive, is rising; ten minutes hence it will have soaked the sands where we are now walking in such a manner that we shall not be able to keep our footing."

"I await your orders, my lord, but——"

"But, you mean, we are still upon soil which is part of the king's territory."

"Exactly."

"Well, do you see yonder a kind of little island surrounded by a circle of water? The pool is increasing every minute, and the isle is gradually disappearing. This island, indeed, belongs to Heaven, for it is situated between two seas, and is not shown on the king's charts. Do you observe it?"

"Yes; but we can hardly reach it now, without getting our feet wet."

"Yes; but observe that it forms an eminence tolerably high, and that the tide rises on every side, leaving the top free. We shall be admirably placed upon that little theatre. What do you think of it?"

"I shall be perfectly happy wherever I may have the honor of crossing my sword with your lordship's."

"Very well, then, I am distressed to be the cause of your wetting your feet, M. De Wardes, but it is most essential you should be able to say to the king: 'Sire, I did not fight upon your majesty's territory.' Perhaps the distinction is somewhat subtle, but, since Port-Royal, your nation delights in subtleties of expression. Do not let us complain of this, however, for it makes your wit very brilliant, and of a style peculiarly your own. If you do not object, we will hurry ourselves, for the sea, I perceive, is rising fast, and night is setting in."

"My reason for not walking faster was, that I did not wish to precede your Grace. Are you still on dry land, my lord?

"Yes, at present I am. Look yonder! My servants are afraid we shall be drowned, and have converted the boat into a cruiser. Do you remark how curiously it dances upon the crests of the waves? But, as it makes me feel sea-sick, would you permit me to turn my back towards them?"

"You will observe, my lord, that in turning your back to them, you will have the sun full in your face."

"Oh, its rays are very feeble at this hour, and it will soon disappear; do not be uneasy on that score."

"As you please, my lord; it was out of consideration for your lordship that I made the remark."

"I am aware of that, M. De Wardes, and I fully appreciate your kindness. Shall we take off our doublets?"

"As you please, my lord."

"Do not hesitate to tell me, M. De Wardes, if you do not feel comfortable upon the wet sand, or if you think yourself a little too close to the French territory. We could fight in England, or even upon my yacht."

"We are exceedingly well placed here, my lord; only I have the honor to remark that, as the sea is rising fast, we have hardly time——"

Buckingham made a sign of assent, took off his doublet and threw it on the ground, a proceeding which De Wardes imitated. Both their bodies, which seemed like phantoms to those who were looking at them from the shore, were thrown strongly into relief by a dark red violet-colored shadow with which the sky became overspread.

"Upon my word, your Grace," said De Wardes, "we shall hardly have time to begin. Do you not perceive how our feet are sinking into the sand?"

"I have sunk up to the ankles," said Buckingham, "without reckoning that the water is even now breaking in upon us."

"It has already reached me. As soon as you please, therefore, your Grace," said De Wardes, who drew his sword, a movement imitated by the duke.

"M. De Wardes," said Buckingham, "one final word: I am about to fight you because I do not like you,—because you have wounded me in ridiculing a certain devotional regard I have entertained, and one which I acknowledge that, at this moment, I still retain, and for which I would very willingly die. You are a bad and heartless man, M. De Wardes, and I will do my very utmost to take your life; for I feel assured that, if you survive this engagement, you will, in the future, work great mischief towards my friends. That is all I have to remark, M. De Wardes," concluded Buckingham, as he saluted him.

"And I, my lord, have only this to reply to you: I have not disliked you hitherto, but, since you give me such a character, I hate you, and will do all I possibly can to kill you"; and De Wardes saluted Buckingham.

Their swords crossed at the same moment, like two flashes of lightning on a dark night. The swords seemed to seek each other, guessed their position, and met. Both were practiced swordsmen, and the earlier passes were without any result. The night was fast closing in, and it was so dark that they attacked and defended themselves almost instinctively. Suddenly De Wardes felt his sword arrested,—he had just touched Buckingham's shoulder. The duke's sword sunk as his arm was lowered.

"You are wounded, my lord," said De Wardes, drawing back a step or two.

"Yes, monsieur, but only slightly."

"Yet you quitted your guard."

"Only from the first effect of the cold steel, but I have recovered. Let us go on, if you please." And disengaging his sword with a sinister clashing of the blade, the duke wounded the marquis in the breast.

"A hit?" he said.

"No," cried De Wardes, not moving from his place.

"I beg your pardon, but observing that your shirt was stained——" said Buckingham.

"Well," said De Wardes furiously, "it is now your turn."

And with a terrible lunge, he pierced Buckingham's arm, the sword passing between the two bones. Buckingham, feeling his right arm paralyzed, stretched out his left, seized his sword, which was about falling from his nerveless grasp, and before De Wardes could resume his guard, he thrust him through the breast. De Wardes tottered, his knees gave way beneath him, and leaving his sword still fixed in the duke's arm, he fell into the water, which was

soon crimsoned with a more genuine reflection than that which it had borrowed from the clouds. De Wardes was not dead; he felt the terrible danger that menaced him, for the sea rose fast. The duke, too, perceived the danger. With an effort and an exclamation of pain he tore out the blade which remained in his arm, and turning towards De Wardes said, "Are you dead, marquis?"

"No," replied De Wardes, in a voice choked by the blood which rushed from his lungs to his throat, "but very near it."

"Well, what is to be done; can you walk?" said Buckingham, supporting him on his knee.

"Impossible," he replied. Then falling down again, said, "Call to your people, or I shall be drowned."

"Halloa! boat there! quick, quick!"

The boat flew over the waves, but the sea rose faster than the boat could approach. Buckingham saw that De Wardes was on the point of being again covered by a wave; he passed his left arm, safe and unwounded, round his body and raised him up. The wave ascended to his waist but did not move him. The duke immediately began to carry his late antagonist towards the shore. He had hardly gone ten paces, when a second wave, rushing onwards higher, more furious and menacing than the former, struck him at the height of his chest, threw him over and buried him beneath the water. At the reflux, however, the duke and De Wardes were discovered lying on the strand. De Wardes had fainted. At this moment four of the duke's sailors, who comprehended the danger, threw themselves into the sea, and in a moment were close beside him. Their terror was extreme when they observed how their master became covered with blood, in proportion as the water, with which it was impregnated, flowed towards his knees and feet; they wished to carry him.

"No, no," exclaimed the duke, "take the marquis on shore first."

"Death to the Frenchman!" cried the English sullenly.

"Wretched knaves!" exclaimed the duke, drawing himself up with a haughty gesture, which sprinkled them with blood, "obey directly! M. De Wardes on shore! M. De Wardes's safety to be looked to first, or I will have you all hanged!"

The boat had by this time reached them; the secretary and steward leaped into the sea, and approached the marquis, who no longer showed any sign of life.

"I commit him to your care, as you value your lives," said the duke. "Take M. De Wardes on shore." They took him in their arms, and carried him to the dry sand, where the tide never rose so high. A few idlers and five or six fishermen had gathered on the shore, attracted by the strange spectacle of two men fighting with the water up to their knees. The fishermen, observing a group of men approaching carrying a wounded man, entered the sea until the water was up to their waists. The English transferred the wounded man to them, at the very moment the latter began to open his eyes again. The salt water and the fine sand had got into his wounds, and caused him the acutest pain. The duke's secretary drew out a purse filled with gold from his pocket,

and handed it to the one among those present who appeared of most importance, saying: "From my master, his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, in order that every possible care may be taken of the Marquis De Wardes."

Then, followed by those who had accompanied him, he returned to the boat, which Buckingham had been enabled to reach with the greatest difficulty, but only after he had seen De Wardes out of danger. By this time it was high tide; embroidered coats and silk sashes were lost; many hats, too, had been carried away by the waves. The flow of the tide had borne the duke's and De Wardes's clothes to the shore, and De Wardes was wrapped in the duke's doublet, under the belief that it was his own, when the fishermen carried him in their arms towards the town.

A Weird Costume

A STRANGE thing happened once upon the return of a party of mine to Compiègne.

We had hired in the Sous-préfecture of the Oise a little open cart, which had been entrusted, along with the horse, to our care and guidance.

Our guidance was indeed called for whenever the microscopic quadruped in question was under way. Though claiming the name of horse, by the bye, he was barely as big as a good-sized donkey.

But it would seem that little horses, like little men, are naturally quarrelsome. Ours, from the first moment we had commanded his services, had never ceased to wrangle with us.

Accordingly I was entrusted with the task of reasoning with him, and as my arguments had a stiff bit and an active whip, he had ended, not indeed in owning himself in the wrong, but by acting as if I had proved myself right.

Thanks to my good management, I had brought myself and three companions safe and sound to the farm in the first instance. Now that we had determined definitely to leave for Compiègne without going back to M. Mocquet's at all, we despatched an underkeeper to Brassoire, with orders to put *Dévorant* to the cart and drive out to join us somewhere on the line of the Compiègne road. Our Bucephalus was called *Dévorant* because of his capabilities in the way of devouring space.

Alfred my nephew alone had raised some objections to these arrangements. The fact is he would be obliged to return to Compiègne without the possibility of "titivating a bit,"—a circumstance that must prejudice him in the eyes of the fair ladies of the Sous-préfecture of the Oise. But his regrets and expostulations were ignored in deference to our offended dignity.

Accordingly, about noon we saw *Dévorant* appear on the horizon, together with cart and keeper. The nag, which had eaten at the farm the allowance of oats of an ordinary-sized horse, was neighing and tossing his head and moving his ears like the arms of an aerial telegraph. All this promised us as animated an argument on the re-

turn journey as we had enjoyed before.

At the moment *Dévorant* appeared the shooting was going famously; we resolved, therefore, to let the cart follow on after us till the time came for getting into it.

Besides, we thought, it was a good way to calm the animal's over-high spirits to make him, as a preliminary to his journey to Compiégne, do his three or four leagues over ploughed fields and stubble.

Then there was yet another advantage; as each shot told, the game was carried to the cart at once. On the morrow of the opening day of the season not only are legs a bit tired, but shoulders are apt to be lazy.

Unfortunately our expectations with regard to *Dévorant* were imperfectly realised. True, the ploughed land and the stubbles exerted a calming effect, but the firing exasperated his nerves the more. Every time a gun went off, man and horse had a desperate struggle.

At two o'clock we called the roster. This time Alfred was present; he knew that if he did not show up at this supreme moment he would have four long leagues to cover on foot; and though perfectly content to do his four, or, at a pinch, eight leagues, across country, he had no sort of desire to tramp the same distance along a high-road.

The cart was waiting for us at the edge of the forest. We took our places in the following order: Maquet, my friend, and Alfred on the back seat, Alexandre, my son, and myself on the front.

Médor, as a dog of a certain age and one having every right to consideration, slipped unobtrusively and noiselessly between our legs. Obviously his only wish was to escape notice. He was seen all the same, but the only result was that his modesty received a warm eulogium.

Pritchard, the other dog, on the contrary, crushed under Alfred's jeers and gibes, sneered at as a performing dog, told he ought to turn out next season with a Zany's coat of many colours,—Pritchard never seemed to conceive the idea of sharing the comforts of our conveyance, but set off sturdily along the road, his nose pointing for Compiègne, his tail waving in the wind, without apparently giving so much as a thought to the two hundred leagues he must, at the lowest computation, have galloped since the day before.

I offered to take the reins; but Alexandre pointed out that, being nearer Hippolytus' age than I was, it was his office to drive. I was only half convinced; however, with my usual easiness of temper, I let him have his way.

Besides, being the youngest of us all, he was the most interested in not killing himself; this sounds specious, but it is a poor argument nevertheless. But I am so often satisfied with fallacious arguments, that I yielded to this, which was only half fallacious.

We set off in due course. The calculation we had relied on as to *Dévorant* in connection with the ploughed lands and stubbles proved utterly and entirely wrong. Obstacles, instead of daunting that intrepid little animal, only irritated him. So no sooner did he feel a good hard road under his hoofs than he started off like the wind.

"Good! away you go! . . ." cried Alexandre, slackening the reins.

The road was uphill for some dis-

tance. After a hundred yards or so, *Dévorant* saw he was acting foolishly and dropped into a more sober gait.

We thought it was fatigue; it was really hypocrisy. *Dévorant* was looking for his opportunity to score a startling revenge on us—and he was not long in finding it.

We jogged on, talking sporting talk, till we came to a very steep descent. On our left we had the forest falling away in a sort of amphitheatre; on our right a ravine fifty feet or so deep.

The highway authorities, always full of fond care for travellers' safety, had been kind and considerate enough to plant stone posts every ten yards to serve as a parapet along the edge of the road bordering the ravine. But in the intervals between these posts there was nothing whatever to prevent carriages, horses, or pedestrians from pitching over.

On the opposite side of the road broken flints were piled in long heaps every ten yards.

Dévorant cast a look to the left, a look to the right, a look ahead. Ahead he had the descending hill; to left the heaps of flints, to right the ravine.

The spot struck him as well adapted for his purpose, and the circumstances as propitious.

Without the smallest warning he broke from a trot into a gallop. Alexandre tugged hard at the reins, but *Dévorant's* pace only grew more and more furious.

There was no mistaking his intentions, especially for any one occupying, as I did, the front seat.

The following brief dialogue was exchanged under our breaths between my son and myself:—

"What now?"

"Eh?"

"*Dévorant* is bolting, I think."

"To be sure he is."

"Hold him in."

"I can't."

"Can't! Why not?"

"He's taken the bit between his teeth."

"Well, well!"

We were now travelling five-and-twenty leagues an hour.

"What's the matter?" asked Alfred and Maquet in the same breath.

"Nothing, nothing!" I told them; "only *Dévorant* is a bit fresh."

As I spoke, with a rapid, and at the same time vigorous motion, I wound the off rein round my wrist, and hauled violently to the left.

The bit slipped from between the animal's teeth, and the latter swerved violently to the left and dashed into one of the heaps of flints above mentioned.

Seeing himself turned aside, and feeling the slipping stones yield under his feet, *Dévorant* fell into a perfect fury.

Losing all hope of breaking our necks by upsetting the cart, he was determined to have some satisfaction instead. So he set to work to kick out and break our limbs; and he kicked so frantically that one leg got over the shaft.

In this unaccustomed predicament *Dévorant,* it seems to me, completely lost his head. Suicide seemed a pleasant thing, if only he could kill us at the same time.

Accordingly, with a violence and an unexpectedness there was no gainsaying, he made a half-turn to the right, and sweeping diagonally across the roadway, dashed towards the ravine.

This time the dialogue was briefer still between Alexandre and myself.

"We are done for!"

"Yes, father!"

I do not know what the others did; for my own part I shut my eyes and waited developments.

Suddenly I felt a terrific jar, and was pitched out of the cart on to the high-road. The shock was appalling.

Alexandre had fallen full length on top of me, so that he was guaranteed from injury from head to heel.

In a second he was on his feet; and in another second I was on mine.

"Are you hurt?" I asked him.

"Not a scrap. And you?"

"Not a scrap either," I assured him.

"Well, then, the dynasty of Dumas being safe and sound, let us see what has become of the others,"—and we cast an inquiring look about us.

Alfred had disappeared, Maquet was lying almost unconscious.

Alexandre ran to him and raised his head.

"What is wrong, my dear old fellow?"

"I am in for a broken arm anyway—if not a broken back," groaned Maquet.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Alexandre, "that's bad hearing what you say."

Maquet turned deadly pale, and fainted away again. Alexandre dragged him on to the slope of the ditch on the left side of the road.

Meantime I was examining the upper part of my thigh. I had been a bit premature when I said I was not a scrap hurt. I had fallen on top of my gun-barrel, which I had flattened out by the force of my fall and the weight of my body, doubled by that of Alexandre atop of me.

The result was, not a fracture of the bone,—thank goodness the stuff my thigh-bone was made of had proved too much for the metal,—but a most terrible bruise. My thigh had turned a brilliant violet that strongly resembled the tints decorating the door-posts of a pork-butcher's.

At that moment I caught sight of Alfred, who was coming up to join the rest of the party; slim as an arrow, light as a rush, and having encountered no obstacle, he had been tossed thirty yards away. Médor was following him at ten paces behind.

"Look," I said to Alexandre, "we were just looking for Alfred; there he is coming back from Compiègne."

I hailed him. "What news?" I asked.

"I have torn my trousers from top to bottom."

"And yourself?"

"All right, all right!" declared Alfred.

"Too bony to come to much harm, eh?" laughed Alexandre. "Ah! there's Maquet coming to again."

It was so; he was opening his eyes and looking about him. A flask still held a little brandy, and we made him swallow a few drops.

He got on to his feet, staggering at first; then presently, little by little, he regained his centre of gravity.

We now had time to turn our attention to *Dévorant* and the cart, and think how the accident had happened.

By a providential miracle, just as we were on the point of being pitched over the edge, the wheel had struck a post, mounted it, and emptied us out into the roadway.

The horse hung suspended over the precipice, the weight of the vehicle alone preventing his falling. The ani-

mal was literally swimming in empty space.

We stepped up and looked over the edge. It was enough to make you giddy! Picture a ravine fifty or sixty feet deep, nicely carpeted with jagged rocks, brambles, and nettles.

If the wheel had not encountered the post, horse, cart, and ourselves must all have been dashed to pieces!

We made several attempts to draw *Dévorant* back into the road; but our efforts were quite unavailing.

"My word!" said Alexandre at last, "the beast chose the place himself; let him stay there. Let's attend to ourselves first. What do *you* want, Maquet?"

"To rest a while."

"Well, there's the ditch-side to welcome you with open arms.—And you, father?"

"What's left of the brandy."

"What! the brandy? Why, to think of *your* drinking brandy!"

"All right, my boy; it's for my thigh."

"Well and good, here's the stuff you ask for. And you, Alfred?"

"I think," said Alfred, seizing the opportunity, "that it's about time to titivate a bit."

Then, drawing a small comb from his pocket, he began arranging his hair, as systematically as if he had been in his room at M. Mocquet's farm.

"There!" he said, when he had finished, "I think now, I can, without being wasteful, offer my trousers as a gift to the nymphs of the wood."

And pulling off his tattered breeches, after displaying the garment for a moment to the company to see if any one put in a claim, and no tongue having spoken, he tossed the trousers into the ravine.

No one had said a word, in the first place because the trousers did not seem in the least worth claiming, and secondly because all eyes were fixed on Alfred's legs, which till that moment we none of us had ever had occasion to see except encased in more or less voluminous garments.

"Alfred," said Alexandre solemnly, "do you know what M. de Talleyrand said to the Mayor of Ferrette, who had legs of your sort?"

"No; what did he say?"

"He said: 'Mister Mayor, you are the bravest man in France.'—'Why so, Monseigneur?'—'Because you are the only living soul bold enough to walk on such a pair of legs!' Well, I think you are even braver than the Mayor of Ferrette."

"Oh, what a pretty wit!"

"I take no credit for the joke," said Alexandre; "it's not mine."

"Ah! thunder!" suddenly cried Alfred, with a despairing gesture.

"Why, what now?"

"Fool that I am!"

"Don't say things like that, Alfred; they might believe you, you know."

"Just think, the key of my dressing-bag is in my trousers pocket."

"In the trousers that are in your carpet-bag?"

"No, no; in the pair I have just offered up to the nymphs of the wood."

"Never mind, never mind! Why, man, you're showing yourself to them with every advantage; they will take you for Narcissus, lucky beggar!"

"Yes, but the brambles and thorns!"

"After all, who risks nothing wins nothing."

All this while the peasant men and women who were passing along the road—it was market-day at Crépy—gazed at us with curious looks, carefully refraining, of course, from affording us any assistance.

It is very true things may have worn a suspicious aspect to them. They understood very well what Maquet was doing, sitting pale and haggard at the edge of the forest; they understood very well what Alexandre was doing, loosening his cravat and rubbing his temples with a handkerchief soaked in the cool water of a neighboring rivulet; they understood very well what I was doing, bathing my bruised leg with brandy. But they failed to comprehend what this Scotsman-looking fellow, with bare legs, was doing, pacing up and down above the ravine, into which he darted savage looks, accompanied by growls and howls and threatening gestures.

Suddenly he gave vent to a cry of joy—

"I am saved! I am saved!"—and pointing to the ravine: "Go search, Médor," he cried, "go search!"

Médor hurried down into the depths of the ravine. Five minutes afterwards he reappeared with his master's trousers.

But, alas! a fresh calamity. During the journey the key of the carpet-bag had slipped out of the pocket, which was found to be perfectly empty.

You can imagine how much prospect there was of finding it in such a dense mass of undergrowth.

Thus Alfred was necessarily compelled to return in Highland garb into the Sous-préfecture of the Department of the Oise.

Happily, it was already dark by the time we reached the first houses of the little town.

We despatched the carriage proprietor to look for the cart and *Dévorant*. He found them both precisely where we had left them.

Three Against Three

A DUEL had been arranged between the friends of Henry II of France and those of his enemy, Duc d'Anjou.

The friends of the Duc d'Anjou had passed as good and tranquil a night as those of the king, although their master had not taken the same care of them. After a good supper, they had all retired to sleep at Antragues's house, which was nearest to the field of battle. Antragues, before supper, had gone to take leave of a little milliner whom he adored, Ribeirac had written to his mother, and Livarot had made his will. They were up early in the morning, and dressed themselves in red breeches and socks, that their enemies might not see their blood, and they had doublets of gray silk. They wore shoes without heels, and their pages carried their swords, that their arms might not be fatigued.

The weather was splendid, for love, war, or walking; and the sun gilded the roofs, on which the night dew was sparkling. The streets were dry, and the air delightful.

Before leaving the house, the young

men had sent to the Hotel d'Anjou to inquire for Bussy, the cream of chivalry, their friend, and had received a reply that he had gone out the evening before and had not yet returned.

"Oh!" said Antragues, "I know where he is; the king ordered a grand chase at Compiègne, and M. de Monsoreau was to set off yesterday. His hapless wife will be at home. It is all right, gentlemen; he is nearer the ground than we are, and may be there before us. We will call for him in passing."

The streets were empty as they went along; no one was to be seen except peasants coming from Montreuil or Vincennes, with milk or vegetables.

The young men went on in silence until they reached the Rue St. Antoine.

Then, with a smile, they glanced at Monsoreau's house.

"One could see well from there, and I am sure poor Diana de Monsoreau will be more than once at the window," said Antragues.

"I think she must be there already," said Ribeirac, "for the window is open."

"True, but what can be the meaning of that ladder before it?"

"It is odd."

"We are not the only ones to wonder," said Livarot, "see those peasants, who are stopping their carts to look."

The young men arrived under the balcony. "M. de Monsoreau," they cried, "do you intend to be present at our combat? If so, be quick, for we wish to arrive first."

They waited, but no one answered.

"Did you put up that ladder?" asked Antragues of a man who was examining the ground.

"God forbid!" replied he.

"Why so?"

"Look up."

"Blood!" cried Ribeirac.

"The door has been forced," said Antragues; and seizing the ladder, he was on the balcony in a moment.

"What is it?" cried the others, seeing him turn pale.

A terrible cry was his only answer. Livarot mounted behind him. "Corpses! death everywhere!" cried he. And they both entered the room. It bore horrible traces of the terrible combat of the previous night. A river of blood flowed over the room; and the curtains were hanging in strips from sword cuts.

"Oh! poor Remy!" cried Antragues, suddenly.

"Dead!"

"Yes."

"But a regiment of troopers must have passed through the room," cried Livarot. Then, seeing the door of the corridor open, the traces of blood indicating that one or more of the combatants had also passed through there, he followed it. Meanwhile Antragues went into the adjoining room; there also blood was everywhere, and this blood led to the window. He leaned out and looked into the little garden. The iron spikes still held the livid corpse of the unhappy Bussy. At this sight, it was not a cry, but a yell, that Antragues uttered. Livarot ran to see what it was, and Ribeirac followed.

"Look!" said Antragues, "Bussy

dead! Bussy assassinated and thrown out of the window."

They ran down.

"It is he," cried Livarot.

"His wrist is cut."

"He has two balls in his breast."

"He is full of wounds."

"Ah! poor Bussy! we will have vengeance!"

Turning round they came against a second corpse. "Monsoreau!" cried Livarot.

"What! Monsoreau also."

"Yes, pierced through and through."

"Ah! they have assassinated all our friends."

"And his wife? Madame de Monsoreau!" cried Antragues; but no one answered.

"Bussy, poor Bussy."

"Yes, they wished to get rid of the most formidable of us all."

"It is cowardly! it is infamous!"

"We will tell the duke."

"No," said Antragues, "let us not charge any one with the care of our vengeance. Look, my friends, at the noble face of the bravest of men; see his blood, that teaches that he never left his vengeance to any other person. Bussy! we will act like you, and we will avenge you."

Then, drawing his sword, he dipped it in Bussy's blood.

"Bussy," said he, "I swear on your corpse, that this blood shall be washed off by the blood of your enemies."

"Bussy," cried the others, "we swear to kill them or die."

"No mercy," said Antragues.

"But we shall be but three."

"True, but we have assassinated no one, and God will strengthen the innocent. Adieu, Bussy!"

"Adieu, Bussy!" repeated the others; and they went out, pale but resolute, from that cursed house, around which a crowd had begun to collect.

Arriving on the ground, they found their opponents, the friends of the king, waiting for them.

"Gentlemen," said Quelus, rising and bowing, "we have had the honor of waiting for you."

"Excuse us," said Antragues, "but we should have been here before you, but for one of our companions."

"M. de Bussy," said D'Epernon, "I do not see him. Where is he?"

"We can wait for him," said Schomberg.

"He will not come."

All looked thunderstruck; but D'Epernon exclaimed:

"Ah! the brave man par excellence—is he, then, afraid?"

"That cannot be," said Quelus.

"You are right, monsieur," said Livarot.

"And why will he not come?"

"Because he is dead."

"Dead!" cried they all, but D'Epernon turned rather pale.

"And dead because he has been assassinated," said Antragues. "Did you not know it, gentlemen?"

"No; how should we?"

"Besides, is it certain?"

Antragues drew his sword. "So certain that there is his blood," said he.

"M. de Bussy assassinated!"

"His blood cries for vengeance! do you not hear it, gentlemen?" said Ribeirac.

"What do you mean?"

"'Seek whom the crime profits,' the law says," replied Ribeirac.

"Ah! gentlemen, will you explain yourselves?" cried Maugiron.

"That is just what we have come for."

"Quick! our swords are in our hands!" said D'Epernon.

"Oh! you are in a great hurry, M. de Gascon; you did not crow so loud when we were four against four!"

"Is it our fault, if you are only three?"

"Yes, it is your fault; he is dead because you preferred him lying in his blood to standing here; he is dead, with his wrist cut, that that wrist might no longer hold a sword; he is dead, that you might not see the lightning of those eyes, which dazzled you all. Do you understand me? am I clear?"

"Enough, gentlemen!" said Quelus. "Retire, M. d'Epernon; we will fight three against three. These gentlemen shall see if we are men to profit by a misfortune which we deplore as much as themselves. Come, gentlemen," added the young man, throwing his hat behind him, and raising his left hand, while he whirled his sword with the right, "God is our judge if we are assassins!"

"Ah! I hated you before," cried Schomberg, "and now I execrate you!"

"On your guard, gentlemen!" cried Antragues.

"With doublets or without?" said Schomberg.

"Without doublets, without shirts; our breasts bare, our hearts uncovered!"

The young men threw off their doublets and shirts.

"I have lost my dagger," said Quelus; "it must have fallen on the road."

"Or else you left it at M. de Monsoreau's, in the Place de la Bastille," said Antragues.

Quelus gave a cry of rage, and drew his sword.

"So much the worse for you; it is not my fault," said Antragues.

The place where the terrible combat was to take place was sequestered and shaded by trees. It was generally frequented only by children, who came to play there during the day, or by drunkards or robbers, who made a sleeping-place of it by night.

D'Epernon made a last bravado, "What! you are all afraid of me?" he cried.

"Hold your tongue," said Antragues.

"What do you mean?"

D'Epernon became deadly pale, and, moving away, he seated himself at some distance.

The combat began as five o'clock struck, and for a few minutes nothing was heard but the clashing of swords; not a blow was struck. At last Schomberg touched Ribeirac in the shoulder, and the blood gushed out; Schomberg tried to repeat the blow, but Ribeirac struck up his sword, and wounded him in the side.

"Now let us rest a few seconds, if you like," said Ribeirac.

Quelus, having no dagger, was at a great disadvantage; for he was obliged to parry with his left arm, and, as it was bare, on each occasion it cost him a wound. His hand was soon bleeding in several places, and Antragues had also wounded him in the

breast; but at each wound he repeated, "It is nothing."

Livarot and Maugiron were still unwounded.

Ribeirac and Schomberg recommenced; the former was pierced through the breast, and Schomberg was wounded in the neck.

Ribeirac was mortally wounded, and Schomberg rushed on him and gave him another; but, he, with his right hand, seized his opponent's, and with his left plunged his dagger into his heart.

Schomberg fell back, dragging Ribeirac with him. Livarot ran to aid Ribeirac to disengage himself from the grasp of his adversary, but was closely pursued by Maugiron, who cut open his head with a blow of his sword Livarot let his sword drop, and fell on his knees; then Maugiron hastened to give him another wound, and he fell altogether.

Quelus and Maugiron remained against Antragues. Quelus was bleeding, but from slight wounds.

Antragues comprehended his danger; he had not the least wound, but he began to feel tired, so he pushed aside Quelus's sword and jumped over a barrier; but at the same moment, Maugiron attacked him behind; Antragues turned, and Quelus profited by this movement to get under the barrier.

"Vive le roi!" cried D'Epernon.

"Silence, if you please, monsieur," said Antragues.

At this instant Livarot, of whom no one was thinking, rose on his knees, hideous from the blood with which he was covered, and plunged his dagger between the shoulders of Maugiron, who fell, crying out, "Mon Dieu! I am killed!"

Livarot fell back again, fainting.

"M. de Quelus," said Antragues, "you are a brave man; yield—I offer you your life."

"And why yield?"

"You are wounded, and I am not."

"Vive le roi!" cried Quelus; "I have still my sword!" And he rushed on Antragues, who parried the thrust, and, seizing his arm, wrested his sword from him, saying—

"Now you have it no longer."

"Oh, a sword!" cried Quelus; and, bounding like a tiger on Antragues, he threw his arms around him.

Antragues struck him with his dagger again and again, but Quelus managed to seize his hands, and twisted round him like a serpent, with arms and legs. Antragues, nearly suffocated, reeled and fell, but on the unfortunate Quelus. He managed to disengage himself, for Quelus's powers were failing him, and, leaning on one arm, gave him a last blow.

"Vive le r—" said Quelus, and that was all. The silence and terror of death reigned everywhere.

Antragues rose, covered with blood, but it was that of his enemy.

D'Epernon made the sign of the cross, and fled as if he were pursued by demons.

Quelus, whose blood was pouring out from nineteen wounds, opened his eyes. "Antragues," said he, "on my honor, I am innocent of the death of Bussy."

"Oh! I believe you, monsieur," cried Antragues, much moved.

"Fly!" murmured Quelus; "the king will never forgive you."

"I cannot abandon you thus, even to escape the scaffold."

Antragues approached Ribeirac, who still breathed.

"Well?" asked he.

"We are victors," said Antragues, in a low tone, not to offend Quelus.

"Thanks," said Ribeirac; "now go."

And he fainted again.

Antragues picked up his own sword, which he had dropped, then that of Quelus, which he presented to him. A tear shone in the eyes of the dying man. "We might have been friends," he murmured.

Antragues wrapped himself in a cloak which his squire handed to him, so that no one might see the blood, and leaving dead and wounded, disappeared through Porte St. Antoine.

The Goddess of Reason

THE siege of Saint Jean d'Acre by the eastern army under Napoleon, lasted sixty days. There were seven assaults and twelve sorties.

More than a thousand men had been killed or had died of the plague.

There was plenty of powder still, but no bullets, and this fact soon became known to the army. Matters like this cannot be concealed from soldiers.

One morning, while Bonaparte and Roland, his aide, were both in the trench, a sergeant-major approached the latter, and asked:

"Is it true that we are in need of shot, commandant?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?" responded Roland.

"Because, if the commander-in-chief wants some I know a way to get them for him," replied the sergeant-major, with that twitch of the neck that was habitual with him and that seemed to date back to the time he first wore a cravat.

"You?"

"Yes, I. And they won't cost him so much, either—only five sous apiece."

"Five sous! Why, they cost the government forty."

"Yes; so you see you would be making an excellent bargain."

"You're not joking?"

"Do you suppose I would presume to joke with my superior officer?"

Roland went to Bonaparte and repeated what the sergeant-major had just said.

"These rascals have very clever ideas sometimes," said the commander-in-chief. "Call him."

So Roland motioned the sergeant to approach.

He advanced with a military stride, then paused about six feet from Bonaparte, with his hand touching the visor of his helmet.

"Are you the dealer in bullets?" asked Bonaparte.

"I sell them; I do not manufacture them."

"And you will contract to furnish them for five sous?"

"Yes, general."

"But how will you do it?"

"That is my secret. If I were to tell it, everybody would be selling them."

"And how many can you furnish?"

"As many as you want."

"And what do you need in order to obtain them?" asked Bonaparte.

"Permission to go in bathing with my company."

Bonaparte burst into a hearty laugh. He understood the scheme now.

"Very well, go," he replied.

The sergeant-major saluted and then started off on a run.

In a few moments the commander-in-chief and his aide saw pass, with the sergeant-major at its head, the company that had received permission to bathe.

"Come and see something curious," Bonaparte remarked to his aide-de-camp; and taking Roland's arm, he ascended a small knoll which commanded a view of the entire gulf.

Here he saw the sergeant-major re-

move his clothing and wade into the sea with a part of his company, while the others scattered themselves along the beach.

Until then Roland had not understood the scheme, but the sergeant-major and his comrades were no sooner in the water than a thick shower of bullets began to fall upon them from the ramparts as well as from the two English frigates; but as the soldiers who were in the water, as well as those who were on the beach, took good care to keep quite a distance from each other, the bullets fell in the spaces between the men, where they were immediately picked up without a single one being lost, not even one of those that fell into the water, for as the beach sloped very gradually, the soldiers were only obliged to stoop to pick up the bullets from the bottom.

This curious game lasted two hours.

True, at the end of that time three men had been killed, but the inventor of the scheme had collected from ten to twelve hundred bullets, which netted the company three hundred francs.

One hundred francs for each man killed! The company thought that an excellent bargain.

As the guns on the frigates and in the city were all of the same caliber as those of our army—that is to say, twelve and sixteen—every bullet could be used.

On the following day the company went in bathing again. When he heard the firing, Bonaparte could not resist the temptation to witness the curious spectacle again, and this time several of the army officers accompanied him.

Roland could hardly contain himself. He was one of those men who seem to be positively intoxicated by the smell of powder.

With two bounds he was on the beach, and tossing his clothing on the sand, and retaining only his drawers, he threw himself into the sea.

"What is the matter with that foolish fellow that he seems to be always trying to find a way to get killed?" muttered Bonaparte.

But Roland was no longer there to reply, and it is more than likely that he would not have replied if he had been.

Bonaparte watched him as he swam out past the bathers and almost within musket range of the "Tiger." They opened fire upon him, and the bullets made the water leap and dance around him.

He did not trouble himself in the least about them, however, and his conduct seemed such a direct challenge that an officer aboard the "Tiger" ordered a boat lowered.

Roland did not object to being killed, but he did decidedly object to being taken prisoner; so he swam out vigorously toward the reefs that lie along the base of the fortress, knowing that it was impossible for a boat to follow him there.

For a minute or two he vanished from sight entirely, and Bonaparte was really beginning to fear that he had been killed, when he saw him suddenly reappear close to the foot of the city walls under a brisk fire of musketry. But Roland seemed to have entered into a compact with the bullets, for he walked slowly back along the beach, though the sand on one side and the water on the other were thrown up almost under his very feet, and soon

reaching the place where he had dropped his clothes, he dressed himself and then walked toward Bonaparte.

A vivandière who had joined the party, and who was distributing the contents of her cask among the collectors of bullets, offered him a glass.

"Ah, so it is you, Goddess of Reason!" said Roland. "You know very well that I never drink brandy."

"No; but once in a life-time doesn't matter, you know, and you certainly deserve a drop or two after what you have done."

And as she spoke, she held out a tiny silver cup filled with liquor.

"Drink to the health of the commander-in-chief and to the capture of Saint Jean d'Acre," she exclaimed.

Roland drank, raising his glass and bowing to Bonaparte, after which he offered the vivandière a piece of silver.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "I sell my liquor to those who need to buy courage, not to you. Besides, my husband is likely to make a very good thing out of this.

"What is your husband doing?"

"He is the bullet merchant."

"Ah! Well, by the sound of the cannonading, I should think he was likely to make his fortune in a very short time. Where is this husband of yours?"

"Over there," she replied, pointing out to Roland the same sergeant-major who had offered to furnish bullets for five sous apiece.

As the Goddess of Reason spoke, a shell buried itself in the sand not more than four feet from the daring speculator, who instantly threw himself face downward on the ground and remained perfectly motionless.

About three seconds afterward the shell burst, scattering a cloud of sand around.

"Upon my word, Goddess of Reason, I'm very much afraid that shot made you a widow!" exclaimed Roland.

But the sergeant-major emerged from the blinding cloud of dust and sand unhurt, though it looked very much as if he were rising out of the mouth of a volcano.

"Long live the Republic!" he shouted as he shook himself.

And this cry, instantly taken up by actors and spectators alike, echoed and re-echoed over the water and beach, and seemed to make the very dead immortal.

The garnering of shot continued four days; but finally the English and Turks seemed to suspect the object of the game which they had at first mistaken for mere bravado.

When the bullets were counted, they found that three thousand four hundred had been picked up, and Bonaparte paid for every one of them through Estève, the paymaster of the army.

"Ah! so you are speculating again?" exclaimed Estève, recognizing an old acquaintance in the sergeant. "I had to pay you for a cannon at Froeschwillers, and now I have to pay you for thirty-four hundred shot at Saint Jean d'Acre."

"I am none the richer for it, though," responded the sergeant. "The six hundred francs made at Froeschwillers, together with much of the Prince de Condé's treasure, went for pensions to the widows and orphans made at Dawendorff."

"And what are you going to do with this money?"

"I have a use for it."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Certainly, as I shall have to ask you to undertake the commission. This money is intended for the aged mother of our brave Captain Guillet, who was slain during the last assault. He bequeathed her to the care of his company before he died. The Republic is not very rich, and might forget to pay her a pension, so we think it will be well for her to have a little money of her own. It's a pity, though, that those devilish Englishmen and Turks should have found out our little game and refused to help us out in it any longer."

"Where does Captain Guillet's mother live?"

"At Chateauroux."

"Very well, the amount shall be paid over to her in the name of the Third Company of the Thirty-second Brigade, and of—"

"Of Pierre Claude Faraud, executor."

"Thanks. And now, Pierre Claude Faraud, the commander-in-chief wishes me to say that he desires to speak with you soon."

"Whenever he pleases—Pierre Claude Faraud is never averse to a friendly chat with anybody."

Bonaparte was at dinner in his tent when he was told that the sergeant he had sent for was awaiting his pleasure.

"Show him in," said Bonaparte. "Ah! so it's you;" he added, as Faraud entered.

"Yes, Citizen General; didst *thou* not send for me?" responded Faraud.

"To what brigade do you belong?"

"The Thirty-second."

"And to what company?"

"The Third."

"What captain?"

"Captain Guillet, deceased."

"And has no one been appointed to his place?"

"No one."

"Which of the two lieutenants is the braver?"

"There is no one person braver than another in the Thirty-second. All are equally brave."

"Which is the elder, then?"

"Lieutenant Valato, who remained at his post after being shot through the breast."

"Then the second lieutenant was not wounded?"

"No; but that was not his fault."

"Very well; Valato shall be captain, and the second lieuteant will take the rank of first lieutenant. Now, is there no under officer who has distinguished himself?"

"All our men distinguished themselves."

"But I cannot make them all lieutenants, you idiot!"

"That's a fact. Well, there is Taberly—"

"Who is Taberly?"

"A very brave man."

"And would his promotion be well received?"

"Everybody would be delighted."

"Well, there will still be a vacant lieutenancy. Who is the eldest orderly-sergeant?"

The man he was questioning made a sudden movement of the neck as if his cravat were strangling him.

"Pierre Claude Faraud," he replied.

"What have you got to say about him?"

"Not much of anything."

"Possibly you do not know him."

"On the contrary, it is because I do know him."

"Well, I know him too."

"You do, general?"

"Yes. He is an Aristocrat of the Army of the Rhine—a quarrelsome fellow whom I caught fighting a duel with a Republican at Milan, and whom I sent to the guard-house for forty-eight hours."

"Twenty-four, general."

"Then I cheated him out of his other twenty-four."

"He is ready to take them, general, at any time."

"But a sub-lieutenant is not put in the guard-house; he is only placed under arrest."

"But Pierre Claude Faraud is not a sub-lieutenant, general; he is only an orderly-sergeant?"

"Yes, he is a sub-lieutenant."

"Since when, pray?"

"Since this morning. You see what it is to have influential friends."

"I have influential friends?" exclaimed Faraud.

"Oh, ho! so you are the man?"

"Yes, general; and I should like to know who my influential friends are."

"I," replied Estève, "who have twice seen you generously give away money you had richly earned."

"And I," said Roland, "who want a brave man to assist me in an expedition from which few are likely to return."

"Take him," said Bonaparte; "but don't place him on guard, and don't take him to any place where there are any wolves."

"What! you have heard that story, general?"

"I have heard everything, monsieur."

"Ah! Citizen General, thou art the man who ought to take my twenty-four hours in the guard-house."

"Why?"

"Didst thou not say 'monsieur' just now?"

"Come, come! you are a sharp fellow," exclaimed Bonaparte, laughing. "I shall remember you. In the meantime, you must drink to the health of the Republic."

"Citizen Faraud never drinks to the health of the Republic in anything but brandy," said Roland, laughing.

"The deuce! and I have none."

"I have provided for such an emergency," said Roland; and stepping to the door of the tent, he called: "Come in, citizeness."

It was the Goddess of Reason who appeared in answer to the summons.

She was still very handsome, though the bright sunlight of Egypt had made her complexion much darker.

"Rose here?" exclaimed Faraud, in evident surprise.

"So you know this citizeness?" asked Roland, laughing.

"I should think so. She is my wife."

"Citizeness, I saw you at your work in the midst of a heavy fire of shot and shell," said Bonaparte. "Roland wanted to pay you for the brandy you gave him when he came out of the water, but you refused to take his money. As I had no brandy, and each of my guests wished a glass, Roland suggested that we call the Goddess of Reason and settle the entire score at once, so we sent for you."

The Goddess of Reason poured from the little cask a glass for all except Faraud. She seemed to overlook him.

"Everybody drinks when it is the health of the Republic that is proposed," remarked Roland.

"But any one is at liberty to drink the toast in water if he chooses," said Bonaparte.

And raising his glass:

"To the health of the Republic!" he cried.

And the toast was repeated in chorus, after which Roland, drawing an official-looking document from his pocket, said:

"Here is a bill of exchange on posterity, only it is drawn in your husband's name. You can indorse it, but he alone can draw it."

The Goddess of Reason, with trembling hand, unfolded the parchment at which Faraud was gazing with sparkling eyes.

"See, Pierre!" she cried, holding it out to him. "It is your commission as sub-lieutenant in Taberly's place!"

"Is that true?" asked Faraud.

"See for yourself."

Faraud looked.

"Hurrah, Sub-lieutenant Faraud!" he exclaimed. "Long live General Bonaparte!"

"Consider yourself under arrest for twenty-four hours for having cried 'Long live General Bonaparte!' instead of 'Long live the Republic!'" said Bonaparte.

"There is no such thing as getting out of it, it seems," replied Faraud; "but I'll do those twenty-four hours with pleasure."

I. The Portrait

In that malady which is termed love the paroxysms succeed each other at intervals, ever accelerating from the moment the disease declares itself. By and by, the paroxysms are less frequent, in proportion as the cure approaches. The day fixed by the king for the first conversation in Saint-Aignan's room, La Vallière, his love, who had been forced to flee from the palace, on opening one of the folds of the screen, found upon the floor a letter in the king's handwriting. The letter had been passed, through a slit in the floor, from the lower apartment to her own. No indiscreet hand or curious gaze could have brought or did bring this simple paper. La Vallière most eagerly read the letter, which fixed two o'clock that same afternoon for the rendezvous, and which indicated the way of raising the trap-door which was constructed out of the flooring. "Make yourself look as beautiful as you can," added the postscript of the letter, words which astonished the young girl, but at the same time reassured her.

The hours passed away very slowly, but the time fixed, however, arrived at last. As punctual as the priestess Hero, Louise lifted up the trap-door at the last stroke of the hour of two, and found the king, Louis XIV, on the steps, waiting for her with the greatest respect, in order to give her his hand to descend. The delicacy and deference shown in this attention

affected her very powerfully. At the foot of the staircase the two lovers found the comte, who, with a smile and a low reverence distinguished by the best taste, expressed his thanks to La Vallière for the honor she conferred upon him. Then turning towards the king, he said:

"Sire, our man is here." La Vallière looked at the king with some uneasiness.

"Mademoiselle," said the king, "if I have begged you to do me the honor of coming down here, it was from an interested motive. I have procured a most admirable portrait painter, who is celebrated for the fidelity of his likenesses, and I wish you to be kind enough to authorize him to paint yours. Besides, if you positively wish it, the portrait shall remain in your own possession." La Vallière blushed. "You see," said the king to her, "we shall not be three as you wished, but four instead. And, so long as we are not alone, there can be as many present as you please." La Vallière gently pressed her royal lover's hand.

"Shall we pass into the next room, sire?" said Saint-Aignan, opening the door to let his guests precede him. The king walked behind La Vallière, and fixed his eyes lingeringly and passionately upon that neck as white as snow, upon which her long fair ringlets fell in heavy masses. La Vallière was dressed in a thick silk robe of pearl gray color, with a tinge of rose, with jet ornaments, which displayed to greater effect the dazzling purity of her skin, holding in her slender and transparent hands a bouquet of heartsease Bengal roses, and clematis, surrounded with leaves of the tenderest green, above which uprose, like a tiny goblet spilling magic influence, a Haarlem tulip of gray and violet tints, of a pure and beautiful species, which had cost the gardener five years' toil of combinations, and the king five thousand francs. Louis had placed this bouquet in La Vallière's hand as he saluted her. In the room, the door of which Saint-Aignan had just opened, a young man was standing, dressed in a purple velvet jacket, with beautiful black eyes and long brown hair. It was the painter; his canvas was quite ready, and his palette prepared for use.

He bowed to La Vallière with the grave curiosity of an artist who is studying his model, saluted the king discreetly, as if he did not recognize him, and as he would, consequently, have saluted any other gentleman. Then, leading Mademoiselle de la Vallière to the seat he had arranged for her, he begged her to sit down.

The young girl assumed an attitude graceful and unrestrained, her hands occupied and her limbs reclining on cushions; and in order that her gaze might not assume a vague or affected expression, the painter begged her to choose some kind of occupation, so as to engage her attention; whereupon Louis XIV., smiling, sat down on the cushions at La Vallière's feet; so that she, in the reclining posture she had assumed, leaning back in the armchair, holding her flowers in her hand, and he, with his eyes raised towards her and fixed devouringly on her face—they, both together, formed so charming a group, that the artist contemplated it with professional delight,

while on his side, Saint-Aignan regarded them with feelings of envy. The painter sketched rapidly and very soon, beneath the earliest touches of the brush, there started into life, out of the gray background, the gentle, poetry-breathing face, with its soft, calm eyes and delicately tinted cheeks, enframed in the masses of hair which fell about her neck. The lovers, however, spoke but little, and looked at each other a great deal; sometimes their eyes became so languishing in their gaze, that the painter was obliged to interrupt his work in order to avoid representing an Erycina instead of a La Vallière. It was on such occasions that Saint-Aignan came to the rescue, and recited verses, or repeated one of those little tales such as Patra related, and Tallemant des Reaux wrote so cleverly. Or, it might be that La Vallière was fatigued, and the sitting was, therefore, suspended for awhile; and, immediately a tray of precious porcelain laden with the most beautiful fruits which could be obtained, and rich wines distilling their bright colors in silver goblets, beautifully chased, served as accessories to the picture.

Louis was intoxicated with love, La Vallière with happiness, Saint-Aignan with ambition, and the painter was storing up recollections for his old age. Two hours passed away in this manner, and four o'clock having struck, La Vallière rose, and made a sign to the king. Louis also rose, approached the picture, and addressed a few flattering remarks to the painter. Saint-Aignan also praised the picture, which, as he pretended, was already beginning to assume an accurate resemblance. La Vallière, in her turn, blushingly thanked the painter and passed into the next room, where the king followed her, after having previously summoned Saint-Aignan.

"Will you not come to-morrow?" he said to La Vallière.

"Oh! sire, pray think that some one will be sure to come to my room, and will not find me there."

"Well!"

"What will become of me in that case?"

"You are very apprehensive, Louise."

"But at all events, suppose Madame were to send for me?"

"Oh!" replied the king, "will the day never come when you yourself will tell me to brave everything so that I may not have to leave you again?"

"On that day, sire, I shall be quite out of my mind, and you must not believe me."

"To-morrow, Louise."

La Vallière sighed, but, without the courage to oppose her royal lover's wish, she repeated, "to-morrow, then, since you desire it, sire," and with these words she ran lightly up the stairs, and disappeared from her lover's gaze.

"Well, sire?" inquired Saint-Aignan, when she had left.

"Well, Saint-Aignan, yesterday I thought myself the happiest of men."

"And does your majesty, then, regard yourself to-day," said the comte, smiling, "as the unhappiest of men?"

"No; but my love for her is an unquenchable thirst; in vain do I drink, in vain do I swallow the drops of water which your industry pro-

cures for me; the more I drink, the more unquenchable it becomes."

"Sire, that is in some degree your own fault, and your majesty alone has made the position such as it is."

"You are right."

"In that case, therefore, the means to be happy is to fancy yourself satisfied, and to wait."

"Wait! you know that word, then?"

"There, there, sire—do not despair; I have already been at work on your behalf—I have still other resources in store." The king shook his head in a despairing manner.

"What, sire! have you not been satisfied hitherto?"

"Oh! yes, indeed, yes, my dear Saint-Aignan; but invent, for Heaven's sake, invent some further project yet."

"Sire, I undertake to do my best, and that is all that any one can do."

The king wished to see the portrait again, and he was unable to see the original. He pointed out several alterations to the painter and left the room, and then Saint-Aignan dismissed the artist.

The king most assiduously followed the progress which was made in La Vallière's portrait; and did so with a care and attention arising as much from a desire that it should resemble her as from the wish that the painter should prolong the period of its completion as much as possible. It was amusing to observe him follow the artist's brush, awaiting the completion of a particular plan, or the result of a combination of colors, and suggesting various modifications to the painter, which the latter consented to adopt with the most respectful docility. And again, when the artist, following advice, was a little late in arriving, and when Saint-Aignan had been obliged to be absent for some time, it was interesting to observe, though no one witnessed them, those moments of silence full of deep expression, which united in one sigh two souls most disposed to understand each other, and who by no means objected to the quiet meditation they enjoyed together. The minutes flew rapidly by, as if on wings, and as the king drew closer to Louise and bent his burning gaze upon her, a noise was suddenly heard in the anteroom. It was the artist, who had just arrived; Saint-Aignan, too, had returned, full of apologies; and the king began to talk and La Vallière to answer him very hurriedly, their eyes revealing to Saint-Aignan that they had enjoyed a century of happiness during his absence. In a word, Malicorne, philosopher that he was, though he knew it not, had learned how to inspire the king with an appetite in the midst of plenty, and with desire in the assurance of possession. La Vallière's fears of interruption had never been realized and no one imagined she was absent from her apartment two or three hours every day; she pretended that her health was very uncertain; those who went to her room always knocked before entering, and Malicorne, the man of so many ingenious inventions, had constructed an acoustic piece of mechanism, by means of which La Vallière, when in Saint-Aignan's apartment, was always forewarned of any visits which were paid to the room she usually inhabited. In this manner, therefore, without leaving her own

room, and having no *confidante,* she was able to return to her own apartment, thus removing by her appearance, a little tardy perhaps, the suspicions of the most determined skeptics. Malicorne, the go-between, having asked Saint-Aignan the next morning what news he had to report, the latter was obliged to confess that the quarter of an hour's liberty had made the king in most excellent humor. "We must double the dose," replied Malicorne, "but by insensible degrees; wait until they seem to wish it."

They were so desirous for it, however, that on the evening of the fourth day, at the moment when the painter was packing up his painting implements, during Saint-Aignan's continued absence, Saint-Aignan on his return noticed upon La Vallière's face a shade of disappointment and vexation, which she could not conceal. The king was less reserved, and exhibited his annoyance by a very significant shrug of the shoulders, at which La Vallière could not help blushing. "Very good!" thought Saint-Aignan to himself; "M. Malicorne will be delighted this evening;" as he, in fact, was, when it was reported to him.

"It is very evident," he remarked to the comte, "that Mademoiselle de la Vallière hoped that you would be at least ten minutes later."

"And the king that I should be half an hour later, dear Monsieur Malicorne."

"You would show but very indifferent devotion to the king," replied the latter, "if you were to refuse his majesty that half-hour's satisfaction."

"But the painter," objected Saint-Aignan.

"*I* will take care of him," said Malicorne; "only I must study faces and circumstances a little before I act; those are my magical inventions and contrivances; and while sorcerers are enabled by means of their astrolabe to take the altitude of the sun, moon, and stars, I am satisfied merely by looking into people's faces, in order to see if their eye's are encircled with dark lines, and if the mouth describes a convex or a concave arc."

And the cunning Malicorne had every opportunity of watching narrowly and closely, for the very same evening the king accompanied the queen to Madame's apartments, and made himself so remarked by his serious face and his deep sigh, and looked at La Vallière with such a languishing expression, that Malicorne said to Montalais during the evening: "To-morrow." And he went off to the painter's house in the street of the Jardin Saint-Paul to request him to postpone the next sitting for a couple of days. Saint-Aignan was not within, when La Vallière, who was now quite familiar with the lower story, lifted up the trap-door and descended. The king, as usual, was waiting for her on the staircase, and held a bouquet in his hand; as soon as he saw her, he clasped her tenderly in his arms. La Vallière, much moved at the action, looked around the room, but as she saw the king was alone, she did not complain of it. They sat down, the king reclining near the cushions on which Louise was seated, with his head supported by her knees, placed there as in an asylum whence

no one could banish him; he gazed ardently upon her, and as if the moment had arrived when nothing could interpose between their two hearts; she, too, gazed with similar passion upon him, and from her eyes, so softly pure, emanated a flame, whose rays first kindled and then inflamed the heart of the king, who, trembling with happiness as Louise's hand rested on his head, grew giddy from excess of joy, and momentarily awaited either the painter's or Saint-Aignan's return to break the sweet illusion. But the door remained closed and neither Saint-Aignan nor the painter appeared, nor did the hangings even move. A deep mysterious silence reigned in the room—a silence which seemed to influence even the song-birds in their gilded prisons. The king, completely overcome, turned round his head and burried his burning lips in La Vallière's hands, who, herself faint, with excess of emotion, pressed her trembling hands against her lover's lips. Louis threw himself upon his knees, and as La Vallière did not move her head, the king's forehead being within reach of her lips, she furitively passed her lips across the perfumed locks which caressed her cheeks. The king seized her in his arms, and, unable to resist the temptation, they exchanged their first kiss, that burning kiss, which changes love into delirium. Suddenly, a noise upon the upper floor was heard, which had, in fact, continued, though it had remained unnoticed, for some time; it had at last aroused La Vallière's attention, though but slowly so. As the noise, however, continued, as it forced itself upon the attention, and recalled the poor girl from her dreams of happiness to the sad realities of life, she rose in a state of utter bewilderment, though beautiful in her disorder, saying:

"Some one is waiting for me above. Louis, Louis, do you not hear?"

"Well! and am I not waiting for you, also?" said the king, with infinite tenderness of tone. "Let others henceforth wait for you."

But she gently shook her head, as she replied: "Happiness hidden . . . power concealed . . . my pride should be as silent as my heart."

The noise was again resumed.

"I hear Montalais's voice," she said, and she hurried up the staircase; the king followed her, unable to let her leave his sight, and covering her hand with his kisses. "Yes, yes," repeated La Vallière, who had passed half way through the opening. "Yes, it is Montalais who is calling me; something important must have happened."

"Go then, dearest love," said the king, "but return quickly."

"No, no, not to-day, sire! Adieu! adieu!" she said, as she stooped down once more to embrace her lover—and escaped. Montalais was, in fact, waiting for her, very pale and agitated.

"Quick, quick! *he* is coming," he said.

"Who—who is coming?"

"Raoul," murmured Montalais.

"It is I—I," said a joyous voice, upon the last steps of the grand staircase.

La Vallière uttered a terrible shriek and threw herself back.

"I am here, dear Louise," said Raoul, running towards her. "I knew

but too well that you had not ceased to love me."

La Vallière with a gesture, partly of extreme terror, and partly as if invoking a blessing, attempted to speak, but could not articulate one word. "No, no!" she said, as she fell into Montalais's arms, murmuring, "Do not touch me, do not come near me."

Montalais made a sign to Raoul, who stood almost petrified at the door, and did not even attempt to advance another step into the room. Then, looking towards the side of the room, where the screen was, she exclaimed: "Impudent girl, she has not even closed the trap-door!"

And she advanced towards the corner of the rom to close the screen, and also, behind the screen, the trap-door. But suddenly the king, who had heard Louise's exclamation, darted through the opening, and hurried forward to her assistance. He threw himself on his knees before her, as he overwhelmed Montalais with questions, who hardly knew where she was. At the moment, however, when the king threw himself on his knees, a cry of utter despair rang through the corridor, accompanied by the sound of retreating footsteps. The king wished to see who had uttered the cry and whose were the footsteps he had heard; and it was in vain that Montalais sought to retain him, for Louis, quitting his hold of La Vallière, hurried towards the door, too late, however, for Raoul was already at a distance, and the king only beheld a shadow that quickly vanished in the silent corridor.

II. The Thief

"Poor Raoul!" had said Athos, the musketeer, his father. "Poor Raoul!" had said D'Artagnan; and, in point of fact, to be pitied by both these men, Raoul must indeed have been most unhappy. And therefore, when he found himself alone, face to face, as it were, with his own troubles, leaving behind him the intrepid friend and the indulgent father; when he recalled the avowal of the affection of King Louis XIV, which had robbed him of Louise de la Vallière, whom he loved so deeply, he felt his heart almost breaking, as indeed we all have at least once in our lives, at the first illusion destroyed, the first affection betrayed. "Oh!" he murmured, "all is over then. Nothing is now left me in this world. Nothing to look forward to, nothing to hope for. My father has told me so, M. d'Artagnan has told me so. All life is but an idle dream. The future which I have been hopelessly pursuing for the last ten years is a dream! the union of hearts, a dream! a life of love and happiness, a dream! Poor fool that I am," he continued, after a pause, "to dream away my existence aloud, publicly, and in the face of others, friends and enemies—and for what purpose, too? In order that my friends may be saddened by my troubles, and my enemies may laugh at my sorrows. And so my unhappiness will soon become a

notorious disgrace, a public scandal; and who knows but that to-morrow I may even be a public laughing stock?"

And, despite the composure which he had promised his father and d'Artagan to observe, Raoul could not resist uttering a few words of darkest menace. "And yet," he continued, "if I had the pliancy of character and strength of will of M. d'Artagnan, I should laugh, with my lips at least; I should convince other women that this perfidious girl, honored by the affection I have wasted on her, leaves me only one regret, that of having been abused and deceived by her seemingly modest and irreproachable conduct; a few might perhaps fawn on the king by jesting at my expense; I should put myself on the track of some of these buffoons; I should chastise a few of them, perhaps; the men would fear me, and by the time I had laid three dying or dead at my feet, I should be adored by the women. Yes, yes, that, indeed, would be the proper course to adopt, and Athos himself would not object to it. Has not he also been tried, in his earlier days, in the same manner as I have just been tried myself? Did he not replace affection by intoxication? He has often told me so. Why should not I replace my love by pleasure? He must have suffered as much as I suffer, even more—if that is possible. The history of one man is the history of all, a dragging trial, more or less prolonged, more or less bitter—sorrowful. The note of human nature is nothing but one sustained cry. But what are the sufferings of others compared to those from which I am now suffering? Does the open wound in another's breast soften the anguish of the gaping ulcer in our own? Does the blood which is welling from another man's side stanch that which is pouring from our own? Does the general grief of our fellow-creatures lessen our own private and particular woe? No, no, each suffers on his own account, each struggles with his own grief, each sheds his own tears. And besides," he went on, "what has my life been up to the present moment? A cold, barren, sterile arena, in which I have always fought for others, never for myself. Sometimes for a king, sometimes for a woman. The king has betrayed, the woman disdained me. Miserable, unlucky wretch that I am! Women! Can I not make all expiate the crime of one of their sex? What does that need? To have a heart no longer, or to forget that I ever had one; to be strong, even against weakness itself; to lean always, even when one feels that the support is giving away. What is needed to attain, or succeed in all that? To be young, handsome, strong, valiant, rich. I am, or shall be, all that. But honor?" he still continued, "and what is honor after all? A theory which every man understands in his own way. My father tells me: 'Honor is the consideration of what is due to others, and particularly what is due to oneself.' But Guiche, Manicamp, and Saint-Aignan particularly, would say to me: "What's honor? Honor consists in studying and yielding to the passions and pleasures of one's king.' Honor such as that, indeed, is easy and productive enough. With honor like that, I can keep my post

at the court, become a gentleman of the chamber, and accept the command of a regiment, which may at any time be presented to me. With honor such as that I can be duke and peer.

"The stain which that woman has stamped upon me, the grief that has broken my heart, the heart of the friend and playmate of her childhood, in no way affect M. de Bragelonne, an excellent officer, a courageous leader, who will cover himself with glory at the first encounter, and who will become a hundred times greater than Mademoiselle de la Vallière is to-day. the mistress of the king—for the king will not marry her—and the more publicly he will proclaim her as his mistress, the more opaque will grow the shadow of shame he casts upon her face, in the guise of a crown; and in proportion as others despise, as I despise her, I shall be gleaning honors in the field. Alas! we had walked together side by side, she and I, during the earliest, the brightest, the most angelic portion of our existence, hand in hand along the charming path of life, covered with the blossoms of youth; and then, alas! we reach a cross-road, where she separates herself from me, in which we have to follow a different route, whereby we become more and more widely separated from each other. And to attain the end of this path, oh, Heaven! I am now alone, in utter despair, and crushed to the very earth!"

Such were the sinister reflections in which Raoul indulged, when his foot mechanically paused at the door of his own dwelling. He had reached it without remarking the streets through which he passed, without knowing how he had come; he pushed open the door, continued to advance, and ascended the staircase. The staircase, as in most of the houses at that period, was very dark, and the landings most obscure. Raoul lived on the first floor; he paused in order to ring. Olivain appeared, took his sword and cloak from his hands; Raoul himself opened the door which, from the antechamber, led into a small *salon,* richly furnished enough for the salon of a young man, and completely filled with flowers by Olivain, who, knowing his master's tastes, had shown himself studiously attentive in gratifying them, without caring whether his master perceived his attention or not. There was a portrait of La Vallière in the *salon,* which had been drawn by herself and given by her to Raoul. This portrait, fastened above a large easy chair covered with dark colored damask, was the first point towards which Raoul bent his steps—the first object on which he fixed his eyes. It was, morever, Raoul's usual habit to do so; every time he entered his room, this portrait, before anything else, attracted his attention. This time, as usual, he walked straight up to the portrait, placed his knees upon the armchair, and paused to look at it sadly. His arms were crossed upon his breast, his head slightly thrown back, his eyes filled with tears, his mouth worked into a bitter smile. He looked at the portrait of the one he had so tenderly loved; and then all that he had said passed before his mind again, all that he had suffered seemed again to assail his heart; and, after a long silence, he murmured

for the third time, "miserable, unlucky wretch that I am!"

He had hardly pronounced these words, when he heard the sound of a sigh and a groan behind him. He turned sharply round and perceived, in the angle of the *salon,* standing up, a bending veiled female figure, which he had been the means of concealing behind the door as he opened it, and which he had not perceived as he entered. He advanced towards this figure, whose presence in his room had not been announced to him; and as he bowed, and inquired at the same moment who she was, she suddenly raised her head, and removed the veil from her face, revealing her pale and sorrow-stricken features. Raoul staggered back as if he had seen a ghost.

"Louise!" he cried, in a tone of such absolute despair, one could hardly have thought the human voice was capable of so desponding a cry, without the snapping of the human heart.

Mademoiselle de la Vallière—for it was indeed she—advanced a few steps towards him. "Yes—Louise," she murmured.

But this interval, short as it had been, was quite sufficient for Raoul to recover himself. "You, mademoiselle?" he said; and then added, in an indefinable tone, "You here!"

"Yes, Raoul," the young girl replied, "I have been waiting for you."

"I beg your pardon. When I came into the room I was not aware——"

"I know—but I entreated Olivain not to tell you——" She hesitated; and as Raoul did not attempt to interrupt her, a moment's silence ensued, during which the sound of their throbbing hearts might have been heard, not in unison with each other, but the one beating as violently as the other. It was for Louise to speak, and she made an effort to do so.

"I wished to speak to you," she said. "It was absolutely necessary that I should see you—myself—alone. I have not hesitated to adopt a step which must remain secret; for no one, except yourself, could understand my motive, Monsieur de Bragelonne."

"In fact, mademoiselle," Raoul stammered out, almost breathless from emotion, "as far as I am concerned, and despite the good opinion you have of me, I confess——"

"Will you do me the great kindness to sit down and listen to me?" said Louise, interrupting him with her soft, sweet voice.

Bragelonne looked at her for a moment; then mournfully shaking his head, he sat or rather fell down on a chair. "Speak," he said.

She cast a glance all round her. This look was a timid entreaty, and implored secrecy far more effectually than her expressed words had done a few minutes before. Raoul rose, and went to the door, which he opened. "Olivain," he said, "I am not within for any one." And then, turning towards Louise, he added, "Is not that what you wished?"

Nothing could have produced a greater effect upon Louise than these few words, which seemed to signify, "You see that I still understand you." She passed a handkerchief across her eyes, in order to remove a rebellious tear which she could not restrain; and then, having collected herself for a moment, she said, "Raoul, do not turn your kind, frank look away from

me. You are not one of those men who despise a woman for having given her heart to another, even though her affection might render him unhappy, or might wound his pride." Raoul did not reply.

"Alas!" continued La Vallière, "it is only too true, my cause is a bad one, and I cannot tell in what way to begin. It will be better for me, I think, to relate to you, very simply, everything that has befallen me. As I shall speak but the pure and simple truth, I shall always find my path clear before me in spite of the obscurity and obstacles I have to brave in order to solace my heart, which is full to overflowing, and wishes to pour itself out at your feet."

Raoul continued to preserve the same unbroken silence. La Vallière looked at him with an air that seemed to say, "Encourage me; for pity's sake, but a single word!" But Raoul did not open his lips; and the young girl was obliged to continue:

"Just now," she said, "M. de Saint-Aignan came to me by the king's directions." She cast down her eyes as she said this; while Raoul, on his side, turned his away, in order to avoid looking at her. "M. de Saint-Aignan came to me from the king," she repeated, "and told me that you knew all;" and she attempted to look Raoul in the face, after inflicting this further wound upon him, in addition to the many others he had already received; but it was impossible to meet Raoul's eyes.

"He told me you were incensed with me—and justly so, I admit."

This time Raoul looked at the young girl, and a smile full of disdain passed across his lips.

"Oh!" she continued, "I entreat you do not say that you have any other feeling against me than that of anger merely. Raoul, wait until I have told you all—wait until I have said to you all that I had to say—all that I came to say."

Raoul, by the strength of his own iron will, forced his features to assume a calmer expression, and the disdainful smile upon his lip passed away.

"In the first place," said La Vallière, "in the first place, with my hands raised in entreaty towards you, with my forehead bowed to the ground before you, I entreat you, as the most generous, as the noblest of men, to pardon, to forgive me. If I have left you in ignorance of what was passing in my own bosom, never, at least, would I have consented to deceive you. Oh! I entreat you, Raoul—I implore you on my knees—answer me one word, even though you wrong me in doing so. Better, far better, an injurious word from your lips, than suspicion resting in your heart."

"I admire your subtlety of expression, mademoiselle," said Raoul, making an effort to remain calm. "To leave another in ignorance that you are deceiving him, is loyal; but to deceive him—it seems that would be very wrong, and that you would not do it."

"Monsieur, for a long time I thought that I loved you better than anything else; and so long as I believed in my affection for you, I told you that I loved you. I could have sworn it on the altar; but a day came when I was undeceived."

"Well, on that day, mademoiselle, knowing that I still continued to love

you, true loyalty of conduct should have forced you to inform me you had ceased to love me."

"But on that day, Raoul—on that day, when I read in the depths of my own heart, when I confessed to myself that you no longer filled my mind entirely, when I saw another future before me than that of being your friend, your life-long companion, your wife—on that day, Raoul, you were not, alas! any more beside me."

"But you knew where I was, mademoiselle; you could have written to me."

"Raoul, I did not dare to do so. Raoul, I have been weak and cowardly. I knew you so thoroughly—I knew how devotedly you loved me, that I trembled at the bare idea of the grief I was about to cause you; and that is so true, Raoul, that this very moment I am now speaking to you, bending thus before you, my heart crushed in my bosom, my voice full of sighs, my eyes full of tears, it is so perfectly true, that I have no other defense than my frankness, I have no other sorrow greater than that which I read in your eyes."

Raoul attempted to smile.

"No!" said the young girl, with a profound conviction, "no, no; you will not do me so foul a wrong as to disguise your feelings before me now! You loved me; you were sure of your affection for me; you did not deceive yourself; you do not lie to your own heart—whilst I—I——" And pale as death, her arms thrown despairingly above her head, she fell upon her knees.

"Whilst you," said Raoul, "you told me you loved me, and yet you loved another."

"Alas, yes!" cried the poor girl; "alas, yes! I do love another; and that other—oh! for Heaven's sake let me say it, Raoul, for it is my only excuse—that other I love better than my own life, better than my own soul even. Forgive my fault, or punish my treason, Raoul. I came here in no way to defend myself, but merely to say to you: 'You know what it is to love!'—in such a case am I! I love to that degree, that I would give my life, my very soul, to the man I love. If he should ever cease to love me, I shall die of grief and despair, unless Heaven come to my assistance, unless Heaven does show pity upon me. Raoul, I came here to submit myself to your will, whatever it might be—to die, if it were your wish I should die. Kill me, then, Raoul; if in your heart you believe I deserve death."

"Take care, mademoiselle!" said Raoul: "the woman who invites death is one who has nothing but her heart's blood to offer to her deceived and betrayed lover."

"You are right," she said.

Raoul uttered a deep sigh, as he exclaimed: "And you love without being able to forget?"

"I love without a wish to forget; without a wish ever to love any one else," replied La Vallière.

"Very well," said Raoul. "You have said to me, in fact, all you had to say; all I could possibly wish to know. And now, mademoiselle, it is I who ask your forgiveness, for it is I who have almost been an obstacle in your life; I, too, who have been wrong, for, in deceiving myself, I helped to deceive you."

"Oh!" said La Vallière, "I do not ask you so much as that, Raoul."

"I only am to blame, mademoiselle," continued Raoul; "better informed than yourself of the difficulties of this life, I should have enlightened you. I ought not to have relied upon uncertainty; I ought to have extracted an answer from your heart, whilst I hardly even sought an acknowledgment from your lips. Once more, mademoiselle, it is I who ask your forgiveness."

"Impossible, impossible!" she cried, "you are mocking me."

"How, impossible?"

"Yes, it is impossible to be so good, and kind, ah! perfect to such a degree as that."

"Take care!" said Raoul, with a bitter smile, "for presently you may say perhaps I did not love you."

"Oh! you love me like an affectionate brother; let me hope that, Raoul."

"As a brother! undeceive yourself, Louise. I love you as a lover—as a husband, with the deepest, the truest, the fondest affection."

"Raoul, Raoul!"

"As a brother! Oh, Louise! I love you so deeply, that I would have shed my blood for you, drop by drop; I would, oh! how willingly, have suffered myself to be torn to pieces for your sake, have sacrificed my very future for you. I love you so deeply, Louise, that my heart feels dead and crushed within me—my faith in human nature all is gone—my eyes have lost their light; I loved you so deeply, that I now no longer see, think of, or care for, anything, either in this world or in the next."

"Raoul—dear Raoul! spare me, I implore you!" cried La Valière. "Oh! if I had but known——"

"It is too late, Louise; you love, you are happy in your affection; I read your happiness through your tears—behind the tears which the loyalty of your nature makes you shed; I feel the sighs your affection breathes forth. Louise, Louise, you have made me the most abjectly wretched man living; leave me, I entreat you. Adieu! adieu!"

"Forgive me! oh, forgive me, Raoul, for what I have done!"

"Have I not done more, much more? Have I not told you that I *love you still?*" She buried her face in her hands.

"And to tell you that—do you hear me, Louise?—to tell you that, at such a moment as this, to tell you that, as I have told you, is to pronounce my own sentence of death. Adieu!" La Vallière held out her hands to him in vain.

"We ought not to see each other again in this world," he said, and as she was on the point of crying out in bitter agony at this remark, he placed his hand on her mouth to stifle the exclamation. She pressed her lips upon it, and fell fainting to the ground. "Olivain," said Raoul, "take this young lady and bear her to the carriage which is waiting for her at the door." As Olivain lifted her up. Raoul made a movement as if to dart toward La Vallière, in order to give her a first and last kiss, but, stopping abruptly, he said, "No! she is not mine. I am no thief—as is the king of France."

Jean Oullier—A Study

THE Marquis de Souday went to bed repeating to himself the old proverb, "Night brings counsel." With that hope he fell asleep. When asleep, he dreamed.

He dreamed of his old wars in La Vendée in 1796 with Charette, who led the Whites, peasant Royalists against the republic—of the days when he was aide-de-camp; and, more especially, he dreamed of Jean Oullier, his attendant, of whom he had never thought since the day when they left Charette dying, and parted in the wood of Chabotière.

As well as he could remember, Jean Oullier before joining Charette's army had lived in the village of La Chevrolière, near the lake of Grand-Lieu. The next morning the Marquis de Souday sent a man of Machecoul, who did his errands, on horseback with a letter, ordering him to go to La Chevrolière and ascertain if a man named Jean Oullier was still living and whether he was in the place. If he was, the messenger was to give him the letter and, if possible, bring him back with him. If he lived at a short distance the messenger was to go there. If the distance was too great he was to obtain every information as to the locality of his abode. If he was dead the messenger was to return at once and say so.

Jean Oullier was not dead; Jean Oullier was not in distant parts; Jean Oullier was in the neighborhood of La Chevrolière; in fact, Jean Oullier was in La Chevrolière itself.

Here is what had happened to him after parting with the marquis on the day of Charette's last defeat. He stayed hidden in the bush, from which he could see all and not be seen himself. He saw General Travot take Charette prisoner and treat him with all the consideration a man like General Travot would show to a man like Charette. But, apparently, that was not all that Jean Oullier expected to see, for after seeing the republicans lay Charette on a litter and carry him away, Jean Oullier still remained hidden in his bush.

It is true that an officer with a picket of twelve men remained in the wood. What were they there for?

About an hour later a Vendéan peasant passed within ten paces of Jean Oullier, having answered the challenge of the sentinel with the word "Friend," —an odd answer in the mouth of a royalist peasant to a republican soldier. The peasant next exchanged the countersign with the sentry and passed on. Then he approached the officer, who, with an expression of disgust which it is quite impossible to represent, gave him a bag that was evidently full of gold. After which the peasant disappeared, and the officer with his picket guard also departed, showing that in all probability they had only been stationed there to await the coming of the peasant.

In all probability, too, Jean Oullier had seen what he wanted to see, for he came out of his bush as he went into it,—that is to say, crawling; and getting on his feet, he tore the white cockade from his hat, and, with the careless indifference of a man who for

the last three years had staked his life every day on a turn of the dice, he buried himself still deeper in the forest.

The same night he reached La Chevrolière. He went straight to his own home. On the spot where his house had stood was a blackened ruin, blackened by fire. He sat down upon a stone and wept.

In that house he had left a wife and two children.

Soon he heard a step and raised his head. A peasant passed. Jean Oullier recognized him in the darkness and called:—

"Tinguy!"

The man approached.

"Who is it calls me?" he said.

"I am Jean Oullier," replied the Chouan.

"God help you," replied Tinguy, attempting to pass on; but Jean Oullier stopped him.

"You must answer me," he said.

"Are you a man?"

"Yes."

"Then question me and I will answer."

"My father?"

"Dead."

"My wife?"

"Dead."

"My two children?"

"Dead."

"Thank you."

Jean Oullier sat down again, but he no longer wept. After a few moments he fell on his knees and prayed. It was time he did, for he was about to blaspheme. He prayed for those who were dead.

Then, restored by that deep faith that gave him hope to meet them in a better world, he bivouacked on those sad ruins.

The next day, at dawn, he began to rebuild his house, as calm and resolute as though his father were still at the plough, his wife before the fire, his children at the door. Alone, and asking no help from any one, he rebuilt his cottage.

Eight Long Days

Whilst the wax lights were burning in the castle of Blois, around the inanimate body of Gaston of Orleans, that last representative of the past; whilst the *bourgeois* of the city were thinking out his epitaph, which was far from being a panegyric; whilst madame the dowager, no longer remembering that in her young days she had loved that senseless corpse to such a degree as to fly the paternal palace for his sake, was making, within twenty paces of the funeral apartment, her little calculations of interest and her little sacrifices of pride; other interests and other prides were in agitation in all the parts of the castle into which a living soul could penetrate. Neither the lugubrious sounds of the bells, nor the voices of the chanters, nor the splendor of the wax lights through the windows, nor the preparations for the funeral, had power to divert the attention of two persons, placed at a window of the interior court—a window that we are acquainted with, and which lighted a

chamber forming part of what were called the little apartments. For the rest, a joyous beam of the sun, for the sun appeared to care little for the loss France had just suffered; a sunbeam, we say, descended upon them, drawing perfumes from the neighboring flowers, and animating the walls themselves. These two persons, so occupied, not by the death of the duke, but by the conversation which was the consequence of that death, were a young woman and a young man. The latter personage, a man of from twenty-five to twenty-six years of age, with a mien sometimes lively and sometimes dull, making good use of two large eyes, shaded with long eye-lashes, was short of stature and swart of skin; he smiled with an enormous, but well-furnished mouth, and his pointed chin, which appeared to enjoy a mobility nature does not ordinarily grant to that portion of the countenance, leant from time to time very lovingly towards his interlocutrix, who, we must say, did not always draw back so rapidly as strict propriety had a right to require. The young girl presented a singular mixture of shyness and reflection; she was charming when she laughed, beautiful when she became serious; but, let us hasten to say, she was more frequently charming than beautiful. She was Mademoiselle Aure de Montalais, maid of honor to her royal highness. These two appeared to have attained the culminating point of a discussion—half-bantering, half-serious.

"Now, Monsieur Malicorne," said the young girl, "does it, at length, please you that we should talk reasonably?"

"You believe that that is very easy, Mademoiselle Aure," replied the young man. "To do what we like, when we can only do what we are able——"

"Good! there he is bewildered in his phrases."

"Who, I?"

"Yes, you; quit that lawyer's logic, my dear."

"Another impossibility. Clerk I am, Mademoiselle de Montalais."

"Demoiselle I am, Monsieur Malicorne."

"Alas, I know it well, and you overwhelm me by your rank; so I will say no more to you."

"Well, no, I don't overwhelm you; say what you have to tell me—say it, I insist upon it."

"Well, I obey you."

"That is truly fortunate."

"Monsieur is dead."

"Ah, *peste!* there's news! And where do you come from, to be able to tell us that?"

"I come from Orleans, mademoiselle."

"And is that all the news you bring?"

"Ah, no; I am come to tell you that Madame Henrietta of England is coming to marry the king's brother."

"Indeed, Malicorne, you are insupportable with your news of the last century. Now, mind, if you persist in this bad habit of laughing at people, I will have you turned out."

"Oh!"

"Yes; for really you exasperate me."

"There, there. Patience, mademoiselle."

"You want to make yourself of consequence; I know well enough why. Go!"

"Tell me, and I will answer you frankly, yes, if the thing be true."

"You know that I am anxious to have

that commission of lady of honor, which I have been foolish enough to ask of you, and you do not use your credit."

"Who, I?" Malicorne cast down his eyes, joined his hands, and assumed his sullen air. "And what credit can the poor clerk of a procurer have, pray?"

"Your father has not twenty thousand livres a year for nothing, M. Malicorne."

"A provincial fortune, Mademoiselle de Montalais."

"Your father is not in the secrets of monsieur le prince for nothing."

"An advantage which is confined to lending monseigneur money."

"In a word, you are not the most cunning young fellow in the province for nothing."

"You flatter me!"

"Who, I?"

"Yes, you."

"How so?"

"Since I maintain that I have no credit, and you maintain I have."

"Well, then,—my commission?"

"Well,—your commission?"

"Shall I have it, or shall I not?"

"You shall have it."

"Ay, but when?"

"When you like."

"Where is it, then?"

"In my pocket."

"How—in your pocket?"

"Yes."

And, with a smile, Malicorne drew from his pocket a letter, upon which mademoiselle seized as a prey, and which she read eagerly. As she read, her face brightened.

"Malicorne," cried she, after having read it, "in truth, you are a good lad."

"What for, mademoiselle?"

"Because you might have been paid for this commission, and you have not." And she burst into a loud laugh, thinking to put the clerk out of countenance; but Malicorne sustained the attack bravely.

"I do not understand you," said he. It was now Montalais who was disconcerted in her turn. "I have declared my sentiments to you," continued Malicorne. "You have told me three times, laughing all the while, that you did not love me; you have embraced me once without laughing, and that is all I want."

"All?" said the proud and coquettish Montalais, in a tone through which wounded pride was visible.

"Absolutely all, mademoiselle," replied Malicorne.

"Ah!"—And this monosyllable indicated as much anger as the young man might have expected gratitude. He shook his head quietly.

"Listen, Montalais," said he, without heeding whether that familiarity pleased his mistress or not; "let us not dispute about it."

"And why not?"

"Because during the year which I have known you, you might have had me turned out of doors twenty times if I did not please you."

"Indeed; and on what account should I have had you turned out?"

"Because I had been sufficiently impertinent for that."

"Oh, that,—yes, that's true."

"You see plainly that you are forced to avow it," said Malicorne.

"Monsieur Malicorne!"

"Don't let us be angry; if you have retained me, then it has not been without cause."

"It is not, at least, because I love you," cried Montalais.

"Granted. I will even say that, at this moment, I am certain that you hate me."

"Oh, you have never spoken so truly."

"Well, on my part I detest you."

"Ah! I take the act."

"Take it. You find me brutal and foolish; on my part I find you have a harsh voice, and your face is too often distorted with anger. At this moment you would allow yourself to be thrown out of that window rather than allow me to kiss the tip of your finger; I would precipitate myself from the top of the balcony rather than touch the hem of your robe. But, in five minutes, you will love me, and I shall adore you. Oh, it is just so."

"I doubt it."

"And I swear it."

"Coxcomb!"

"And then, that is not the true reason. You stand in need of me, Aure, and I of you. When it pleases you to be gay, I make you laugh; when it suits me to be loving, I look at you. I have given you a commission of lady of honor which you wished for; you will give me, presently, something I wish for."

"I will?"

"Yes, you will; but, at this moment, my dear Aure, I declare to you that I wish for absolutely nothing, so be at ease."

"You are a frightful man, Malicorne; I was going to rejoice at getting this commission, and thus you quench my joy."

"Good; there is no time lost,—you will rejoice when I am gone."

"Go, then; and after——"

"So be it; but in the first place, a piece of advice."

"What is it?"

"Resume your good-humor,—you are ugly when you pout."

"Coarse!"

"Come, let us tell the truth to each other, while we are about it."

"Oh, Malicorne! Bad-hearted man!"

"Oh, Montalais! Ungrateful girl!"

The young man leant with his elbow upon the window-frame; Montalais took a book and opened it. Malicorne stood up, brushed his hat with his sleeve, smoothed down his black doublet;—Montalais, though pretending to read, looked at him out of the corner of her eye.

"Good!" cried she, furious; "he has assumed his respectful air—and he will pout for a week."

"A fortnight, mademoiselle," said Malicorne, bowing.

Montalais lifted up her little doubled fist. "Monster!" said she; "oh! that I were a man!"

"What would you do to me?"

"I would strangle you."

"Ah! very well, then," said Malicorne; "I believe I begin to desire something."

"And what do you desire, Monsieur Demon? That I should lose my soul from anger?"

Malicorne was rolling his hat respectfully between his fingers; but, all at once, he let fall his hat, seized the young girl by the shoulders, pulled her towards him, and sealed her mouth with two lips that were very warm, for a man pretending to so much indifference. Aure would have cried out,

but the cry was stifled in the kiss. Nervous and, apparently, angry, the young girl pushed Malicorne against the wall.

"Good!" said Malicorne, philosophically, "that's enough for six weeks. Adieu, mademoiselle, accept my very humble salutation." And he made three steps towards the door.

"Well! no,—you shall not go!" cried Montalais, stamping with her little foot. "Stay where you are! I order you!"

"You order me?"

"Yes; am I not mistress?"

"Of my heart and soul, without doubt."

"A pretty property! *ma foi!* The soul is silly and the heart dry."

"Beware, Montalais, I know you," said Malicorne; "you are going to fall in love with your humble servant."

"Well, yes!" said she, hanging round his neck with childish indolence, rather than with loving abandonment. "Well, yes! for I must thank you at least."

"And for what?"

"For the commission; is it not my whole future?"

"And mine."

Montalais looked at him.

"It is frightful," said she, "that one can never guess whether you are speaking seriously or not."

"I cannot speak more seriously. I was going to Paris,—you are going there,—*we* are going there."

"And so it was for that motive only you have served me; selfish fellow!"

"What would you have me say, Aure? I cannot live without you."

"Well! in truth, it is just so with me; you are, nevertheless, it must be confessed, a very bad-hearted young man."

"Aure, my dear Aure, take care! if you take to calling names again, you know the effect they produce upon me, and I shall adore you." And so saying, Malicorne drew the young girl a second time toward him. But at that instant a step resounded on the staircase. The young people were so close, that they would have been surprised in the arms of each other, if Montalais had not violently pushed Malicorne, with his back against the door, just then opening. A loud cry, followed by angry reproaches, immediately resounded. It was Madame de Saint-Remy, the owner, who uttered the cry and the angry words. The unlucky Malicorne almost crushed her between the wall and the door she was coming in at.

"It is again that good-for-nothing!" cried the old lady. "Always here!"

"Ah, madame!" replied Malicorne, in a respectful tone; "it is eight long days since I was here."

A Gay Prince

It was a very "mixed bill" for the night at the Drury Lane Theatre, London.

The middle of the entertainment was to be filled by Edmund Kean, the actor, who not only was to appear in an act of "Romeo," but also in a farcical character in which he would emulate a famous dialect-actor of the day. The strollers themselves would end the long *menu* with an act out of their repertoire, with an epilogue conveying thanks for their salvation.

It is needless to say that the fashionable patrons would not come early, and would depart after seeing Kean, since the rest was horseplay and popular antics.

"This is delightfully falling in with my hope!" muttered he. "Miss Danby will have ample time to run in here under the wing of Lady Koefeld, wife of the banished ambassador, and let me know if her lord has ceased to trouble."

Kean's dissolute life had forced him to live at the theatre.

He laughed so ferociously that a distant growl responded; it was his pet lion, Ibraham, which, removed from the Southampton street lodgings for fear that he would devour a sheriff's adherent or two, bewailed the ill accommodations of his new quarters.

"She must burn to come and see me!" thought the tragedian. "I wish she had not to do it under the protection of that Italian-Norwegian countess! What a fool she makes of everybody, her husband and the prince! But that is her world-wide repute!"

Hearing skirts in the lobby, he hastened to the door, with an eagerness revealing his love, but shrank back disappointed. It was not complimentary, for it was Lady Elena Koefeld who appeared, enframed in the door-square.

She recognized him with a nod, and turned her head; Kean thought it was to address another; that she had conducted Miss Danby according to their agreement, but in Italian she bade her woman, "Gilda, wait for her; she would not be long!"

She came in, and gave the place but a short inspection.

"You have come—alone?" said he, with evident rebuke.

"Oh, you really believe that that young woman Danby loves you?" she said, with her rare but well-timed abruptness, as if she could not find careful language.

"Well, I really believe it!"

"Oh, you men are all unjust and exacting! It is not enough that the poor thing intrusts her honor to your safe keeping, but she must risk the loss of it to provide you a short pleasure!"

"But you have come, and you risk as much!"

"Not at all! The count is not yet arrived. He is, I believe, questioning someone about the Prince of Wales' disposition of his time, hour by hour, this night."

"Take care! Don't trust too much to your running no risk! Beware the Othello which Shakespeare did not draw—the Northern one! the Gothic-French one, who made his faithless wife eat her lover's heart!"

"He is jealous as your Othello! so be it!" said she, carelessly.

"Then, the more reason that, instead of having your maid as shield, you should have prevailed on Miss Danby."

"Miss Danby can be no shield to me, since she is pronounced your idol."

"No, in my husband's eyes, you are the rival of George, the Prince of Wales!"

Kean forgot all, and burst out into a peal of laughter.

"Well, that can be settled so easily! Bring Miss Danby here. I will propose to her, whatever the outcome of the encounter, and you two can return each to your box. If the prince comes,

he will be in his own, the king's, and your husband will no longer be jealous."

"No; he has called my lord here, but never has he yet suggested I should accompany him! It is perfectly well known that the prince honors Scandinavia House purely to confer with my husband!"

"Certainly! Politics—which deceive no one."

"And love deceives no one! That is why I suggest that, as my husband might come into our box, and, missing me, but seeing the prince in his ——"

"If he comes on this occasion?"

"He will logically suppose that I have gone behind the scenes——"

"To see me, in my rooms?"

"It is so, is it not?"

"It is so, but——"

"Hence, you will be well out of it, if you slip past my maid there, who is deaf, dumb and blind, when I bid her, and, no doubt, chat with Miss Danby in some nook or other! As they led me here I saw that it was as full of pitfalls and traps as the Castle of Otranto!"

"I go to meet Miss Danby! while you——"

"Oh, I have my maid! I am curious —I will just look around at these oddities theatrical—this is a new event to me!"

"But——" Still, he made toward the door.

When he had almost touched the knob, a knock came at it.

"Your maid——"

"Or Miss Danby! Open!"

But it was Gilda who opened, and with her face pale and her tongue not loose, she gasped:

"The prince! George!"

"The prince!" said Elena, triumphantly.

"The prince!" repeated Kean, confounded. "Well, I——"

To be stalking-horse for this cosmopolitan flirt to bring down her royal stag—how humiliating. It was a part he blushed to play—even to save a reckless friend.

But Gilda, recovering, hastened to explain her terror, while standing courageously between the pair and the door:

"But my lord is there, too!"

"The count! Koefeld! the ambassador," cried the actor and his caller together.

"I am lost!" exclaimed the latter, appalled.

There is always this dread moment in a coquette's life, when she feels that her often-successful wiles will fail her wholly.

"Not on mine own ground!" said Kean, with quickness. "Silence, and don't you blubber, you girl!" to the frightened servant. He opened the door. "Go, and regain your box! Make haste!"

The maid dragged her mistress into the black passage, smelling of water-color paint and stale orange peel. Kean let the door swing into place, and, crossing the room with rapid step, held the regular door firmly.

"One moment, prince, with my apologies! but I am 'sporting the oak'—barring all out because of the harpies!"

"Eh! Hunted by the Philistines? I am not inimitable!" returned a voice on the other side of the panel.

"They have run me out of my rooms, and have, I feared, run me down here for a paltry four or five thous."

"Yes, I guessed as much! But you are keeping us at the door."

"Hum! They are such good actors, those runners for the sponging-houses," said Kean, deliberately. "Of course, I ought to recognize your voice; but, in my extremity, caution is prescribed to me! If your highness would verify who came a-knocking at my door by showing his hand——"

"Open the door for that, dunce!"

"Nay, your august handwriting——"

"What will you give for that?"

"This key!"

At the same time a small roll of fine paper was projected in by the keyhole. Kean took it out tenderly, and beheld a bank note for five hundred pounds. To be sure, it was not signed by the king or his deputy, but the governor's scribble was good enough for the indebted actor.

"It's an indubitable royal token!" muttered he.

He undid the door, and let in not only the prince, but the Count of Koefeld, Danish ambassador. All the native coldness and all the learned imperturbability of the latter could not ally to preserve his equanimity. He looked around with more curiosity than his wife had shown in the artistical "den."

"Ha! ha!" laughed George, as if lightened of a burden by seeing none but the tragedian. "I verily believe that the count hoped to find you rehearsing with your Juliet!"

Kean had directed his face toward the still-inquisitive count, saying:

"Much obliged to your excellency for paying the actor a visit in his den!"

"A lion's den!" replied Koefeld, with a smile to show his teeth.

"Oh, don't be blarneyed over with his diplomatic glozing!" broke in the prince, who stood on shifting ground, with affected gayety. "It is not your merit, but curiosity brings him hither! Though he has been behind the scenes, politically, all his life, Koefeld has never before paid his footing to the imps who work the machinery of Old Drury."

"My lord," continued Kean, graciously, but with some restlessness showing, "an actor changing his costume is not so remarkable as a bather at Ramsgate! But I must notify the explorer that behind the curtain, there reigns a law of punctuality, worthy of the court royal! We have to be ready betimes on the penalty of being raked over by the stage manager and hooted by the public! I think I am belated, and so——"

"My dear sir, go right on, as if we were not by—unless we really disturb you!"

Kean shook his head, slightingly, and pouted a little.

Moses, the prompter, came in with some requisites; he gave his master one of those subtle pantomimic gestures which let him know that Lady Koefeld had been guided by him through the labyrinth to her box.

"Oh, my prince, the note having served to verify your highness, pray take it back!"

George repulsed the proffer.

"It's the price of my offering to the benefit!" said he, loftily.

Kean handed the bill to his man, saying:

"I accept it, for the beneficiaries!"

"I am sure there was a woman!" and the prince sniffed, as if inhaling a known perfume.

"Hum!" said the count. "Would it be that Miss Danby, still harping on the string which would lead her upon the stage?"

"I really cannot say! Miss Danby was to be here, this night!"

"Are we not to leave Mr. Kean to complete his dressing?" asked the Dane, as if satisfied.

But the host had made the prince a sign that he wished a word with him, unheard.

So he bowed the envoy out, while his companion lingered.

"Now, you must not thank me for that gift!" began the latter.

"No, my lord, what I have to beg is quite another favor! Your outward tokens of favor, sufficient for my vanity, leave me still a doubt that I can command you—which is a strong word!"

It was, to a royal personage.

"My Horatio, my affection is stronger than my words!" whereupon George, with a somewhat un-English expression, put his arm on the other's shoulder.

"Then I long to ask of your highness, not a favor such as a prince accords to his subject, but a sacrifice between equals—the protector's kindness rising to the level of a friend's devotedness!"

The hearer beat his breast, as much as to say, "prove me!"

"My lord, artistes have passions, limitless, but within the limits of the footlight range. Among the ladies who adorn the auditorium, sometimes, it befalls us that we single out one preeminently. She is the living talisman; the luck-bringer, the fetish! As she smiles, we augur that the play is good; as she becomes listless, that it is faulty and charmless. She becomes the inspiritress of our genius. We find that we gain by this concentration—we play 'at her,' according to our cant. Then, the two or three thousand spectators disappear or are amalgamated into a shapeless, foggy mass, but she stands out from among them as a pearl on the heap of shells. Beside the applause of the many, her praise, if only expressed in a flutter of her lips, outweighs it all. Let her cast a flower off her wreath, it is to be cherished more than the duchess' ring or the nobleman's watch-gem. It is communion with her soul that our voice seeks among all the listeners. We play not for fame, celebrity or the gold-paved future, but for her look, her sigh of delight and her tear at Lear breaking his heart over Cordelia dead!"

"Yes, man is so constituted—he is gregarious, and yet draws himself in for a very narrow field—it is, God wot! the preparation for the narrower space which must content him—the grave!"

It was Kean's turn to stare; no one had heard the prince regent speak so seriously.

"He is a man, after all!" thought he, fortified. "I was wrong to test him!" Then, aloud: "Well, highness, if one imagines that the worship is returned; that Galatea responds to Pygmalion's rapturous prayers! if the fancy gives pleasure, however unsub-

stantial; if the imaginary jealousy gives pangs like reality—ought not the man who causes them, pity the one he tortures?"

"Upon my soul!" almost laughed the prince, "do you rate me as your rival, Kean, my dear fellow?"

"That supposes equality—but I am so far placed from——"

"'Gloster,' you are a hypocrite! Miss Danby an object of my desire—because her father carries my purse *pro tem.!* You fat-witted 'Falstaff!' I care for no woman, at the present, but the unattainable—hush!"

"Oh, you do adore the fair Countess of Koe——"

"Hush, again! Would you embroil us with Scandinavia?"

"Cease to jest! for——"

"Murtheration! as Jack Johnstone says! Then the count was on the scent!"

"Lady Elena came, to meet your highness here!"

"What a slight! As if I had not trysting-places a-many! Edmund, this woman is dangerous, all over Europe! I was warned against her!"

"She was to have brought Miss Danby with her!"

"Edmund, my jewel of a friend, since your confidence has been full, so I make no half promises! You shall wed Miss Danby! As for the intriguing countess——"

He frowned darkly for a *débonnaire* gallant.

"My prince, if you have any regard for your name, your title, your yearning to have the nation acquit your debts, and place you foremost in its regard, do not let this inveigler entangle you! Drive away all chance of a scandal, which will convulse Europe! cause you to be refused—think of that! by all the marriageable princesses, who now long for your hand! Do not let the count even be brought to your box! and do not let her receive even your equerry, as though you had a secret understanding!"

The stage manager's bell tinkled. Kean started, like a soldier at the trumpet call of "Look to yourself, sentinel!"

George nodded his head in agreement, held out his hand, and gave the other's a hearty pressure.

A Remark

On the 14th of June, 1799, after a retreat across the burning sands of Syria, almost as disastrous as that later retreat from Moscow across the snows of Beresina, Bonaparte, at the head of his Eastern Army, entered Cairo in the midst of an immense concourse of people.

The sheik, who was expecting him, presented him with a magnificent horse and the Mameluke Roustan.

In his bulletin to the army, issued from Saint Jean d'Acre, Bonaparte had declared that he was returning to Egypt to prevent the landing of a Turkish army that had been gathered on the Isle of Rhodes.

He had been correctly informed on

this point, and on the 11th of July the look-outs at Alexandria signaled that there were seventy-six vessels in the offing, twelve of which were war-ships flying the Ottoman flag.

General Marmont, who was in command at Alexandria, dispatched courier after courier to Cairo and Rosette. He also requested the commander at Ramanieh to forward all the troops at his disposal, and himself sent two hundred men to Aboukir to reenforce that place.

That very same day Colonel Godard, the commander at Aboukir, wrote to Marmont:

"The Turkish fleet is anchored in the harbor. My men and I will fight until the very last man falls, rather than yield."

The 12th and 13th of July were employed by the enemy in hastening the arrival of several belated battalions.

On the evening of the 13th there were one hundred and thirty vessels in the roadstead, of which thirteen were ships of seventy-four guns each, nine frigates and seventeen gunboats. All the others were transports.

On the evening of the following day Godard's promise had been fulfilled. He and his men were dead and the redoubt taken.

Thirty-five men remained shut up in the fort, under command of Colonel Vinache, and they held the fort for two days against the entire Turkish army.

Bonaparte heard all this while he was still at the Pyramids.

He immediately started for Ramanieh, reaching that place on the 19th of July.

The Turks, now masters both of the redoubt and of the fort, had landed all their artillery. Marmont, who was in Alexandria with only eighteen hundred troops of the line and two hundred marines with which to resist the Turks, sent courier after courier to Bonaparte.

Fortunately, instead of marching upon Alexandria, as Marmont feared, or upon Rosette, as Bonaparte had apprehended, the Turks, with their usual indolence, contented themselves with occupying the peninsula and throwing up a long line of intrenchments to the left of the redoubt and bordering on Lake Madieh.

Five or six thousand feet in front of the redoubt they fortified two mamelons, stationing a thousand men in one of them and two thousand in the other.

They had eighteen thousand men all told; but these eighteen thousand men seemed to have come to Egypt for the express purpose of being besieged.

Bonaparte waited for Mustapha, but finding that he showed no disposition to advance, he, Bonaparte, resolved to take the initiative; so on the 23d he ordered the French troops, which were now only two-hours' march from the Turkish army, to advance.

Murat's cavalry and three of General Destaing's battalions, with two pieces of artillery, composed the center.

General Rampon's division was on the left. This commander had Generals Fugière and Lanusse under him.

The division of General Lannes advanced along the shore of Lake Madieh on the right.

Stationed between Alexandria and the army, with two squadrons of cavalry and one hundred dromedaries, Davoust had been ordered to hold in check Mourad Bey or any other general who might attempt to come to the assistance

of the Turks, and also to keep communication open between Alexandria and the army.

Kléber, who was also expected, was to assume command of the reserves.

The French army came in sight of the intrenchments before the Turks even suspected their close proximity.

General Destaing, who commanded them, marched straight toward the fortified hillock on the right, while Murat's cavalry abandoned their position between the two hills and rode around the right hill to cut off the retreat of the Turks attacked by General Destaing.

Meanwhile, Lannes, had started toward the hill on the left, which was defended by two thousand Turks, and Murat sent two hundred more of his cavalry around to the other side of this hill.

Destaing and Lannes attacked almost simultaneously and with equal success. The two positions were carried at the point of the bayonet, and the fleeing Turks meeting the French cavalry, threw themselves into the sea to escape capture.

Destaing, Lannes, and Murat then proceeded toward the village which formed the center of the peninsula.

Just then a column left the Turkish camp at Aboukir, with the evident intention of coming to the assistance of the village.

Murat drew his saber—which he seldom or never did until the very last minute—and charging upon the column, drove it back to Aboukir.

Meanwhile, Lannes and Destaing had captured the village, from which Turks fled in every direction, only to meet Murat's cavalry returning.

Four or five hundred corpses already strewed the battle-field. The French had but one man wounded. He was a mulatto, a compatriot of my father, a commander in the Hercules Guides.

Bonaparte could have shut the Turks up in Aboukir and harassed them with shells and bombs while waiting for Kléber's and Regnier's divisions to come up, but he preferred to deal a decisive blow; so he ordered the army to march straight upon the second line of defenses.

It was still Lannes and Destaing, supported by Lanusse, who did most of the fighting, and who are entitled to the honors of the day.

The redoubt at Aboukir had been built by the English, and was consequently constructed on the most approved scientific principles.

It was defended by nine or ten thousand Turks, and was connected with the sea by a causeway.

They had not had time enough to dig far in the other direction, however, so it was not connected with the neighboring lake.

Bonaparte ordered an attack to be made on the front and right. Murat, who was in ambush in a grove of palm-trees, was to make an attack on the left, and cross the space where there was no causeway, though this open space was not only occupied by the enemy, but likewise swept by a heavy artillery fire.

The battle, consequently, was sure to be a desperate one, for the Turks realized that they were hemmed in by the sea in front and a wall of French bayonets behind.

A heavy cannonade opened upon the redoubt and the line of intrenchments on the right was the signal for a gen-

eral attack. Bonaparte ordered General Fugière to advance in order to turn the enemy's right if possible, while the Thirty-second was to hold the enemy in check and support the Eighteenth.

Noting these arrangements, the Moslems left their intrenchments and advanced to meet us.

On perceiving this fact, the French troops uttered an exultant shout—for this was exactly what they wanted—and rushed upon the enemy with bayonets lowered.

The Turks discharged their guns first, then the brace of pistols each of them carried, and finally drew their sabers; but our soldiers, undaunted, charged upon them with the bayonets.

Not until then did the Turks realize what manner of men and weapons they had to deal with, and with their guns slung across their shoulders, and their sabers hanging by their cords, they began a hand-to-hand fight, trying to tear from the enemy's rifles those terrible bayonets which pierced their breasts just as they were stretching out their hands to seize them.

But nothing could stop the gallant Eighteenth.

It continued to advance at the same pace, driving the Turks back to the foot of the intrenchments, after which it attempted to carry them by storm, but were finally driven back by a terrific fire.

General Fugière, who conducted the attack, was wounded slightly in the head by a bullet, but he continued to urge on his men; but when a ball carried away his arm he was obliged to pause.

Adjutant General Lalong, who came up just then with a battalion, made an heroic attempt to induce the men to brave this hurricane of fire. Twice he led them into it, and twice they were repulsed. The third time he sprung forward, and was about to leap into the intrenchments, when he fell, shot dead.

In the foremost rank was Sub-lieutenant Faraud, whose wound was now healed.

Meanwhile another attempt to dislodge the enemy had been made by Brigadier General Morange; but he, too, had been driven back wounded, leaving thirty men on the glacis and in the trenches.

The Turks felt sure that the victory was theirs, and forgetting everything else in their eagerness to cut off heads—for which they received fifty paras apiece—they left the redoubt to begin that bloody work.

Almost at the same instant Murat saw through the smoke what was going on, and dashing forward under the heavy fire of the artillery, cut the redoubt off from the village by his cavalry, and then rushed upon the men who were engaged in their ghastly work of cutting off heads.

Bonaparte perceived that the Turks were placed at a great disadvantage by this two-fold attack, and sent Lannes also forward with two battalions to attack the Moslems on the left flank.

Hard pressed on all sides, the Turks tried to reach the village; but Murat and his cavalry were between that and the redoubt, and the Thirty-second Brigade being behind them and Lannes on one side of them, their only refuge was the sea, and into this they plunged, frantic with terror; for as they were not in the habit of showing any mercy to their prisoners, they preferred the sea, which gave them a chance of reach-

ing their ships, to death at the hands of the despised Christians.

The French were masters of the two hillocks, where they began the attack of the hamlet where the remnant of the troops that had defended the knolls had taken refuge and of the redoubt which had cost so many brave men their lives. They had now reached the camp and the Turkish reserves, and both soon succumbed to their opponents.

Nothing could stop our men now, for they were intoxicated by the carnage they had already committed.

Murat and his cavalry swooped down on the pasha's guard like a whirlwind, a hurricane, a simoon.

Ignorant of the result of the battle, Mustapha, on hearing the shouts and confusion, placed himself at the head of his *icoglans* and rushed upon the French. Encountering Murat, he fired upon him at close range, inflicting a slight wound; but Murat, with the first blow of his saber cut off two of his fingers, and would have cut off his head with the second, if an Arab had not thrown himself in front of the pasha and received the blow. Mustapha then surrendered his cimeter, and Murat sent him a prisoner to Bonaparte.

See Gros's superb painting.

A small remnant of the army took refuge in the fort; all the rest were killed or drowned.

Never since two armies first confronted each other has such utter annihilation of one contending force been witnessed. The two hundred janissaries and one hundred men shut up in the fort were all that remained of the eighteen thousand Turks who had landed.

Kléber came up just at the close of the battle.

He asked the result of the day's fighting, and then inquired where Bonaparte was.

Bonaparte was standing on the furthermost point of the peninsula, gazing at the gulf which had swallowed up the French fleet—that is to say, his only hope of returning to France.

Kléber approached him, and taking him by the arm, exclaimed:

"General, you are as great as the world!"

Augereau

On a certain day in Italy, about the year 1797, while Bonaparte, General of the French forces, was dictating his letters to Bourrienne, Marmont, one of his favorite aides-de-camp, who was discreetly looking out of the window, announced that he could distinguish at the end of the avenue the waving plume of Murat and the somewhat massive form of Augereau.

Murat was a handsome young man of twenty-three or four. He was the son of an innkeeper of Labastide, near Cahors; and his father being also postmaster, Murat, at an early age, learned how to manage horses, and in time became an excellent horseman. Then through I know not what caprice of his father's (who probably wanted to have a prelate in the family), he had

been sent to a seminary, where, if we may judge from the letters which are lying before us, his studies did not extend so far as to give him a proper knowledge of orthography.

Luckily, or unluckily for him, the Revolution opened the doors of the seminaries. Young Joachim took flight and enlisted in the Constitutional Guard of Louis XVI., where he distinguished himself by his extreme opinions, his duels, and his courage.

Dismissed, like Bonaparte, by that same Aubry who in the Five Hundred continued to wage such severe war upon patriots, he met Bonaparte, became intimate with him, hastened to place himself under his orders on the 13th Vendémiaire, and followed him to Italy as aide-de-camp.

Augereau, who was first at Strasbourg, where he gave young Eugene de Beauharnais fencing-lessons, was seventeen years older than Murat, and had already, when we renew our acquaintance with him, reached his fortieth year. After having stagnated for fifteen years in the lower grades, he had been transferred from the Army of the Rhine to the Army of the Pyrenees, under Dugommier.

It was in that army that he won successively the grades of lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general, in which last capacity he defeated the Spaniards on the banks of the Fluvia in such brilliant fashion that he was at once elevated to the rank of general of division.

We have spoken of the peace with Spain, and have given expression to our opinion upon that peace, which made a neutral sovereign, if not an ally, of one of the nearest relatives of Louis XVI., whose head had just fallen by order of the Convention.

After the peace was signed, Augereau joined the Army of Italy under Schérer, and contributed largely to the victory of Loano. At last Bonaparte appeared, and then began the immortal campaign of '96.

Like all the older generals, Augereau deeply deplored the fact, which fairly aroused his scorn, that a young man of twenty-five should be given command of the most important army of France. But when he had marched under the young general's orders; when he had contributed his share toward the taking of the pass of Millesimo; when, as a result of a manœuvre suggested by his young colleague, he had beaten the Austrians at Dego, and had captured the redoubts of Montellesimo without knowing to what end they had been taken—then he appreciated the power of the genius which had conceived the clever scheme of separating the Sardinians from the imperial troops, thereby assuring the success of the campaign.

He went directly to Bonaparte, confessed his former predispositions, and apologized manfully, and, like the ambitious man he was, while realizing his lack of training, which must indubitably operate against him, he asked Bonaparte to allow him to share in the rewards which the latter distributed to his young lieutenants.

The fact that Augereau, one of the bravest of the generals of the Army of Italy, had, on the day succeeding this interview, carried the intrenched camp of Ceva, and penetrated into Alba and Casale made it all the easier for Bonaparte to grant this request. Fi-

nally, meeting the enemy at the bridge at Lodi, which bristled with cannon and was defended by a terrible fire, he rushed upon the bridge at the head of his grenadiers, took thousands of prisoners, released Masséna from a difficult position, and took Castiglione, which was one day converted into a duchy for him. At last came the famous day of Arcola, which was to crown for him a campaign which he had made glorious by so many daring exploits. There, as at Lodi, the bridge had to be crossed. Three times he led his soldiers to the middle of the bridge, and three times they were repulsed by a storm of grapeshot and canister. Finally, perceiving that his ensign had fallen, he seized the flag, and with head down, not knowing whether he was followed or not, he crossed the bridge and found himself in the midst of the enemy's artillery and bayonets. But this time his soldiers, who adored him, followed. The guns were captured and turned against the enemy.

The victory, one of the most glorious of the campaign, was so justly recognized as being entirely due to his valor, that the government presented him with the flag which he had used to arouse the ardor of his soldiers.

Like Bonaparte, he also reflected that he owed everything to the Republic, and that the Republic alone could give him all to which his ambition aspired. Under a king, as he well knew, he would not have risen above the grade of sergeant. The son of a mason and a fruit-seller, a common soldier and a fencing master at the outset of his career, he had become a general of division, and at the first opportunity he might, thanks to his own courage, become commander-in-chief; like Bonaparte, although he was not endowed with his genius; like Hoche, although he did not possess his integrity; or like Moreau, although he had not his learning.

He had just given proof of his cupidity, which had injured him somewhat with those pure Republicans who sent their gold epaulets to the Republic to be melted up, and wore woollen ones in their stead, until gold should be plentiful.

He had allowed his soldiers three hours' pillage in the town of Lago, which had risen against him. He did not take an active part in the pillage, it is true, but he bought at a ridiculously low figure all the articles of value which his soldiers had brought away. He had with him an army wagon, which was said to contain property worth a million; and "Augereau's wagon" was known throughout the army.

Having been notified by Marmont, Bonaparte was expecting him.

Murat entered first and announced Augereau. Bonaparte thanked Murat with a gesture, and intimated that he and Marmont should leave them alone. Bourrienne also rose to go, but Bonaparte detained him by a movement of the hand; he had no secrets from his secretary.

Augereau entered. Bonaparte held out his hand to him, and motioned him to sit down. Augereau sat down, put his sword between his legs, his hat on its hilt, his arms on the hat, and asked: "Well, general, what is it?"

"It is," said Bonaparte, "that I want to congratulate you upon the fine spirit of your army corps. I stumbled upon

a duel yesterday, when one of your soldiers was fighting a comrade from Moreau's division, because the latter had called him monsieur."

"Ah!" said Augereau. "The fact is that I have some rascals who will not listen to reason on that score. This is not the first duel that has been fought for that very reason. Therefore, before leaving Vicenza this morning, I published an order of the day forbidding any man of my division to make use, either verbally or in writing, of the word monsieur, under penalty of being degraded from his rank, or if he were a common soldier, depriving him of the right to serve in the armies of the Republic."

"Then, having taken this precaution," said Bonaparte, looking fixedly at Augereau, "you do not think, do you, that there will be anything to prevent your leaving your division for a month or two?"

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Augereau; "and why should I leave my division?"

"Because you have asked my permission to go to Paris on personal matters of business."

"And a little on your affairs, also, eh?" said Augereau.

"I thought," said Bonaparte dryly, "that you knew no distinction in our affairs?"

"No, no," said Augereau, "and you should be pleased that I am modest enough to be satisfied always with second place."

"Have you not the second place in the Army of Italy?" asked Bonaparte.

"To be sure; but I did a little something toward that myself, and circumstances may not always be so favorable."

"You see," said Bonaparte, "that when you are no longer useful in Italy, or when opportunities are few, I find occasion for you to be useful in France."

"Why? Tell me. Are you sending me to the assistance of the Republic?"

"Yes, unfortunately, the Republic is in poor hands just now; but poor as they are, it still lives."

"And the Directory?"

"Is divided," replied Bonaparte. "Carnot and Barthélemy inclined toward royalty, and they have with them, it must be confessed, the majority of the councils. But Barras, Rewbell, and La Reveillière-Lepaux stand firm for the Republic and the Constitution of the Year III., and they have us behind them.

"I thought," said Augereau, "that they had thrown themselves into Hoche's arms."

"Yes; but it will not do to leave them there. There must be no arms in the country that are longer than ours; and ours must reach beyond the Alps, and if necessary bring about another conflict at Paris."

"Well, why do you not go yourself?" asked Augereau.

"Because if I went it would be to overthrow the Directory and not to sustain it. And I have not done enough yet to play the part of Cæsar."

"And you send me to play the part of your lieutenant. Well! that satisfies me. What is there to be done?"

"Make an end of the enemies of France, who were only half wiped out on the 13th Vendémiaire. As long as Barras pursues a Republican course, second him to the best of your ability and courage; if he hesitates, resist him;

if he betrays, collar him as you would the meanest citizen. If you fail, I shall be in Paris within the week with twenty-five thousand soldiers."

"Well," said Augereau, "I will try not to fail. When shall I start?"

"As soon as I have written the letter which you are to take to Barras." Then, turning to Bourrienne, he said:

"Write."

Bourrienne had paper and pen in readiness, and Bonaparte dictated as follows:

"CITIZEN-DIRECTOR:—I send you Augereau, my right arm. For everybody else he is in Paris on a furlough, having some business to attend to; for you he is the director who keeps pace with us. He brings you his sword, and he is instructed to say to you that, in case of need, you may draw upon the budget in Italy to the extent of one, two, or even three millions.

"It is, above all, in civil wars that money becomes the vital nerve.

"I hope in the course of a week to hear that the councils are purified, and that the Clichy Club no longer exists.

"Health and fraternity, BONAPARTE.

Bonaparte, according to his habit, read over the letter, and then signed it with a new pen, which did not make his writing any more legible; then Bourrienne sealed it and gave it to the messenger.

"Tell them to give Augereau twenty-five thousand francs from my cash-box, Bourrienne," said Bonaparte. And to Augereau he added: "When you are out of funds citizen-general, send to me for more."

The Sacrifice of Beauty

THE female prisoner went toward the place of execution, preceded by the Sheriff and supported by two squires, while another carried her train. She had made as elaborate a toilet as her circumstances permitted, and wore a lace-trimmed head-dress of white muslin with a veil thrown back over her shoulders and falling almost to the floor. Her gown was of black brocaded satin with a long train and flowing sleeves, bordered with sable and fastened with large pearl and jet buttons; it opened over a quilted petticoat of black satin, above which she wore a low bodice of crimson satin laced behind and trimmed with velvet of the same color.

Around her neck was a string of beads carved from scented wood, to which a golden crucifix was attached, and two rosaries hung from her girdle.

The prisoner was Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland.

A low scaffold, some two feet from the floor and twelve feet square, surrounded by a railing and covered with black cloth, had been erected in the great hall; upon it was a stool, a cushion for kneeling, and the block, all draped in black like the platform. As the Queen stepped upon the fatal planks, the executioner advanced and

knelt upon one knee to ask her forgiveness for the deed he was about to do; he essayed to hide the axe which he carried by holding it behind him, but the Queen saw it and exclaimed:

"Ah, I would far rather be beheaded with a sword as is done in France!"

"It is not my fault, madam," replied the man, "that this last wish cannot be gratified, for I was not instructed to bring a sword, and finding nothing here but this axe, I must perforce use it, but I hope that will not prevent your forgiving me."

"I forgive you freely," Mary answered, extending her hand for him to kiss.

Having touched his lips to the Queen's hand, the man rose and brought forward the stool, upon which Mary seated herself. The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury then took their places on her left, the Sheriff and his men on her right, and Sir Amyas Paulet behind her. Mr. Beale then advanced and began to read the sentence for the second time. While he was reading the opening words her servants entered the hall and were conducted to a place behind the scaffold; the men mounted on a bench which stood against the wall and the women knelt before it; at the same moment the Queen's little spaniel, of whom she was very fond, slipped into the hall noiselessly, as if fearing he would be driven out, crept to his mistress' side and lay down.

The Queen listened listlessly to the reading of her sentence, as if it did not concern her, and her expression throughout was as calm as if it was a pardon and not a death-warrant; when Beale had finished and cried, "God save her Majesty," without evoking any response, Mary rose, crossed herself, and without betraying any agitation, but with a serene and beautiful expression, began to speak:

"My lords," she said, "I was born a Queen, a sovereign princess not subject to the laws, nearly related to your Queen and her lawful successor; I am not an English subject, nor justly amenable to the laws of this country wherein I have so long been imprisoned and endured great suffering and humiliation, and wherein, to crown all, I am about to lose my life. I call all here present to witness that I die in the Catholic faith, thankful that God has permitted me to suffer for His holy Church, and protesting that I never conspired against the Queen of England nor desired her death, but that, on the contrary, I have repeatedly offered her good and reasonable conditions for the settlement of the troubles in her kingdom and my deliverance from captivity; this, my lords, you know to be true, and also that she has never honored me with a reply. My enemies have at last attained their object and accomplished my death; I forgive them as I do all those who have injured me. After my death my persecutors, who are the contrivers and perpetrators of the plots of which I am falsely accused, will be known—but I die without accusing any one, assured that God will avenge me."

The Queen was here interrupted by the Dean of Peterborough, who, perhaps fearing that such words from so lovely and exalted a woman would excite her auditors' sympathy, or because so many words caused too great delay,

stepped to the platform and, leaning upon the barrier in front of Mary, said:

"Madam, my august mistress bade me come to you——"

"Sir Dean," interrupted the Queen, in a firm tone, "I have no need of your services; I do not wish to hear you, and I beg that you will desist."

"Madam," persisted the Dean, "I implore you to reflect that you have but a few moments more to live, a brief space in which you may yet abjure your false doctrines. I beseech you to repudiate Catholic fallacies and rest your faith on Jesus Christ alone, that through Him you may be saved."

"Nothing that you say will induce me to forsake my religion," responded the Queen firmly, "and I therefore beg that you will be silent and let me die in peace."

Perceiving that he was determined to continue his exhortations, she turned her back on him and seated herself upon the stool; but the Dean immediately made the circuit of the scaffold and faced her on the other side, thereupon Mary turned a second time, and seeing that nothing could shake her determination the Earl of Shrewsbury said:

"Madam, we are deeply grieved by your persistence in the follies and errors of papacy, and, with your permission, we will pray for you."

"I shall be grateful for your prayers, my lord," the Queen replied, "for the intention is kindly; but I cannot join in them, for we are not of the same faith."

Thereupon the Dean knelt upon the scaffold steps, and while the Queen upon her stool was praying in an undertone he prayed in a loud voice, all present, save Mary and her servants, repeating the words after him. In the midst of his prayer the Queen knelt, and raising the crucifix before her, began to repeat the Latin prayers for the dying in a clear voice; after a moment the Dean's voice ceased and she continued to pray, but in English, so that all might understand her, for the afflicted Church of Christ, for an end to the persecution of Catholics, and for the peaceful and prosperous reign of her son, fervently declaring that she hoped to be saved through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, for the edification of whose Church her blood was about to be shed.

At these words the Earl of Kent could contain himself no longer.

"Zounds, madam!" he exclaimed, regardless of the solemnity of the moment, "take Jesus Christ into your heart, and cast out such papist rubbish!"

Mary, however, continued to pray and to implore the intercession of the saints, closing her petition with these words:

"Blessed Lord and Saviour, pardon my offences and receive me in the arms which were outstretched for me upon the cross."

As she rose from her knees the Earl of Kent asked if she was not ready to make a confession.

"No," she replied firmly, "I am guiltless of the crimes attributed to me, and have, therefore, nothing to confess to man."

"In that case, madam," said the earl, "all the formalities are fulfilled and you must now prepare for the end."

The Queen rose calmly, and as the executioner approached to uncover her head and neck she said quietly:

"Let me do it, my friend; I know better than you how it should be done, and I am not accustomed to being undressed before so much company nor by such an attendant."

She then called her women and began to take the pins from her headdress, and, as they could not restrain their tears, she said to them in French:

"Do not break down, for I promised that you would control yourselves."

She then began to remove her clothing, assisting her women as she was accustomed to do when retiring for the night; taking the chain from her neck she handed it to Jane Kennedy, saying to the executioner:

"My friend, I know all that I now wear is rightfully yours, but for this symbol you have no use and I hope you will permit me to give it to this young lady, who will pay you double its value in money."

But the executioner hardly let her finish speaking ere he snatched it from her hand. "It is my perquisite," he exclaimed roughly.

The Queen manifested no emotion at his brutality, and continued to remove her outer garments until she stood in her bodice and petticoat. She then sat down on the stool and Jane Kennedy took from her pocket the handkerchief she selected the night before and fastened it over her eyes, a proceeding which greatly astonished the witnesses, as it was not customary in England.

Supposing that she was to be beheaded by the French method, that is, as she sat upon the stool, Mary drew herself up and stiffened her neck for the blow, but the executioner, not understanding her intention, stood awkwardly with the uplifted axe in his hand; at last his assistant laid his hand upon the Queen's head and pushed her forward until she fell upon her knees. Then, comprehending what was wanted of her, the Queen groped for the block, still clasping her prayer-book and crucifix, and finding it, laid her neck upon it, placing her joined hands under her chin, as if to pray until the last moment, but fearing they might be cut off with her head, the assistant drew them away, and as Mary said in Latin, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," the executioner raised his axe, which was of the kind used to cut wood, and struck the first blow.

Whether from nervousness or awkwardness, he struck too high and only fractured the skull, causing the book and crucifix to fall from the sufferer's hands but not detaching the head; the Queen, however, was stunned by the violence of the blow and made no movement, so that he had leisure to prepare for the second stroke, but even then the head did not fall, and a third was necessary to sever the shred of flesh which still held it to the shoulders; at last it fell, and the executioner held it up to the gaze of the assemblage, crying:

"God save Queen Elizabeth!"

"May all her Majesty's foes perish thus!" rejoined the Dean of Peterborough.

"Amen," said the Earl of Kent; but he was the only one; every other voice was choked by tears and sobs.

At last the executioner laid Mary Stuart's head beside her body, and her faithful servants rushed upon the scaffold and gathered up her prayer-book and crucifix as priceless relics.

Bourgoin and Gervais remained after the others and entreated Sir Amyas Paulet to allow them to remove the Queen's heart, so that they could carry it to France as they had promised her, but they were roughly refused and driven from the hall, all the doors of which were closed and bolted, leaving the corpse and the executioner together.

Brantôme affirms that the following infamous proceedings then took place:

The corpse was roughly divested of its clothing, carried to the room in which the Queen's trial had been held, and there laid upon the very table around which her judges had sat, where it lay, covered with a coarse black cloth, until two o'clock in the afternoon, when Mr. Walters, a surgeon from the village of Fotheringay, and Mr. Nater, a physician from Stanford, came to embalm it. This they did indifferently well in the presence of Sir Amyas Paulet and his soldiers, without the slightest consideration for the rank or sex of the hapless creature, whose body was thus brutally exposed to the gaze of all who chose to look upon it. This indignity did not, however, accomplish the purpose of the venomous creature who instigated it; it had been reported that the Queen's legs were swollen and that she was dropsical, but those who witnessed the embalming were obliged to confess that the body of a maiden in the flower of youth could not be more spotless and beautiful than Mary Stuart's, as she lay dead by violence after nineteen years of suffering and captivity.

The autopsy showed the spleen to be in a healthy condition, the lungs yellowish in spots, and the brain a sixth larger than the average size of that organ in women of the same age: everything that promised long life to her whose days had been so unjustly curtailed.

D'Artagnan Marechal

In one of the usual upheavals of state politics in France, King Louis XIV. had recalled M. de Guiche, and banished M. le Chevalier de Lorraine; so that Monsieur, Duke of Orleans, became ill in consequence. Madame, the Duchess, set out for London, where she applied herself so earnestly to make her brother, Charles II., acquire a taste for the political counsels of Mademoiselle de Kéroualle, that the alliance between England and France was signed, and the English vessels, ballasted by a few millions of French gold, made a terrible campaign against the fleets of the United Provinces. Charles II. had promised Mademoiselle de Kéroualle a little gratitude for her good counsels; he made her Duchess of Portsmouth. Colbert, the minister, had promised the king vessels, munitions, victories. He kept his word, as is well known.

In the spring, as Colbert, the minister, had predicted, the land army en-

tered on its campaign. It preceded, in magnificent order, the court of Louis XIV., who setting out on horseback, surrounded by carriages filled with ladies and courtiers, conducted the *élite* of his kingdom to this sanguinary *fête*. The officers of the army, it is true, had no other music save the artillery of the Dutch forts; but it was enough for a great number who found in this war honor, advancement, fortune—or death.

M. d'Artagnan, captain of musketeers, was now commanding a body of twelve thousand men, cavalry and infantry, with which he was ordered to take the different places which form the knots of that strategic network called La Frise. Never was an army conducted more gallantly to an expedition. The officers knew that their leader, prudent and skillful as he was brave, would not sacrifice a single man, nor yield an inch of ground without necessity. He had the old habits of war, to live upon the country, keeping his soldiers singing and the enemy weeping. The captain of the king's musketeers well knew his business. Never were opportunities better chosen, *coups de main* better supported, errors of the besieged more quickly taken advantage of.

The army commanded by D'Artagnan took twelve small places within a month. He was engaged in besieging the thirteenth, which had held out five days. D'Artagnan caused the trenches to be opened without appearing to suppose that these people would ever allow themselves to be taken. The pioneers and laborers were a body full of ideas and zeal, because their commander treated them like soldiers, knew how to render their work glorious, and never allowed them to be killed if he could help it. It should have been seen with what eagerness the marshy glebes of Holland were turned over. Those turf-heaps, mounds of potter's clay, melted at the word of the soldiers like butter in the frying-pans of Friesland housewives.

M. d'Artagnan dispatched a courier to the king to give him an account of the last successes, which redoubled the good humor of his majesty and his inclination to amuse the ladies. These victories of M. d'Artagnan gave so much majesty to the prince, that Madame de Montespan no longer called him anything but Louis the Invincible. So that Mademoiselle de la Vallière, who only called the king Louis the Victorious, lost much of his majesty's favor. Besides, her eyes were frequently red, and to an Invincible nothing is more disagreeable than a mistress who weeps while everything is smiling round her. The star of Mademoiselle de la Vallière was being drowned in clouds and tears. But the gayety of Madame de Montespan redoubled the successes of the king, and consoled him for every other unpleasant circumstance. It was to D'Artagnan the king owed this; and his majesty was anxious to acknowledge these services; he wrote to M. Colbert:

"Monsieur Colbert,—We have a promise to fulfil with M. d'Artagnan, who so well keeps his. This is to inform you that the time is come for performing it. All provisions for this purpose you shall be furnished with in due time.

Louis."

In consequence of this, Colbert, detaining D'Artagnan's envoy, placed in

the hands of that messenger a letter from himself, and a small coffer of ebony inlaid with gold, not very important in appearance, but which, without doubt, was very heavy, as a guard of five men was given to the messenger, to assist him in carrying it. These people arrived before the place which D'Artagnan was besieging towards day-break, and presented themselves at the lodgings of the general. They were told that M. d'Artagnan, annoyed by a sortie which the governor, an artful man, had made the evening before, and in which the works had been destroyed and seventy-seven men killed, had just gone with twenty companies of grenadiers to reconstruct the works.

M. Colbert's envoy had orders to go and seek M. d'Artagnan, wherever he might be, or at whatever hour of the day or night. He directed his course, therefore, towards the trenches, followed by his escort, all on horseback. They perceived M. d'Artagnan in the open plain, with his gold-laced hat, his long cane, and gilt cuffs. He was biting his white mustache, and wiping off, with his left hand, the dust which the passing balls threw up from the ground they plowed so near him. They also saw, amidst this terrible fire, which filled the air with whistling hisses, officers handling the shovel, soldiers rolling barrows, and vast fascines, rising by being either carried or dragged by from ten to twenty men, cover the front of the trench reopened to the center by this extraordinary effort of the general. In three hours, all was reinstated. D'Artagnan began to speak more mildly; and he became quite calm when the captain of the pioneers approached him, hat in hand, to tell him that the trench was again in proper order. This man had scarcely finished speaking, when a ball took off one of his legs, and he fell into the arms of D'Artagnan. The latter lifted up his soldier, and quietly, with soothing words, carried him into the trench, amidst the enthusiastic applause of the regiments. From that time it was no longer a question of valor—the army was delirious; two companies stole away to the advanced posts, which they instantly destroyed.

When their comrades, restrained with great difficulty by D'Artagnan, saw them lodged upon the bastions, they rushed forward likewise; and soon a furious assault was made upon the counterscarp, upon which depended the safety of the place. D'Artagnan perceived there was only one means left of checking his army—to take the place. He directed all his force to the two breaches, which the besieged were busy in repairing. The shock was terrible; eighteen companies took part in it, and D'Artagnan went with the rest, within half cannon-shot of the place, to support the attack by *échelons*. The cries of the Dutch, who were being poniarded upon their guns by D'Artagnan's grenadiers, were distinctly audible. The struggle grew fiercer with the despair of the governor, who disputed his position foot by foot. D'Artagnan, to put an end to the affair, and silence the fire, which was unceasing, sent a fresh column, which penetrated like a very wedge; and he soon perceived upon the ramparts, through the fire, the terrified flight of the besieged, pursued by the besiegers.

At this moment the general, breathing freely and full of joy, heard a voice behind him, saying, "Monsieur, if you please, from M. Colbert."

He broke the seal of the letter, which contained these words:

"Monsieur d'Artagnan:—The king commands me to inform you that he has nominated you maréchal of France, as a reward for your magnificent services, and the honor you do to his arms. The king is highly pleased, monsieur, with the captures you have made; he commands you, in particular, to finish the siege you have commenced, with good fortune to you, and success for him."

D'Artagnan was standing with a radiant countenance and sparkling eye. He looked up to watch the progress of his troops upon the walls, still enveloped in red and black volumes of smoke. "I have finished," replied he to the messenger; "the city will have surrendered in a quarter of an hour." He then resumed his reading:

"The *coffret*, Monsieur d'Artagnan, is my own present. You will not be sorry to see that, whilst you warriors are drawing the sword to defend the king, I am moving the pacific arts to ornament a present worthy of you. I commend myself to your friendship, monsieur le maréchal, and beg you to believe in mine. COLBERT."

D'Artagnan, intoxicated with joy, made a sign to the messenger, who approached, with his *coffret* in his hands. But at the moment the *maréchal* was going to look at it, a loud explosion resounded from the ramparts, and called his attention towards the city. "It is strange," said D'Artagnan, "that I don't yet see the king's flag on the walls, or hear the drums beat the *chamade*." He launched three hundred fresh men, under a high-spirited officer, and ordered another breach to be made. Then, more tranquilly, he turned towards the *coffret*, which Colbert's envoy held out to him.—It was the treasure—he had won it.

D'Artagnan was holding out his hand to open the *coffret*, when a ball from the city crushed the *coffret* in the arms of the officer, struck D'Artagnan full in the chest, and knocked him down upon a sloping heap of earth, whilst the *fleur-de-lised bâton*, escaping from the broken box, came rolling under the powerless hand of the *maréchal*. D'Artagnan endeavored to raise himself. It was thought he had been knocked down without being wounded. A terrible cry broke from the group of terrified officers; the *maréchal* was covered with blood; the pallor of death ascended slowly to his noble countenance. Leaning upon the arms held out on all sides to receive him, he was able once more to turn his eyes towards the place, and to distinguish the white flag at the crest of the principal bastion; his ears, already deaf to sounds of life, caught feebly the rolling of the drum which announced the victory. Then, clasping in his nerveless hand the *bâton*, ornamented with its *fleurs-de-lis*, he cast on it his eyes, which had no longer the power of looking upwards towards heaven, and fell back, murmuring strange words, which appeared to the soldiers cabalistic—words which had formerly represented so many things on earth, and which none but the dying man any longer comprehended:

"Athos—Porthos, farewell till we meet again! Aramis, adieu forever!"

A Duel

At Milan, about year 1797, Bonaparte, who no longer called himself *Buonaparte,* had his headquarters. One day three men came out of the barracks of the Army of Italy, while three others issued from the adjacent barracks, which were occupied by the Army of the Rhine. General Bonaparte had demanded a reinforcement after his first victories, and two thousand men had been detached from Moreau's army, and sent, under command of Bernadotte, to the Army of Italy.

The six men made their way toward the eastern gate, walking in two separate groups, each at a little distance from the other. This was the gate behind which occurred the numerous duels which resulted from personal rivalry of valor, and the differences of opinion between the soldiers from the North and those who had always fought in the South.

An army is always modelled upon the characteristics of its general. His peculiarities extend to his officers, and from them they spread to the soldiers. The division of the Rhine, which had come South under Bernadotte's command, was formed upon Moreau's model.

The royalist faction looked longingly toward Moreau and Pichegru. The latter had been all ready to yield, but he had wearied of the indecision of the Prince de Condé. Nor had he been willing to introduce the enemy into France without having determined beforehand the conditions which should circumscribe the rights of the prince whom he was admitting, as well as those of the people who were to receive him. Nothing had actually taken place between himself and the Prince de Condé except a correspondence which had borne no fruit. He had, moreover, resolved to bring about this revolution, not through his military influence, but through that of the high position which his fellow citizens had bestowed upon him in making him president of the Five Hundred.

Moreau's Republicanism could not be shaken. Careless, moderate, unemotional, with no taste for politics beyond his capacity, he held himself in reserve, sufficiently flattered by the praise which his friends and the royalists had bestowed upon his masterly retreat from the Danube, which they likened to that of Xenophon.

His army, therefore, was like him, cold, phlegmatic and submissive to his discipline. The Army of Italy, on the contrary, was composed of our Southern revolutionists—brave hearts who were as impulsive in their opinions as in their courage.

Having been the centre for more than a year and a half of the glory which the French arms were reaping before the eyes of all Europe, the attention of that continent was fixed upon them. It could pride itself, not upon masterly retreats, but upon victories. Instead of being forgotten by the government, as were the armies of the Rhine and the Sambre-et-Meuse, generals, officers, and soldiers were overwhelmed with praise and honors, gorged with money and sated with pleasure. Serving first under General Bonaparte

—that is to say, under the star which had been shedding a light so brilliant that it had dazzled all Europe—then under Generals Masséna, Joubert, and Augereau, who set the example of the most ardent republicanism, they were, by order of Bonaparte, kept informed of the events which were transpiring at Paris (through the medium of the journals which the general circulated among them), that is to say, of a reaction which threatened to equal that of Vendémiaire. To these men—who did not form their opinions by discussion, but who received them ready-made—the Directory, the heir and successor of the Convention, was still the revolutionary government to whom their services were devoted, as in 1792. They asked but one thing, now that they had conquered the Austrians and thought that they had nothing more to do in Italy, and that was to cross the Alps again, in order to put the aristocrats in Paris to the sword.

These two groups on their way to the Eastern gate presented a fair sample of the two armies.

One—which, as its uniform denoted, belonged to that tireless infantry which, starting from the foot of the Bastile, had made the tour of the world—consisted of Sergeant-major Faraud, who had married the Goddess of Reason, and his two inseparable companions, Groseiller and Vincent, who had both attained to the rank of sergeant.

The other group belonged to the cavalry, and was composed of the chasseur Falou—who had been appointed quartermaster-general by General Pichegru—and two of his comrades, one a quartermaster, the other a brigadier.

Falou, who belonged to the Army of the Rhine, had not advanced a step since his promotion by Pichegru.

Faraud, it is true, had remained in the same rank which he had received at the lines of Weissembourg—the rank which stops so many poor fellows whose education will not permit of their taking the examination necessary for a commission. But he had been twice mentioned in the order of the day of the Army of Italy, and Bonaparte had ordered him brought before him, and had said to him: "Faraud, you are a fine fellow."

The result was that Faraud was as well satisfied with these two orders of the day, and Bonaparte's words, as though he had been promoted to the rank of a sub-lieutenancy.

Now, Quartermaster-general Falou and Sergeant-major Faraud had had a few words on the previous evening, which had seemed sufficient to them to warrant this promenade to the Eastern gate—in other words, to use the terms employed under such circumstances, the two friends were about to refresh themselves with a sword-thrust or two.

And, in fact, as soon as they were outside the gate, the seconds of both parties began to look for a suitable spot where each would have the advantage of sun and ground. When this was found, the seconds notified the principals, who at once followed them, apparently satisfied by their choice, and promptly prepared to utilize these advantages by throwing aside their foraging caps, coats, and waistcoats. Then each turned back the right sleeve as far as the elbow.

Faraud had a flaming heart and the

words, "The Goddess of Reason," tattooed upon his arm.

Falou, less concentrated in his affections, had this Epicurean device, "Long live wine! Long live love!"

The fight was to be conducted with the infantry swords known as *briquets*. Each received his weapon from one of his seconds and fell upon his adversary.

"What the devil can one do with such a kitchen knife as this," growled chasseur Falou, who was accustomed to the long cavalry sabre and who handled the short sword as if it had been a pen. "This is only fit to cut cabbages and scrape carrots."

"It will serve also," said Faraud with a peculiar movement of the neck which was often noticed in him, "it will serve also, for those who are not afraid to come to close quarters, to shave an enemy's mustache."

And making a feint to thrust at his adversary's thigh, he thrust at the other's head and was successfully parried.

"Oh!" said Falou, "very good, sergeant, the mustaches are according to orders. It is forbidden to cut them off in our regiment, and, above all, to let any one else cut them off. Those who permit such a thing are usually punished. Punished for it," he repeated, watching his chance, "punished for it by a touch on the wrist." And with such rapidity that his opponent had no time to parry, Falou made a thrust which is known by the portion of the body at which it is aimed. The blood spurted from Faraud's arm on the instant, but, furious at being wounded, he cried: "It is nothing. It is nothing. Let us go on!"

And he stood on guard.

But the seconds sprang between the combatants, declaring that honour was satisfied.

Thereupon Faraud threw down his weapon and held out his arm. One of the seconds drew a handkerchief from his pocket and, with a dexterity that proved he was no novice at the art, bound up the wound. He was in the midst of this operation, when a group of eight or ten horsemen appeared from behind a clump of trees not twenty yards distant.

"The deuce! The commander-in-chief!" said Falou.

The soldiers looked for some way of escaping the notice of their chief; but he had already seen them, and was urging his horse toward them with whip and spur. They stood motionless, saluting with one hand, and with the other at their side. The blood was streaming from Faraud's arm.

Bonaparte drew rein four paces from them, making a motion to his staff to stop where they were. Immovable upon his horse which was less impassive than he, stooping slightly from the heat and the malady from which he was suffering, his piercing eyes half hidden by the drooping upper lid, and darting flashes through the lashes, he resembled a bronze statue.

"So you are fighting a duel here," he said, in his incisive voice, "when you know that I do not approve of duels. The blood of Frenchmen belongs to France and should be shed for France alone." Then, looking from one to the other, and finally letting his glance rest upon Faraud, "How does it happen that a fine fellow like you, Faraud—"

Bonaparte at this time made it a

matter of principle to retain in his memory the faces of the men who distinguished themselves, so that he could upon necessity call them by name.

Faraud started with delight when he heard the general mention his name, and raised himself on tiptoe. Bonaparte saw the movement, and, smiling inwardly, he continued: "How does it happen that a fine fellow like you, who has been twice mentioned in the order of the day, once at Lodi and again at Rivoli, should disobey my orders thus? As for your opponent, whom I do not know—

The commander-in-chief purposely emphasized these words. Falou frowned, for the words pierced him like a needle in the side.

"I beg your pardon, general," he said; "the reason you do not know me is because you are too young; because you were not with the Army of the Rhine at the battle of Dawendorff, and at Froeschwiller, as well as the recapture of the lines of Weissembourg. If you had been there—"

"I was at Toulon," said Bonaparte, dryly; "and if you drove the Prussians out of France at Weissembourg, I did as much for the English at Toulon, which was fully as important."

"That is true," said Falou; "and we even put your name on the order of the day. I was wrong to say that you were too young; I acknowledge it and beg your pardon. But I was right in saying that you were not there, since you yourself admit that you were at Toulon."

"Go on," said Bonaparte; "have you anything more to say?"

"Yes, general," replied Falou.

"Then say it," replied Bonaparte; "but as we are Republicans, be good enough to call me citizen-general when you address me."

"Bravo!" cried Faraud; and his seconds, Groseiller and Vincent, nodded approvingly.

Falou's seconds did not betray either their approval or disapproval.

"Well, citzen-general!" said Falou, with that familiarity of speech which the principle of equality had introduced into the army, "if you had been at Dawendorff, faith! you would have seen me save General Abatucci's life during a charge of cavalry, and he is as good as any man."

"Ah!" said Bonaparte, "thanks! I believe that Abatucci is a sort of cousin of mine."

Falou picked up his cavalry sabre and showed it to Bonaparte. He was much astonished to find a general's sword in the possession of a quartermaster-general.

"It was on that occasion that General Pichegru, who is as good as any man"—and he emphasized this characterization—"seeing the state to which my poor sabre had been reduced, made me a present of his, which is not altogether according to orders, as you see."

"Go on," said Bonaparte; "for I see that you have something more to tell me."

"I have this to tell you also, general. If you had been at Froeschwiller, on the day that General Hoche offered six hundred francs on the Prussian cannon, you would have seen me capture one of those cannon, and also have seen me made quartermaster for it."

"And did you receive those six hundred francs?"

Falou shook his head.

"We gave them up to the widows and children of the poor fellows who died on the day of Dawendorff, and I took only my pay, which was in one of the Prince de Condé's chests."

"Brave, disinterested fellow! Go on," said the general; "I like to see such men as you, who have no journalists to sound their praises or to decry them, pronouncing their own panegyrics."

"And then," continued Falou, "had you been at the storming of the lines of Weissembourg, you would have known that when three Prussians attacked me I killed two. True, I did not parry in time to escape a blow from the third, of which this is the scar—you see where I mean—to which I replied with a thrust with the point that sent my man to rejoin his two comrades. I was made quartermaster-general for that."

"And is this all true?" asked Bonaparte.

"Oh! as for that," said Faraud, drawing near, and bringing his bandaged hand to the salute, "if the quartermaster needs a witness, I can testify that he has told nothing but the truth, and that he has said too little rather than too much. It is well known in the Army of the Rhine."

"Well," said Bonaparte, looking benevolently at the two men who had just been exchanging blows, and of whom one was now sounding the other's praises, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance, citizen Falou. I trust that you will do as well in the Army of Italy as you have in the Army of the Rhine. But how does it happen that two such fine fellows as you should be enemies?"

"We, citizen-general?" exclaimed Falou. "We are not enemies."

"Why the deuce were you fighting then, if you are not enemies?"

"Oh!" said Faraud, "we were just fighting for the sake of fighting."

"But suppose that I tell you I wish to know why you fought?"

Faraud looked at Falou as if to ask his permission.

"Since the citizen-general wants to know, I see no reason why we should conceal it," said the latter.

"Well, we fought—we fought—because he called me monsieur.

"And what do you want to be called?"

"Citizen, by Heaven!" replied Faraud. "We paid dearly enough for that title to want to keep it. I am not an aristocrat like those messieurs of the Army of the Rhine."

"You hear, citizen-general," said Falou, tapping impatiently with his foot and laying his hand on the hilt of his sabre, "he calls us aristocrats."

"He was wrong, and so were you when you called him monsieur," replied the commander-in-chief. "We are all citizens of the same country, children of the same family, sons of the same mother. We are fighting for the Republic; and the moment when kings recognize it is not the time for good men like you to deny it. To what division do you belong?" he continued, addressing Quartermaster Falou.

"To the Bernadotte division," replied Falou.

"Bernadotte," repeated Bonaparte—"Bernadotte, a volunteer, who was only a sergeant-major in '89; a gallant soldier, who was promoted on the battle-

field by Kléber to the rank of brigadier-general, who was made a general of division after the victories of Fleurus and Juliers, and who took Maestricht and Altdorf! Bernadotte encouraging aristocrats in his army! I thought he was a Jacobin. And you, Faraud, to what corps do you belong?"

"To that of citizen-general Augereau. No one can accuse him of being an aristocrat. He is like you, citizen-general. And so, when we heard these men of the Sambre-et-Meuse calling us monsieur, we said to each other, 'A cut of the sabre for each monsieur! Is it agreed?' 'Agreed!' And since then we have stood up here perhaps a dozen times, our division against that of Bernadotte. To-day it is my turn to pay the piper. To-morrow it will be a monsieur."

"To-morrow it will be no one," said Bonaparte, imperiously. "I will have no duelling in the army. I have said it, and I repeat it."

"But—" murmured Faraud.

"I will talk of this with Bernadotte. In the meantime you will please preserve intact the Republican traditions; and whether you belong to the Sambre-et-Meuse, or to the Army of Italy, you will address each other as citizen. You will each of you pass twenty-four hours in the guard-house as an example. And now shake hands and go away arm in arm like good citizens."

The two soldiers stepped up to each other and exchanged a frank and manly grasp of the hand. Then Faraud threw his vest over his left shoulder and passed his arm through that of Falou.

The seconds did the same, and all six entered the city by the Eastern gate, and went quietly toward the barracks.

General Bonaparte looked after them with a smile, murmuring: "Brave hearts! Cæsar crossed the Rubicon with men like that; but it is not yet time to do as Cæsar did."

I. The Corsican Mother

During March, 1841, I was traveling in Corsica. There I met Lucien de Franche, a young man of noble character, a typical, stern Corsican, twenty-one years of age, black hair and eyes, and powerful, sun-bronzed in physique.

He promised to show me some historic family ruins in the mountains and one day, accordingly, we set out.

Finding the mountain traveling very difficult I slung my gun over my shoulder, for I perceived that I should soon need both hands to assist me. As for my friend, he continued to press forward with the same easy gait, and did not appear to be at all inconvenienced by the difficult nature of the ground.

After some minutes' climbing over rocks, aided by bushes and roots, we reached a species of platform surmounted by some ruined walls. These ruins were those of the Castle of Vincentello d'Istria, our destination.

In about five minutes we had climbed up to the last terrace, Lucien

in advance, and as he extended his hand to assist me, he said:

"Well done, well done; you have not climbed badly for a Parisian."

"Supposing that the Parisian you have assisted has already had some little experience in mountain scrambling?"

"Ah, true!" said Lucien, laughing. "Have you not a mountain near Paris called Montmarte?"

"Yes, but there are others besides Montmarte which I have ascended. For instance, the Rigi, the Faulhorn, the Gemmi, Vesuvius, Stromboli and Etna."

"Indeed! Now, I suppose you will despise me because I have never done more than surmount Monte Rotundo! Well, here we are! Four centuries ago my ancestors would have opened the portal to you and bade you welcome to the castle. Now their descendants can only show the place where the door used to be, and say to you, 'Welcome to the ruins!'"

"I suppose the chateau has been in possession of your family since the death of Vincentello d'Istria?" I said, taking up the conversation at the point at which he had dropped it previously.

"No, but before his birth. It was the last dwelling-place of our famous ancestress Savilia, the widow of Lucien de Franchi."

"Is there not some terrible history connected with this woman?"

"Yes; were it daylight I could now show you from this spot the ruins of the castle of Valle. There lived the lord of Guidice, who was as much hated as she (Savilia) was beloved, as ugly as she was beautiful. He became enamored of her, and as she did not quickly respond to his desires, he gave her to understand that if she did not accept him in a given time he would come and carry her off by force. Savilia made pretense of consenting, and invited Guidice to come to dinner at the castle.

"Guidice was overcome with joy at this, and forgetting that the invitation had only been extorted by menace, accepted it, and came attended only by a few body servants. The gate was closed behind them, and in a few minutes Guidice was a prisoner, and cast into a dungeon yonder."

I passed on in the direction indicated, and found myself in a species of square court.

The moonlight streamed through the apertures time had made in the once solid walls, and threw dark and well-defined shadows upon the ground. All other portions of the ruins remained in the deep shade of the overhanging walls round about.

Lucien looked at his watch.

"Ah! we are twenty minutes too soon," he exclaimed. "Let us sit down; you are very likely tired."

We sat down; indeed, we extended ourselves at full length upon the grassy sward, in a position facing the great breach in the wall.

"But," said I to my companion, "it seems to me that you have not finished the story you began just now."

"No," replied Lucien. "Every morning and every evening Savilia came down to the dungeon in which Guidice was confined, and then separated from him only by a grating, she would taunt him with his condition as a captive.

"'Guidice,' she would say, 'how do you expect that such an ugly man as

you are can ever hope to win me or my castle?'

"This lasted for three long months, and was repeated frequently. But at the end of that period, thanks to a waiting woman whom he had bribed, Guidice was enabled to escape. He soon returned with all his men, who were much more numerous than those Savilia could assemble, and took the castle by assault, and having first possessed himself of Savilia, he subsequently exposed her in an iron cage at the cross roads in the Bocca di Cilaccia, open to the vulgar gaze of any passer-by who might be tempted to insult her. After three days of this public exhibition Savilia died of shame and grief."

"Well," I said, "it seems to me that your ancestors had a pretty idea of revenging themselves, and that in finishing off their enemies with dagger or gunshot their descendants have in a manner degenerated!"

"Without mentioning that the day may come when we shall not kill them at all!" replied Lucien. "But it has not come to that yet. The two sons of Savilia," he continued, "who were at Ajaccio with their uncle, were true Corsicans, and continued to make war against the sons of Guidice. This war lasted for four hundred years, and only finished, as you saw, by the dates upon the carbines of my parents, on the 21st September, 1819, at eleven o'clock A. M."

"Oh, yes, I remember the inscription; but I had not time to inquire its meaning, as just then we were summoned to supper."

"Well, this is the true explanation. Of the family of Guidice there remained, in 1819, only two brothers. Of the de Franchi family there remained only my father, who had married his cousin. Three months after that the Guidice determined to exterminate us with one stroke. One of the brothers concealed himself on the road to Olmedo to await my father's coming home to Sartene, while the other, taking advantage of his absence, determined to attack our house. This plan was carried out, but with a different result to what had been anticipated. My father, being warned of the plot, was on his guard; my mother, who had also got a hint of the affair, assembled the shepherds, etc., so that when the attack was made the intended victims were prepared for it—my father on the mountains, my mother in the mansion. The consequence was that the two Guidici fell, one shot by my father, the other by my mother. On seeing his foe fall, my father drew out his watch and saw it was eleven o'clock. When my mother shot her assailant she turned to the time-piece and noticed that it was also eleven o'clock. The whole thing had taken place exactly at the same moment. There were no more Guidici left, the family was extinct, and our victorious family is now left in peace; and considering we carried on a war for four hundred years, we didn't want to meddle with it any more. My father had the dates engraved upon the carbines, and hung the pieces up on each side of the clock, as you saw. Seven months later my mother gave birth to twins, one of whom is your very humble servant, the Corsican Lucien; the other, the philanthropist lawyer of Paris, Louis, his brother."

II. The Corsican Son

Soon after I left Corsica, and Lucien had told me he felt worried about his brother. So the day I arrived in Paris I called upon M. Louis de Franchi. He was not at home. I left my card.

One morning my servant announced M. Louis de Franchi. I told the man to offer my visitor the papers and to say that I would wait on him as soon as I was dressed.

In five minutes I presented myself.

M. Louis de Franchi, who was no doubt from a sense of courtesy, reading a tale I had contributed to *La Presse,* raised his head as the door opened, and I entered.

I stood perfectly astounded at the resemblance between the two brothers. He rose.

"Monsieur," he said, "I could scarcely credit my good fortune when I read your note yesterday on my return home. I have pictured you twenty times so as to assure myself that it was in accord with your portraits, and at last I, this morning, determined to present myself at your house without considering the hour, and I fear I have been too early."

"I hope you will excuse me if I do not at once acknowledge your kindness in suitable terms, but may I inquire whether I have the honor to address M. Louis or M. Lucien de Franchi?"

"Are you serious? Yes, the resemblance is certainly wonderful, and when I was last at Sullacaro nearly every one mistook one of us for the other; yet, if he had not abjured the Corsican dress, you have seen him in a costume, which would make a considerable difference in our appearance."

"And justly so," I replied; "but as chance would have it, he was, when I left, dressed exactly as you are now, except that he wore white trousers, so that I was not able to separate your presence from his memory with the difference in dress of which you speak, but," I continued, taking a letter from my pocket-book Lucien had given me, "I can quite understand you are anxious to have news from home, so pray read this which I would have left at your house yesterday had I not promised Madame de Franchi to give it to you myself."

"They were all quite well when you left, I hope?"

"Yes, but somewhat anxious."

"On my account?"

"Yes; but read that letter, I beg of you."

"If you will excuse me."

So Monsieur Franchi read the letter while I made some cigarettes. I watched him as his eyes traveled rapidly over the paper, and I heard him murmur, "Dear Lucien, darling mother—yes—yes—I understand."

I had not yet recovered from the surprise the strange resemblance between the brothers had caused me, but now I noticed what Lucien had told me, that Louis was paler, and spoke French better than he did.

"Well," I said, when he had finished reading the letter, and had lighted the cigarette, "you see, as I told you, that they are anxious about you,

and I am glad that their fears are unfounded."

"Well, no," he said, gravely, "not altogether; I have not been ill, it is true, but I have been out of sorts, and my indisposition has been augmented by this feeling that my brother is suffering with me."

"Monsieur Lucien has already told me as much, and had I been skeptical I should now have been quite sure that what he said was a fact. I should require no further proof than I now have. So you, yourself, are convinced, monsieur, that your brother's health depends to a certain extent on your own?"

"Yes, perfectly so."

"Then," I continued, "as your answer will doubly interest me, may I ask, not from mere curiosity, if this indisposition of which you speak is likely soon to pass away?"

"Oh, you know, monsieur, that the greatest griefs give way to time, and that my heart, even if seared, will heal. Meantime, however, pray accept my thanks once more, and permit me to call on you occasionally to have a chat about Sullacaro."

My next meeting with him was at a supper in the house of a friend, D—.

We found many of my friends assembled—habitues of the opera lobbies and of the greenroom, and, as I had expected, a few unmasked "bouquets" anxious for the time to come when the water-bottles would be used—supper time.

I introduced Louis to several friends, and it is needless to say that he was politely received and welcomed.

Soon D— entered, accompanied by his bouquet of myosotis who unmasked herself with a freedom and precision that argued a long acquaintance with this sort of parties.

I introduced Louis to D—.

"Now," said B—, "if all the presentations have been made, I suggest that we present ourselves at table."

"All the presentations are made, but all the guests have not arrived," replied D—.

"Who is expected, then?"

"Chateau Renaud is still wanting to complete the party."

"Ah, just so. By the by, was there not some bet?"

"Yes. We laid a wager of a supper for twelve, that he would not bring a certain lady here tonight."

"And who is the lady?" asked the bouquet of myosotis, "who is so very shy as to be made the subject of a bet?"

I looked at Louis de Franchi. He was outwardly composed, but pale as a corpse.

"Faith, I don't know that there is any great harm in telling you her name, especially as none of you know her, I think. She is Madame——"

Louis placed his hand upon D—'s arm.

"Monsieur," he said; "will you grant me a favor? As a new acquaintance I venture to ask it!"

"What is it, monsieur?"

"Do not name the lady who is expected with M. de Chateau Renaud; you know she is a married woman!"

I then saw that between Louis de Franchi and Renaud existed a bond only a woman could forge.

"Oh, yes, but her husband is at Smyrna, in the East Indies, in Mexico,

or some such place. When a husband lives so far away it is nearly the same as having no husband at all."

"Her husband will return in a few days. I know him. He is a gallant fellow. I would wish, if possible, to spare him the chagrin of learning on his return that his wife had made one at this supper-party."

"Excuse me, monsieur," said D—, "I was not aware that you are acquainted with the lady, and I did not think she was married. But since you know her and her husband——"

"I do know them."

"Then we must exercise greater discretion. Ladies and gentlemen, whether Chateau Renaud comes or not —whether he wins or loses his bet, I must beg of you all to keep this adventure secret."

We all promised, not because our moral senses were offended, but because we were hungry and wished to begin our supper.

"Thank you, monsieur," said Louis to D—, holding out his hand to him. "I assure you you are acting like a thorough gentleman in this matter."

We then passed into the supper-room, and each one took his alloted place. Two chairs were vacant, those reserved for Chateau Renaud and his expected companion.

The servant was about to remove them.

"No," said the master, "let them remain; Chateau Renaud has got until four o'clock to decide his wager. At four o'clock if he is not here he will have lost."

I could not keep my eyes from Louis de Franchi; I saw him watching the time-piece anxiously. It was then 3:40 A. M.

"Is that clock right?" asked Louis.

"That is not my concern," said D—, laughing. "I set it by Chateau Renaud's watch, so that there may be no mistake."

"Well, gentlemen," said the bouquet of myosotis, "it seems we cannot talk of anything but Chateau Renaud and his unknown fair one. We are getting horribly slow, I think."

"You are quite right, my dear," replied V—.

"There are so many women of whom we can speak, and who are only waiting to be spoken to——"

"Let us drink their health," cried D—.

So we did, and then the champagne went round briskly; every guest had a bottle at his or her elbow.

I noticed that Louis scarcely tasted his wine. "Drink, man!" I whispered; "don't you see that he will not come?"

"It still wants a quarter to four," said he; "at four o'clock, even though I shall be late in commencing, I promise you I will overtake some of you."

"Oh, very well!" I replied.

While we had been exchanging these few words in a low tone, the conversation had become general around the table. Occasionally D— and Louis glanced at the clock, which ticked regularly on without any care for the impatience of the two men who were so intent upon its movements.

At five minutes to four I looked at Louis.

"To your health," I said.

He took his glass, smiled, and raised it to his lips. He had drunk about

half its contents when a ring was heard at the front door.

I did not think it possible that Louis could become any paler than he was, but I saw my mistake then.

"'Tis he," he muttered.

"Yes, but perhaps he may have come alone," I replied.

"We shall see in a moment."

The sound of the bell had attracted everybody's attention, and the most profound silence suddenly succeeded the buzz of conversation which had till then prevailed.

Then the sound of talking was heard in the ante-room.

D— rose and opened the door.

"I can recognize her voice," said Louis, as he grasped my arm with a vise-like grip.

"We shall see! wait! be a man!" I answered. "It must be evident that if she has thus come to supper with a man, of her own will, to the house of a stranger, she is not worthy your sympathy."

"I beg, madam, that you will enter," said D—'s voice in the outer room. "We are all friends here, I assure you."

"Yes, come in, my dear Emily," said M. de Chateau Renaud; "you need not take off your mask if you do not wish to do so."

"The wretch," muttered Louis.

At that moment a lady entered, dragged in rather than assisted by D—, who fancied he was doing the honors, and by Chateau Renaud.

"Three minutes to four," said Chateau Renaud to D—, in a low voice.

"Quite right, my dear fellow, you have won."

"Not yet, monsieur," said the young unknown, addressing Chateau Renaud, and drawing herself up to her full height. "I can now understand your persistence. You laid a wager that I would sup here. Is that so?"

Chateau Renaud was silent. Then addressing D—, she continued.

"Since this man cannot answer, will you, monsieur, reply. Did not M. de Chateau Renaud wager that he would bring me here to supper to-night?"

"I will not hide from you, madam, that he flattered us with that hope," replied D—.

"Well, then, M. de Chateau Renaud has lost, for I was quite unaware he was bringing me here. I believed we were to sup at the house of a friend of my own. So it appears to me that M. de Chateau Renaud has not won his wager."

"But now you are here, my dear Emily, you may as well remain; won't you? See, we have a good company and some pleasant young ladies, too!"

"Now that I am here," replied the unknown, "I will thank the gentleman who appears to be the master of the house for the courtesy with which he has treated me. But as, unfortunately, I cannot accept his polite invitation I will beg M. Louis de Franchi to see me home."

Louis with a bound placed himself between the speaker and Chateau Renaud.

"I beg to observe, madam," said the latter, between his shut teeth, "that I brought you hither, and consequently I am the proper person to conduct you home."

"Gentlemen," said the unknown, "you are five, I put myself into your

honorable care. I trust you will defend me from the violence of M. de Chateau Renaud."

Chateau Renaud made a movement. We all rose at once.

"Very good, madam," he said. "You are at liberty. I know with whom I have to reckon."

"If you refer to me, sir," replied Louis de Franchi, with an air of hauteur impossible to describe, "you will find me all day to-morrow at the Rue de Helder, No. 7."

"Very well, monsieur. Perhaps I shall not have the pleasure to call upon you myself, but I hope that two friends of mine may be as cordially received in my place."

"That was all that was necessary," said Louis, shrugging his shoulders disdainfully. "A challenge before a lady! Come, madam," he continued, offering his arm. "Believe me, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the honor you do me."

And then they left the room, amid the most profound silence.

"Well, gentlemen, so it seems I have lost," said Chateau Renaud, when the door closed. "That's all settled! To-morrow evening all of you sup with me at the Freres Provencaux."

We reached Vincennes at five minutes to nine.

Another carriage, that of Chateau Renaud, arrived at the same time.

We proceeded into the woods by different paths. Our carriages were to await us in the broad avenue. A few minutes later we met at the rendezvous.

"Gentlemen," said Louis de Franchi, "recollect that no arrangement is possible now."

"Nevertheless——" I said.

"Oh, my dear sir," he replied, "after what I have told you, you should be the last person to think that any reconciliation is possible."

I bowed before this absolute will, which for me was supreme.

We left Louis near the carriages, advanced toward M. de Boissy and M. de Chateaugrand.

The Baron de Giordano carried the case of pistols.

The seconds exchanged salutes.

"Gentlemen," said the Baron, "under the circumstances the shortest compliments are the best, for we may be interrupted any moment. We were requested to provide weapons; there they are. Examine them if you please. We have just procured them from the gunsmith, and we give you our word of honor that M. Louis de Franchi has not even seen them."

"Such an assurance is unnecessary, gentlemen," replied Chateaugrand; "we know with whom we have to deal," and taking one pistol, while M. de Boissy took the other, the seconds examined the bore.

"These are ordinary pistols, and have never been used," said the Baron; "now the question is, how shall the principals fire."

"My advice," said M. de Boissy, "is that they should fire just as they are accustomed to do, together."

"Very well," said the Baron Giordano, "then all chances are equalized."

"Will you advise M. de Franchi, then, and we will tell M. de Chateau Renaud, monsieur."

"Now, that is settled, will you have the goodness to load the pistols?"

Each one took a pistol, measured

carefully the charges of powder, took two bullets at hazard, and rammed them home.

While the weapons were being loaded, I approached Louis, who received me with a smile.

"You won't forget what I asked you?" he said, "and you will obtain from Giordano a promise that he will say nothing to my mother, or even to my brother. Will you take care, also, that this affair does not get into the papers, or, if it does, that no names are mentioned?"

"You are still of opinion, then, this duel will prove fatal to you?" I said.

"I am more than ever convinced of it," he replied, "but you will do me this justice at least, that I met death like a true Corsican."

"My dear de Franchi, your calmness is so astounding that it gives me hopes that you yourself are not convinced on this point."

Louis took out his watch.

"I have but seven minutes to live," he said; "here is my watch; keep it, I beg of you, in remembrance of me."

I took the watch, and shook my friend's hand.

"In eight minutes I hope to restore it to you," I said.

"Don't speak of that," he replied. "See, here are the others."

"Gentlemen," said the Viscount de Chateaugrand, "a little distance from here, on the right, is an open space where I had a little practice of my own last year; shall we proceed thither? we shall be less liable to interruption."

"If you will lead the way," said the Baron Giordano, "we will follow."

The Viscount preceded us to the spot indicated. It was about thirty paces distant, at the bottom of a gentle slope, surrounded on all sides by a screen of brushwood, and seemed fitted by nature as the theater of such an event as was about to take place.

"M. Martelli," said the Viscount, "will you measure the distance by me?"

The Baron assented, and thus, side by side, he and M. de Chateaugrand measured twenty ordinary paces.

I was then left for a few seconds with M. de Franchi.

"Apropos," he said, "you will find my will on the table where I was writing when you came in this morning."

"Good," I replied, "you may rest easy on that score."

"When you are ready, gentlemen," said the Viscount de Chateaugrand.

"I am here," replied Louis. "Adieu, dear friend! thank you for all the trouble you have taken for me, without counting all you will have to do for me later on."

I pressed his hand. It was cold, but perfectly steady.

"Now," I said, "aim your best."

"You remember?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know, then, that every bullet has its billet. Adieu!"

He met the Baron Giordano, who handed him the pistol; he took it, and without looking at it, went and placed himself at the spot marked by the handkerchief.

M. de Chateau Renaud had already taken up his position.

There was a moment of mournful silence, during which the young men saluted their seconds, then their ad-

versary's seconds, and finally each other.

M. de Chateau Renaud appeared perfectly accustomed to these affairs, and was smiling like a man sure of success; perhaps, also, he was aware that Louis de Franchi never had fired a pistol in his life.

Louis was calm and collected; his fine head looked almost like a marble bust.

"Well, gentlemen," said Chateau Renaud, "you see we are waiting."

Louis gave me one last glance, and smiling, raised his eyes to heaven.

"Now, gentlemen, make ready," said Chateaugrand. Then, striking his hands one against the other, he cried:

"One! Two! Three!"

The two shots made but one detonation.

An instant afterward I saw Louis de Franchi turn round twice and then fall upon one knee.

M. de Chateau Renaud remained upright. The lapel of his coat had been shot through.

I rushed toward Louis de Franchi.

"You are wounded?" I said.

He attempted to reply, but in vain. A red froth appeared upon his lips.

At the same moment he let fall his pistol, and pressed his hand against his right side.

On looking closely, we perceived a tiny hole not large enough for the point of a little finger.

I begged the Baron to hasten to the barracks, and bring the surgeon of the regiment.

But de Franchi collected all his strength, and stopping Giordano, signed that all assistance would be useless. This exertion caused him to fall on both knees.

M. de Chateau Renaud kept at a distance, but his seconds now approached the wounded man.

Meanwhile, we had opened his coat and torn away his waistcoat and shirt.

The ball entered the right side, below the sixth rib, and had come out a little above the left hip.

At each breath the wounded man drew, the blood welled out. It was evident that he was mortally hurt.

"M. de Franchi," said the Viscount de Chatcaugrand, "we regret extremely the issue of this sad affair. We trust you bear no malice against M. de Chateau Renaud."

"Yes, yes," murmured the wounded man, "I forgive him."

Then turning toward me with an effort he said:

"Remember your promise!"

"I swear to you I will do all you wish."

"And now," he said, smiling, "look at the watch!"

He breathed a long sigh, and fell back. That sigh was his last.

I looked at the watch; it was exactly ten minutes past nine.

I turned to Louis de Franchi; he was dead.

We took back the body to the Rue de Helder, and while the Baron went to make the usual declaration to the Commissary of Police, I went upstairs with Joseph.

The poor lad was weeping bitterly.

As I entered, my eyes unconsciously turned toward the timepiece; it marked ten minutes past nine.

No doubt he had forgotten to wind it, and it had stopped at that hour.

The baron Giordano returned almost immediately with the officers, who put the seals on the property.

The Baron wished to advise the relatives and friends of the affair, but I begged him, before he did so, to read the letter that Louis had handed to him before we set out that morning.

The letter contained his request that the cause of his death should be concealed from his brother, and that his funeral should be as quiet as possible.

III. The Corsican Brother

CONTRARY to custom, the duel was very little talked about; even the papers were silent on the subject.

A few intimate friends followed the body to Pere la Chaise. Chateau Renaud refused to quit Paris, although pressed to do so.

At one time I thought of following Louis' letter to Corsica with one from myself, but although my intentions were good, the misleading statements I should have to make were so repugnant to me that I did not do so. Besides, I was quite convinced that Louis himself had fully weighed before he had decided upon his course of action.

So, at the risk of being thought indifferent, or even ungrateful, I kept silence, and I was sure that the Baron Giordano had done as much.

Five days after the duel, at about eleven o'clock in the evening, I was seated by my table in a rather melancholy frame of mind, when my servant entered, and shutting the door quickly behind him, said in an agitated whisper, that M. de Franchi desired to speak with me.

I looked at him steadily; he was quite pale.

I was terrified and stepped backward.

"I trust you will excuse my appearance so late," said my visitor; "I only arrived ten minutes ago, and you will understand that I could not wait till to-morrow without seeing you."

"Oh, my dear Lucien," I exclaimed, advancing quickly, and embracing him. "Then it is really you."

And, in spite of myself, tears really came into my eyes.

"Yes," he said, "it is I."

I made a calculation of the time that had elapsed, and could scarcely imagine that he had received the letter —it could hardly have reached Ajaccio yet.

"Good Heavens! then you do not know what has happened?" I exclaimed.

"I know all," was his reply.

"Victor," I said, turning toward my servant, "leave us, and return in a quarter of an hour with some supper. You will have something to eat, and will sleep here, of course."

"With great pleasure," he replied. "I have eaten nothing since we left Auxerre. Then, as to lodgings, as nobody knew me in the Rue de Helder, or rather," he added, with a sad smile, "as everybody recognized me there, they declined to let me in, so I left the whole house in a state of alarm."

"In fact, my dear Lucien, your re-

semblance to Louis is so very striking that even I myself was just now taken aback."

I took Lucien by the hand, and leading him to an easy chair, seated myself near him.

"I suppose," I began, "you were on your way to Paris when the fatal news met you?"

"No, I was at Sulacaro!"

"Impossible! Why, your brother's letter could not have reached you."

"You forget the ballad of Burger, my dear Alexandre—the dead travel fast!"

I shuddered! "I do not understand," I said.

Lucien settled himself comfortably in his arm-chair, and looking at me fixedly, said:

"It is very simple. The day my brother was killed I was riding very early, and went out to visit the shepherds, when soon after I had looked at my watch and replaced it in my pocket, I received a blow in the side, so violent that I fainted. When I recovered I found myself lying on the ground in the arms of the Orlandini, who was bathing my face with water. My horse was close by.

"'Well,' said Orlandini, 'what has happened?'

"'I know no more about it than you do. Did you not hear a gun fired?'

"'No.'

"'It appears to me that I have received a ball in the side,' and I put my hand upon the place where I felt pain.

"'In the first place,' replied he, 'there has been no shot fired, and besides, there is no mark of a bullet on your clothes.'

"'Then,' I replied, 'it must be my brother who is killed.'

"'Ah, indeed,' he replied, 'that is a different thing.'

"I opened my coat and I found a mark, only at first it was quite red, and not blue as I showed you just now.

"For an instant I was tempted to return to Sulacaro, feeling so upset both mentally and bodily, but I thought of my mother, who did not expect me before supper time, and I should be obliged to give her a reason for my return, and I had no reason to give.

"On the other hand, I did not wish to announce my brother's death to her until I was absolutely certain of it. So I continued my way, and returned home about six o'clock in the evening.

"My poor mother received me as usual. She evidently had no suspicion that anything was wrong.

"Immediately after supper, I went upstairs, and as I passed through the corridor the wind blew my candle out.

"I was going downstairs to get a light when, passing my brother's room, I noticed a gleam within.

"I thought that Griffo had been there and left a lamp burning.

"I pushed open the door; I saw a taper burning near my brother's bed, and on the bed my brother lay extended, naked and bleeding.

"I remained for an instant, I confess, motionless with terror, then I approached.

"I touched the body, he was already dead.

"He had received a ball through the body, which had struck in the same place where I had felt the blow, and

some drops of blood were still falling from the wound.

"It was evident to me that my brother had been shot.

"I fell on my knees, and leaning my head against the bed, I prayed fervently.

"When I opened my eyes again the room was in total darkness, the taper had been extinguished, the vision had disappeared.

"I felt all over the bed; it was empty.

"Now I believe I am as brave as most people, but when I tottered out of that room I declare to you my hair was standing on end and the perspiration pouring from my forehead."

Lucien's appearance created quite a sensation in consequence of his remarkable likeness to his brother.

The news of Louis' death had gone abroad—not, perhaps, in all its details, but it was known, and Lucien's appearance astonished many.

I requested a room, saying that we were expecting the Baron Giordano, and we got a room at the end.

Lucien began to read the papers carelessly, as if he were oblivious of everything.

While we were seated at breakfast Giordano arrived.

The two young men had not met for four or five years; nevertheless, a firm clasp of the hand was the only demonstration they permitted themselves.

"Well, everything is settled," he said.

"Then M. de Chateau Renaud has accepted?"

"Yes, on condition, however, that after he has fought you he shall be left in peace."

"Oh, he may be quite easy; I am the last of the de Franchi. Have you seen him, or his seconds?"

"I saw him; he will notify M. de Boissy and M. de Chateaugrand. The weapons, the hour and the place will be the same."

"Capital; sit down and have some breakfast."

The Baron seated himself, and we spoke on indifferent topics.

After breakfast Lucien begged us to introduce him to the Commissioner of Police, who had sealed up his brother's property, and to the proprietors of the house at which his brother had lived, for he wished to sleep that night, the last night that separated him from his vengeance, in Louis' room.

All these arrangements took up time, so it was not till five o'clock that Lucien entered his brother's apartment. Respecting his grief, we left him there alone.

We had arranged to meet him again next morning at eight o'clock, and he begged me to bring the same pistols, and to buy them if they were for sale.

I went to Devisme's and purchased the weapons. Next morning, at eight o'clock I was with Lucien. When I entered, he was seated writing at the same table, where his brother had sat writing. He smiled when he saw me, but he was very pale.

"Good morning," he said, "I am writing to my mother."

"I hope you will be able to write her a less doleful letter than poor Louis wrote eight days ago."

"I have told her that she may rest happy, for her son is avenged."

"How are you able to speak with such certainty?"

"Did not my brother announce to you his own approaching death? Well, then, I announce to you the death of M. de Chateau Renaud."

He rose as he spoke, and touching me on the temple, said:

"There, that's where I shall put my bullet."

"And yourself?"

"I shall not be touched."

"But, at least, wait for the issue of the duel, before you send your letter."

"It would be perfectly useless."

He rang; the servant appeared.

"Joseph," said he, "take this letter to the post."

"But have you seen your dead brother?"

"Yes," he answered.

It is a very strange thing, the occurrence of these two duels so close together, and in each of which one of the two combatants was doomed. While we were talking the Baron Giordano arrived. It was eight o'clock, so we started.

Lucien was very anxious to arrive first, so we were on the field ten minutes before the hour.

Our adversaries arrived at nine o'clock punctually. They came on horseback, followed by a groom also on horseback.

M. de Chateau Renaud had his hand in the breast of his coat. I at first thought he was carrying his arm in a sling.

The gentlemen dismounted twenty paces from us, and gave their bridles to the groom.

Monsieur de Chateau Renaud remained apart, but looked steadfastly at Lucien, and I thought he became paler. He turned aside and amused himself knocking off the little flowers with his riding whip.

"Well, gentlemen, here we are!" said M. de Chateaugrand and de Boissy, "but you know our conditions. This duel is to be the last, and no matter what the issue may be, M. de Chateau Renaud shall not have to answer to any one for the double result."

"That is understood," we replied.

Then Lucien bowed assent.

"You have the weapons, gentlemen?" said the Viscount.

"Here are the same pistols."

"And they are unknown to M. de Franchi?"

"Less known to him than to M. de Chateau Renaud who has already used them once. M. de Franchi has not even seen them."

"That is sufficient, gentlemen. Come, Chateau Renaud!"

We immediately entered the wood, and each one felt, as he revisited the fatal spot, that a tragedy more terrible still was about to be enacted.

We soon arrived in the little dell.

M. de Chateau Renaud, thanks to his great selfcommand, appeared quite calm, but those who had seen both encounters could appreciate the difference.

From time to time he glanced under his lids at Lucien, and his furtive looks denoted a disquietude approaching to fear.

Perhaps it was the great resemblance between the brothers that struck him, and he thought he saw in Lucien the avenging shade of Louis.

While they were loading the pistols I saw him draw his hand from the breast of his coat. The fingers were enveloped

in a handkerchief as if to prevent their twitching.

Lucien waited calmly, like a man who was sure of his vengeance.

Without being told, Lucien walked to the place his brother had occupied, which compelled Chateau Renaud to take up his position as before.

Lucien received his weapon with a joyous smile.

When Chateau Renaud took his pistol he became deadly pale. Then he passed his hand between his cravat and his neck as if he were suffocating.

No one can conceive with what feelings of terror I regarded this young man, handsome, rich, and elegant, who but yesterday believed he had many years still before him, and who to-day, with the sweat on his brow and agony at his heart, felt he was condemned.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" asked M. de Chateaugrand.

"Yes," replied Lucien.

M. de Chateau Renaud made a sign in the affirmative.

As for me I was obliged to turn away, not daring to look upon the scene.

I heard the two successive clappings of the hands, and at the third the simultaneous reports of the pistols. I turned round.

Chateau Renaud was lying on the ground, stark dead; he had not uttered a sound nor made a movement.

I approached the body, impelled by that invincible curiosity which compels one to see the end of a catastrophe.

The bullet had entered the dead man's temple, at the very spot that Lucien had indicated to me previously. I ran to him, he was calm and motionless, but seeing me coming toward him he let fall the pistol, and threw himself into my arms.

"Ah, my brother, my poor brother!" he cried, as he burst into a passion of sobs.

These were the first tears that the young man had shed.

A Printing House—A Sketch

A STREET somewhat famous in Paris is the Rue Lepelletier, famous not for its length, for its breadth, for the splendid edifices it exhibits, or for the scenes and events it has witnessed, but famous for the exploits beheld by its neighbors, and the magnificent structures by them displayed. Not that the Rue Lepelletier can boast no fine edifices, for the grand opera-house would give the loud lie to such an assertion. And then there is the Foreign Office near by, the Hôtel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue des Capucines, and other noted places.

But there is one structure on the Rue Lepelletier not very noticeable save for its immense size and its ancient and dingy aspect, which has witnessed more scenes and events, and is more important than all the more splendid neighbors put together.

This edifice is of brick, five stories in height, and, as has been intimated, is time-stained, stormed-stained, smoke-

stained and stained, it would seem, by all other conceivable causes of stain, so begrimed and dingy, yet so venerable and imposing, does it seem.

This vast and ancient pile can be said to represent no order of architecture. Architectural elegance appears not to have been thought of when it was designed, and yet the façade of the old building seems to bear the same relation to the building itself as the face of an old man bears to his body, and that face is full of character, as are the faces of some men—sombre, sedate, serious, almost sinister in aspect. This old face, too, seemed full of apertures, through which unceasing and sleepless espionage could be kept up on the good citizens of the good City of Paris. Doors, and especially windows, numberless, opened and looked upon the street, and on a cul de sac at one end of the edifice.

One of the doors opening on the cul de sac, at its further extremity, was broad, low, dark and sombre; like the gates of hell, as portrayed by the English bard, it "stood open night and day." If you entered this door and advanced, you would immediately find yourself ascending a narrow, gloomy and winding flight of stairs. Having with difficulty groped your way to the top, without having broken your neck, by having first reached the point from which you started, to wit, the bottom; or your shins, by stumbling against the steps—having, I say, accomplished the ascent to the first landing, your further passage is effectually stopped by a massive door, which resists all your efforts to open it; and, as you are contemplating the dangerous descent which you now think you are immediately and inevitably forced to make, an ivory bell-handle against the wall, beside the door, arrests your attention, with the words around it, which, with difficulty, you decipher by the dim light, "Editor's Room—No admittance," followed by the encouraging but somewhat contradictory word, "Ring," which, doubtless, means this: "If you are a particular friend of the editor, or have particular business with him as a journalist, ring the bell, and perhaps you may be admitted." Supposing either of these positions yours, you "ring the bell," and immediately you are startled by the tinkling of a small bell in the darkness close beside you, and the ponderous door, firm as a barricade till then, is now opened by unseen hands—by the same hand, indeed, and by the same action of that hand which caused the bell to tinkle.

You enter the door, and find yourself in a corridor or passage, long and dark, for everything in this building is dark, and gaslight is the only light eighteen hours in the twenty-four; you find yourself in a corridor, I say, running the entire depth of the building, and bringing you back again toward the Rue Lepelletier, which you left on entering the cul de sac, to seek the low entrance below. As you traverse the endless gallery, your attention is arrested by a deep hum, as of many voices at a distance, with which the entire structure seems pervaded, accompanied by a heavier sound, which rises and falls with measured stroke. This mysterious hum might have been heard when you first approached or entered the building; but the silence and solitude of the corridor have caused you

to notice it now for the first time, and to wonder at its cause.

Now had you the power of those magicians, necromancers, clairvoyants and demi-devils, whether of the flesh or the spirit, who, at a glance, can gaze through massive walls and peer down the chimneys of a great city, and who, almost without glancing at all, can see through partitions, key-holes and iron doors, your wonder at the cause of these unknown sounds would instantly cease, while it would be yet more excited by those causes themselves, for the vast building all around you, and through which you are passing, and which envelops you in its ceaseless hum, like the voice of a great city, would seem to you nothing less than a leviathan of life and action—a Titan—a Frankenstein—a mental and material giant, with its acoustic tubes, like veins and arteries, running all over the structure, just beneath the surface of the walls, and uniting in every apartment; with its electric wires, like bundles of nerves, which, having webbed the whole body with network, converge into a focus-tube, and thence pass down into the vaults, through the massive foundations, and beneath the pavements of the thronged streets of the metropolis, and thence, rising again to the surface, branching on distinct, diverse and solitary routes without the suburbs all over Europe. You would see, too, the mighty heart of this Titan, whose heavy heavings you have felt, heard and wondered at—THE PRESS—in its subterranean tenement, amid smoke and flame. THE PRESS; which, like the animal heart, receives eventually all that the veins convey to it, and flings forth everything in modified form through lungs and arteries. Tireless and untired in its action, never ceasing, never resting, for as well might a man think to live when his heart had ceased to beat, as a printing office exist when the throbbings of its press were no longer felt; and as well could a man be supposed to live without breath as a printing office of the nineteenth century without its lungs, the steam engine, or its breath of life, the subtle fluid by which it is moved.

But to drop metaphor. In the basement of the building you would find the press-room, with its steam engine, its furnaces, its presses, its dark demi-devils, and ghostly and ghastly gnomes and genii groping or flitting about amid the glare and gloom, begrimed and besmoked, seemingly at work at unhallowed yet supernatural toil, which toil, as if a punishment for sin, like that of Sisyphus, or the daughters of Danae in the heathen Tartarus, was eternal. The press never stops.

On the first floor you would perceive the financial and publishing department in all its endless ramifications, with the separate bureaus for folding, enveloping, mailing, etc.

On the second floor—but that you will shortly behold, and it will describe itself.

On the third floor you would discover immense magazines of material—paper, ink, of every hue and quality, and type of every known description; and all in quantities seemingly as useless as incalculable.

On the fourth and fifth floors you would find the composition rooms, whence fly the winged words all over the world, peopled by its whole army of compositors; while from the long

platoons of cases "click—click—click" is heard, the sole and unceasing sound which alone in those apartments is ever suffered to fall on the ear. If we add that the entire structure is warmed in winter by heated air, conveyed in tubes from the furnaces of the press, our description will be complete, and we may say such is the printing office of the nineteenth century in Paris. How changed from that of German Guttenberg or English Caxton, three hundred years before! Such is it by daylight. Flood every object and apartment with gaslight, and you have the scene at night—through all the night, for couriers and dispatches never cease to arrive —and the journal issues with the dawn —and the workmen are relieved by constant and continuous relays. Such an office gives employment to hundreds and bread to thousands. It demands twenty editors, exclusive of their chief, twenty reporters, exclusive of the same number in the commercial and mercantile corps; twenty-five clerks and bureau agents, sixty carriers, twenty mechanicians and margers, sixty folders, twenty pressmen, seventy correctors and compositors and five hundred distributors, besides a numberless and nameless army of attachés and employés too numerous to be specified. The aggregate compensation of this army is ten thousand francs per day, the annual income is nine millions of francs, the circulation is ninety thousand copies daily, and each number is read by half a million people, and through their influence by half a million more.

The daily tax of the Government is nine thousand francs. The press has been called the Third Estate of France. It is not! Nor is it second—nor is it the first! It combines all three. Nay, the power of all three united equals not its tithe; and its position—its rank!—royalty itself bows to the press! Ask the history of the past ten years. Point to the man of power or position in the court or State, who owes it not to the press! Where is the statesman who is not, or has not been, a journalist, or the savant, the philosopher, the philanthropist, the poet, the orator, the advocate, the diplomat, even the successful soldier? The sword and the pen are emblems of the power of France—its achievements and its continuance; Sir Bulwer Lytton says,

> "The pen is mightier than the sword!"

But I have left you, dear reader, perambulating the dim corridor—so dim that your eyes can hardly decipher, although it is now high noon, the various signs upon the series of doors in the wall on your left, designating the various rooms of the editorial corps, for to the editorial department is devoted the second floor of this extensive edifice. The last door in this prolonged series bears the name of the chief journalist. You ring a bell, are bid to enter, and the apartment is before you. Immense windows, rising form the floor to the ceiling, and opening upon a balcony, which overhangs the Rue Lepelletier, afford abundance of light for your eye to detect everything in the room by day, and an immense chandelier with gas-burners and opaque shades, pouring forth its flood of mellow radiance, would facilitate the same investigation yet more at night. Beneath the chandelier is spread the immense oval slab of the table. At it sits a man writing. Well,

let him write on, at least for the present. Beside him, pile upon pile, pile upon pile, rise papers, wave after wave, flood upon flood, nothing but papers; on the floor beneath his feet, on the table and under the table, before him, behind him, and all around him, naught but papers, papers, rising, rising as if in wrathful might and stormy indignation, while the very walls are lined with papers in all languages, from all climes and governments, and of every age and dimension, deposited in huge folio volumes and arranged in huge closets, along one whole side of the room. From the four continents, yea, and from the islands of the sea likewise, has this vast army come. In those tall closets extending from floor to ceiling might be found the full files for years of every leading paper in every part of Christendom, affording a treasury of reference, universal, unfailing, exhaustless, of knowledge of every conceivable description, rapidly found by means of exact and copious tables of contents.

Upon the other side of the apartment extend ranges of shelves, from floor to ceiling, filled with ponderous tomes in black substantial binding, seeming to belong to that class of standard works chiefly valuable for reference as authorities, and bearing ample testimony in their wear and tear, and their soiled appearance, to having been faithfully fingered. No thin, delicate and perfumed duodecimo is there, resplendent in gold and Russia, with costly engravings on steel, and letter-press in gilt or hot-pressed post. No, the books, the table, the journalist and the whole chamber bear the dark, stern, toil-soiled aspect of labor, the severe air of practical utility. The only ornaments, if such they can be styled, are busts—the busts of the silver-tongued Vergniaud and a few of his political brothers—the victim Girondins of '92 being conspicuous. Here, too, in a prominent niche is the noble front of Armand Carrel, the brave, the knightly, the chivalric, the true Republican, the true statesman, the true journalist, the true man—Armand Carrel, who, with Adolphe Thiers, his associate, sat first in this apartment as its chief—Armand Carrel, who fell years ago before the pistol of Emile de Girardin, a brother journalist, the founder of the cheap press, the hero of scores of combats before and since, yet almost unscathed by all.

Such are some of the ornaments of the chief editor's sanctum. At the further extremity of the apartment, the wall is covered with maps and diagrams, as well as charts of the prominent cities and points in Europe; and a large table beneath is heaped with books of travel, geographical views, and historical scenes arranged with no regard to order, and seeming to lie precisely as thrown down after having been used.

In a word, the whole room bears unmistakable evidence of stern, practical thought. In it and about it display is everywhere scrupulously eschewed. Practical utility is the only question of interest as touching the instruments of an editor, as of those of a carpenter; and the workshop of the journalist bears no inconsiderable similarity to that of the artisan in more respects than one. To each a tool is valuable, be that tool a book or a chisel, only for its usefulness, and the facility and rapidity

with which it will aid the possessor to accomplish his ends, and not for its beauty of form, or costliness of material or construction.

In one respect only was there variance from this settled custom to be perceived, and that was in that delicate mechanism embodying the triumphs of modern science, which facilitates transmission of thought, and which, by skillful adaptation, made this one chamber a focus to which ideas and feeling in every other apartment of that vast establishment converged, and which enabled one man, without rising from his chair, to issue his orders to every department, from press-room to composing-room, from foundation stone to the turrets of that tall pile, everything being governed by the will and impulse of a single mind. Indeed, to such an extent is labor-saving carried in the Parisian printing office that the compositor may never have seen the journalist whose leaders he has spent half his life in setting up, for copy, proof and revise glide up or down as if by the agency only of magic, and the real actors rarely meet.

The journalist who occupied the editorial chair was seemingly about thirty-five years of age, and one whom the ladies would call "a fine-looking man." His stature was about the average, his shoulders broad and his form thick-set. His face was long and thin, his forehead full and capacious, though not high, and was furrowed by thought. His beard, which, like his hair, was black, encircled his chin, and a moustache was suffered to adorn his lip. His dress was black and a plain stock, without a collar, surrounded his throat. His eyes were large, black and piercing, and the expression of his countenance was contemplative and sad.

Such is a hasty limning of the shop and the personal outlines of the first journalist in Paris, the chief editor of the chief organ of the democracy in Europe, Armand Marrast, of "Le National."

Milan

Bonaparte, the young commander-in-chief of the French army in Italy in 1797, had assembled the army for a celebration, and had had addresses drawn up in which the soldiers of the Army of Italy protested their attachment to the Republic and their willingness to die for it if necessary.

On the grand square at Milan a pyramid had been erected and surrounded by trophies taken from the enemy, that is to say, the flags and cannon. This pyramid bore the names of all the officers and soldiers who had died during the campaign in Italy.

Every Frenchman in Milan was urged to be present at this celebration, and more than twenty thousand men presented arms to the glorious trophies and the pyramid covered with the immortal names of the dead.

While these twenty thousand men formed in square and presented arms to their brothers, who lay stretched upon the battlefields of Arcola, Castiglione, and Rivoli, Bonaparte, with

uncovered head, said, as he pointed to the pyramid:

"Soldiers! to-day is the anniversary of the 14th of July. You see before you, on the pyramid, the names of those soldiers who have died on the field of honor for the cause of liberty. They have set you an example. You belong absolutely to the Republic. The happiness of thirty millions of Frenchmen is in your hands, and to your hands is also intrusted the glory of that name which has received new lustre from your victories.

"Soldiers! I know that you are deeply grieved by the evils which threaten your country; but that country cannot be in real danger. The same men who are responsible for its triumph over allied Europe are still there. Mountains separate us from France. You would cross them with the speed of an eagle if it were necessary, in order to protect the safety of the Constitution, defend liberty and Republicanism.

"Soldiers! the government watches over the trust which has been confided to it. The royalists, as soon as they appear, will forfeit their lives. Have no fear; but swear by the spirits of the heroes who have died beside us for liberty, swear by our flags implacable war against the enemies of the Republic and the Constitution of the year III."

Then there followed a banquet, and toasts were offered. Bonaparte gave the first.

"To the brave Stengel, La Harpe, and Dubois, who died on the field of honor! May their shades watch over us and preserve us from the snares of our enemies!"

Masséna proposed a toast to the re-emigration of the emigrés.

Augereau, who was to start for France the next day with full authority from Bonaparte, raised his glass and said:

"To the union of all French Republicans! To the destruction of the Clichy Club! Let the conspirators tremble! From the Adige and the Rhine to the Seine is but a step. Let them tremble! Their iniquities are known, and the price is at the end of our bayonets!"

As he uttered the last words, trumpets and drums sounded the charge. Each soldier sprang to his gun, as if he were obliged to start on the instant; and the men could scarcely be induced to resume their places at the tables.

Source of Money

About August 25, 1849, I found I, Alexandre Dumas, had to face the world with a sum of three hundred francs. As this may seem incredible in these days of scarcity and distress, let me explain at once I had neither borrowed nor stolen the money.

No, I had written a play called *Le Comte Hermann.*

So many impossible fables that everybody pretends to believe grow up about each drama of mine that sees the light that I am not sorry to have the opportunity of describing

in some detail the genesis of this particular production.

One day, one of my fellow-workers, Lefebvre by name, came to me bringing a comedy that had been accepted at the Vaudeville and bearing as title: *Une Vieille Jeunesse.*

In spite of all protests, he read it to me, begging me to recast the piece and become his collaborator. I have always had a horror of collaboration, and yet so yielding is my temper I have again and again allowed myself to be over-persuaded.

This time I held out, and though I could glimpse as through a fog the five Acts of a fine, impressive play that would bear no sort of resemblance to the petty comedy in three acts that Lefebvre was reading out to me, I told him point-blank—

"I will not work on your play. Bring it out, as it has been accepted; make all the money you can out of it, and when the management has done with it, *I* will give you a thousand francs for your plot."

Lefebvre seemed dimly to see a way of extracting more money from his piece after it was dead than he ever hoped to get from it when alive. So he made me repeat my offer, which he could not make head or tail of. I did so; then he understood and instantly accepted.

Six months afterwards, the piece had had its little run and was fallen dead; the author brought me the corpse. The play had not even attained the honour of print.

As I always do, I let the thing lie by me till the inspiration seized me. Then one fine morning the *Comte Hermann* found itself finished and complete in my head. A week later, it was down on paper; a month more and it was walking the boards of the Théâtre-Historique in the person of Mélingue, supported by Madame Person and Leferrière. It was one of my best plays, and proved one of my most conspicuous successes.

Hannibal

On the 26th of March, 1796, Bonaparte arrived at Nice with two thousand louis in the box of his carriage, and a million in drafts. He was General of the Army of Italy.

Jourdan and Moreau had been given a magnificent army of seventy thousand men. But the Directory of Paris only dared trust Bonaparte with thirty thousand men, who were famished, in want of everything, reduced to the last extremity, without clothes, shoes or pay, and most of the time without provisions, but who nevertheless bore all their privations, even hunger, with admirable fortitude.

His officers were Masséna, a young Niçard, headstrong and obstinate, but full of happy inspirations; Augereau, a warrior of old; La Harpe, a banished Swiss; Serrurier, a soldier of the old school, painstaking and brave; and finally Berthier, and the chief of his staff, whose good qualities he had al-

ready divined—qualities which improved every day.

With his thirty thousand soldiers he had to fight sixty thousand, twenty thousand Piedmontese under General Collé, and forty thousand Austrians under General Beaulieu. These generals looked with disdain at the young general, their junior in years, who it was said owed his position to Barras's patronage—small, thin and proud, with an Arab complexion, piercing eyes, and Roman features.

As for the soldiers, they responded to the first words that he spoke to them; it was the kind of talk they needed. He said:

"Soldiers, you are poorly fed, and almost naked; the government owes you much, but it can do nothing for you now. Your courage and patience are worthy of all honor; but if you remain here they will procure neither profit nor glory. I am about to lead you to the most fertile plains in the world. You will find great cities and beautiful provinces there; you will find riches, honor, and glory. Follow me!"

That same day he distributed four gold louis to the generals who had not seen gold for years, and removed his headquarters to Albenga. He was eager to reach Voltri, which was the place that Josephine had marked with her foot the first time that she had called upon him.

He reached Brenza the 11th of April.

Would he meet the enemy? Would he obtain this pledge of his future fortune?

As he ascended the slope of Brenza, at the head of the division La Harpe, which formed the advance guard, he uttered a cry of joy; he had just seen a column leaving Voltri. It was Beaulieu and the Austrians.

They fought for five days, at the end of which time Bonaparte was master of the Valley of the Bormida. The Austrians, defeated at Montenotte and Dego, retreated toward Acqui, and the Piedmontese, after losing the passes of Millesiome, fell back upon Ceva and Mondovi.

Master of all the roads, with nine thousand prisoners in his train, who were to be sent to France to herald his first victory, from the heights of Monte Remonto he pointed out to his soldiers the beautiful plains of Italy, which he had promised them. He showed them all the rivers which empty into the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, and pointing to a gigantic mountain covered with snow, he exclaimed: "Hannibal crossed the Alps; we have turned them."

Thus we see that Hannibal naturally presented himself to his mind as a medium of comparison. Later it was Cæsar. Later still it was Charlemagne.

I. A Brigand's Faith

Master Adam (Painter of Madonnas) quitted the house and sat in his little garden near the seashore. The sun, which through all the day had soared and sailed proudly over a heavenly blue sky was now sinking in the west in a heap of red-colored clouds. Stromboli stood out boldly. Toward the south lay the shores of Sicily, and beyond topped in a crown of cloud, rose massive Etna. Northward the Calabrian coast stretched out to form the fair Cape Vaticano.

The water to the west where the sun's red orb had already sunk below the horizon, heaved with waves of fire in whose furrows vessels hastened to the port of Satina, or the Gulf of St. Euphemia, before night should fall.

Everything betokened the coming of a storm, which awaited only the departure of the sun to take command of nature. The sun, in turn, seemed to leave the scene regretfully, and as if conscious that, like a sovereign dethroned, he was leaving his kingdom to chaos.

The spectacle was so grand, so fascinating, that although he had seen its like many times, Master Adam could not look upon it without emotion. He was plunged in absorbed contemplation when a light hand touching his shoulder roused him from his meditations. Turning, he saw his daughter by his side, behind her, his wife, Babilana, who was the model for his Madonnas.

"It is very beautiful, is it not, my child?" he cried.

"What, that sunset, which promises us such a storm?"

"Ah, but look at those exquisite tints! What vivid colors—what a boldness of tone!"

"Look, father; those boats are hurrying to port. Ah, they will not all arrive in time; and the men in them have wives and daughters awaiting them!"

"You are right, child. Listen—the Ave Maria is ringing. Pray for those on sea!"

The young girl fell on her knees, and in a sweet voice which was neither speaking nor singing, she intoned the holy salutation.

The prayer ended, Gelsomina was about to rise, when her father's hand restrained her.

"You have forgotten something," said the old man, gently.

"What, father?"

"You have prayed for the sailors—pray now for travellers. In a storm the mountains are as dangerous as the seas, and who knows whether your brother is coming to us by sea or by land?"

"You are right, father," answered the girl; "I had forgotten poor Bombarda, my brother."

And she prayed once more.

"Now, father," added the young girl, when she had finished and crossed herself, "come indoors; supper is ready."

Master Adam followed his daughter, not without throwing a last glance at the magnificent panorama, already half hidden in the shadow of the black clouds, which, like a huge pall drawn by some invisible hand, completely covered the sky with darkness.

From time to time a flash of lightning, precursor of the storm, left a crack in

the gloomy clouds, through which the eye caught a glimpse of the flaming force pent there. At the same moment the gusts of wind, which one heard overhead but as yet did not feel, shook the tops of the chestnuts, whilst the lower branches, to the smallest leaf, remained as if dead, so still were they.

Master Adam, whose nature was a happy mixture of the spiritual and material, forgot what was impending out of doors, and confined his attention exclusively to what was going on within. There still remained behind his gastronomical satisfaction, a lingering regret for his effaced fresco, and a fear that Bombarda might not come after all; but with the first glass of wine, and the first mouthful of meat, the work before him suddenly assumed such importance that he felt it necessary to devote his whole attention to it.

Suddenly through the crevices of the badly fitting shutters they saw a flash as of lightning; then an explosion followed, so terrifying, so sudden and so close, that this time Gelsomina, not content with seeking her father's hand, threw herself on his breast, pale and trembling.

"It's only the thunder," said Master Adam, clasping the frightened girl lovingly in his arms.

"Only the thunder," echoed Babilana.

"No, it was *not* the thunder," said Gelsomina.

And at that moment, to corroborate her words, the thunder itself broke forth into one of those peals which seem to traverse the whole vast floor of heaven, and which surpassed the noise they had just heard, as greatly as the roar of the sea excels the murmur of the brook.

At the same instant a whirlwind seemed to envelop the cabin in its folds; the roof shivered, the shutters cracked. Master Adam himself began to show fear, and Gelsomina uttered a cry to which the tempest in its plaintive shrieks seemed to reply.

At this moment the door opened, and a man, pale, hatless, his clothes covered with blood, darted into the hut.

"I am Marco Brandi," he cried; "save me!"

At the sight of his apparition, and hearing this cry of distress and appeal to his humanity, Master Adam forgot the tempest and remembered only that the fugitive who claimed his protection was closely pursued.

Instead of wasting time in words, he pointed silently to the little room which had been prepared for his son. The bandit, for such he was, flung himself into this hiding-place. With that instinct of self-preservation which is part of all hunted creatures, he had estimated in a moment, in the briefest of glances at his protector, whether he had the more to fear or to hope; and he had seen that he had everything to hope; and nothing to fear.

This incident had passed so swiftly that those to whom it had occurred might well have believed it the result of their own imagination, if the door had not remained open. By the blaze of another flash of lightning the three saw a troop of horsemen in the storm, galloping furiously along the road to Nicotera.

Gelsomina ran to the door and closed it. Rapid as the appearance and disappearance of the bandit had been, the young girl had had time to note that he was a good-looking young man from twenty-five to twenty-eight years of age,

who even in flight retained the proud, fierce expression which in man or in lion proclaims one who will yield only to numbers, and never to fear.

The poor, startled child had summoned all her strength to accomplish this act of precaution; but scarcely had she closed the door when her limbs failed her, and she would have fallen against the wall if her father, seeing that her strength had given way, had not rushed to her support. As he did so, a fresh occurrence called for his attention and energy of mind.

Another troop, which appeared to consist of infantry, was marching in the direction of the hut. Gelsomina and Master Adam listened anxiously to the sound of their steps, which came nearer and nearer. At last there was no longer any room for doubt—several men stopped before the door, and one of them rapped upon it with the butt of his carbine.

"Who knocks?" cried Adam.

"Open!" answered a voice.

"To whom?" asked the old man.

"To a poor devil who will be dead before we get him to Nicotera, if you do not take pity on him."

"What has happened to him?"

"He has just been murdered by Marco Brandi."

Gelsomina started, and her father looked at her. Both hesitated.

"Open, father; it is I!" cried the dying man.

"Bombarda!" cried father and daughter in one breath.

"My boy!" murmured the old woman, rising from her chair and resting her trembling hands upon the table to save herself from falling.

Master Adam opened the door. Several gendarmes bore in their arms the body of a young man, dressed in the uniform of the Neapolitan Artillery. In the middle of his breast was a large wound, from which the blood flowed in torrents.

The old man turned terribly pale; Gelsomina fell on her knees.

At this moment the horsemen who had ridden past returned, for a flash from the angry heavens had lighted up the road ahead of them, and had shown it deserted.

"Master," said the sergeant who commanded, "have you seen a young man from twenty-five to twenty-eight years of age, with long black hair and beard under his chin, and who is probably wounded? If you have seen him, say so at once. He has killed your son!"

A smile of vengeance passed over the face of the unhappy father, and he opened his mouth to speak. At this moment Gelsomina uttered a cry, and the old man turned his eyes upon her.

She was on her knees, her hands clasped, and gazing at him with a look of strange, unspeakable agony.

"I have seen no one," said the old painter.

And taking his son in his arms, he carried him into the room opposite to that in which Marco Brandi was hiding.

Time passed on. The bandit's wounds healed but a new blow had stricken his wild nature. Gelsomina had fallen in love with him.

His profession obliging him to depart, he promised a future return.

Not long afterward a terrible earthquake struck the town of Cosenza. His activities had been within this district, but Marco, in the excitement of the

panic which reigned, had not, he hoped, been recognized. Marco set out for Nicotera by San Lucido, and thence, having bargained with some fishers for his passage, he journeyed along the coast to St. Tropea.

On reaching that town, the ex-brigand learned two pieces of news which he was far from expecting; first, that Master Adam had just died, and next, that Gelsomina had been staying in that town for the past fortnight with her aunt. He soon inquired his way to the house, where he found his sweetheart surrounded by a cluster of girls of her own age, who had come to console her with the customary platitudes, which in this case doubled the poor girl's sorrow instead of solacing it. Gelsomina's grief was, indeed, deep, for though capricious and impatient by nature, she was good-hearted and loved her poor father truly.

When she saw the open door give admittance to her sweetheart, the young girl, feeling that God had sent her this loving heart on which to pour out the sorrows of her own, threw herself upon Marco's neck, sobbing unrestrainedly. The news had been spread about that the girl was betrothed to a friend of her brother, and as the company instinctively recognized that lover in the newcomer, they withdrew discreetly and left the couple alone.

Marco Brandi made no effort to console Gelsomina. On the contrary, he spoke to her of Master Adam's excellent qualities, of his love for her and of every trait and recollection which might touch her heart, so that the young girl felt, as she wept, that her lover had poured upon her suffering spirit the true, the only balm which could heal her sorrow. Then, little by little, words of tenderness and love glided gently into his soothing speech, as the sun's rays pierce the storm clouds. Marco ceased to lament the present and began to voice his hopes for the future.

He spoke of the plans for their future happiness which Master Adam and they had made together, and which they would now be obliged to carry out without him; and all this he did with such loving tact that he finished by soothing Gelsomina's heart by virtue of a delicate instinct of conduct which one would never have expected to find in a half-civilized mountaineer. The dark shadow which seemed to have fallen across Gelsomina's life lifted by degrees; she who had begun by weeping, ended by talking, and she found, through resignation, a way to hope.

Toward the end of the day, however, a strange rumor began to circulate through the town. It was said that Fra Bracalone, the sacristan of the Church, passing through the neighboring village on his usual begging expedition, had dropped mysterious hints respecting a certain resurrection which was likely to bring even greater sorrow to the mourning family than death itself. Further, in response to inquiries for details of Master Adam's last moments, the sacristan had shaken his head significantly, with the air of a man who does not wish to reveal anything, but who is willing that his hearers would divine whatever they please.

These half revelations reached the ears of Gelsomina's aunt in due course, and she, believing that nothing could happen in this world worse than the leaving of it, acquainted her niece with the rumors. which Fra Bracalone alone

could confirm or deny. Hope is the last thing to die in the heart of man; and Gelsomina began to hope, without knowing what she hoped for or why.

Just at this moment Fra Bracalone himself appeared with his ass around the corner of the lane. The young girl wished to run to meet him, but her aunt restrained her. As the sacristan was about to pass the house, Brandi stepped out, and barring the path, begged the worthy man to enter.

The sacristan recognized his old acquaintance whom he, like the rest of the neighbors, believed to be the corporal's comrade, and realizing that sooner or later Gelsomina must know the truth, he preferred that she should learn it from his own lips, with all the alleviating circumstances which his kindly circumspection and the facts of the case would suggest.

Fra Bracalone had hinted truly that the news which he brought was worse than what they knew already. It was difficult, indeed, for those who had known of his long and arduous struggle against poverty to imagine Master Adam in league with a band of robbers. So varying and violent, therefore, were the emotions which the story evoked in Gelsomina that at the close of Fra Bracalone's narrative she fell swooning into the arms of her lover.

The tale was this:

The worthy father had quitted the church when he remembered that he had neglected to keep one of the promises made to "the dead." After an absence of about ten minutes, he had returned with the holy robe and heard loud noises coming from the church which he had left silent as the grave. Approaching on tiptoe, he had pushed the door open softly and discovered that the choir had been invaded by a horde of brigands, who were sharing a pile of gold. Fra Bracalone, who did not make the least pretense to bravery, never for an instant dreamed of attacking this formidable crowd by himself. He withdrew as silently as he could, and went to lay information before the judge.

At the door of the worthy magistrate, who held a high position in the Calabrian and Sicilian villages, the monk found the escort which had accompanied the mail. They had rallied from their fright, and now sought the same authority with the same object as himself.

Guided by Fra Bracalone, they reached the abbey at the very moment when Master Adam who had put the bandits to flight by suddenly rising out of a coffin where he had concealed himself and thundering anathema. Then, as often happens, the captors, instead of encountering bandit thieves, had found in the church only Master Adam and his friend Matteo. But as the stolen money was there, and as these two elderly personages were surrounded by loaded firearms, it was evident that they were the accomplices, if not the chiefs, of that terrible band of brigands which was the scourge of the neighborhood.

Master Adam and Matteo had been taken to the village lockup and the incriminating gold and guns were deposited with the judge.

The bandit alone knew, better than any one, of the real existence of Marco Brandi and the innocence of Master Adam.

Gelsomina had recovered from her

swoon, but a terrible fever had now taken possession of her. As Marco, uneasy in his mind, approached the bed, he noticed that her words were few and curt, that her breath came quick and short, and that her eyes had an unwonted brilliance. Gelsomina recognized her lover, but there was something of fear and dread mingled with the recognition. She had realized that this last misfortune which had befallen the family was due, as the other, to Marco Brandi; and the fatality with which his doings reacted upon her people began to terrify her. His appearance in the village had endangered her brother's life and nearly broken her father's heart, and he had now wrecked the old man's good name.

As these same thoughts had already passed through Marco Brandi's own mind, he had little difficulty in discovering the reason for the young girl's sudden coldness toward him.

The fever presently became more and more intense, and a few incoherent words which escaped from the parched lips told of the coming of delirium. Marco endeavored to take his betrothed's hand; she drew it away. He seated himself behind the bed-head, so that he might not be seen by Gelsomina, who in her growing delirium began to call upon her father in accents of the most heartrending sorrow. Soon she seemed to have forgotten her lover completely, and if by chance she spoke of him it was in a tone of reproach which wounded the listener's heart cruelly.

Marco began to feel that this could not go on much longer. Delicate and highly strung as Gelsomina was, she would be dead after three days of such suffering. The only way to save her life was to restore her father to her arms.

He hesitated no longer.

At length the violence of the fever began to subside; the young girl's rambling chatter ceased by degrees, and exhaustion and stillness succeeded the state of exaltation and delirium. A sleep, broken at intervals by fits of trembling, fell upon the sufferer. The lover took advantage of the lull, and sitting at a table near the bed, he scribbled a few lines on a slip of paper. Then he placed in a box the money which he had obtained from his business and laid the letter on the lid. Lastly, he stepped softly to the bedside where his betrothed lay, pressed his lips upon hers, passionately and lingeringly, whispered a last farewell and left the house unknown to any one.

Next morning, when Gelsomina opened her eyes, the first person she saw at her bedside was her father.

She uttered a cry, for she thought this must be one of the phantoms conjured up by the fever; but the old man took her in his arms, and his tears and kisses soon convinced her that it was no dream.

The young girl was eager to know how he came there, for she had believed him a prisoner and threatened with capital punishment. Her father, it seemed, scarcely knew himself how it had happened.

At two o'clock that morning the judge had entered his cell and announced to him that he was free. Master Adam did not need to be told twice; he had run to tell the glad news to Babilana; and then, thinking of his daughter's probable distress of mind, whether she thought him dead or only a prisoner,

he had started off at once for Tropea, where he had arrived only a few moments before she opened her eyes.

She looked around her anxiously; Marco Brandi was not there. From the moment when her father was out of danger and returned to her all the tender feelings of her heart turned once more to her lover. She called for Marco, but no Marco appeared.

It was her aunt who answered the call. She was able to give the girl at least some little news of her lover. Young Brandi had left the house the evening before, without telling the good woman whither he was bound, but saying that he had left a letter for Gelsomina. Master Adam, indeed, had only to turn his head to espy the letter, laid on the coffer.

Gelsomina took it from him and read this:

"You were right, Gelsomina; it is I who have caused all the misfortunes of your family, and it is my duty to atone for them. There is only one way of saving the innocent; that is, to deliver up the guilty. To-morrow your father will be free!

"The contents of the coffer give to your father; they will prove but a poor compensation for the money I have caused him to lose and the misery I have brought upon him.

"Adieu! I no longer ask for your love; I only implore your pardon.

"MARCO BRANDI."

II. Mercy and Brigand

MARCO BRANDI had been taken to the church at Nicotera where he was to pass the night. In the centre of the nave, surrounded by burning tapers, stood the bier where the body of the doomed man was to lie after his execution, and a ring had been fixed to one of the pillars of the choir from which there hung a chain, long enough to allow the prisoner to reach and kneel upon the steps of the altar.

The condemned man looked upon these terrible preparations quite calmly; he only asked that his hands should be freed, so that he might join them in prayer. As he was now chained by the waist and a company of sbirri with loaded carbines were to keep him in their sight all the night through, this last grace was granted him.

Marco Brandi commenced by praying. Then, seating himself at the foot of a column, he was soon so deeply plunged in thought that he seemed to be one of the statues of saints which stood on either side of him, so motionless was he.

For nearly an hour he remained thus, seemingly without life or motion, so entirely was he concentrated in thought, when he was aroused from his stupor by the sound of an opening door. He turned his eyes mechanically toward the spot whence the sound came, and there saw what seemed to him to be more like a vision than a reality.

Gelsomina, looking pale and sad, robed entirely in white, like a bride or like the dead, and wearing a bridal wreath, approached, followed by Master

Adam and old Babilana. The parents stopped some distance away, but Gelsomina continued to draw near to Marco, who, as she advanced, rose slowly from his seat, not knowing whether to believe his eyes.

At length Gelsomina stopped before him.

"It is I, beloved," she said. "God did not choose that we should be united in this world, but He awaits us in Heaven."

"You still love me, then?" cried Marco.

"Look in my face and doubt it if you can! Am I not pale enough, am I not sick enough, am I not dying? We shall part for only a little while. Go, and you shall not wait long for me."

"Oh, God, God! how can I thank Thee!" cried Marco; "for now I can die happy, since I am sure of her love. But we have no time to lose; it is morning already."

"Listen," said Gelsomina, and as she spoke there fell upon their ears the first solemn notes of the clanging bell. "It is Fra Bracalone who is ringing for our marriage mass, and here is the Prior Gaetano, who comes to speak it."

At that moment a door in the choir opened, and the old prior of the church, slowly and solemnly, ascended the steps of the altar, holding before his breast and bowed head the body of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Then Marco Brandi understood, and his love for Gelsomina deepened, if possible, more and more in his admiration for the woman who came, in the face of death, to give herself to him whom the world rejected. All earthly thoughts and ambitions passed away from Marco, and the two lovers, calm and content, advanced quietly toward the altar, for the prisoner's chain, as we have said, allowed him liberty enough to kneel upon the steps.

At that moment the doors of the church opened, and the people of Nicotera, summoned by the voice of the bell and brought thither by curiosity, entered in a crowd, not knowing what they were about to see and amazed at what followed.

And now, in this little corner of the earth, in the poor little church of this wretched village, occurred one of those truly solemn scenes so rarely met with either in the history of men or of nations. It was, indeed, a marriage of two souls, for the bodies of the lovers were already pledged—one to human justice, the other to divine pity—and the grave which was to separate them was already present!

At last the mass drew to a close, and the husband was placing the ring upon the finger of the wife, when a last spectator entered, who alone was lacking to the picture.

It was the executioner.

At the sight of him, the slight glow of life which during the ceremony had supported the young girl, appeared to die away instantly. Marco Brandi felt the hand which he held turn cold between his own, and Gelsomina would have fallen her full length upon the stones of the church if her old mother and neighbor Matteo had not caught her in their arms. As for Master Adam, crushed by the weight of his despair, he stood, without voice or movement, clinging for support to one of the pillars.

They parted the chained husband and the swooning wife; the peasants left the

church in the wake of the prisoner; the penitents took up the bier and followed the procession. But Master Adam showed no sign of any knowledge of what was passing around him. As soon as he was alone, however, as if solitude and silence brought back his sorrow, he looked about him.

Seeing the church deserted, his breast heaved and a sob escaped him. Then, flinging himself upon his face on the cold stones of the aisle:

"Oh, my God!" he cried; "there is none but Thee can save them now!"

"He will save them," said a voice behind the old man's shoulder. The poor father turned round quickly and perceived Fra Bracalone.

"What! But how?" he cried.

"By a holy idea, which He has sent to His humble servant," replied the sacristan.

"What—what?" murmured the old man.

"At what hour should the execution take place?"

"At five," replied Master Adam.

"At half-past four send and ask for the holy viaticum."

"And after——?" asked the old man, who began to understand.

"Leave it to me," replied Fra Bracalone.

"Ah, my God, my God!" cried Master Adam, rushing from the church, "if only she be not dead already!"

The brigand had been taken back to prison between his confessor and executioner, and the two hours of life which remained to him were to be devoted to preparations for Heaven and for death. The work of both these men was easy. Marco was already far from earth in spirit, and was fully reconciled to the dolorous formality before him.

When the hour sounded he left the prison with a firm step and showed himself to the people gathered in crowds about the prison gate, not only with a calm face, but with smiling lips. On the threshold he stopped and took advantage of his position to thank those around him for having cared to assist at his marriage and at his death. Then, having embraced the confessor and executioner, he mounted the ass with his hands bound and his face turned toward the tail, so that he might not lose sight of the bier, which was carried behind him by penitents singing the "De Profundis."

They traversed the whole of the town thus, for the execution was to take place at the spot on the highway where the robbery had been committed, of which Master Adam had been accused and of which Marco had confessed himself guilty. As a consequence the condemned man must pass before the house where Gelsomina lay in her agony, for the young girl's home stood between the village and the little abbey church.

This was the last ordeal reserved for Marco Brandi, and the only favor he had begged for was that he should be taken to his place of punishment by another road. But the judge, who would have thought it a violation of his duty to yield to any humane instinct, had not deigned even to reply to his prayer. The procession, then, followed the road arranged for it, and at length drew near Master Adam's house. Happily for Marco, seated as he was, he could not see what he was approaching, for Italian justice, as we have said, provides that a criminal shall advance back foremost,

so that instead of viewing the scaffold where he is about to suffer, he shall keep before his eyes the tomb where he will suffer no longer.

Nevertheless, by the familiar sights which he passed, Marco could soon divine that he was now only a very little distance from that door which he had entered so often, under such different circumstances, and which he was about to pass for the last time.

Presently, as if every one felt a deep pity for the poor child who would be a widow before she was a wife, the singing ceased; all voices were hushed and a profound silence fell upon the crowd, who continued on their way with bowed heads. Marco Brandi glanced round and saw that all the shutters of that hospitable house were closed. The door only was open, and on its threshold knelt Master Adam and old Babilana, praying.

The procession continued on its gloomy way and had left the house almost a hundred paces behind when the even, silvery tinkling of a little bell broke the deathlike silence.

At the same moment, round the corner of the street, there appeared a little chorister, bearing in his hands a silver crucifix. Then Fra Bracalone, swinging with all the precision of long practice the little bell whose silver tongue they had just heard, and lastly the good Prior Gaetano, who, yielding to the appeal of Master Adam, was bringing the holy viaticum to his daughter.

The crowd with one voice gave a cry of joy, for every one saw what was going to happen.

The mournful procession stopped instantly. Brandi was helped down from the ass, and judge, victim, executioner, penitents, peasants and sbirri all knelt to let the holy symbol pass by. But, instead of passing on, the prior stopped before the judge, and raising aloft the chalice containing the Host, which he was carrying to the dying, he said:

"Judge, I adjure you, in the name of the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, now present with us, to set free the hands of your prisoner; for all the condemned who meet the holy viaticum on their way to death escape the justice of earth pardoned of right by the mercy of Heaven!"

The judge bowed his head in sign of obedience and turned to unbind the hands of his prisoner. Then Don Gaetano, preceded by the chorister and Fra Bracalone, resumed his way, followed by judge, criminal, executioner, penitents, people and sbirri, for it is the custom in Italy that all who encounter the holy viaticum should follow it to the house of the dying.

Gelsomina, in spite of the pains taken by the crowd, had heard it pass, and made an effort to rise and look once again upon him whom she would nevermore see in this life. But her strength, weakened by so much suffering, failed her, and she had fallen back upon her bed, her eyes closed, her face as pale as if she were already dead.

In this state of semi-death she heard the sound of the bell; she heard the steps of the man of God as he approached her bedside, and heard, too, the house fill with the crowd. But all this was powerless to draw her from her stupor.

Suddenly a hand clasped hers, and at the touch she opened her eyes instantly.

At one side of the bed stood Marco Brandi and by the other Don Gaetano.

All around, on their knees, she saw her father and mother and as many of the crowd as the poor little house would hold.

The sick girl gazed wonderingly around the room. Then her eyes fell once more upon Marco.

"Are we dead," she asked, "and in Heaven?"

"No," replied her lover; "we are living—yes, and blessed upon earth."

"Now," said Father Gaetano, *"Recevez en Chretienne le Dieu qui vous sauve!"* And having touched with the Host the pale lips of the young girl, he left the room, accompanied by the whole assembly, who religiously escorted him back to the church door.

There was left only Marco Brandi, who remained with Gelsomina, never to be parted from her.

Reverses

Alas! great changes had been effected in three years in the fortune of the man of fate.

If human creature had ever been ordained by heaven for a providential mission, it was the Conqueror of Marengo, and he who was defeated at Leipsic.

Until 1810, that is to say, as long as he represented the popular interests of France, he had succeeded in everything.

In 1810 he repudiated Josephine, and married Marie Louise.

All then began to re-act.

It is true, till then, nothing had resisted him.

Portugal placed herself in communication with the English, and he occupied Portugal.

Godoy exhibited animosity by arming, and he forced Charles IV. to abdicate.

Pius VII. made Rome the general rendezvous of the agents of England, and treating the Pope as a temporal Prince, he deposed him.

Nature had refused him children by Josephine, and forgetting the companion of his youth, the angel of his first wars and glories, he repudiated his wife.

Holland, in spite of its promises, had become a depot for English manufactures, and he deposed his brother Louis, and united his kingdom to France.

Then the French Empire, reviving the Roman world of Augustus and the Frankish Empire of Charlemagne, had one hundred departments.

It extended from the Breton Ocean to the Grecian seas, from the Tagus to the Elbe.

A hundred and twenty millions of men then obeyed one will; subjected to one power, and led in one way, they cried "Vive Napoleon" in eight different languages.

On the 20th of March, 1811, a hundred and twenty guns announced to the universe that an heir to the master of the world had been born.

It was the last favor fortune had to bestow on him.

Thus it is that human pity veils the eyes of a man she guides to death.

"Sire, there are limits to human prosperity. You have rushed to the south, to the burning sands which are a pathless Ocean, and you have been forced to retrace your steps. Sire, you now hurry

to the north, to those polar ices which will repel you more mutilated than did the southern sands."

It matters not, Providence impels him forward.

Besides this man who warred on all Europe, has now, with the exception of Russia, which he is about to invade, all Europe on his side.

Does not Austria, which he defeated at Austerlitz, furnish him thirty thousand men?

Does not Prussia ,defeated at Jena, furnish him twenty thousand?

Does not the confederation of the Rhine, of which he has declared himself Protector, furnish him eighty thousand?

Does not Italy, of which he has declared himself king, furnish him twenty-five thousand?

In fine, did not the Senatus-Consultum divide the National Guard into three bands for internal service, and besides the huge army which marches towards the Niemen, has he not at his disposition, one hundred cohorts, each a thousand strong?

Thus, on the 22nd of March, 1812, burst forth that proclamation addressed to six hundred thousand men. That is to say, the most magnificent army, which ever, since the time of Attila, obeyed the orders of a single chief.

"Soldiers, Russia swore an eternal alliance to France, and war on England. It violates its oaths, and now will give no explanation of its conduct, unless the French eagles recross the Rhine, and thus leave our allies at its mercy. Does it deem us so degenerate? Are we no longer the soldiers of Austerlitz? It offers us between dishonor or war, and the choice we will make will not be doubtful. Let us march onward, cross the Niemen, and carry the war into Russia. It will be glorious to the French arms, and the peace we shall conclude will put an end to the unhappy influence, the Muscovite cabinet has for fifty years exercised in European affairs."

Yet when he reached the banks of the river, where three years before, Alexandre had sworn him eternal friendship, and where he had dreamed of the conquest of India, and the annihilation of English power, he paused.

Passing his hand across his brow, he said:

"Fate overwhelms Russia, let its behest be fulfilled."

His fate was about to be accomplished.

It took three days for this immense army to cross the Niemen.

Soon he began to read the manner that the Russians opened their campaign as an open book. They were not the three words of flame on the walls of a festal hall, but the open menace of the future.

The Russians retired before him and as they did so, destroyed everything, harvests, castles and hovels; six hundred thousand men advanced into the same deserts which a hundred years before had been unable to feed Charles XII. and his twenty thousand Swedes. From the Niemen to Wittepsk they marched by the light of a perpetual conflagration, and met neither soldiers, Generals, nor army. Terrible was the war in which they looked in vain for men to fight with, and where ruin and devastation alone were to be found.

Having thus arrived at Wittepsk, not understanding a war where vacuity alone

met him, he threw himself into an armchair, and sending for Count Dorn, he said:

"I will remain here. I wish to reconnoitre, to rally, and to rest my army. I wish to re-organise Poland. The campaign of 1812 is done; that of 1813 will accomplish the rest. You, sir, contrive to sustain us here, for we will not re-enact Charles XII."

Turning to Murat.

"Let us plant our eagles here, 1813 will see us at Moscow, 1814 at St. Petersburg. The Russian is a three years' war."

His ancient genius, the genius of the Pyramids, of Arcola, of Marengo, called forth these words. To induce him to break this resolution, which disturbs Alexandre, the latter has only to show him the soldiers he has hitherto concealed. Like a gamester who has sunken to sleep, but who revives at the first sound of gold, at the first shots, Napoleon awakes, and rushes in pursuit of soldiers, the existence of which he had begun to doubt. On the 14th of August he overtook and defeated them at Kramoi; on the 18th he drove them from Smolensk, which he left in flames; on the 30th he took possession of Viazma, the magazines of which he found destroyed. At last, when he could return, and while this magnificent army might escape the destruction Moscow prepared for it, he was informed as by a cartel, that the Russian army commanded by the Conqueror of the Turks, awaited him at Borodino, on the banks of the Kalouga.

The cartel was accepted, and on the 6th of September, at three o'clock in the morning, the two armies stood face to face.

But God continued to withdraw his hand from him. In vain as a gentle and charming presage, the portrait of his son by Girard was brought to him with letters from Marie Louise. Having placed it for a few moments in front of his tent to be admired by those Kings, Dukes, Princes and marshals, who served under his orders, he was seized by one of those melancholy dreams such as Cæsar and Charlemagne knew, and with a motion of his hand, he said:

"Take the picture of that child within. It is too young as yet to be introduced on a field of battle."

He was right, for never was a battle more violent nor more undecided, never was *te Deum* more dearly purchased.

Eleven generals died on that field, to which the sword was as unimpressible as to the plough.

From that moment he was lost; like a vessel in the Polar seas; the ice which is to envelope already floats around him.

Then he enters Moscow, the Capital he was not to have occupied until the next year. He discounts time.

But Moscow is not like other capitals. Though he has conquered it, he is not master of Russia.

From the evening of his entrance into the city, Moscow revealed itself to him only by conflagrations.

Then doubt seizes him, apprehension takes possession of him. Fatal doubt, terrible apprehension, of which he was not guilty on the 18th Brumaire, and which he will again exhibit in 1814 at Fontainebleau, and in 1815 at the Elysee.

Then instead of deciding, on either marching to St. Petersburg or returning

to Paris, instead of pitching his winter quarters in the heart of Russia as Cæsar had done in Gaul, he entered into negotiation with Alexandre, who kept him undecided at Moscow.

Precious months, irreparable months, had been suffered to glide by between the conflagration of Moscow and the winter.

At last, on the 22d of October, Napoleon leaves Moscow: it is his first step on retreat.

On the 23d the Kremlin is blown up.

For about eleven days, the retreat was effected without too great disasters. All at once, however, on the 7th of November, the thermometer sank to 18° below freezing point.

God will at least leave this consolation to human pride. That army was not conquered by man, but by the elements.

What a defeat though was that!

It was a disaster which equaled that of the greatest victories: it was Cambyses enwrapped in the sands of Ammon, Xerxes in a single ship recrossing the Hellespont: it was Varro leading the wrecks of his army from Cannæ to Rome.

Twenty days, twenty mortal days, pass beneath a sky of snow, on an earth of snow, like a double pall above and below our heads and our feet.

During these twenty days the army strewed on the roadside two hundred thousand men and five hundred pieces of artillery. It rushed to the Beresina like a torrent to a Gulf.

On the 5th of December, Napoleon got into a sleigh and left Smorgons; at evening on the 8th he reached the Tuilleries.

On the next day but one, the great bodies of the state congratulated him on his return.

On the 12th of January, 1813, a Senatus-Consultum placed at the disposal of the minister of war 350,000 conscripts.

On the 10th of March, he heard of the defection of Prussia.

For four months France seemed transformed into one immense camp.

The 350,000 conscripts were formed into regiments.

Mothers wept. They discovered that the sonorous words of which proclamatoins were formed, were a poor balm for deep wounds.

On the 1st of May, Napoleon was at Lutzen ready to attack the Russo-Prussian army with two hundred and fifty thousand men, of whom two hundred thousand had been furnished by almost exhausting France, and fifty thousand by the Saxons, Westphalians, Wurtemburgers, Bavarians and the Grand Duchy of Berg.

The Giant they fancied overthrown was again arisen, not only was ready to sustain, but to resume the contest.

Anteus had touched the generous and fruitful mother, called the soil of France.

After the victories of Lutzen, Bautzen and Wagram, according to dates, comes Leipsic of fearful memory.

Leipsic, in which the French alone fired one hundred and seventeen shots, that is to say, eleven thousand less than at Malplaquet.

Every French shot cost ten louis: who can tell how many tears every Russian, Prussian or Saxon shot cost us?

Charlemagne another one of the peers sleeps at this new Roncevalles—Pomatowski who was drowned in the Elster.

On its reaching Erfurth on the 23d of September, the French army was reduced to 80,000 men.

On the 30th it met the Bavaro-Austrian army drawn up in front of Hanau, and intercepting the road to Frankfort.

It cut its way through, killing six thousand men, and on the 6th and 7th of November, recrossed the Rhine. On the 9th Napoleon returned to the Tuileries.